

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. Aug. 28, 1950 (Monday). Omar Pinson, 32, one of the nation's 10 most wanted criminals, and a 1949 escapee from the Oregon State prison, was captured today in Pierre, S.D.

20 YEARS AGO. Aug. 28, 1940 (Wednesday). Dick Hanen, 19-year-old golf star from Marshfield, arrived in Medford yesterday for the Southern Oregon-Northern California Golf championships.

30 YEARS AGO. Aug. 28, 1930 (Friday). Ford Potter of Sams Valley has found a bee-tree that yielded 150 pounds of honey.

40 YEARS AGO. Aug. 28, 1920 (Sunday). A local autoist has been fined in justice court for failure to dim lights and an appeal to the circuit court will be made, he said.

50 YEARS AGO. Aug. 28, 1910 (Sunday). The District Attorney has asked the county clerk to offer a \$500 reward for information leading to the arrest and conviction of the persons who started the forest fires which burned in the county all last week.

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

1. The number of points on the antlers of a deer is, or is not, a reliable indication of his age?

2. The U.S. Constitution was signed in New York, Philadelphia, or Washington, D.C.?

3. The part of a sentence which makes an assertion about the subject is called what?

4. What is the international radio distress signal for ships?

5. An author's narrative of his own life is called an...

6. Name the three great divisions of the Federal Government set up by the Constitution of the U.S.

7. Who succeeded General George C. Marshall as Chief of Staff?

8. D.A.V. is the abbreviated name of which veteran's organization?

9. Would you find penguins in the Arctic?

10. On what day of the week did the Japanese sneak attack occur at Pearl Harbor?

The "Gentleman" From California

A newspaper reporter in Los Angeles recently was given an assignment to do a bit of researching on a former Congressman from here.

Here are some of the facts he found: The congressman started in public life when a certain group of important Los Angeles businessmen, anxious to beat Congressman Jerry Voorhis for re-election, put a want ad in the L.A. Times, asking for candidates.

The congressman in question, then out of a job, answered the "ad" and in reply to the first question as to whether or not he was a good Republican, said:

"I guess I am, I voted for Governor Dewey at the last election."

That proved to be a good start, for the group "in search of a candidate" were very strong Republicans, and very anxious to unseat Mr. Voorhis, Democrat, who had been voted by the House Press Gallery members as "the best congressman west of the Mississippi river." But — they did not agree with the newspaper boys who they regarded as little better than communists at heart themselves.

MOREOVER there was no doubt in their minds about Mr. Voorhis being a communist. He had voted for foreign aid, no tax cuts and a reciprocal tariff!

Meanwhile, they liked this young applicant. He was personable, handsome and fluent. Also he was a war veteran, having served in the Navy.

But the young man, when accepted, protested he had no money.

"You won't need any," the head of the group answered, "we will supply that. You go out and get this fellow traveller, and give us a good Republican record in Washington and you needn't worry about money."

SO THE young man went out, guided — so the record goes — by an extremely shrewd and resourceful public relations man and lawyer whose name was Murray Chotiner, and was very highly regarded as a slick one, particularly in Hollywood movie circles.

The thing to do, it was decided, was to follow the Joe McCarthy line. That is, not definitely call Congressman Voorhis a communist — there might be a "comeback" to that — but stress the fact that a vote for the Republican candidate meant a vote AGAINST communism—the rather obvious implication being that a vote for Voorhis would be a vote FOR.

This was done over and over and over again. Not only that but in the district concerned there were repeated phone calls, all like this:

"Hello, I am a friend of yours, but can't identify myself. I just wanted you to know this man Voorhis is a communist."

Then they would hang up and make another call.

NEEDLESS to say it worked! It worked so well that when the "personable young man" decided to run for the senate, the same Chotiner and the same technique were used against Mrs. Helen Gahagan Douglas.

They did not come out in the open, of course, and charge Mrs. Douglas with being a communist. Nothing as crude and courageous as that. They harped over and over again on the fact that her voting record, in many ways, was the same as the voting record of Congressman Vito Marcantonio, who often was identified as a communist-liner. And then came the same anonymous phone calls, always from a woman to a woman, the call always to this effect:

"She could testify she had been at Communist party meetings at Mrs. Douglas' home and her husband, the well-known actor, Melvyn Douglas, carried a Communist party card."

THIS "woman" was never identified. But again the slick maneuver worked — worked so well that when the congressman went to the Senate he was again assured by the same — or a similar — group of Los Angeles "businessmen," that he need not worry as far as money was concerned, they would help him out.

And they did to the tune of \$18,000 cash — which the reporter in question termed a "slush fund," but which the recipient piously proclaimed to be only a free will offering to reduce the tax burden of his constituents.

THIS wasn't the only "free will offering" to the gentleman from California, however.

The same reporter discovered that a certain notorious operator, known as Henry (The Dutchman) Grunewald, had "accepted" a check from former Senator Brewster of Maine for \$10,000, and Grunewald then proceeded to give half of it to the "personable young man," not to help out the long suffering tax payers this time, but to help pay his "campaign expenses."

If this was on the up-and-up, why didn't Senator Brewster make his contribution direct as chairman of the G.O.P. campaign committee, instead of via a somewhat unsavory Go-Between?

THAT query has never been answered. However, the "deal" retired Brewster under a cloud to private life where he is today, but never, as far as revealed, left so much as a fleck of dust on the lily-white moral record of the "Gentleman from California."

What was his name? Well, of course, anyone who has read this far must have already guessed it — of course, none other than Richard Milhous Nixon — Vice President of the United States, and who, according to all the political wisdom in Washington, is now a "shoo-in" to be our next President! — R.W.R.

(Reprinted from the Mail Tribune of Dec. 24, 1957.)

Dennis the Menace



"MOM, WHERE DID YA HIDE THE WALNUTS?"

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.

Boundary Decision

To the Editor: I am one of the people who cannot understand how four men on a boundary board can vote Medford citizens out of the Medford school district, when these people who are affected were 100 per cent in favor of the Medford district.

This is the kind of justice you would expect to find in either Russia or Cuba. It is hard to understand why Medford should send some of their children to Phoenix and Talent, when Phoenix voted against sending their children to Medford.

Another thing, it was pointed out to me that the reorganization committee was set up to improve conditions for the children. Is it an improvement to send them to a smaller district, and to haul them a good many miles when they have a school almost at their doorstep?

I wonder how this boundary board would have voted, had their own children's education been at stake.

Arthur H. Boye, Route 1, Box 193, Gold Hill, Ore.

They Like Olive and Bob

To the Editor: Girl Scout Day Camp is over for one more year but as publicity chairman I would like to express the gratitude of every one connected with Scouting for the wonderful coverage of the Little Switzerland Day Camp.

Olive Starcher and Bob Vroman, after attending an event at the Country Club in the morning, came the long way, up-up up to our primitive camp and then back. While we realize this is part of their job, they were so genuinely interested in everything these girls were doing and asked many questions not concerning the immediate job of picture taking, we were all a little prouder of our different units.

So we want the Mail Tribune's many readers to know and appreciate these two as we do.

Mrs. W. W. Braun, Publicity Chairman, Little Switzerland Day Camp, Medford.

Thank You

To the Editor: I would like to give our sincere thanks to Miss Laurene Espey for the wonderful job she has done with the children this summer. She has taken five full days a week, plus many hours at home, to help the summer pass quickly and yet happily, for the smaller children in our neighborhood.

Once again I wish to say "thank you" Laurene, and we hope to see you again next year.

Geneva Bittle, 927 Dakota Ave., Medford.

Come Again, Brother

To the Editor: Some birds with feathers flock together. Welcome, Brother Helphes from Gold Hill. It's nice to be an amateur preacher. There are many that have no church — only the Medford Mail Tribune. What a friend we have in the editor. He is not a respecter of persons. So, brother, you left your seat and got your name on the wrong page.

You must know your way around in the Bible. There is a place it tells about condemning those that are more righteous than ourselves. I wonder if the devil has anything to do with the verse. I am not

Sevareid

Mrs. Barbara Muse, Trail, Ore.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE JOHNSON EFFECT. Washington — In politics, what does not happen is more often meaningful than what does happen, but it gets reported very rarely.

This reminder is in order, because of the contrast between what has been happening in Washington and what has not been happening in the South.

It is a fair bet that the unproductive special session now grinding to its close has had almost no influence at all on the political prospects of either party. But it is clear that both parties' prospects have been strongly influenced by what has not been happening in the South.

What has not been happening is the Southern explosion which would certainly have occurred if second place on the Democratic ticket had not been offered to and accepted by Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson of Texas.

Sen. Harry F. Byrd seems most likely to remain silent, but Harry F. Byrd Jr. may give the Democratic cause important support, partly because he is thinking about running for Governor next year. Even in Virginia, therefore, the Democrats cannot be absolutely counted out. Meanwhile, Texas, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma are all up for grabs.

In summary, the second effect of the Johnson nomination has been to give the Democrats a fair shot at the 38 electoral votes of Texas and North Carolina; to improve the Democrats' hopes for the 29 electoral votes of Tennessee, Kentucky, and Oklahoma; and to make it possible, though unlikely, that the Democrats will pick up Virginia's 12 electoral votes.

Because of the platform and the religious issue, to be sure, the Democrats may yet take a bad licking in the South. But what may be called the Johnson effect remains highly significant.

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GOV. Vandiver's announcement almost certainly means that Georgia will reach the same decision as Louisiana, in a state-wide referendum on independent versus Democratic electors which will soon be held. The strongest man in Georgia, Sen. Herman Talmadge, has not yet taken a stand; but the Governor would not have done what he did without the Senator's approval. After Georgia's decision, the independent elector movement will be effectively dead in the deep Southern states.

Without Lyndon Johnson, all these states would have entered the independent electors. But with the officers of the Democratic army in line in these states, the anger of the troops is unlikely to be effectively expressed. Thus the probability is strong that the Johnson nomination has given the Democrats an initial gain of the 57 electoral votes of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas.

In the rest of the Southern states, with the probable ex-

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Every once in a while (and oftener than you might think), after the paper first comes out in the afternoon, and each staff member has grabbed a copy, and is scanning it to see if anything came out OK, or if there are any major blunders, or to read the work of fellow-craftsmen, someone walks into the office and says loudly:

"Is that all you guys have to do—read your own paper?" If this happens on Friday, when all 11 regular staffers are at work, twenty-two hands clench tightly in an effort to avoid strangling the jaunty joker.

Actually, the newspaper staff works hard. They're either at their desks (pounding out a story or column, or writing headlines, or telephoning, or researching a story), or else they're out gathering the news.

If they're in our jokester friend comments: "Wassamatter, don't you ever get out where the news is happening?"

And, of course, if they're out covering a beat or a news story, he has a different comment: "Wassamatter, doesn't that guy ever come to the office?"

Covering all the many bases a newspaper staff has to cover can be a bit complicated at times. Take last week, for instance.

The church editor (who also is part-time assistant society editor, part-time assistant city editor, does the society pictorial layout, and is once-a-week city hall reporter and once-a-week courthouse reporter) was on vacation.

So was the sports editor. The wire editor, who handles all the United Press International copy and many of the features, was at home in a sick bed.

The regular city hall reporter was handling the sports desk, and the regular regional editor was on the wire desk; one of our two summer vacation reporters was plugging the gap on the regional desk, and the other was working on church materials and rushing here and there trying to cover the other bare bases.

Then came Wednesday. The society editor has a day off occasionally, and this was it. Vacation-relief reporter No. 1 also had a day off. The regular court house reporter (who is also the farm editor), was off to the boom docks with the county parks and recreation commission and county court, inspecting Howard Prairie and Hyatt lakes. And our photographer, who works on a schedule that no one but him has figured out yet (and we're not entirely sure about him, all the time) was out somewhere, most of the day, taking pictures.

This left the city editor, the potluck editor, the regional-editor-acting-as-wire-editor, the city hall reporter-acting-as-sports-editor, and vacation relief reporter No. 2.

The potluck editor is a dead loss, most of the time, when it comes to day-by-day newsroom operations. But he did wander in after lunch Wednesday, to find the city editor and reporter-sports editor had gone to lunch and the regional-wire editor in the back shop making up Page 1.

There sat vacation-relief reporter No. 2, in solitary splendor. He looked up and said, "Who would you like to see? I'm it."

Speaking of vacation reporter No. 2, he handed us a clipping the other day, which explained that reporters come in three varieties. It listed them as follows:

1. The tall, dashing, rather good-looking youngster who can't spell.

2. The middle-aged, balding beat man who can't spell.

3. The wizened elder-statesman type who can't spell and who carries it off with that certain bravado that comes only after generations of rewrite.

He declined, on grounds of modesty, to identify which classification he comes under, when asked. But he's neither middle-aged nor wizened. And he promised to bone up on his spelling this year.

Spelling, as such, is a fascinating art in itself, by the way.

For example, we know a proofreader who is absolutely infallible when it comes to spotting errors in such words as, say, antidesestablishmentarianism, or floccinaucinihilipilification, or even such relatively simple ones as ophthalmologist.

Where he falls down (if and when he falls down) is on common, everyday words.

Which just goes to prove, probably, that the unusual is what gets our attention. And that's true of news, too.

We haven't heard from That Man in Phoenix for a long time now. Surely we've had our quota of errors. Can't we depend on ANYBODY any more?

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

ROBERT FONTAINE, successful author himself, has prepared a manual that will enable fellow scribes to answer repetitious questions automatically. Examples:

Q. Do you have trouble thinking up new plots? A. Not at all. I've used the same one over and over again for years.

Q. My wife and all my relatives think my stories are great, but I can't sell any. What should I do? A. Try to slip your wife and other relatives into the magazine editors' chairs.

Q. When writing a story, should one keep one's mind on an imaginary reader? A. No. Keep it on an imaginary check.

Senator Carter Glass, who believes that "confidential" really meant "confidential," had a habit of mumbling tidbits to his colleagues out of a corner of his mouth. President Woodrow Wilson, recalls Senator John Parker, once chuckled, "Glass is the only fellow I ever met who can whisper into his own ear!"

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Why That Underdog 'Image' for Nixon

By ERIC SEVAREID. Vice President Nixon is one of the shrewdest politicians I have known. But there is a difference between shrewdness and wisdom, and my horseback impression—subject to change—is that Nixon is most unwise in the "personality appeal."

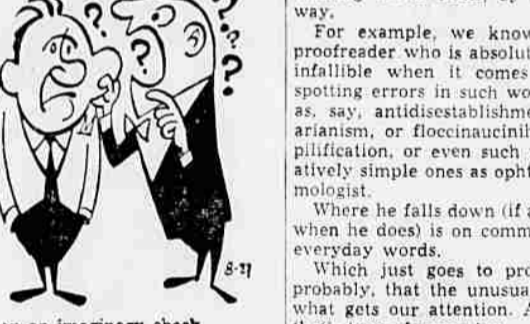
It's true there are hundreds of religions (another thing prophesied in the Scriptures), and it separated the men from the boys when you learn to quit taking for granted everything some preacher tells you, and start saying "prove it." If it can be proven from the Bible, I believe it, if not, I discard it.

But, Mr. Reando, Satan is spoken of from Genesis to Revelation, and you are going to have to discard the whole Bible, if you discard Satan.

I suggest you study Romans 3:34 which says, in effect, "Let God Be True, though every man be found a liar," and also I think James 2:19 applies. It reads "So you believe there is one God, do you? You do well, and yet the demons believe and tremble."

I think if Mr. Reando believes in God he should back up His Holy Word of Truth, not knock it down, and if he doesn't do this he is serving the God of this old world.

Mrs. Barbara Muse, Trail, Ore.



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quantal national decisions, a man who has done hand-to-hand combat with the world's most formidable leaders.

To adopt this strategy is to conform to Kennedy's strategy. It is to allow oneself to be upstaged. It is to betray uncertainty about one's own meaning and public identity. If persisted in, it will surely play straight into Kennedy's hands by reversing what should be the natural roles of the two men—just as Kennedy intends to reverse them.

For it is Kennedy who is creating the image of supreme personal and political confidence, that is to say, of STRENGTH—whether he truly has it or not.

Strength is the key to this election. Millions of Americans vaguely felt that Adlai Stevenson was not strong enough; millions now feel that Mr. Eisenhower is not strong enough. What the country yearns to see in the White House is Power, "likeability" is not enough in this American mood.

Beyond impressions of strength or weakness, sad as the thought may be, people will not discriminate very much. They will not vote for an underdog out of sympathy; the "soft sell" will not deliver the goods.

Nor will Nixon accomplish much by humbly asking his audiences to "study the issues, then vote for principles, not for a man or a party." There is not that much difference, in policy and princi-

ples, between the two parties or the two men.

In any case, it is an astonishing and revealing phenomenon that a man in the spotlight of eminence for eight long years should even be thinking about manufacturing an "image" of himself.

To a man who knows what he is, what he wants and what he can do, such thoughts do not occur. He is carried past them by the passion of his ambitions and convictions. Harry Truman was not at all shrewd in 1948; he was merely convinced, simple and, in his stumbling way, passionate. So he won.

Many of us detest what one reader calls the "fraudulent farrago of the calculated effect," though I suppose we must live with it. Kennedy's self-portrait may be quite as mechanically assembled as Nixon's, but surely it better suits the seasonal taste of those millions in the gallery who don't know anything about art but know what they like.

They are tired of watercolors in genteel pastels; "nice guys" among the political painters are apt to finish last. Bold strokes in bright oils are what is wanted, to make the immense canvas of American existence come to life again.

Nixon, who was not intimidated by Khrushchev, gives the curious impression of being intimidated by the junior Senator. Perhaps there exist deep-laid psychological reasons for this. He has just be-