

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Flight 'o Time
Medford and Jackson County
History from the files of The
Mail Tribune 10, 20, 30 and
40 years ago.

10 YEARS AGO
Nov. 26, 1948 (Friday)

New construction work at Gold Hill includes an addition to the Community church and extensive repairs to the Southern Pacific depot.

Campaign leaders hope the Community Chest drive will go over the top this week end.

20 YEARS AGO
Nov. 26, 1938 (Saturday)

A throng of some 500 couples attends the annual firemen's charity ball at Oriental Gardens.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "For these things, and many more, thanks can be given today! For nobody abbreviating Thanksgiving Xgiving."

30 YEARS AGO
Nov. 26, 1928 (Monday)

A permanent restraining order is issued to prevent building a dam across the Rogue river at Gold Hill by that city and the Beaver Portland Cement company.

Boy Scouts of the Crater Lake council undertake publishing a newspaper, entitled "Crater Sparks."

40 YEARS AGO
Nov. 26, 1918 (Tuesday)

A white Thanksgiving—the first since 1910—appears a certainty as snow falls starting at noon today.

An all-day Thanksgiving dinner basket picnic is scheduled at the Agate school house with the entire community invited to participate.

What's Your I.Q.?

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

- 1. The praying mantis insect is harmless to man; true or false?
- 2. Identify the Supreme Court Justice who recently retired.
- 3. The noted Blarney Stone is in a castle in Scotland, Ireland, or Wales?
- 4. Is it true, or false, that the only metals used to coin money have been gold and silver?
- 5. Frederic Chopin, noted composer, was of polish, Russian, or Czech birth?
- 6. The parliament of the new West German Republic meets in which German city?
- 7. When a soldier lines up to receive "chow" is he seeking food, medical attention, or a uniform?
- 8. Does the Danube river flow into the Mediterranean, the Aegean, or the Black Sea?
- 9. The North Pole is in the Arctic; where is the South Pole?
- 10. Is the planet Jupiter larger, or smaller, than the earth?

Answers: 1. True. 2. Harold H. Burton. 3. Ireland. 4. False. 5. Polish. 6. Bonn. 7. Food. 8. Black set. 9. Antarctic. 10. Larger.

ROUND TABLE TOPS

New York—(UP)—Round Table, who launched his 1958 campaign early in January and still was winning nine months later, today was chosen "Horse of the Year" by the Morning Telegraph and Dailing Racing Form.

The D'Autremont Parole

Whether or not one agrees with the Oregon board of parole and probation, in ordering a parole for Hugh D'Autremont, one cannot deny their courage in doing so.

Ever since we first became interested in this case, more than a decade ago, those involved have told us that never in all their experience have pressures been so great to see that Hugh is kept in prison the rest of his life.

At the slightest hint in the past that he might be paroled, officials from the railroad and from the postal and treasury services have shown up and camped on the doorstep of the parole officials, and of other public officers. That this pressure has eased off in the last couple of years only made the decision somewhat easier.

THE board members have resisted these pressures, and done what they believed was the right and just thing. It is a credit to them and the job they are doing.

For repeatedly we have been told that, if ever a prisoner has become fully rehabilitated, it is Hugh D'Autremont. He was a youth of 18 when the crime—a particularly vicious crime, it is true—was committed. One of the factors in his receiving a life sentence, rather than a death sentence, was the fact that he was under the influence of his older brothers, Ray and Roy.

In the 31 years since he entered the prison, he has been a "model" prisoner. He learned a trade, printing, and became proficient in it. He has read widely, and his self-education is said to be broad.

AS A printer he has handled publication of "Shadows," the prison magazine, which has received widespread acclaim for its excellence. Some of its articles and editorials he has written.

And prison and parole authorities say he is fully aware of the gravity of his crime, is truly repentant, and fully determined to make a fresh new start on the outside, to be as much a "model" citizen as he was a "model" prisoner.

The action of the parole board is fully in accord with Article 1, Section 15, of the Oregon Constitution, which says:

"Laws for the punishment of crime shall be founded on the principles of reformation, and not of vindictive justice."

THERE are those who will claim that, even with these things in mind, Hugh D'Autremont should spend the rest of his days in prison. We say that it would be wrong—morally and practically.

It would not serve justice for him to remain in prison, nor would it protect society. If D'Autremont, after 31 years of prison life, ever permits himself to get in a position where he has to return, we will be sadly surprised. And we are willing to accept the decision of the parole board that he should be given his chance.

It will not be easy. Thirty one years is a long time to be shut off from the world. And it may be that he will find it difficult to escape the public notice that follows so widely-known and publicized a figure.

But he is entitled to a chance.—E.A.

Maturing America?

Is America dignified? Is it cultured? Is the emphasis on beauty and seriousness?

These are conclusions of a British writer who recently visited (of all places) Chicago, for the first time in 13 years. Writing in the London Times, he saw "less vulgarity . . . more privacy." Life looked to him "smoother . . . faster . . . less raw and boisterous . . . more lush . . . less adolescent."

This is interesting—particularly from a Briton. We have become used to much more looking-down-the-nose types of reports about America in the British press.

IT IS difficult for an American to assess America. It needs someone like De Toqueville, or Alister Cooke—someone who is familiar with the American picture but who is not a part of it, someone with intelligence and perception, yet who is not intimately involved.

Occasionally such a person can draw a picture of America which is true. When he does so, it often hurts; for America—this America we love so well—has its faults, its rough spots, its injustices and its deficiencies. And any impartial appraisal of America must record these as well as the strengths and virtues.

PERHAPS our British friend (his name is Graham Hutton) is right in saying that "the old, brash, strident, self-assurance—the certitude of a slick solution to any problem," is gone.

He adds: "It is only natural that Uncle Sam's new, unfamiliar, unwanted, worldwide risks and responsibilities—unwanted burdens for an unwanted family of nations—should have worked great and wondrous changes . . ."

But, with all the changes, he thinks something has been lost. " . . . some of the tough, raw, creative genius that responded nobly whenever the lamp was rubbed."

Americans are too close to America to know whether Hutton is right or wrong, and it probably doesn't matter anyway.

But no matter what he saw in Chicago, we could show him plenty of brash, strident, self-assurance—and occasionally a spot of creative genius, too. If, indeed, America is maturing, it still has a way to go. And we're sort of glad. —E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"THANKSGIVING MEANS YOU SHOULD START ACTIN' POLITE SO YOU'LL GET LOTS OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS."

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE WALLS OF JERICHO

Jericho, Jordan — At the summit of the dusty hill, a great pit has been dug. At the bottom of the pit lies a wide ledge cut into the living rock. A massive wall, well built of heavy boulders, rises behind the ditch; and behind the wall there is a great round tower, also boulder-built. And this, surely, is the most extraordinary sight in the world.

Since the future can only be awaited with patience, hope and misgiving, the best holiday from the present is the past. Any sensible man wants an occasional holiday from the present in the troubled Middle East. But if you take your holiday at old Jericho, as I have just done, you are likely to find the trip in the time-machine almost too violent.

The mud and wall and round tower of old Jericho are not extraordinary because they are beautiful. They are extraordinary, rather, because the mere discovery of their existence has pushed back the history of what we like to call civilization by something like 3,000 years. Not much more time has passed since the moment when the trumpets blew and old Jericho's long story ended, and Joshua grimly proclaimed:

"Blessed be the man before the Lord, that riseth up and buildeth this blessed city, Jericho."

BUT this small and humble town existed in the hill millennia before Joshua and millennia before Abraham. The men who made it had only stone tools, and fire and water to crack the rock for the ditch. From the summit of the tower the people of the city may even have fired their flint-tipped arrows at the last man of the Neanderthal race. For the Neanderthals seemed to have outlived the Ice Age here in Palestine; these fortifications date from somewhere rather close to 8,000 B. C., not so very long after the last big retreat of the earth-ripping ice.

Until the great British archaeologist, Dr. Kathleen Kenyon, unearthed the tower and wall and moat, civilization's known history began in the Iraqi village of Jarmo about 5,000 B. C.—at least if civilization is to be defined as the adoption of a settled, food-producing way of life in place of the hunter and the good-gatherer. "But what was Jarmo?" cried Dr. Awni Dajani, the Jordanian Director of Antiquities, who kindly showed me old Jericho. Then, answering his own scornful question, Dr. Dajani added:

"Jarmo was nothing but a miserable, unvalleyed village! Here, perhaps three millennia earlier, we have a walled, water-moated, fortified town of several thousand, built long before man had even invented pottery."

THE proof that man invented war before he invented almost anything else except improved stone weapons and techniques of agriculture was indeed there, staring one sternly in the eye. The carefully-cut sides of the great pit seemed, in truth, to be one continuous record of man's inveterate inhumanity to man.

The people who made the tower and walls and moat at the bottom of the pit lived in round, mud-floored houses. They had a cult of skulls of their ancestors or their enemies. They were the first to till the field watered by Jericho's spring of Elias, which makes a rich oasis here in the

desolate Jordan valley. But the time of these first people came, and their city was destroyed and its ruins made a little hill. And another people came to build on the hill.

These new people still had no pottery. They also made a cult of skulls, even molding plaster faces on the dead bones. But they were certainly men of another race, because they made another sort of brick, they built large square houses, and they neatly plastered their house floors. You can see the line of one of their house floors in the pitside just above the level of the old round tower's top.

In the end, their time also came and their city was also destroyed; and they were followed by other peoples, who had pottery but still used stone weapons. One of these peoples to the east was a rude race, on the still-growing hill of old Jericho, almost as the Bedouin camp today. Finally, they too were driven out by the men of the early Bronze Age, who first discovered that square bricks were more convenient than rounded bricks, as you can see from a bit of their brick construction that is embedded in the site of the pit.

THESE first metal-users of old Jericho were the contemporaries of Egypt's earliest pharaohs. They too had a flourishing city, whose history lasted many centuries longer than the histories of most modern nations. But, at last, they grew complacent and neglected their defenses, for there were Charles Erwin Wilsons even in those days. The resulting drama is all there, to read and hear—the final desperate effort, never finished, to rebuild the fallen defenses, the remorseless onslaught of the invaders, and the fire that was all-consuming.

The invaders were another rude race, fit only to fight and conquer the city-builders; and their time came when other, more advanced bronze-users seized Jericho and its well-watered fields. These were the men of Jericho when Abraham passed this way. Their story was also written in this fair city, as their graves show. But they, too, were killed or driven out in the end, by those who built the last of all the old Jerichos—the Jericho that fell to Joshua, where the harlot lived.

"But, really," said Dr. Dajani, "we have almost nothing from Joshua's Jericho except one poor little jug. It was too early in the story, and erosion of the hilltop had washed away whatever Joshua left behind.

There is some hope, however, that souvenirs of this last Jericho that Joshua razed will be discovered beneath

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE BERLIN MANEUVERS

The most likely explanation of what the Soviet government is up to in Berlin is, it seems to me, to make the West Germans more willing to deal with the East Germans. The fact of the matter is, of course, that the two sets of Germans are already negotiating at what is called the technical level, as the trade agreement announced on Friday reminds us. The Soviet government's policy calls for a broadening of these negotiations with a view, eventually, to a political agreement for a limited reunification of the two German states.

When I was in Moscow in October I had a talk with the Foreign Minister, Mr. Gromyko, and when we got to the German question, I asked him what was the Soviet view of how the Germans could be reunited. Without hesitation he replied that this could be done only by a "confederation" — he was speaking English — in which each of the two German states could retain its own social institutions. Like Mr. Khrushchev, whom I had seen the day before, Mr. Gromyko maintained that German reunification by confederation would have to be brought about by negotiation between the two Germans.

THE advocacy in Moscow of a German confederation seemed to me very significant in view of the fact that last March, when I was in Bonn, I had heard the same thing in so many and in such high quarters. The State Department, to be sure, continues to repeat the old official formula that Germany should be reunited by free elections in which, of course, the Communist regime would be demolished and East Germany would be absorbed into the West German state. But I doubt whether there are many responsible men in West Germany who would want Germany to be reunited in this way, even supposing that the Russians would permit it.

For the two Germans have developed very differently and the attempt to integrate them would now be enormous difficulty. It would be a heavy burden for the West Germans and very probably there would be considerable resistance to it in East Germany. There are other reasons why few responsible West Germans wish to have integration in a unified state. For integration would change radically the balance of religious forces and of the political parties.

Seen realistically, and not through the fumes of the official formula, the alternatives are, on the one hand, the formation of some kind of dual state and, on the other hand, the continuing partition of the German nation.

I READ the news of the Berlin maneuvers against this background. Mr. Khrushchev, who is nobody's fool, is certainly aware that there is a strong and growing senti-

ment in West Germany in favor of expanding negotiations with East Germany. There is already a lot more talk among the two sets of Germans than the official policy of non-recognition contemplates, and there is no doubt at all that there would be still more talking, were it not for the respect and the fear in which Dr. Adenauer is held.

So, the Soviet idea of negotiations leading to confederation is one to which the West Germans are by no means unresponsive. When Dr. Adenauer leaves the scene, the idea has an excellent chance to become a live issue. Mr. Khrushchev is one who likes to ride the waves of the future.

THERE is, of course, no way of telling what will be the immediate course of the maneuver in Berlin. But it would be surprising indeed if the Soviet government, though it withdrew its own forces, did not keep the East German government under strict control. For it is committed to defend the East German government if it is attacked, and that makes it reasonably certain that Moscow will restrain the East Germans from doing things which might provoke an attack. There is no reason at all to suppose that Moscow thinks that on the German question the United States is a "paper tiger."

I do not think, therefore, that the Soviet objective is to blockade us and force us out of West Berlin. They know that would mean war. Their objective, I believe, is to demonstrate to the West Germans in particular that the Soviet government has, and that the Western allies do not have, a realistic and reasonable solution of the German question.

You cannot, the old saying goes, beat a horse with no horse. The Soviet idea of confederation is a horse, perhaps a poor horse, but unmistakably a horse on which a growing number in both Germanys would be willing to place their bets.

BUT our idea of free elections to be followed by the integration of East Germany into the West German state is no horse at all. For one thing, the Russians will not agree to free elections. For another, the West Germans do not want integration. And very probably, moreover, a very large number of East Germans, who are Socialists though not Communists, also do not want integration and would fight against it.

Lacking a policy of our own for the unification of Germany, we have become hysterically attached to the status quo. It often looks as if we were not quite sure of the distinction between hardening of the will and hardening of the arteries.

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Editorial Comment

ASHLAND'S PRIDE OURS, TOO

It is of vastly more than local interest that a drive has been started at Ashland to raise \$275,000 to finance construction of a theater for the Oregon Shakespearean Festival association . . .

Ashland has set for itself a minimum goal of \$50,000, no small sum for a town of less than 9,000 population to raise, but behind the campaign is an inspiration fired by realization that the Shakespearean festival has become one of the nation's major symbols of culture. It has imbued the community with just pride of leadership.

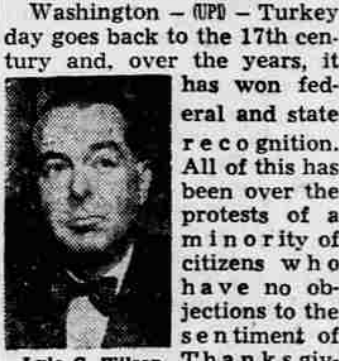
This augurs well for accomplishment of an objective toward which Grants Pass, Medford, and in fact, all of southwestern Oregon, have offered aid. Not only that, but help is coming from Portland, where a bank official proffered 18 donations from among only 20 persons interviewed in one day, even before the drive had been launched.

Along with this have come scores of encouraging messages from theatrical, radio and literary luminaries throughout the country, pending contributions from far beyond Oregon's boundaries . . .

Why do we concern ourselves so with Ashland's problem? Because Ashland's pride in its theatrical prestige is shared by all of Oregon, and failure of Ashland's campaign would reflect discredit to all Oregonians. That is why we, through some 230 miles from Lithia park, add our expression of hope that the new theater is built. — Albany Democrat-Herald.

Turkey Overrated as Food, Columnist's Father Once Wrote

By LYLE C. WILSON



Lyle C. Wilson Thanks giving but who hold that turkey

is overrated as an entree. This anti-turkey minority is supported by two smaller groups of citizens:

—Those who are unable to carve the bird.

—Columnists who like a topical column when it is come by easily.

My father was writing a pretty good column for the Topeka (Kan.) Daily Capital back there at the turn of the century and, one day, he wrote this:

"Under ordinary circumstances I would feel very thankful today. I have a steady job, a happy home, good appetite and excellent digestive works; but I am feeling a little out of harmony with the condition that should prevail today, because I know when I go home to dinner there will be a big brown turkey on the table.

Force of Habit

"I despise turkey, and so does my wife. I do not believe that one-half of the people who buy turkeys on Thanksgiving do so because they like to eat turkey meat.

"Yesterday, as I came down to work, I queried 17 people to get their views regarding turkey meat. Fifteen agreed that turkey makes mighty poor eating. Twelve of the 15 agreed that a good piece of beef, well roasted, would outclass turkey every time. I was glad to find that so many favored beef, for I am a beef eater myself. I would feel a great deal better if I knew I was going home to a roast beef dinner today, instead of a turkey dinner.

Just Because

"But the turkey goes, just because it is Thanksgiving, not because it is particularly good. My wife has invited some friends in to eat with us. I asked her yesterday what she was going to get for dinner, and she said she already had bought a turkey.

"I didn't make any roast, but remarked that I wished she had bought a big beef roast. She said she preferred roast beef herself, but that she knew that her guests would not feel as though they had been to a Thanksgiving dinner unless there was turkey on the board.

"So the turkey will be on deck, the ace-high card of the feast, although no one really wants him; for I am sure that our guests feel just as my wife and I do about the matter. But I am not going to let the presence of a turkey beat me out of enjoying my dinner, for there will be a great lot of other stuff on the table which I can eat and enjoy in spite of the fact that the Thanksgiving-turkey—the national fraud—takes the leading role."

The Alaska highway from Fairbanks to Dawson Creek, British Columbia, was opened to tourist travel during the summer of 1948.

- Why should voters vote a potential tax without first knowing the following facts:
- 1. What are the boundaries of this district.
- 2. Have the property owners approved this district.
- 3. What assessment will be used — valuation, front foot, gross sales or other.
- 4. What is the overall plan and estimated costs of this parking district.
- 5. What funds presently used for city government will be diverted to help pay off this obligation.

When this plan was defeated before by the voters, city government by budget provided \$50,000 in 1957-58 for offstreet parking. In 1958-59 \$7,000 was again budgeted. This suggests that the voters and taxpayers have no voice in the matter. If we don't vote it, it will be budgeted anyway.

Taxpayers are faced with increasing taxes, due to the growth of the city, inflation in costs, and demand for more and better services.

Now is the time to scrutinize all tax measures. Be sure to know what you are voting for, and remember if you want services, or improvements you will have to pay for them. There is no Santa Claus to pay your taxes.

Ray J. Schumacher, County Assessor.

Gassy?

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"It is better to know us and not need us than to need us and not know us."

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

ALLAN KING had a neighbor who couldn't stand his dog. He tried hard, but couldn't lose the critter. In desperation, he finally lit out for Africa with the dog, and threw it out of a helicopter in the middle of the Sahara Desert. Then he had to land at an oasis, because he was out of gas.

Two months later the dog trotted happily into his home in Long Island. But to this day, nobody's found hide nor hair of the poor master.

Another "old party" who is enjoying life to the full is Carl Sandburg, past 80 and seemingly indestructible. It's a caution to watch this distinguished poet tune up his gear, announce to visitors, "Here's a very short song you might say is the outline for a very long novel," and then launch into the dulcet strains of "Papa Loved Mama, Mama Loved Men, Mama's in the Grave, Papa's in the Pen."

Unhappy little shoe! His ma was a sneaker; his pa, a waifer.
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