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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. 15, 1950 (Friday)
 Wildcat railroad strikes in the eastern part of the nation have caused serious delays in local post office service.
 Field supervisors left Medford today after making a two-week review of the case load at the Jackson county welfare department; a report will be made public at a later date.

20 YEARS AGO
 Dec. 15, 1940 (Sunday)
 The Medford city council will further consider the need for acquiring additional land at the municipal airport for expansion of airport services when it meets Tuesday night.
 From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "The sidewalks were so slick yesterday only a Rocky Mt. goat, or a lady in high-heeled shoes could stand up."

30 YEARS AGO
 Dec. 15, 1930 (Sunday)
 Coal from the new Roxy Ann mine will be available soon for local consumption.
 Many of the unemployed locally will find jobs this winter on state and Jackson county road building projects.

40 YEARS AGO
 Dec. 15, 1920 (Wednesday)
 The fire chief has warned local residents against using lighted candles on Christmas trees.
 Boxing shows will soon be staged in the attic of the Nichols and Ashpole building here.

50 YEARS AGO
 Dec. 15, 1810 (Thursday)
 Work on the Pacific and Eastern railroad will be renewed in the spring; the railroad will be extended eastward to connect with the Oregon Trunk line.
 The city council set the city's tax levy at eight mills last night, which is less than last year's city levy of 17.1 mills.

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

1. Which Canadian city has the largest population?
2. How many cubic inches are there in one cubic foot?
3. The microscopic study of living tissue is called what?
4. What would the following description most likely refer to: The West half of the Northwest quarter of the Northwest quarter?
5. Who were the "conquistadors"?
6. What means of communication uses the iconoscope?
7. What is the common name for the leucocytes in the blood?
8. Where did Casey Jones get his first name?
9. From what two essential ingredients is soap generally made?
10. How was McGinly dressed when he went to the bottom of the sea?

Answers: 1. Montreal. 2. 1728. 3. Biopsy. 4. Land designation. 5. Spanish conquerors of Mexico and Peru. 6. Television. 7. White corpuscles. 8. Kansas City (K.C.). 9. Lye and fat. 10. "Best suit of clothes."

Can't Please Everyone

Earl Miller, Chester Wendt and Ralph James, individually, are as pleasant, friendly and generally competent men as you are likely to meet. They are nice guys — all of them. But put them all together in the same room, hang an official sign saying "county court" on the door, and these pleasant, self-assured, competent men go all to pieces. And they seem to think that a multi-million dollar business such as Jackson county should be operated on the principle of having its main administrative agency succumb to the greatest applied pressures — not on what they, as responsible officials, think best for everyone. THE SAD sight of watching their backing and filling, their "consulting" with this and that group, their feeling of the public pulse, their indecision and fearfulness in connection with the appointment of a new state senator, was enough to make a strong man cry. The same sort of procedure has been noticeable in their consideration of planning and zoning matters, in recreational development, and in many other instances where a firm stand, based on their own knowledge and intelligence, and a feeling for the public welfare, would have gained them universal respect, if not agreement. AND their recent performance reminds us a little of the old fable, by Aesop, if we recall correctly. It's the one where a man and his wife were making a journey with a donkey, and where he was criticized whether he rode, or she rode, or both rode, or both walked. The moral was you can't please everyone — and if you try, you're apt to wind up displeasing everyone. —E.A.

Good Question

A member of the board of directors of the Medford Chamber of Commerce telephoned us the other day, after reading a column written by Edd Rountree in the Ashland Tidings. Rountree was fulminating against plans to seek support for a new stadium in Medford. Our director friend commented somewhat as follows: "On our agenda this week we have two requests for support. One is for the proposed ski area on Mt. Ashland. The other is from the Oregon Shakespearean Festival association. We have supported Ashland projects in the past, and probably will continue to do so in the future. But it sure makes it tough to do so when that editor keeps trying to stir up trouble between the two cities. Wonder why he does?" Good question. —E.A.

A Matter of Taste, Mostly

There is a large nativity scene, using plaster figures, in place on the Mall of the State Capitol. One group, the American Civil Liberties Union, has objected to the use of state property for the display of a religious scene. We can't entirely go along with the ACLU, believing that the story of Christmas is a universal one, appreciated by believer and non-believer alike (although for different reasons), and that the use of the property, at no cost to the state, is not a substantial violation of the constitutional separation of church and state. But we do find it possible to understand, though not fully agree with, the ACLU's stand. THERE are many Americans who are not Christians. They may be Jews, Mohammedans, or Buddhists, or atheists, or agnostics. To them — citizens and taxpayers like everyone else — the use of state property for a Christian religious display may be distasteful. It is the rights of these minorities which the ACLU seeks to defend. We wish they had reserved their protests for a more substantial matter than a few plaster figures, which at best give pleasure, to some, and at worst are in questionable taste, to others. —E.A.

Caveat Emptor-What?

A few years ago, the compact cars arrived on the American scene. Among other things, they had plain, simple, flat windshields, much cheaper than the big curved wrap-arounds of the big cars. Because of this (and other factors) insurance premiums dropped, some of them by 10 per cent. So now what happens? Now the compact cars are starting to put "tempered" glass in the windows, instead of the shatter-proof variety. This constitutes an added hazard, and as a result medical and liability premiums are being reconsidered, and may increase almost enough to offset the savings obtained by the simpler windshields. WELL, we don't blame the compact car people for trying to cut cost corners (although they should, we think, point out such changes to potential customers). Nor do we blame the insurance companies for boosting their premiums to cover added anticipated costs. They're not in business for their health. So about the only point that remains to be made is that the old Latin motto, "Caveat Emptor" — let the buyer beware — applies as much now as it ever did. But today it's sometimes harder to know what to beware of. —E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"NAG, NAG, NAG. I SURE FEEL SORRY FOR HER DOLL!"

... 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 initials for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with 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.

Party Fight
 To the Editor: I, like many other Oregonians, have been sitting back and watching the obvious split in the Democratic party in Oregon initiated by the ultra-liberal segment of the party fronted by State Democratic Chairman Robert Straub. Straub has attempted to create the impression that his group represents a vast majority of the Democratic party. In trying to axe the election of Democrat Senator Harry Bovin as president of the Senate he has been doing his utmost to create this impression. What Straub and his ultra-liberals do not want, is for the public to realize that even though the Democrats control 20 of the 30 seats in the new State Senate, Alfred Corbett, the candidate the left-wing of the party proposes, has only 11 supporters among the 30. Knowing this, Straub has attempted to exploit the point that supposedly 11 Democrat senators favor Corbett to 9 who favor Bovin. The real reason here is against Senator Bovin is the fact that the Republican members of the Senate have pledged to vote for Bovin as Senate president. Straub, therefore, is appealing for party discipline as against the public interest and the actual majority of the Senate.

What Straub really is proposing is that a minority group of the Oregon Senate (11 Democrats) elect the new Senate president over the desire of the majority of the Senate (19 Democrats and Republicans). Straub may consider himself the leader of the Democratic party machinery in Oregon, but what he proposes is not very democratic and I doubt that a majority of the Democrats in Oregon subscribe to this theory of power politics proposed by the left-wing of their party. To be specific, Straub is just the front man for the real ultra-liberals, Alf Corbett, Monroe Sweetland and Vern Cook. It should also be noted that Straub, already critical of Governor Hatfield's proposed budget for the next biennium, would like nothing more than to maneuver an ultra-liberal in as Senate president so that the free-spending liberals could harass the Governor's program for the next two years. Yet little more than a month ago the voters of Oregon, both Democrats and Republicans, endorsed overwhelmingly Governor Hatfield's two appointees, Secretary of State Howell Appling and State Treasurer Howard Belton who both ran on a record of fiscal responsibility. It's apparent then, that the will of the majority or the interests of the people are at least second best to Mr. Straub's political power thinking.

William Doernbach
 143 Mace rd.
 Medford.

Go Slow
 To the Editor: I have sent the following letter to Governor Hatfield, with copies to other state officials and newspapers:
 Dear Governor:
 The press reports the state land board is negotiating with the Shell Oil company a proposal to grant that company an exclusive lease to the oil rights on all of Oregon's offshore lands extending the full length of the coast and totaling some 600,000 acres. Needless to say, these lands, probably the last of Oregon's original vast endowment of natural resources, should not be squandered, as happened in the past to parts of our wealth too precipitately disposed of. Certainly, with the world's present enormous petroleum production so badly out of balance with demand, probably more so than at any time during the last 20 years; with potential producing areas, both proven and prospective, greater than at any recent time; and with the use of oil for conventional power soon to be greatly restricted by the increasing availability of atomic fuel, it is not the opportune time to put these lands on the block. When the proper time does come for their exploitation, such a huge area should not be leased on any blanket basis, but should be split up into parcels to permit bidding by as many as may be interested. Under the carefully worked out plan followed by both Alberta and British Columbia, bidders have been amply protected for their financial risks of development

Not a Waste
 To the Editor: By no stretch of the imagination could I consider money raised for a Pearl Harbor Memorial a waste. Of course money is needed for medical research and it is collected by many foundations, but that has nothing to do with the fact that a thousand men were buried with nothing to mark their interment but a flag on a wooden platform. Am I correct, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, in surmising that your last will and testament does now or will read, "All my money is to be given to medical research, throw my body in the nearest hole. Please omit casket, marker and flowers?" I'm not saying this may not be a good idea for people, and a noble gesture, but it happens in our civilization people prefer to leave some indication that they once lived and were loved. (Name on file) Medford.

Mr. Jiggs Is Dead
 To the Editor: To those of you who knew him, Mr. Jiggs is dead. On Dec. 2 our Boston Bull puppy wandered onto South Stage rd. some time between 6:30 and 7:15 a.m. The pavement was damp but no skid marks were in evidence to show the driver might have even attempted to stop. The puppy was not run over, just struck and knocked out. We know the driver would have been perhaps 5 minutes late arriving somewhere had he stopped to bring the pup in, or even to advise us what had happened. The puppy should not have been there, so the driver could not have been held liable for the hit. However, from the evidence we believe he is responsible for the animal's death because of his neglect in stopping. When we did find the puppy there was still a flicker of life, but his lying on the cold pavement for approximately half an hour in an unconscious condition made us too late. The real question raised is: So long as he could keep going, would that driver have stopped no matter what he hit? Tony Glidden, 243 South Stage rd., Medford.

Ecuadorean Rioting Follows Anti-U.S. Pattern, But With a Different Motive

By PHIL NEWSOM
 UPI Foreign News Analyst
 Mobs shouting "Cuba si, Yankee no," or "Russia yes, United State no," are becoming a distressingly familiar part of the Latin American scene. Latest center in a brush-fire series of violent anti-American demonstrations is Ecuador — but with a difference. There the mob action is being stirred by the government. And the United States, while a principal target, is strictly a bystander. Ecuador, about the size of the state of Colorado, lies on South America's west coast between Colombia and Peru. Quito, its capital, lies in the temperate zone 10,000 feet high on the slopes of the Andes Mountains. Guayaquil, its principal port, lies in the

midst of the streaming tropics. Its present quarrel, in reality, is with Peru and dates back 130 years. It is over a huge, triangular territory larger than Germany, Switzerland and Italy combined east of the Andes on the headwaters of the Amazon River. Its inhabitants almost exclusively are wild Indian tribes. The two nations fought over the territory almost from the moment Ecuador was proclaimed a republic in 1830. The dispute finally appeared settled in 1942 when both nations signed a treaty in favor of Peru. Guaranteeing the treaty were the United States, Argentina, Brazil and Chile.

On Sept. 1, President Maria Velasco Ibarra announced in his inaugural address that Ecuador would no longer recognize the 1942 treaty. Illiteracy and Poverty The strings of discontent across the whole of Latin America have not skipped Ecuador. And in Ecuador the same basic elements are present, illiteracy and poverty. As elsewhere, there also are the added elements of Castroism and the new interest of Moscow and Peking.

The head of Ecuador's chamber of deputies was an ardent campaigner for Velasco and also is an outspoken returning to a more reasonable position. The very first outspoken opinion on this, the critically tensioned racial issue, this writer has found, is in the U.S. News and World Report, Dec. 18, page 1 col. 1, where Washington State Supreme Court Judge Joseph A. Mallory assailed what he called a Negro "crusade" for "compulsory togetherness" of races. The judge said the Negro race, led by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, seeks to "deprive white people of their right to choose their associates in private life."

This good news is hope sustaining for me. For it has been my carefully studied belief, often expressed, including letters-to-the-editor, that such a court judge opinion would eventually be announced, riveted down as it was by the log-cabin logic of Abe Lincoln, who reminded us that all the people cannot be fooled all the time. Also hope sustaining is the report by Carlton F. Wilson in the Mail Tribune Dec. 12, the women fighting to hold the segregation at schools in New Orleans are described by policemen controlling them as the "Cheer Leaders." Reporter Wilson continues, referring to a Mrs. Andrews with four grown children and six school-age grandchildren, who said, "We are going to win—we've got to." "Thank God we have a governor who is sticking with us..." She attends a Roman Catholic church, but said, "I don't put a nickel in the box." She opposes church efforts for desegregation. Mrs. Vesta Alexander, with daughter and granddaughter, said, "We are not getting equal rights." Said Miss Betty J. Clement, "Mixing is definitely wrong. Negro schools are newer and prettier than the ones for white students and the (Negro students) will take over all the schools if we integrate." She opposes interracial marriages.

All of which proves, as advancing science reveals, that the female is more fundamental, more primordial during than the "Johnny-come-lately" male. For, as all can see, it is the white mothers of the South leading the fight in the protection of their daughters to continue the race as a white race, even if they may not see it in its age old urge. F. J. Clifford, Route 2, Box 200F, Central Point, Ore.

14th Roseburg Blast Victim Dies

Eugene — UPI — A 16-year-old boy who had been in a coma from the effects of a four-inch bolt that pierced his skull died in a nursing home Wednesday — the 14th victim of the explosives blast in Roseburg Aug. 7, 1959. James Fred Siles, whose skull was pierced with the bolt when a truck carrying high explosives blew up in downtown Roseburg, had never regained consciousness. He died at Pleasant Valley Nursing Home where he had been since May 13. He was brought to Sacred Heart hospital here from Roseburg the day of the blast and later transferred to the nursing home. The victim was unconscious for several hours after they picked him out of the wreckage of his runaway, but finally was able to explain what had happened. "I drove through two red lights. They were on the back of a big truck."

admirer of Fidel Castro. Ecuador's largest labor union, the Confederation of Ecuadorean Workers, is Communist-influenced if not Communist-controlled. Velasco was not the first to voice Ecuador's simmering discontent. In 1955, Ecuador accused Peru of massing 30,000 troops for invasion of Ecuador's frontier. In 1959, she accused Peru of exaggerated rearming. The charges were not borne out but they were indicative of things to come. In the past four years, Ecuador has been the recipient of

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop
 ON FOLLY
 Algiers — In this tragic city, like a giant hornet's nest that has been poked by a fool, one is driven to reflect on the powers of unreason in the affairs of men. Men and women have died here, and solely because so many people have been angrily billing off their noses to spite their faces. As these words are written, it is not clear whether the end of the tragedy is in sight, this reporter believes, or whether many more have yet to die. Enough has happened, in any case, to make one wish to join the rather special political party of the heroine of the Greek wartime resistance who once announced she was an "extreme centrist." On being asked what this meant, she replied crisply, with an air of stern purpose: "The extreme centrists are the sensible people like me, who would like to shoot everyone on the extreme right and extreme left."

THE trouble in Algiers began with the young fools who were sent to shout their heads off on the Rue Michelet by the older fools of the Front of Algerie Francaise. The idea — and what an idea! — was either to undermine the French army's loyalty or to intimidate Gen. de Gaulle himself. The effect was to reduce, quite measurably, the chance that the French people in Algeria will be able to play their necessary role in this unhappy country's future. The silly shouting on the Rue Michelet, led by imperceptible stages to sporadic conflict between the French and Moslem communities. The Moslem hotheads, whose people have everything to gain by calm, began their own bout of shouting and flag waving. Many died. And a yet deeper rift was opened between the two communities, which must somehow manage to work together if the Algeria of the future is to work at all. It is not especially consoling that the vast majorities of both communities have quite visibly regarded the whole business as a nightmare. In no group, it seems, are the members of the great, relatively reasonable mass willing to make the efforts to control "their own s.o.b.'s in the old, coarse but accurate phrase."

FOR consolation, in fact, one can only recall vignettes of recent days, which prove that the folly of the mass does not always infect all the individuals in the mass. In their excited voices, one caught a glimmer of hope for Gen. de Gaulle's great bet on eventual peace in Algeria. In the little policeman in the Clos de Salembier this morning, one caught a glimmer of hope for the human race. This is a poor quarter, where there had been communal conflict ending in the flight of the

European night before. Truckloads of French paratroopers, just about the finest troops in the Western world but not the most polished politicians, were going into the Clos de Salembier to assure order about 9:30 a.m. Other troops of the normal security forces were there already. Everything was quiet enough, except for an occasional ten-year-old who shouted a Moslem slogan. Most of the people in the Clos de Salembier live in the bleak but decent new housing which has been constructed in Algiers in recent years for the poor. But there is also a hideous, surviving slum. From this sordid warren, as the paratroopers arrived, there shot out a wild-eyed young harpy of about 20.

SHE was all but frothing at the mouth with longing to start trouble and she had the means to start trouble in her hand, in the form of a large F. L. N. flag. There was a frozen moment, while she screamed and waved her flag, and the paratroopers gaped in anger and astonishment. Then the paratroopers, who do not easily tolerate the sight of the flag they are ordered to fight against, moved forward to seize the few yards of hunting from the young woman's hands. A crowd collected. An ugly growling started. Several of the young paratroopers began fingering their weapons. But now, apparently springing from the ground, there appeared the tubby, middle-aged little policeman of the quarter. With a furious yell, he caused the harpy to disappear. With another furious yell, he made the crowd begin to scatter. And then he turned on the soldiers, who were naturally thinking of patrolling the warren of shacks, with a final fellow of comical but effective indignation. "I'm in charge here. Order here is my responsibility. While I can assure order, you gentlemen had better keep out!"

THE paratroopers, grinning sheepishly, retired, and order was indeed restored by the little policeman — which would not have been the result if a military patrol has further inflamed the emotions of the moment. One is inclined to think of Gen. de Gaulle as the heroic version of the common sense policeman of the Clos de Salembier. During the rioting, a small French shopkeeper, one of those who really believe their way of life is coming to an end, said to me almost tearfully, "There was only one man with bronze guts (he used a less polite word unsuitable for family newspapers) and, by God, Old Bronze Guts de Gaulle is on the other side." But if there is any good or even bearable outcome in Algeria, it will be because of those guts of bronze. (c) 1960 New York Herald Tribune Inc.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF
 A CASPER MILQUETOAST came home jubilant from his latest salary discussion with the boss. "No vague promises this time," he told his wife happily. "I definitely get my raise when Hell freezes over."
 Elmer Leterman, one of the busiest of insurance salesmen, has a tip for young men who would like to emulate his success: "The man whose pants wear out before his shoes is making too many contacts in the wrong place."
 Never-the-twain-shall-meet department: Notice to candidates for final examinations in medicine: In London: Candidates must write on only one side of the paper. In Edinburgh: Candidates must write on both sides of the paper.
 The victim was unconscious for several hours after they picked him out of the wreckage of his runaway, but finally was able to explain what had happened. "I drove through two red lights. They were on the back of a big truck."
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