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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 May 26, 1953 (Tuesday) The Rogue river was receding today after a sudden rain...

20 YEARS AGO May 26, 1943 (Wednesday) Gen. Charles Gerhardt, commanding officer of "FV Tree" division, buys first "FV" poppy sold in Medford area.

30 YEARS AGO May 26, 1933 (Friday) Oregon graduate nurses open state convention in Medford.

40 YEARS AGO May 26, 1923 (Saturday) Congress allots \$67,500 for construction of Crater Lake-Prospect highway.

50 YEARS AGO May 26, 1913 (Monday) S. S. Bullis, Olean, N.Y., granted franchise by county court to operate interurban trolley line on Jackson county highways.

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

What Now for Agriculture?

There are lots of things we don't understand in this complicated old world. One of the things we understand the least is the so-called "farm problem"—the odd mixture of attitude, habit, politics, economics and emotion which has cost us so heavily over the past three decades, and which has been the subject of so much debate and acrimony.

Having confessed our ignorance, let us attempt to set forth a confused layman's concept of what it is all about.

It is, if we read it correctly, compounded of two elements. The first is the vital importance of a healthy agriculture to the nation as a whole. The second is the really fantastic increase in farm productivity made possible by new techniques, including but not limited to fertilizers and pesticides.

DURING the depression years, it became national policy to assist agriculture. And during the war, when the overriding emphasis was on higher and higher food production, the national policy was designed to that end.

This, coupled with the new techniques, resulted after the war in glut upon glut of farm produce. And laws and subsidies, once designed to increase wartime production, continued, resulting in huge surpluses of many basic products.

The overproduction gave rise to the threat of disastrous price declines, in turn threatening the entire economy. So the subsidies and controls were retained, despite surpluses.

LAST week's vote by the nation's wheat farmers represented something of a revolt against the whole system—a system which simply grew up as a result of circumstances, and which has thus far defied any rational attempt at solution.

High production, strict controls, and subsidized prices have continued. The wheat farmers' vote against their continuation is the first real break in the process.

What happens now? No one knows. Some Congressmen are talking about new legislation to save wheat farmers from what could be tremendous over production and skidding prices. But there is a very general conflicting sentiment, including that in the Administration itself, which would let the results of the election stand, and "see what happens."

WHATEVER does happen—whether the classic law of supply and demand will take over, thus ruining a good many farmers, or whether Congress does come up with a new stop-gap plan—the time has come for a complete re-assessment of the nation's farm policies.

Whether such a re-assessment would result in any lasting solutions or not remains questionable. For some of the nation's best brains have been devoted to the "farm problem" over the years, and have failed to find a solution which was acceptable.

But the wheat vote certainly indicates that a solution other than production and price controls would have a better chance of acceptance now than in the past.

IT is entirely possible that a long range solution will be virtually automatic. We now produce food far in excess of our needs. But with population increasing at the rate it has been, the day is not too far distant when population will outrun food supply.

It already has, as a matter of fact, if we talk in terms of world population and world food production. Our vast stored surpluses would vanish almost overnight if they were distributed to people who are chronically hungry.

Why, then, are we not selling our surplus foods, or even giving them away? International politics and economics enter here, for food dumped at low prices, or given away, on a large scale, would play hob with international markets, and bring anguished protests from other nations which have traditionally been our friends.

THE day may come, however, when these reasons will become more and more specious, and when we do attempt to dispose of surpluses by shipping them abroad.

If and when that happens, surpluses will turn into shortages. For, under existing circumstances, the world is not growing enough food to provide a decent standard of nutrition for all its people.

Meanwhile, this confused layman looks for a period of farm confusion, even among experts. It does not appear that the classic economic forces of demand and supply will rectify the situation without undue hardship on many, for supply will far outrun demand in the short run. Nor do we believe that Congress has any ready answers up its sleeve.

It is unfortunate that we will just have to "wait to see what happens," for people are going to get hurt in the process, and the nation's economy as a whole may suffer.

A whole segment of the economy does not go from "mixed" or "managed" back to full "free enterprise" economy almost overnight without some dislocations.

Yet, if this rather drastic reversal of trend in the farm economy does stimulate some basic thinking, and some new approaches, maybe it will have been the best thing that could have happened in the long pull for the nation's, and the farmers', welfare.—E.A.

'Now That We've Got Out, We Wait For Them To Come Back And Offer To Let Us Drive'



Matter of Fact By Joseph Alsop

AFTER RACHEL CARSON Washington - A tritium by a river's brim Only a tritium is to him, And it is nothing more!

This perversion of Wordsworth is inspired by the turtle that now lives in the side garden.

Bloodroot and hepatica, star flower and wild ginger, dogtooth violets and a maiden hair fern, Solomon's seal and jack-in-the-pulpit may well inspire him with appropriate Wordsworthian sentiments.

After a rain that brings earthworms to the surface, you can catch him at it, his dome of tortoise-shell gleaming wetly, bulldozing through the tritiums in search of nourishment. Their stems are fragile, and when he marches across a tritium's prostrate form, that is the end of the tritium—which is particularly painful because they were pretty wonderful this year.

THE turtle is proof that you cannot adopt the stern, high principles advocated by Rachel Carson without losing a little on the roundabouts. You was established in the side garden, in fact, as a substitute for slug-poison.

The place is hardly more than an areaway, naturally damp, unavoidably short of sunlight. Therefore moss and the wild flowers that grow in the woods and ferns in all their varieties were put there to avoid the only other alternative, which was dusty, funeral ivy. But moss and ferns need to be kept moist; and the daily mist-spraying to encourage the moss somehow encouraged slugs as well.

Slugs in such numbers have rarely been seen. Slug-poison was used for the first attack on them, and ignorantly used at that. Instead of being placed on a stone, like a light slug-buffet on nature's dining-room table, the poison was scattered about the garden in a haphazard manner. Few slugs expired, but every inch of moss turned brown that the poison touched.

THE turtle was then suggested, as a better anti-slug measure; and this he has indeed turned out to be. No slug is to be seen anywhere. Bits of hamburger even have to be provided as an occasional diet-supplement, because of a lurking fear that the narrow little garden may not offer enough foraging-room. Otherwise all is well, except for those tritiums.

That raises the question, in turn, whether the Carson principles cannot be universally adopted. A few tritiums, after all, are a reasonable sacrifice, if the gain is a garden both slug-free and poison-free.

But the answer to the question, also is in the negative. The truth is that giving up poisons is as hard for a gardener as giving up booze is for an alcoholic.

THE old general drenchings with DDT have been abandoned. To be sure, the Japanese beetles which the DDT was mainly aimed at have found natural enemies by now. Furthermore, the main effect of the DDT-drenchings was to destroy all the enemies of the red spiders, which are worse than Japanese beetles if permitted to multiply without limit.

But there are the cherry trees, only one year in the ground and so horribly vulnerable to borers. There is also the wisteria, which has an as-yet-undiscovered enemy that can only be defeated with DDT spray. Not without grim thought of the DDT already accumulated in our fat, like an alcoholic reaching for the rink which he fears will put the last, finally fatal knob on his liver, any serious gardener is bound to give those cherry trees and that wisteria the protection they need.

That is not the end of the grim story, either. The systemic poisons, which are poured upon the soil for plants to drink up, are far worse than DDT or parathion or malathion or any of the other noxious substances Rachel Carson has warned us against. To handle them at all, in fact, a mask and gloves are needed. "Never again!" is the oath invariably taken, when the mask and gloves are put away again.

BUT there is the rare and handsome Buxus Rondinifolia—a big-leaved box which grows almost to the height of a small tree and does not object to being espaliered on a wall. And there is one of Henry Hobman's astonishing hybrids, a dwarf box with a curiously lacy habit of growth. It suffers from box-leaf miner, and so does its larger, wall-growing cousin.

The leaves are yellowing hideously. The miners encysted cannot be reached, except by a systemic. So the mask and gloves are shamefacedly routed out again; and the often-repeated oath is once more broken.

The moral is rather simple. If Rachel Carson is right—and the chances are that she is largely right—something ought to be done about it. Furthermore, the something done needs to be considerably sterner than the report of the President's scientific advisors, which had the approximate power of an old lady's moral lecture to a confirmed drunk.



Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann (c) 1963, The Washington Post

THE KENNEDY ROUND Simple as it sounds, in practice the idea of forming an Atlantic partnership in a low-tariff trading area is in fact huge and complicated. The preliminary talks for what is called the Kennedy round of tariff negotiations began some time back.

Market tariff, 90 per cent of all the tariff rates are between 10 per cent and 30 per cent. In the American system, only 63 per cent of the rates are in this range. We have more low rates than Europe, and we have more high rates. Thus, 20 per cent of our rates are under 10 per cent; only nine per cent of the European rates are in this low bracket. On the other hand, eighteen per cent of our rates are over 30 per cent, but only 1 per cent of the European rates are in this high bracket.

The Europeans are attacking these high American tariffs, these peaks jutting up out of the mass of rates. They have demanded that before there is a general linear cut, for which we are asking, there should be an "excrement," which is a French word for lopping off the peaks.

THEY point, for example, to the very high tariff on coal tar dyes. This ingenious tariff schedule imposes a duty of 38 per cent to 40 per cent. And it imposes this high rate not on the F.O.B. price in the country of origin, but on the selling price of similar products of American origin. This device roughly doubles the effective tariff rate.

It is evident that the Europeans have a grievance and that there is something in their claim that to cut such an exorbitant tariff by 50 per cent would still leave it an exorbitant rate. Had we not acknowledged that there is justice in the European arguments, the negotiations would have failed at the very beginning.

The actual negotiations, as distinguished from the preliminary talks about procedure and principal, will proceed on Tuesday of last week, the wheat farmers of the United States went to the polls in a national referendum election and rejected a new and tighter federal production control plan for their crop by a vote of 547,151 FOR and 596,943 AGAINST.

The vote was 47 per cent for and 53 per cent against the proposal. But that doesn't tell the whole story. Under the terms of the referendum, approval by at least two-thirds of those voting would have been required to put the proposed new program into effect.

In Oregon, six Eastern Oregon counties where wheat is the major crop voted in favor of the new and tighter program. It lost in most other Oregon counties. In Klamath county, the program received a favorable vote of only 11.2 per cent of those voting. In Oregon as a whole, the wheat growers voted 5,032 against the plan and 4,637 in favor. In the state of Washington, the vote of the wheat growers was 6,976 for and 8,012 against.

WHY this decisive rejection? This thought occurs: The wheat growers must have got tired of being hired NOT to produce wheat.

THEN—Of course—There is the fantastic surplus that has been accumulated—a surplus that filled all the warehouses and then overflowed into receptacles such as empty and idle ships. Not to mention the building of fabulous numbers of new warehouses.

It must have become obvious to a very large number of growers that this huge surplus tended to hang over the wheat markets of the future like a dark thundercloud.

LET'S get back to the tourist industry. Here are some figures that may surprise you:

DURING the 1962 tourist season, 9,225,378 out of state visitors came to Oregon in 2,804,660 automobiles. That's a little better than FIVE TIMES the population of Oregon.

They spent an average of \$20.45 per day per car. Forty-three per cent of them came from California—and so must have passed through Southern Oregon twice, once on the way up and again on the way back.

THIS is the point: If we could have stopped all of these California cars twice—once on the way up and once on the way back—it would have meant the addition of nearly FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS to our Southern Oregon economy.

Those who scold the worriers say that to cancel the moon voyage would be as if Ferdinand and Isabella had cancelled Columbus' voyage which opened the New World. They are more right than they know. What is at stake are not only the new marvels to be found, but also the profound transfiguration of the source of the search.

After the voyage of Columbus the Old World was never the same, in political, economic, military, social, religious or intellectual terms. After the first men walk upon the moon, Old Earth will never be the same and the change will begin in the two societies, Russia and America, now competing for the cataclysmic honor of commencing the alteration.

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THINGS YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IF YOU HADN'T READ THEM HERE

White men got here just in time to save the forests from the Indians who were tearing them down at a wild rate to use for making bows and arrows. A cow owned by a Mrs. O'Leary started the San Francisco earthquake. There is a real need for something for people who can't eat before every time they brush their teeth. A musical pine tree is one with a perfect pitch. Pigless pork was developed by a man who simply couldn't stand bacon and tomato sandwiches. Queen Elizabeth has never changed a tire on her Rolls Royce. Aaron Burr's friends used to call him Perry Mason and his enemies called him sneaky. No one really knows how sheep feel about their sheep shears. The white line down the center of the bicycle riders. Goldy Bearwater was the name of a pretty conservative Indian. Crater Lake was built before the Panama Canal.

DOG HICCUPS We talked to a man the other day who was an hour late for an appointment because he had been trying to get his hiccupping dog to breathe into a paper bag. He reported that the kicking and screaming was something fierce and that both he and the dog wound up hiccupping together.

YOU'VE HEARD THIS? The captain's voice came over intercom as he spoke to the passengers of the transcontinental jet. "We have lost ground contact, our compass is inoperative, our radios are dead and we seem to be completely lost. HOWEVER, we have a 50 mile tailwind and you'll be pleased to know that we are making excellent progress."

MOON SOON We like a line from a Broadway production that goes like this: "For another two hundred million dollars, we can have a white mouse on the moon by the end of the year."

HISTORICAL NOTE Many years ago an Elmer Paige used to operate a stage coach line between Jacksonville and Roseburg. (According to Realtors, every house on the Old Stage Road was the official watering stop. Anyway, we thought you'd like to know that the horse-drawn vehicle had a sign on it that said, "Take the stage and leave the driving to Paige.")

PRONUNCIATION? If we pronounce monkey as "munkey", why don't we pronounce donkey as "dunkey"? Or monkey as "mahnkey"?

ASHLAND, YOU'RE NICE! There's a nice surprise waiting for you in Lithia-ville if you're young in heart. We aren't mention the name of the hotel (it rhymes with Cleopatra's boy friend, however) but we can tell you that they put up a scrumptious, reasonably priced, picnic basket for two. You have a choice of Prestige Ham (Tranche-de-couperes) or Roast Cornish hen (all white meat), complete with spiced pears, French bread, cheese and fruit and a choice of wines. Antis are an optional extra.

PARKING PROBLEM SOLUTION Will Rogers said it. "Don't let anyone drive anything that isn't paid for."

Long Thoughts on the Race for Space

By ERIC SEVAREID It was two years ago this week end that President Kennedy sent his special message to the Congress in which he said that he himself believed we "should go to the moon."

It has taken two years to develop the beginnings of a national debate on the question, among congressmen, scientists and editorialists.

I say the "beginnings" of a debate because, on its public plane at least, the argument has not yet come into its true focus. The true question is not whether we should try to land men on the moon—the nature of this political world as well as the nature of man's curiosity and the unquenchable spirit of science make it inevitable that we try—but how we go about it.

The real argument is going on in semi-private between the cold warriors, including the military, who want a "crash" program, and certain scientists deeply aware of the difficulties and dangers, who fear the atmosphere of a "race" in this delicate operation. They discount the attendant value of the prestige they would like to see the

whole psychology of strain and rush, of looking over our shoulder, rooted out of this endeavor. They believe that with this step toward the moon we have reached the point where haste will not only make enormous financial waste but very probably produce failure and human tragedy.

Congressmen now expressing doubts about the moon program are being contemptuously assailed as pinch-penny mossbacks living in the last century. This comes a bit gratuitously from partisans of the President, since he himself, in his message of two years ago, urged every citizen and Congressman to "consider the matter carefully in making their judgment," because, he said, "it is a heavy burden and there is no sense in agreeing or desiring that the United States takes an affirmative position in outer space unless we are prepared to do the work and bear the burdens to make it successful."

Only now are many of us, including the worried members of Congress, beginning faintly to comprehend the order of magnitude of the efforts and the burdens to come. A new and fathomless world of human endeavor is swimming into our ken. It is natural and not necessarily a sign of stodgy unimaginativeness that practical men in-

stinctively and immediately try to estimate the practical costs involved; indeed, they must. And the more they try, the more dismayed they feel. They have a few present facts to go on: they know that the budgets for NASA have been doubling every year for the past five years. They know that a successful moon landing in this decade would cost at least \$50 billion and maybe more. They see that of the 400,000 working specialists now qualified in "R and D"—research and development—60,000 work on NASA projects and that this percentage must sharply rise, raising the gravest questions about scientific priorities in the American society of the future.

They see what our present budgets for normal military preparedness are and they see no way to reduce them substantially. Now they see, dimly on the horizon, a second realm of uncontrollable expenditure which can match and even surpass normal defense expenditures as the years go by. Space is limitless and there are only staying points in its "conquest"—there is no stopping place.

Being practical men of the present, with present and practical responsibilities, of course, they feel dimay. What is a vision to some men is a spectre to others. The immediate spectre these men see