

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Published Daily except Saturday by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 31 North Fir St., Medford, Ore. 97504

Subscription Rates: By Mail - In Advance, Copy 10c Daily and Sunday - 1 year \$12.00

Official Paper of City of Medford, Official Paper of Jackson County, United Press International

Advertising Representative: NELSON ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES

NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

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 June 10, 1952 (Tuesday)

Medford Fire Chief Gordon Barker has announced a new program for inspection of city residences for fire hazards.

20 YEARS AGO June 10, 1942 (Wednesday)

Scrap rubber drive starts here: 150 pounds collected to noon of the first day.

30 YEARS AGO June 10, 1932 (Friday)

Glenn S. Warner, famed Stanford University football coach, visits here briefly en route to Crater Lake.

40 YEARS AGO June 10, 1922 (Saturday)

"Great influx of visitors" expected to attend opening of Oregon Caves June 26.

50 YEARS AGO June 10, 1912 (Sunday)

Simultaneous raids by sheriff's deputies in Central Point, Gold Hill and Ashland uncovered "considerable quantity" of opium in "Chinese dens."

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

1. Is Morocco located in the northern or southern part of Africa?

2. What is the only bird whose eyes look straight ahead?

3. What is a samovar?

4. A blanket of snow keeps the soil warm; true or false?

5. What relationship are the children of first cousins?

6. Does saccharin have any food value?

7. Is the Tropic of Cancer in the northern or southern hemisphere?

8. Is cerebellum the name of angels, a part of the brain, or a period of peace after a war?

9. Which Amendment to the Constitution excuses a person from giving testimony which might tend to incriminate him?

10. Insert the missing name: "The _____ the Moocher." Answers: 1. Northern. 2. The owl. 3. Water heating used to make tea. 4. No. 5. Second cousins. 6. No. 7. Northern. 8. Part of brain. 9. Fifth. 10. Minsky.

Press and President

President Kennedy, at a recent press conference, was queried about his attitude toward the press in general.

His now-famous reply was: "Well, I am reading more and enjoying it less..."

His remark has more significance than that of a mere quip, for it is indicative that the "honeymoon" with the press, which Kennedy has enjoyed (with certain exceptions) since his inauguration, is wearing a bit thin.

More and more sharply critical comments have been coming his way via editorial pages, and the "news" columns of such magazines as Time, which have no compunction about stating (or hinting) their opinions in news stories.

THERE is an element of the press, of course, which has been critical from the start. But many newspapers held off, giving the new President the benefit of the doubt until it had further observed his performance in office.

Even during the Cuban fiasco, press comment on Kennedy was strangely gentle and uncritical, perhaps out of the realization that it was a situation he inherited.

But in recent weeks, criticism has been both sharper and more voluminous.

THE turning point came, if we read the signs aright, at the time of Kennedy's crack-down on the steel companies over their price increase.

This was associated in many minds in the big business community (and, in too many instances, the nation's editorial pages faithfully reflect the views of the big business community) with the subsequent wild fluctuations of the stock market, for which a number of the G.O.P.-leaning papers blamed Kennedy.

This was followed by his proposal for an across-the-board tax cut next year. This too brought predictable howls from the financially conservative papers of the nation, which yelled "fiscal irresponsibility" about a proposed tax cut coinciding with a mounting deficit and increasing national debt.

THERE was the silly related side-issue of the New York Herald Tribune, which Kennedy cancelled out of the White House list of subscriptions, for whatever reason he alone knows.

Still, the President remains an omnivorous newspaper reader, and his news conference crack also included the statement, "but I have not complained nor do I plan to make any general complaints... They are doing their task, as a critical branch, the fourth estate..."

It was probably inevitable that the "honeymoon" would end, and Kennedy undoubtedly has known this all along. In recent years, only President Eisenhower has largely escaped the fangs of the nation's editorial pages, which are overwhelmingly Republican in coloration, and the surprising thing is not that they are now swinging at the President, but that they have withheld for as long as they have.

THIS newspaper supported Kennedy in the election, and has no cause to regret it. We have criticized him when we felt it was justified (as in the Cuban matter, when we said he was "dead wrong"), and supported his causes when we felt he was right (as in medical care under Social Security and others). We shall continue to do both.

But for some reason, we find it a source of mild, wry amusement to see the pillars of American journalism, most of whom fought Kennedy tooth and toe-nail during the election campaign, reverting to type.

It shouldn't bother Kennedy too much, though. All he has to do is recall that the bulk of the nation's press opposed Franklin D. Roosevelt and Harry S. Truman, too. But the voters paid no attention.—E.A.

"Nobody Walks"

A peripatetic and elderly male relative of ours is an occasional visitor to Medford. For health and pleasure, he walks several miles a day, and has done so for years, in many parts of the world.

When he is in Medford he is constantly on the lookout for new pedestrian routes, and is constantly disappointed in his quest after the obvious downtown sidewalks have been covered.

It is a standing joke that "nobody walks" in America any more. The pedestrian is the forgotten man.

THIS is a fact. In Washington state Friday, two men were arrested for walking. Both were participants in the well-publicized four-man walk from San Francisco to Seattle as a publicity gimmick for a well-known brand of beer. One of them passed through Medford a week or so ago. The other, a kilted Scotsman, took another route, but they were near each other in southern Washington when the minions of the law swooped down and arrested them for walking on public highways.

We hope our uncle never hears of this, for it will only convince him of the barbarism of the West, where "nobody walks," and where this proscription is backed by the might of the law.

IT IS a fact, alas, that the motor car has made the pedestrian (one, that is, who walks further than two blocks) almost extinct. And the dangers of walking amid fast-moving traffic on highways are manifest.

But some consideration for those sturdy souls who prefer shanks mare is definitely in order. Until some changes are made, "nobody walks" will be more fact than fancy.—E.A.

"If You Think Wall Street Has Been Acting Funny..."



MR. BLOUGH AND THE APRIL TEMPEST

Mr. Roger Blough, chairman of the U.S. Steel corporation and one of the heroes of what he describes as "that tempest of last April," has joined those who wish to avoid a feud between businessmen and the Kennedy administration.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

(c) New York Herald Tribune Syndicate

NIXON'S QUASI-VICTORY

Washington - For the student of politics, the California primary won by former Vice President Richard M. Nixon has one very special feature. Public opinion polls have never before had so much influence upon the course, and even on the reporting, of any political fight.

To begin with a most recent example, the reports from the West Coast credit Nixon with a "triumph" because he won the Republican gubernatorial nomination from a rich but previously obscure John Birchite, Joseph Shell, a two to one margin. This is puzzling. If you think about it in cold blood, it is not exactly a triumph for the titular leader of the Republican party to get this kind of a majority in his own state against a novice politician.

The answer to the puzzle is simple, however. Nixon, a great poll-user, discovered from his pollsters that Shell was likely to get just about the vote he did. With considerable prescience, the Nixon camp therefore put the word out, even in Washington, that Nixon would be doing very well if he held the Shell vote below 35 per cent of the Republican total.

SHELL was duly held to below 35 per cent. Hence Nixon is now credited with doing very well. But he is in fact done so well?

In the impartial and usually dependable California based Field poll, Shell began the primary fight with only about 7 per cent of the Republican votes. He rose to 14 per cent only a month ago. He has now got over twice that percentage. Shell clearly has done well. But it is not at all clear how Nixon is now going to deal with the one-Republican-in-every-three this primary has revealed as Birch-intoxicated or Birch-leaning.

This problem Nixon now has to face is also, in some measure, a poll-created problem. Originally, the former Vice President hoped to avoid an open row with the extreme right of his own party. But President Kennedy's pollster, Louis Harris, intervened with soundings showing that the great majority of California voters both disapproved of the Birchite approach to the Communist problem, and very sharply disapproved of the whole extreme right-wing movement.

ON the basis of the Harris soundings, President Kennedy himself pressed Nixon's Democratic opponent, California Gov. Pat Brown, to challenge Nixon briskly to disavow the Birch Society. Gov. Brown, though not normally given to briskeness, thereupon proceeded to say Nixon would wear the Birch label unless he disavowed Birch.

The soundings by Harris were confirmed by Nixon's own pollsters - which meant to the former Vice President that he must either get rid of the Birch label or go into the fight against Brown with a heavy handicap. Therefore Nixon reluctantly took on the Birchites at the California Republican convention. This convention fight, which Nixon won by a far from impressive majority, in turn put a lot of steam into the Shell candidacy against Nixon.

In addition, the polls have done much to deprive the Nixon candidacy of the aura of confidence and coming success that a candidate like Nixon needs particularly badly.

It even seems a reasonable guess that the polls have affected Nixon's own confidence and nerve, leading him into such mis-steps as his attack on the President of the United States as a carpetbagger - a doubly foolish move, because of Kennedy's great current popularity, and because of the unhappy choice of language.

Nixon had the bad luck, in the Field poll, the Harris private polls, and in all the other soundings, to start out enormously far ahead of Brown, and then to slip slowly but inexorably until the last Field poll actually gave Brown a slight edge. The trouble here was where Nixon began - much too far ahead - and where he ended, with percentages sensibly suggesting a close race.

A CLOSE race was always the kind of race to expect in California. Despite his national stature, Nixon has innate weaknesses in this contest for the governorship, and Brown has certain solid advantages.

Brown has made his mistakes, but by all accounts he has given California a much better than average state administration. He is also the sort of politician, moderate in views and tone, almost aggressively amiable, with a personality totally lacking sharp angles, that California voters seem to like best.

Nixon, complex and moody, has also been absent from the state during most of his political life. He lacks any very good issue to use against Brown. He has never been at home, anyway, with the kind of issues that are important in state politics. Add to these difficulties the fact that Nixon must now get all the Republican votes and a lot of Democratic votes as well, yet may have a lot of trouble persuading the Shell-Birch enthusiasts to transfer their support to him.

It can be seen why a close race is natural. But the first post-primary opinion poll is just as likely as not to show Nixon leading Brown again; for such is the nature of politics.

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

(c) New York Herald Tribune Syndicate

MR. BLOUGH AND THE APRIL TEMPEST

Mr. Roger Blough, chairman of the U.S. Steel corporation and one of the heroes of what he describes as "that tempest of last April," has joined those who wish to avoid a feud between businessmen and the Kennedy administration.

How to solve the problem of the giant monopolies is by no means clear. But that there is a problem of the giant monopolies is indisputable. This problem cannot be made to disappear by reciting odes to the free market.

For the giant monopolies the free market does not prevail. And in this country the problem cannot be solved by the government's fixing of prices and wages. That would produce a chaos that no man in his senses would contemplate.

WE SHALL have to feel our way to a solution. In all likelihood the most promising way to begin is by affirming the principle that in the wages and prices set by the giant monopolies, there is a public interest which must be taken into account. That public interest will have to be represented by the federal government acting, not as a regulator and controller of wages and prices, but as the spokesman for reasonable behavior and sound economic action.

The role of the government, as I see it, is similar to that which it performs when it fixes honest weights and measures. The public interest in the price of steel, for example, is so great that it must be represented in its own right, and not be left to depend on the ex parte statements of labor and of capital.

We must hope that such representation and publicity will be sufficient to prevent an unhealthy collusion of the giants. Of them one might say that they are not in a free market, but on top of it.

CHARLES BROWER, of Batten, Barton, etc., warns eager young account executives that if they had courted their wives the way they court prospects, their patter would have sounded something like this: "I can see you are a smart girl; the kind that can't be fooled on value. So you'll notice that I am wearing a \$300 suit. That suit, Girlie, is only an outward indication of the super-hydraulic, synchro-mesh, patented double-action heart that beats beneath it. Now listen carefully to something I tell only a chosen few. I am in limited supply. There are a lot of women after me. So for one day only, I'm offering to marry you. But you'll have to hurry—hurry—before I'm all gone."

When a raucous customer proposed his seventh consecutive toast to Honolulu, Bartender Clancy paused to inquire, "Say, Buddy, you come from Hawaii?" "No," said the customer, "but my wife's flying there tomorrow."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Pier 3, San Francisco

Dear Potluck Editor: Gosh, I hardly know what to say. I know I've been terribly remiss in not writing to you more often, particularly since you so kindly answered some of my earlier letters.

But... well, I might just as well come flat out with it. The truth of the matter is - I've met a girl, and I haven't been able to do much of anything except think about her ever since.

Now please don't laugh. Mr. Editor, it isn't funny. Really, it isn't. I haven't been able to eat or sleep (can you imagine?), and my work on the Bountiful has deteriorated to the point that Captain Blye gets a sour, pained expression on his face every time he sees me.

If it weren't that I know you'll understand, I'd be reluctant to mention the matter at all, especially after what happened one afternoon last week.

All of us on the crew were lounging around the living quarters after lunch, talking about this and that.

Well, actually, they were talking about women. First one would tell a story, and then another one would tell something that had happened to him.

Finally, during a lull in the conversation, I just had to tell them. After all, they are all my friends and I wanted to share my good fortune with them.

"I'm in love," I sort of blurted out. There was a stunned silence for a minute, and they all turned and stared transfixedly at me. Their mouths had sagged open, and their eyes had a dazed, incredulous expression.

After a bit, Bos'n Gruff said somewhat hoarsely, "What did you say, boy?" "I sat up, squared my shoulders, took a deep breath and said it again, perhaps just a shade too defiantly.

"I'm in love with a girl." I think somebody started to snicker, but Chuck Chumpkin quickly silenced him with a motion of his hand. He turned to me, his face wearing an expression of sincere interest.

"Well, boy, tell about the lucky girl," he said pleasantly. "What's her name? Where does she work? How did you meet her?"

"Yeah, tell us," several of the others said, and they all hunched forward in their chairs expectantly.

You'd think, Mr. Editor, that after all the skyhooks and left handed monkey wrenches I've been sent after during these last few weeks, I'd have known better, but I thought they were sincere. I really did.

"Well, her name is Poppy LaTour," I confided. "She's an actress. But she's working as a waitress right now while she's waiting for the right part."

"Gee, an actress!" Freddie Robertson sighed. "Imagine that."

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

In California, Nixon is overwhelmingly the nominee of the Republican party for governor of what at any moment now will become the biggest state in the Union.

Democrat Brown has a lead of about seven to one over the three minor Democratic Candidates.

IT IS obvious that if Nixon is to win next fall, he must get the bulk of the Shell votes.

What will Shell do? He hedges on planting his banner in the Nixon camp. He says: "We can win in November only if we stand firm without compromising our principles."

Nixon says: "The vote (in the primary election) is a mandate from California Republicans to move ahead with a program of PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATISM."

It looks like an interesting campaign is in the making.

SPEAKING of interesting campaigns, it looks like one is shaping up in Idaho. A dispatch from Boise says: Vernon K. Smith, who proposes to LEGALIZE GAMBLING in Idaho, appears to have won the Democratic nomination for governor.

Nearly complete but unofficial returns give him about 42 per cent of the total vote. Under Idaho law, he needs only 40 per cent to avoid a run-off.

Smith is a Boise attorney and the founder of an organization called Tourists Unlimited. He barnstormed the state with a proposal for casino-type gambling on a local option basis. He said it would bring thousands of tourists to Idaho and would help to cure the state's financial problem.

HIS apparent victory leaves his party in a dilemma. Virtually every Democratic leader in the state shied away from him, disavowed his gambling and said it would never be a plank in the party platform. Opponents said he couldn't bring gambling to Idaho. They pointed out that it would require a constitutional amendment and action by the legislature.

Smith will probably counter that if he has the votes, he will be able to handle the rest.

WHILE all this was happening on the political front in our country, former President Eisenhower came quietly to the Gettysburg college campus and settled down to the routine work of an ex-President.

June 6 was the 18th anniversary of D-Day - probably the grimmest exhibition of COURAGE in the history of the world. Let's keep this in mind: Our men had it then. They'd have it now in a similar emergency.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

CHARLES BROWER, of Batten, Barton, etc., warns eager young account executives that if they had courted their wives the way they court prospects, their patter would have sounded something like this: "I can see you are a smart girl; the kind that can't be fooled on value. So you'll notice that I am wearing a \$300 suit. That suit, Girlie, is only an outward indication of the super-hydraulic, synchro-mesh, patented double-action heart that beats beneath it. Now listen carefully to something I tell only a chosen few. I am in limited supply. There are a lot of women after me. So for one day only, I'm offering to marry you. But you'll have to hurry—hurry—before I'm all gone."

When a raucous customer proposed his seventh consecutive toast to Honolulu, Bartender Clancy paused to inquire, "Say, Buddy, you come from Hawaii?" "No," said the customer, "but my wife's flying there tomorrow."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

"She what?" they chorused.

"Go on, kid, go on," said Bos'n Gruff. And he brushed the other men. "How did you two lovebirds meet?" "Just by chance one night. I happened to go into the restaurant where she works to have dinner. But I didn't notice her at first, not until she spilled a whole plate of Mulligan stew on me."

Foreign Aid Reexamination Is On Way

By ERIC SEVAREID

The massive American "foreign aid" program is moving through the Congressional labyrinth, but it is highly likely that this is the last year the program will emerge in roughly the shape and size outlined by the President.

Something has happened. Responsible members of Congress, including some of the most liberal and enlightened members, are simply losing their illusions as to what money, food, arms, and exported expertise can and cannot do in and to "underdeveloped nations."

The privately growing suspicion that every President from Truman through Kennedy has widely oversold the prospective economic and political results from America's generous interventions is now becoming a conviction.

Sooner or later, we are going to witness a public reappraisal of the foreign aid concept, fundamental in nature, and on the highest levels, as we began to witness this winter in regard to the United Nations, when Senator Jackson first sited deeply into that forbidden fruit. As one House Democrat, quoted

backward lands, that economic growth produces toward democratic freedoms, that democracy tends toward peace and that peace in these areas enhances America's national security.

These concepts have been articles of unquestioned faith - until now. Without adding unqualified endorsement to the arguments made, I do wish that every interested citizen and every Congressman could study four essays on foreign aid recently published by the Public Affairs Conference Center of the University of Chicago. They might pay particular attention to the cold logic of Edward C. Banfield, who goes so far as to suggest that a policy of no foreign aid at all would better serve the hard core interests of our national security, if not our moral sensibilities.

We are all obliged, it seems to me, to take an unblinking look at the estimate of P. N. Rosenstein - Rodan who assumes for purposes of forecast absolutely optimum conditions and then concludes that if the backward countries got all the aid they could absorb, used it well, and if their population increase by one-fourth in the next 15 years, the average personal income in those countries would be increased by no more than \$50 a year.

We have to ask ourselves

Why we assume that intervention by foreigners in totally alien cultures can produce economic levels, political institutions and social mores in 10 or 20 years of the kind produced in western societies only after many generations.

We have to ask ourselves why we think we can produce even a respectable fraction of such results in lands where we have no enforcement powers, when we cannot elevate life in the West Virginia mining areas or get on top of the problems of poverty, illiteracy, crime and crowding that are swamping welfare planners in our own urban sprawls.

Our illusions about economic growth and social justice in backward countries date, I suspect, from our successes in Europe and Japan. But we must ask ourselves if economic development from scratch is not fundamentally different from economic rehabilitation.

And, as a teaser, we might ask ourselves why the one big country in Latin America that seems to be progressing in stability - Mexico - not only receives none of America's foreign aid but refuses to accept it.

Whatever the Senate and House may vote this year, the true examination of foreign aid has hardly begun. (Distributed 1962, by The Hall Syndicate, Inc.) (All Rights Reserved)