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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. 18, 1950 (Monday) The Ashland Daily Tidings, which will celebrate its diamond anniversary next year, has been purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Graham M. Dean of Reno, Nev.

20 YEARS AGO Dec. 18, 1940 (Wednesday) Sixteen inches of snow has fallen at Crater Lake during the past 24 hours.

30 YEARS AGO Dec. 18, 1930 (Thursday) More than 1,500 formerly unemployed persons in Jackson county have been given jobs by the state and county building roads in this area.

40 YEARS AGO Dec. 18, 1920 (Friday) This morning was the coldest morning in five years with a temperature of only 9 degrees above zero being recorded.

50 YEARS AGO Dec. 18, 1910 (Sunday) The Crater Lake road commission, a group organized to raise funds for the proposed Crater Lake highway, will auction off a Flanders "20" automobile Friday.

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

1. In liquid measure two pints equal one quart; what do two pints equal in dry measure?

2. In avoirdupois weight 16 ounces equal one pound; how many ounces in a pound in troy weight?

3. How many feet in one furlong?

4. A stack of wood eight feet long, four feet wide and four feet high is called what?

5. The abbreviation for the liquid equivalent of two barrels is "hhd"; what is the full name?

6. What is the standard weight of a bushel of potatoes?

7. "A pint's a --- the world around," supply the missing word.

8. What is the term applied to designate twelve gross?

9. Quire, ream and bale are terms applied to the measurement of paper, cotton, or wool?

10. How many pecks are there in one bushel?

Answers: 1. One quart. 2. 12 ounces. 3. 860. 4. A cord. 5. Hogshead. 6. 60 pounds. 7. "A pint's a --- the world around." 8. Gross. 9. Paper. 10. Four pecks.

Three New Buildings

It has been our privilege in recent days to inspect three of the handsomest buildings we have ever seen. We refer to the Rogue Valley Manor, which, rising 10 stories high from the top of Barneburg hill, has become a veritable landmark on the southern Oregon scene; the new home of the Jackson County Federal Savings and Loan association, which replaces a decrepit old service station at the corner of Main and Front streets, and the new Standard Insurance company building on East Main street.

THE story of the Rogue Valley Manor has been told many times, but it remains a fascinating story—the story of the half-dozen or so men who have been the sparkplugs of the non-profit organization building the retirement manor, who have surmounted all problems and difficulties.

It will open its doors to members next month—the culmination of more than five years of work and solving seemingly insoluble problems.

The building is one of the most striking, both from location and design, on the entire Pacific coast, and stands as a tribute to the foresight and determination of its originators.

WHEN it is finally in operation, it is going to make quite an impact on the community. Here will be several hundred people, many of them coming from distances to make their homes here.

The economic impact alone will be substantial, in the form of payrolls, supply purchases, and so on, as well as the local investment and spending of funds.

The cultural and intellectual impact likewise will be considerable, for the members will be high-caliber people who, despite advancing years, will have much to offer in the way of vigor and activity to the life of the community.

THE Jackson County Federal Savings and Loan building, smallest of the three, is a little gem, with every portion designed for a specific function, and for the greatest possible efficiency.

From the outside greenery (yet to come) to the attractive interior garden, making tasteful use of sculpture by one of Oregon's outstanding artists, on to the public and business furniture, and to the strictly utilitarian equipment, the building is an eye-opening example of what good planning, good design, and artistic care can do.

They show that artistry and efficiency, beauty and business, are not mutually exclusive.

THE final of the trio of buildings is the new Standard office building, designed (as was the Jackson County structure, to an only slightly lesser extent) to make use of native materials and locally-produced and sold equipment.

The Standard building also puts emphasis on landscaping and natural beauty of wood and shrubbery. And its design, which is in the modern mode, blends well with the surroundings.

The structure marks a major addition to the community, and not only because of the building itself. It also marks the opening of a major branch here by the state's leading insurance firm.

ALL three buildings are "modern" in more than design, for they are built around a concept of service geared to the age of the automobile.

The three are, perhaps, the most spectacular of current building, but this should not blind us to the fact that many other organizations and firms have also in recent months completed substantial additions to the community.

All of these speak for optimism in the future of Medford, the Rogue valley, and our two-state area. But more than that, they speak for our larger community, not only as a good place to do business, but as a good place to live. And in concept and design they will add to both facets of the community's life.—E.A.

On Citizen-Participation

In this space on Friday, we deplored what we called Gov. Mark Hatfield's "grab for power" in asking for reorganization of state government.

Our objection was not based on any opposition to governmental efficiency or reorganization as such, but on his rejecting the concept of citizen-participation in the tasks of government.

Further study of his proposals, many of which make sense of and by themselves, convinces us even more that this is a good place to go slow.

HATFIELD himself recognizes that there is bound to be opposition to some of his proposals, for he asks that they be enacted piecemeal, with the merits of each being scanned separately by the legislature.

We have no objection to such a study. But we hope the legislature will think long and hard before doing away with such agencies as the highway commission, the public welfare commission, the liquor control commission, the state board of health, the state water resources board, and many others which have set nationally-recognized standards of excellence.

TO DEMOTE these to the status of "advisory" boards would be to turn our back on the real contributions of hundreds of men and women in the state who have worked so hard for the welfare of the state, with no pay and small thanks.

If this concept can be retained, and at the same time some reorganization of functions be effected for the sake of efficiency and economy, so much to the good.

But reorganization for its own sake, thus ending a long and successful tradition of state service, is a step backward, not forward.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



AN IN CASE YA GET ANY MORE IDEAS OF YOUR OWN, THATS ALL RIGHT, TOO!

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

AS THE SHOUTING DIES Algiers—the furious shouting of the rioters has died down in Algiers, but it has left a series of ugly questions behind.

Above all, it has left the question that everyone is asking, about the practicality of Gen. de Gaulle's Algerian policy after the recent ugly outbreak.

This crucial question cannot even begin to be answered without an initial clearance of political debris. You cannot say which policy will produce the most hopeful results until you understand which results are impossible to produce at all.

The events of these last ten days have shown what Gen. de Gaulle has clearly known for a long time—that there is no way for France to WIN the war with the Algerian rebels. Nikita S. Khrushchev could have won this war, and he would have won it, precisely as he won his victory in the blood-stained streets of Budapest.

But no Western nation any longer has the will, or the appetite, or the cruelty (call it what you will) to follow the only rule for winning wars between dominant and subject peoples. This rule is to be found in Tacitus's biography of the great pro-consul Agricola. The historian puts his rule in the mouth of a British rebel against Rome, who says of the Legionary armies: "They make a desert and they call it peace."

FOR A LONG time, it was not clear that this cruel rule necessarily applied in Algeria, if only because the struggle there was most inefficiently carried on during the pre-de Gaulle period. The French army, in this reporter's opinion, has long been the best land force in the West. But in the era of the Fourth Republic, the same praise could not be given to the army's politics-ridden high command.

The reform of the high command is one of Gen. de Gaulle's many great achievements. The conduct of the struggle in Algeria was improved beyond recognition by de Gaulle's two successive appointees to the command here, Gen. Challe and Gen. Crepin. What would have seemed to be impossible miracles only two and a half years ago, in the era of Gen. Salan, have been quietly wrought by these two able commanders.

As a result, the bands of rebels inside Algeria have been almost wholly cut off from the F. L. N. forces in Tunisia and Morocco. Except for occasional acts of terrorism, all offensive action has virtually ceased. A surface tranquility had been restored to almost the whole of Algeria, including the most remote and formerly dangerous areas of the countryside, before the recent tragic events disturbed the peace.

YET THERE WAS a fatal flaw in this seemingly hopeful scene. As Gen. Crepin, a brutally honest man, has himself admitted, this surface tranquility only masked the facts that the people in the villages and the Muslim quarters of the towns continued to fear the F. L. N., to pay the taxes demanded by the F. L. N., and to provide new recruits for the F. L. N. fighting bands.

The second rule for winning wars between dominant and subject peoples is that the subject people must fear the government more than it fears the rebels of its own race. That is the reason for the first rule. And the French

army, while making extraordinary progress both in appeasement and in reconstruction, could not fulfill this second rule of fear.

The result was the situation which has now been revealed by the recent tragic events. One must underline the word "revealed," for it is certain that this situation always existed although it was temporarily concealed from many eyes by the surface tranquility. The nature of this situation is simple. The Muslim population has not ceased to wish for an independent, predominantly Muslim Algeria. Khrushchev could change the minds of the Algerian Muslims quickly enough. But the French army, being French, cannot do so. That leaves only two alternatives: indefinite prolongation of the deceptive surface tranquility by the war in its present form, or the voluntary creation of the best kind of Muslim Algeria which circumstances will permit.

FOR REASONS both understandable and agonizing, the great majority of the French people in Algeria and a good many army officers would prefer the first of these two alternatives. They would rather carry on the war indefinitely, than take the necessarily enormous gamble of making peace. But the people of metropolitan France have begun to be impatient for peace, and Gen. de Gaulle, with one ear cocked, as always, for the impersonal voice of history, has decided that the gamble is unavoidable.

What, then, is the nature of this gamble? There are two things that now need to be said about it. First of all, the chances of a good outcome, or at least of a decent outcome, have been much increased by the progress made in the last two and a half years. The F. L. N., though not defeated, has been weakened. The flags in the Algerian Casbah have not altered this key fact.

Second, the great recent progress in reconstruction and tranquilization has also, it would seem, changed the mood, though not the aspirations, of the Algerian Muslims. There were no flags, there was not a whisper of the Muslim quarters of Algiers when the paratroopers ruled the city at bayonet point. But in that era, one may be certain, hatred endlessly boiled beneath the surface. Yet the reporters who entered the Casbah and other Muslim quarters before security forces, a few days ago, found remarkably little hatred, a surprising degree of moderation, and many marks of respect for France and even of attachment for France.

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

WHAT CONFRONTS US Mr. Rusk is taking office at a time of critical and perplexing change in our foreign relations, and he will need the kind of understanding support which comes, not from dogmatic, but from open and inquiring minds. We can have every confidence in him provided the country will understand how greatly the American position in the world has changed in the past ten years.

The Kennedy administration will not inherit a well-established and settled foreign policy. It will inherit the necessity of augmenting our over-all national power and of revising many of our post-war commitments. This will be a painful and perhaps an unpopular business.

I DO NOT THINK that this sober view is unduly somber. It is essentially the view which constituted the central theme of Senator Kennedy's campaign. When he talked of our loss of prestige and of the deterioration of our power and position, it was not merely the conventional campaign orator's viewing with alarm. The RELATIVE position of the United States in the world wide balance of forces has declined markedly, not only in Cuba, in the Congo, in Algeria, in Laos, in the management of our alliances, our diplomacy has become increasingly ineffectual, often embarrassingly so.

This basic situation, which Mr. Kennedy is inheriting, cannot be corrected by ringing statements of our intentions and of our ideals delivered from the White House and the State Department. It cannot be corrected by appropriating two or three billion dollars more for the Defense Department.

It can be corrected only by bringing once more into balance the most important of all our balance sheets—that of our national power and of our national commitments.

IT WOULD be not only unfair to the Eisenhower administration but also misleading to suppose that the great changes in our power and position are due solely to what has not been done in the past eight years. The relative position of the United States at the end of World War II was abnormally great—owing to the prostration of our enemies and of our allies. We had more military power, what we had more of nuclear weapons, we had more gold and more productive capacity, we were more invulnerable than any other power, indeed than all the other powers combined. This could not endure. Since the end of the forties, when the Soviets exploded their first nuclear device and we organized the Marshall Plan, the imbalance which was once in our favor has been changing.

Since the Korean war it has been changing greatly, and by 1957 or thereabouts, our RELATIVE military and economic power in the world were declining dramatically. In the campaign Mr. Eisenhower indignantly denied this. But the fact is indisputable. Through vast regions of Asia, Africa, and

Latin America our military power is to a very great degree neutralized. And in the non-Communist world our capacity to finance our foreign policy is seriously, let us hope only temporarily, undermined by the condition of our balance of payments.

In addition, and not least of all, our prestige in the world has diminished. We have ceased to look like a vigorous and confident nation. We have alienated great masses of people, by no means only peasants, workers, and young students, by the reactionary temper and tone of so much of our diplomacy. Above all, we have aroused great doubts of our capacity to lead our allies by such gross ineptitudes as the U2 affair and the recent pilgrimage to Bonn.

The Department of State cannot do much to augment our overall national power. But it can play a mighty part in the revision, long since overdue, of policies and commitments which have had their historical origin in the radically different situation of the immediate post-war years. It will not be easy to work out the terms of this revision. But it can be done by Mr. Rusk, by men such as Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Bowles, and by the younger men who, one must suppose, will be put in the key staff positions of the State Department and the Treasury.

Their task is inherently difficult in that it involves fresh estimates of the power and of the intentions of our adversaries. It will be an impossible task if in Congress and among the public the dogmas and the doctrines of yesterday remain frozen and inflexible.

One of our contributors tells us about how strictly logical, and yet upsetting, a child's reasoning can sometimes be. She came home recently to find her 9-year-old daughter in tears, and a cookie sheet, all covered with a gooey mass, in her hands. The youngster had decided to bake cookies, and everything had gone well

until she took the first panful out of the oven. The dough had spread all over the pan, into a burnt-lance design. The mother checked and rechecked to see what had gone wrong. Had she put in the flour? The baking powder? Egg? Too much shortening? But apparently all had gone as the directions indicated. As a last resort, the mother asked the little girl to SHOW her how she had mixed the dough. The recipe called for 2 1/2 cups of flour, and the youngster carefully measured out two quarter-cups of flour—a total of a half cup. "Now I ask you," says the mother, "was she REALLY wrong?" And she reported that it all ended happily. The tears were dried, more dough mixed, and a sizeable batch of cookies resulted—a sizeable batch, that is, before the "sampling" was finished.

Suburban living is where the houses are further apart and the payments closer together. A man we know who visits the Jackson county courthouse quite frequently found a list of definitions in a wastebasket in one of the offices there, and has just passed it along to us. Here are samples: Consulting public opinion (A few of the boys are putting on a little pressure and we have to calm them down). Will benefit the community (Real estate prices are going up and we're helping them). Most qualified man (This fellow has a lot of friends who really have us in the old political squeeze). Strictly impartial (This appointment isn't too important so nobody's put any pressure on).

Giving it a lot of thought (We still have a few people to ask before we decide). Careful selection of appointments (We haven't had a chance to make our usual two or three phone calls yet). The faults of men are many. Women have only two: Everything they say is one. The other, all they do.

A member of the armed forces, serving overseas, received a letter from his fiancée, with which she enclosed a picture of two loving couples snuggling on a beach, and of her, all by herself, off to one side. Her letter explained how much she missed him, and how she was fretting until she could see him again. He was mightily pleased about the whole thing, until the middle of the night when he suddenly sat up with a horrible question: "WHO took that darned picture?"

Mr. Potluck: Do you know that pussy willow buds are beginning to pop? Yep, out on Daisy creek they are. Isn't it wonderful that through all this tinsel and bauble, nature carries on? Spring Harbinger

Strong hands to work, old hands to young, around the Christmas board, louch hands, the false forget, the forgiving, for every guest with go and every fire burn low and cabin empty stand. Forget, forgive, for who may say that Christmas day may ever come to host of guest again... —W.H.H. Murray

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

One of life's minor and (sadly) rare frustrations is not being able to thank someone for a favor because you don't know who the kind someone is. A woman called the Mail Tribune the other day to express just this sense of frustration. She had been Christmas shopping downtown, and had accumulated quite a collection of packages, so many, in fact, that she set them down near a parking meter while she paused to catch her breath. About then a youngster, a boy she guessed was about 10, and his mother, came by. The boy offered to carry her packages—which he did, all the way to her car some four blocks away.

In calling the Mail Tribune to tell the story, she said she was "so grateful to the boy and I wanted to tell someone about it."

The proprietors of a local orchard are using a sawmill for drying their property with soot and ashes, and one of our acquaintances, in noting the fact, and thinking that the smudging season isn't too many months away, stalked off muttering something a bit out the pot calling the kettle black.

Some people claim that the classified advertising section of any newspaper makes for the best reading of any of it. Once in a while, this may be true. For instance, what visions are conjured up by an ad (which appeared some time ago in our favorite newspaper) which offered for sale two rifles, a sewing machine, a dinette set, and two choice spaces in a local cemetery.

"If you think this is the space age," comments a motorist we know, "just try finding a parking space downtown these days."

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A VERY SAD EVENT was recorded at one of the town's ritziest, snootiest restaurants the other day. A nouveau riche was taken there for dinner on Monday evening by an authentic socialite and, anxious to impress one and all, the nouveau gend laid down a bin of the rarest vintage wines. The tab came to about \$800 and the management seemed very pleased.

The next evening the nouveau brought his most important customer to show off his new man-about-town stature—and they wouldn't let him in!

MRS. GROUCH: Why do I always get such miserable service in this store? Aren't there smarter clerks available to serve me? FLOORWALKER: No, Madam. The smarter clerks see you coming.

J. Mitcheum's definition of a typical husband: a character who buys his professional football season ticket in June and his wife's Christmas present on December 24.

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Can Stevenson Do the Impossible at UN?

Can Stevenson Do the Impossible at UN?

By ERIC SEVAREID

By his act in asking Adlai Stevenson to speak for America at the United Nations, John Kennedy has done the country, the UN and himself a favor, but he has done one favor to Governor Stevenson.

The Democrat twice fated to carry his party's weight in hopeless races against a national hero is now asked to perform another near-miracle, the most immediately critical task any American statesman could face. He is asked to help restate the machinery and drive the United Nations, now sputtering closer to complete paralysis than at any time in its 15 years.

In the first year of the Kennedy regime the world will find out with finality if the UN really is to be a powerful instrument for world order, or if another dream of peaceable men is to fade into the mists like the League of Nations.

Its treasury is virtually bankrupt, largely because of Communist bloc refusals to honor their debts. The Security Council may cease to function for months because of the quarrel over its composition. The Secretariat still labors under the Russian blackmail threat to ruin its effectiveness by boycott. And the whole prestige of the UN, so recently booming by reason of its bold start in the Congo, is now on the verge of collapse by reason of its inability to finish the Congo operation.

Two powerful forces, one coldly organized, the other passionate and spasmodic, are whipping the United Nations with cruel effect. The first is the Communist world movement which seeks, not order, but disorder everywhere beyond its own walls and uses the UN with utter cynicism to that end. (In the eighteen thousand dreary, arrogant words of the manifesto for world Communism short of major war, just issued by the Moscow conference, there is not one mention of the United Nations.) The second is the jealous drive for national prestige in the small, new countries—as witness the self-centered behavior of Nkrumah and Nas-

er in the joint Congo operation. A strong United Nations is immensely important to this collection of new sovereignties because it is the only means by which their whole can become greater than the sum of their parts; yet by immaturity they are paralyzing the UN as surely as are the Communists by calculation.

One might add a third, though passing force—the damaging influence of President de Gaulle's disbelief in any supra-sovereign institutions of any kind. Stevenson can help; he cannot, no American alive can help. He can bespeak the America that thoughtful men everywhere long to hear once more, the American accents not heard at the UN since the ambassadorship of Warren Austin—our fundamental peaceableness, our straightforwardness, our creative sympathy for the dispossessed of this world. It should not be the purpose of the American spokesmen to score quick debating points against the Zorins and the Gromykos for the afternoon headlines. To do that is to reduce the United States to the propagandistic level of the Communist bloc;

India's Khrishna Menon is speaking didactic nonsense, therefore, in stating that neither Stevenson nor any other American will be any better at the UN than the policy instructions from Washington. No more pertinent example in the reverse sense, exists to disprove Menon's logic than Menon. Incessantly has Nehru's light from New Delhi been refracted, diffused and discolored through the prism of the Menon personality.

There is a culture of the heart as well as that of the head. Stevenson, thank God, is at home and at ease in both. (Distributed 1960 by The Hall Syndicate, Inc.) (All Rights Reserved.)