

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune"

Published Daily except Saturday by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
33 North Fir St. Ph. SP 2-9141

ROBERT W. RUHL, Editor
HERB GREY, Advertising Manager
GERALD T. LUTZ, Business Manager
ERIC W. ALLEN, Jr., Managing Editor
EARL H. ADAMS, Editor
HARRY CHAPMAN, Editor
RICHARD JEWETT, Sports Editor
OLIVE STARCHER, Women's Editor
DALE ERICKSON, Circulation Manager

An Independent Newspaper
Entered as second class matter,
at Medford, Oregon, under Act of
March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Mail - In Advance, Copy 10c
Daily and Sunday - 1 year \$11.00
Daily and Sunday - 6 mos. \$6.00
Daily and Sunday - 3 mos. \$3.25
Sunday Only - One year \$4.20

By Carrier - In Advance - Medford
Ashland, Central Point, Eagle
Point, Jacksonville, Gold Hill,
Phoenix, Shady Cove, Rogue River,
Talent and on motor routes
Daily and Sunday - 1 year \$11.00
Daily and Sunday - 6 mos. \$6.00
Daily and Sunday - 3 mos. \$3.25
All Terms Cash in Advance

Official Paper of Jackson County
Official Paper of Medford
United Press International
Full Photo Service
P. I. Telephone News Pictures

MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU
OF CIRCULATIONS

Advertising Representatives
WEST HOLIDAY CO., INC. Offices
in New York, Chicago, De-
troit, San Francisco, Los Angeles,
Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, At-
lanta, Vancouver, B.C.

NEWSPAPER
PUBLISHERS
ASSOCIATION

NATIONAL EDITORIAL
ASSOCIATION
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

Dec. 25, 1950 (Monday)

Despite a rash of traffic mishaps which sent more than 30 persons to hospitals, Oregon police reported only four accidental deaths during the three-day Christmas week end.

The Jackson County Chamber of Commerce has petitioned the civil aeronautics board asking permission to be represented at a hearing in Washington, D.C., which will consider a proposed upward revision of airline rates to the east.

20 YEARS AGO

Dec. 25, 1940 (Wednesday)

The Medford post office handled the largest volume of Christmas mail in its history this year, according to Postmaster Frank DeSouza.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "First returns from the Christmas accidents reveal not a single Santa Claus ignited his cotton-batten whiskers on a pink candle."

30 YEARS AGO

Dec. 25, 1930 (Thursday)

Forest fire damage in Oregon during 1930 was the smallest since 1918, according to the forest service.

A considerable amount of Christmas mail is still in the post office awaiting a belated delivery.

40 YEARS AGO

Dec. 25, 1920 (Saturday)

"Listen Lester," a musical comedy, will be featured in tonight's Christmas program at the Page theater.

Christmas was observed today throughout the city and county with a general display of good cheer.

50 YEARS AGO

Dec. 25, 1910 (Sunday)

No paper today, Merry Christmas.

What's Your I.Q.?

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

1. Who is Sir John Gielgud?
2. Bible: What was the original name of Abraham?
3. Correct the following: "The fox dived quickly in his hole."
4. Was "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" a popular song in the Mexican War, Civil War, or Spanish-American War?
5. Was Vermont one of the original thirteen States?
6. Does a filibuster have the effect of hastening or of delaying legislation?
7. What is the abbreviation for the word Admiral?
8. What is a cygnet?
9. With what island Republic in the West Indies do you associate the phrase "Platt Amendment"?
10. Is caraway the name of a bird, herb, or vehicle?

1. Shakespearean actor and producer. 2. Abram. 3. "The fox dived quickly in his hole." 4. The Civil War. 5. No. 6. Delaying. 7. Adm. 8. A young swan. 9. Cuba. 10. Herb.

Merry Christmas

In every country in the world with a Christian heritage, Christmas, under one name or another, is observed with a huge number and variety of symbols, customs, legends and traditions. But everywhere it is a day of hope and rejoicing, of friendliness and good will.

The tales which have arisen about Christmas would fill many books, as would the different traditions in different lands.

MANY of the customs have a pagan origin, but have been so adapted and blended with the religious aspect of the holiday that they are now as much a part of the celebration as the Nativity itself.

The Yule log, the Christmas tree, the use of candles and lights, the sprigs of mistletoe and holly and greenery, the hanging of stockings, Santa Claus and his reindeer (which are peculiarly American), and very likely the timing of the day itself, near the winter solstice—all are derived from sources other than strictly Christian observance.

And, in large measure, they help to account for the universality of the day, which is celebrated in this country by just about everyone, Christian and non-Christian alike.

IN recent years a movement to "Keep Christ in Christmas" has grown up, motivated in large part by objections to overcommercialization of the holiday, and perhaps, to a lesser extent, by objections to the traditional but non-religious nature of certain aspects of the celebration.

It may be, however, that the holiday is as universal as it is largely because of the wide variety of ways in which it can be celebrated within the many traditions.

TO SOME the sacred commemoration of the birth of Christ is the overriding consideration. To others the festivity and gaiety are paramount.

To all it is the happiest, most joyful holiday of the year, and the seasonal greeting, "Merry Christmas!" is as nearly universal in America as anything can be in this wonderfully diverse nation.—E.A.

Psychology at Christmas

The Catholic Digest tells a Christmas story we like—about a young Red Cross girl who was working in an Army hospital overseas.

Came Christmas day and she found many of her patients overcome with gloom at being away from home, and hospitalized, on the most home-centered holiday of them all.

Nothing she could do—individual little Christmas trees, funny gifts, nor a lively quartet—seemed to lift their spirits.

Suddenly she had an inspiration.

SHE came to a halt in the middle of the ward, dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief and cried: "Oh, boys, I'm so homesick. I can't pretend any longer. I feel just terrible."

The results were startling. One soldier said, "Aw, come on miss, it's not that bad." "Strike up some music, boys," ordered a sergeant. "We have to cheer her up."

And so it went. As it turned out, it was the merriest Christmas any of them had since they had gone overseas... especially a certain Red Cross worker.—E.A.

Poetry at Christmas

Among the many other traditions of Christmas is that of poetry.

Perhaps the most famous of this genre is "A Visit from St. Nicholas," by Clement Clarke Moore, which did more to establish St. Nicholas (and his familiar lineal descendant, Santa Claus) as a symbol of Christmas, particularly in America, than anything else.

BUT it always seems to draw out those who otherwise don't attempt poetry—or if they do, don't publicize it.

Several examples will be found on these pages, and if all of them don't live up to FJC's description of "petal perfect," we can indeed overlook this in the warmth of the season.

And, as to poetry as such, we shall have a further announcement some time next week.

—E.A.

Most Blessed Story

The shepherds in the fields abiding
Were first to hear the joyous tidings:
"To God in highest heav'n be glory,
And peace on earth!" So runs the story.

But ever and anon proclaim it,
Till men and nation, in one spirit,
Prefer to honor each the other
And Christ as Lord and Elder Brother.

Then may again the angels' singing
Throughout the whole world go ringing:
"To God in highest heav'n be glory,
And peace on earth!" Most blessed story.

—A.E.J.

Dennis the Menace



"OF COURSE, THEY NEVER LOOK LIKE MUCH BEFORE YOU GET THE PRESENTS UNDER THEM."

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

RELATIONS WITH EUROPE

There is some uneasiness in Europe arising from a feeling that American attention is turning away from Europe to Latin America, Africa, and Asia.



Lippmann means who have not yet adjusted themselves to the fact that Western Europe has recovered from the war.

Inevitably and happily the relations between Europe and the United States are changed by this fact. In this country we now look upon the Europeans not as our clients and dependants, but as our partners. There is no more need for baby talk or a bedside manner or for a nanny in Washington.

We have not lost interest in the alliance but we no longer think of it as a delicate child needing constant attention. The child has grown up and he is out in the world. And we now look to him for help, material and intellectual, in dealing with the grave problems, too long neglected, in the other continents.

IF I had to make a guess, I would say that this changed relationship, once we all get more used to it, will bring about more consultation, rather than less, with London, Paris, and Bonn. During the post-war era, which is now ending, we have to an unhealthy degree coupled our aid and our protection to Europe with a stubborn and self-centered conviction that we know best and must have our way. To differ with us on such matters as China, Germany, or the newly emerging nations, has only too often been regarded as morally reprehensible.

On the European side there has during this period been an embarrassing subservience not only to our principles but to our foibles and to our follies. There has been a fear of speaking out as a good ally should lest the Administration take offense or Congress be annoyed and the flow of aid cut off.

To all of this I would say good-bye. Let us have an alliance of equals.

THE need for an understanding among equals is most conspicuous in Africa—in North Africa, Central Africa, and in South Africa. Although Americans are deeply concerned, we have to start with the recognition that we cannot have an independent African policy for Africa. We are inhibited because we are such a long way from having solved the problems of our own citizens of African descent. For that reason alone, although there are others as well, we can practice philanthropy but not international politics in Africa.

This means that we have to play our part through the United Nations, through the Commonwealth, and through the French Community.

We cannot ourselves deal with the Algerian problem. We may be able by wise and judicious diplomacy to do something to help Gen. de Gaulle solve it.

We cannot deal with the Congo except through the UN, and it may be, eventually through some understanding with Moscow, possible to let the UN take the Congo out of the cold war.

We can do little or nothing about the fearful trouble that

is brewing in South Africa except to hope that the Commonwealth will have enough influence to avert a catastrophe.

THE more closely one looks at the problems of Africa, the plainer it is that no policy is possible which ignores Europe, which is not in fact intimately related with the policies of the European governments.

Africa has been a colonial dominion of the great European empires, and it is the mission and duty of the European democracies to prepare the way for the liquidation of those empires and the establishment of African independence.

Africa cannot be, as Latin America is, a primary interest of the United States. In African affairs we cannot lead the Europeans and the Africans. With a proper modesty we can help them.

(Copyright 1960 New York Herald Tribune, Inc.)

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

This is Christmas Day. Last night was Christmas Eve.

The patron saint of Christmas is St. Nicholas—nowadays usually called Santa Claus.

HOW did the Santa Claus myth get started?

It isn't wholly a myth. Saint Nicholas was the youngest and one of the kindest bishops in the history of the Church. During the Middle Ages he gradually became the patron saint of schoolboys. European schoolboys celebrated his feast day by electing a boy bishop.

Dressed in magnificent robes, the boy bishop led a parade that wound through the narrow streets, hardly wider than a modern alley and paved with rough cobblestones. Sometimes the procession entered the churches and proceeded solemnly down their aisles.

There was much feasting, but on the whole the occasion was a solemn one.

AS THE Middle Ages waned, the Saint Nicholas feast and procession gradually waned with it. But in Belgium and the Netherlands they are still celebrated in many places.

In the celebrations a person representing the saint and wearing the robes of a bishop rides through the streets on a white donkey and the tradition still holds that if Hans and Katrina have been good children all through the year they will find gifts in their wooden shoes on Christmas morning.

But...

If they have been BAD children, they will find in their shoes on Christmas morning a bundle of switches.

THAT is where in these modern days—in these ULTRA modern days, one might say without fracturing the truth—we get the story we sometimes tell to our children. The story that if they are good little boys and girls Old Santa will fill their stockings with gifts and goodies, but if they are bad little boys and girls Santa will pass them by and on Christmas morning they will find their stockings empty.

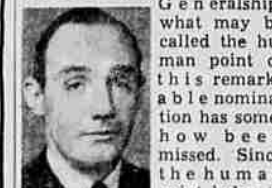
One fears that when we tell the tale we have our tongues in our cheeks and that our children are aware of it. Anyway, in these relatively abundant modern days, relatively few stockings are totally empty on Christmas morning.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

STORY OF TWO BROTHERS

Washington—In all the commotion over the choice of Robert Kennedy for the Attorney Generalship...



Alsop

political point, it is still worth trying to make.

The point is, very briefly, that the President-elect virtually had to drag his brother into accepting the post he had destined for him.

At Hyannis, in the immediate aftermath of the victory Robert Kennedy had done so much to organize, the older brother first offered the Attorney Generalship to the younger brother. In his characteristically uncommittal way, John F. Kennedy had evidently made his own decision about the right way to use Robert Kennedy, long before he could be sure that he would have Cabinet places to give away. But he had given no hint of his decision to anyone, including Robert Kennedy.

THUS the offer at Hyannis took Robert Kennedy wholly by surprise. He immediately, almost instinctively, but still quite flatly refused the offer. He rightly feared that such an appointment would be sharply criticized, and he was apprehensive that this would do political damage to the Kennedy administration. Hence he did not want the job.

These same fears continued to haunt Robert Kennedy during all the long weeks that followed his talk with his brother at Hyannis. But he was also haunted, one must suppose, by the feeling he once expressed during the roughest period of the Presidential campaign. A friend then asked him whether he really intended to leave the national stage and go into Massachusetts state politics after election day.

"You don't get into a show like this for the fun of it, or even for your brother's sake," he answered. "You get into it because you believe in something; and if you believe in something, you want to stick around and see it happen."

The conflict between this impulse to "stick around and see it happen," and his fear of handicapping his brother in the heavy task, evidently gave Robert Kennedy considerable pain in the months after the election. The pain can be deduced from the curious, almost desperate character of his attempts to escape from the conflict.

AT ONE point, he began to look for a university job in Massachusetts, with the vague intention of entering politics there later on. On another occasion, he actually asked a leading newspaper publisher for an assignment as a foreign correspondent, in order to "get away from the whole thing." But while the younger brother all but battered his head, in this manner, against the predicament that caged him, the older brother held firmly to his original intention.

It was a moment of wavering, to be sure, after the cries of "nepotism" that were raised when the choice of Robert Kennedy for the Attorney Generalship was first publicly hinted. The older brother then briefly considered naming the younger brother to the Deputy Secretaryship of Defense.

But the more the President-elect looked at the problem, the more he was convinced that his first decision had been right.

Thereafter the older brother insisted; but the younger brother still resisted. At dinner with the President-elect in Palm Beach, just a day or so before the appointment was officially announced, Robert Kennedy again flatly refused the Attorney Generalship, this time, as he believed, for good and all. But at the last moment, his resistance was overcome by a renewed appeal which the older brother made at the family breakfast table the next morning.

THERE are several things to be said about this undoubtedly authentic story of the two brothers. To begin with, it hardly reeks of nepotism, in any normal sense of that word. The extreme reluctance of the younger brother, and the dogged persistence of the older brother, are equally striking. They speak volumes, both about the nature of the appointment and the character of the appointee.

They reveal an appointee who showed, if anything, an excess of delicacy in scruple—an appointee very unlike the hard, ruthless, and totally unscrupulous fellow Robert Kennedy has been portrayed as being. Equally, they suggest that the motive of the appointment was not family duty (which had been amply fulfilled by the first, instantly refused offer at Hyannis), but by the considered opinion of the older brother that the younger brother was the very best man for the job.

Whether this opinion is correct will prove, in the end, to be all that matters about this allegedly shocking brotherly appointment. Meanwhile, when you think of the sordid connivers and squalid hacks who have so often been tolerated in the Attorney General's office in the last 30 years, the current cries of "nepotism" seem a trifle odd. The bold, downright innovative choice of an Attorney General who is quite obviously intelligent, vigorous, and courageous, might better be greeted with sighs of relief.

IN conclusion—Merry Christmas! Or Christmas GIM!, as they're apt to say in the South.

Christmas: Can We Make the Paving Hold?

By ERIC SEVAREID

It is the compulsion and perhaps the failing of those who write about the public affairs of the world to try to find a name and meaning and direction in diverse and paradoxical events. Not since the bleak December of the last great war, surrounded by sorrow immeasurable to the point of senselessness, has this correspondent found such difficulty in accommodating the Christmas meaning to the behavior of men.



Sevareid

A few days ago I walked the banks of a lovely stretch of water called the Holy Loch, in Scotland. It got its name, the villagers say, because once upon a time, a ship carrying soldiers from the Holy Land, destined for the foundation of a church, foundered there and sank.

In a few weeks time an American submarine will float in those waters, over the remains of that consecrated vessel, a submarine carrying enough missiles to destroy human beings to the number of millions and churches to the number that exist.

A local minister voiced the "sensible" view. "The government must know what it is

doing," he said, as he rubbed his chillblained hands in his frosty study. "It would be immoral for us to ask them to put the base somewhere else, for others to take the risks involved."

But Scots wear their consciences like thick and scratchy underwear. The Presbyterian hierarchy is brooding and is most unhappy. More and more does the power of imagination collide with the logic of Christianity. The hierarchy does not live comfortably with its memories of the last great war. They had solemnly pronounced that they would support the war on condition that Christian Britain attacked no civilian populations, and then remained silent when Christian Britain obliterated Dresden, on a scale of horror with Hiroshima.

What is the duty of Christian man who believes in the promise and verity of Christ? To some of the Scottish Kirk, like the fiery Reverend George MacLeod, the former moderator, the duty is clear: Let Britain and all others who will, throw away all nuclear weapons, whether non-Christian Russia does so or not.

So great is their power of belief in the power of their faith that they have convinced themselves Britain could then negotiate for peace from a greater, not a lesser strength,

from the strength of "Moral Example." Even so, men like MacLeod assert, better the Christian man or nation accept destruction than inflict destruction on others. Better Communism everywhere, if it came to such a choice, than the elimination of the human race; tyrannies pass, as Europe knows.

The current logic of the political faith, of course, is that only the existence of the weapons, whose use in war is not possible by any logic, will save us not only from tyranny but from war itself. The political logic dominates, almost everywhere; old Europe grows stiff with the new weapons.

These words are written in a Paris office where an American diplomat, whose first name is Christian, has been describing the American suggestions for duplicating many other parts of Europe, with scores of Polaris missiles. He then flew home to his Christmas festivities and devotions, clear of conscience—and who may say for sure that he is wrong?

Murder en masse goes on, in the Congo, in Cuba, in Ethiopia, in Laos, in Algeria. "Let us find our Christian passion again," the Rev. Mr. MacLeod exhorted that Glasgow audience. But it is the other, the dark and ancient passions, that loose most easily. The passion of love,

Christians is testimonial to the fact that we have learned at least a few of the tricks of the trade.

(Distributed 1960, by The Hall Syndicate, Inc.)

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Merry Christmas

MANY Christmas greetings are received in the newsroom of the Mail Tribune at this time of the year. All are appreciated. But the ones that carry a really poignant message are those which indicate an understanding of some of our day-to-day problems. One such was on a post card received from a regular contributor of items last week. It said, "Merry Christmas, and thanks for overlooking the messes."

EVER since we were in high school we've had difficulty in remembering all the positions in the President's cabinet. Not long ago we dreamed of a mnemonic trick which works perfectly. It is the nonsense word "staphelad"—simply meaning State, Treasury, Attorney General, Postmaster general, Health-education-welfare, Interior, Commerce, Labor, Agriculture and Defense. Now, children, how many can name all the present members of Mr. Eisenhower's cabinet? Or Mr. Kennedy's for that matter.

ROBERT Frazier of the Register-Guard in Eugene gives warning to those punters who, inevitably, will refer to the Pentagon staff after Jan. 20, as McNamara's Band.

REMEMBS you a little of a comment in a Salem paper, which said, "Now it's official. The electoral college met and announced 'It's a boy'."

YESTERDAY (this is being written Friday) a police car with siren wailing bored through the fog. An office boy looked up and asked innocently, "Grass fire?"

scrupulous fellow Robert Kennedy has been portrayed as being. Equally, they suggest that the motive of the appointment was not family duty (which had been amply fulfilled by the first, instantly refused offer at Hyannis), but by the considered opinion of the older brother that the younger brother was the very best man for the job.

Whether this opinion is correct will prove, in the end, to be all that matters about this allegedly shocking brotherly appointment. Meanwhile, when you think of the sordid connivers and squalid hacks who have so often been tolerated in the Attorney General's office in the last 30 years, the current cries of "nepotism" seem a trifle odd. The bold, downright innovative choice of an Attorney General who is quite obviously intelligent, vigorous, and courageous, might better be greeted with sighs of relief.

IN conclusion—Merry Christmas! Or Christmas GIM!, as they're apt to say in the South.

THE current logic of the political faith, of course, is that only the existence of the weapons, whose use in war is not possible by any logic, will save us not only from tyranny but from war itself. The political logic dominates, almost everywhere; old Europe grows stiff with the new weapons.

These words are written in a Paris office where an American diplomat, whose first name is Christian, has been describing the American suggestions for duplicating many other parts of Europe, with scores of Polaris missiles. He then flew home to his Christmas festivities and devotions, clear of conscience—and who may say for sure that he is wrong?

Murder en masse goes on, in the Congo, in Cuba, in Ethiopia, in Laos, in Algeria. "Let us find our Christian passion again," the Rev. Mr. MacLeod exhorted that Glasgow audience. But it is the other, the dark and ancient passions, that loose most easily. The passion of love,

Christians is testimonial to the fact that we have learned at least a few of the tricks of the trade.

(Distributed 1960, by The Hall Syndicate, Inc.)

CHRISTMAS has many heroes, but the one dearest to the heart of one feminine shopper we know is a basket-boy at a local super market who, during the fog last week, periodically yanked all the cars in the parking lot. Where patrons had forgotten to turn off their lights, he did it for them.

HOPING to make the Ten Commandments come alive to his Sunday school class, one teacher recently asked his class, "Why should we honor our parents?" One of the replies was: "Gotta give 'em some credit. After all, if it weren't for them, we wouldn't be here."

REALLY rare are some of the annual Christmas programs put on by schools and Sunday schools. One of our staff members, a connoisseur of such things, asks, "Why is it that so often the ornate pupils suddenly sprout angels' wings during these events?"

INTERESTING Christmas card arrived at the district attorney's office the other day. It was signed, "Bow, Wow, Wow," and came from Chris Hagler and his dog control crew.

SMUDGE pots, lining the streets and glowing brightly, might be the answer to fog problems, someone suggests. And they do just that at the country club, we found to our relief one day last week.

THERE are many drivers who solve the fog problem simply by sighting the tail lights of another car and following them. If we recall correctly, this practice completely filled up the parking lot at Bear Creek orchards, much to everyone's surprise, one thick day last year.

MEDFORD High school played a basketball game at Hedrick Junior High the other night, and a senior girl attended, promising her parents she'd be home by 10 p.m. She called home at 9:30, reporting she was leaving Hedrick in a cab, and should be there in 10 minutes. An hour and a half later she arrived, the cab having gone out Grant st., the driver getting lost, winding up at Modoc orchards and radioing in for directions. At that, she was fortunate. She was charged only the regular fare for her around-the-valley trip.

ARCHIBALD, who frequently comments on the doings of the day in the column written by Vic Freyer of the Capital Journal in Salem, suggests that the perfect gift for the man who has everything is a calendar marked with when the payments are due.

SO WE COME to the end of another year of Potluck. The next one will appear in 1961. It's been a good year, by and large, for the Potluck editor, and since he's a silly, soft-hearted sentimentalist at heart, despite his crusty exterior, he extends to all his readers (five, at last count) the warmest good wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Peaceful New Year.

!!!

!!!