

MAIL TRIBUNE

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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 July 15, 1929 (Friday)

Jackson county court tentatively approves low bid for construction of county farm home.

Rotary officers from northwest clubs hold meeting in Ashland.

20 YEARS AGO July 15, 1919 (Saturday)

Eight hundred men check 7,000-acre forest fire in Klamath Indian reservation.

From Arthur Perry's "Watermelon, Pot" column: "The watermelons from the south are quite plentiful. The local crop will not be ripe enough to steal for another month, or longer."

30 YEARS AGO July 15, 1909 (Monday)

Coach J. Verne Shangle of local Junior American team announces Medford to play at Eugene for district championship.

F. E. Samson company, a transfer company, opens office in southern Oregon.

40 YEARS AGO July 15, 1899 (Tuesday)

A. C. Allen resigns as manager of Rogue River Fruit and Produce association.

Anderson creek fire which burned over 1,500 acres is checked for forest service crews.

50 YEARS AGO July 15, 1889 (Wednesday)

Frank Isaacs lands eight-pound salmon after swimming 60 yards, breaking his pole and fighting the fish 40 minutes.

Attorney Evan Reames returns from business trip to Portland.

What's Your I.Q.?

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

- 1. What is the minimum age for qualification to be President of the United States? 2. What sort of worker would use a capstone? 3. Which is the longest book in the Bible? 4. Is the hippopotamus an amphibious animal? 5. Did King Henry VIII of England have four, six, or eight wives? 6. Who wrote "The Courtship of Miles Standish"? 7. Is a martinet a puppet, a cocktail, a strict disciplinarian, or a baby bird? 8. Should a fruit cocktail be eaten with a fork, or a spoon? 9. A young cow that has not had a calf is called what? 10. Supply the missing words in the following: "A man is as old as he...; a woman as old as she..."

Answers: 1. Thirty five years; 2. Sailor; 3. Psalms; 4. Yes; 5. Six; 6. Henry W. Longfellow; 7. Disciplinarian; 8. Spoon; 9. Heifer; 10. "Feels." "Looks."

Some conservation regions in Idaho have been sided by boxes of beavers dropped into critical areas by parachutes. Beavers are often valuable in conservation programs.

What Should Policemen Do?

Are we asking too much of our police officers?

Howard B. Gill, director of the institute of correctional administration at the American University in Washington, D.C., thinks perhaps we are.

"Police should return to the old-fashioned job of catching criminals," he said in the current issue of the Journal of the National Probation and Parole association.

He explains: "The police are giving less and less attention to crime and criminals and more attention to 'noncriminal' activities—inspections of buildings; attendance at parades, dances, funerals; operation of boys clubs and camps, etc. Someone must concentrate on the work of detecting and apprehending criminals, a full-time job in itself. We should avoid this big, gentle, cowlike concept of police work in favor of the stern, firm and authoritarian figure who is supposed to be the terror of the wrongdoer."

GILL also declares that "Crime prevention is not primarily the job of the police, but of the home, church and other character-building organizations."

He may be right in these two points, but it is far easier said than done. Police officers have had to take over much of the crime prevention work, and the other city "housekeeping" duties simply by default—for the lack of anyone else to do them.

Police officers should be, and in most cases are, respected and valued citizens of their community, with as much stake, or more, in crime prevention and order as anyone else.

Until someone figures out a way of getting done the secondary jobs that policemen do, and permit them to concentrate on crime detection, they are going to have to continue shaking door-knobs, regulating traffic, escorting parades, and writing parking tickets.

We're not at all sure, in fact, that we like the idea of a policeman as a "stern, firm and authoritarian figure." For that matter, we're not sure that most policemen would like it, either.—E.A.

Transportation Revolution

Fred Seaton, secretary of the interior, speaking in Duluth, Minn., the other day, was quoted as saying that the next generation of citizens in the Great Lakes ports would see "atomic powered freight-carrying submarines, atomic merchant ships, hydrofoil ships and levitation ships."

Well, why not? We already have atomic submarines, and it is only a step to adapting them for cargo work. An atomic merchant ship will soon be launched. (Russia has an atomic ice-breaker afloat now.) The principle of hydrofoil ships has been worked out in small craft, and it is only a matter of engineering to adapt it to bigger vessels.

THE "levitation" ship is something fairly new, but it, too, has been worked out in principle—a principle which may also be adaptable to cross-country vehicles as well as to those traveling over-water.

We are, in fact, in the midst of a revolution in transportation—a revolution which began with the invention of the wheel, moved ahead slowly until the application of steam power to the movement of wheels, took a tremendous spurt with the invention of the internal combustion engine, stepped up again with successful flights by heavier-than-air craft, and is now on the verge of another leap forward as the principles of flight are applied to the problems of land and water transportation.

SEATON told his audience that the government plans to start work next year on an experimental hydrofoil ship of some 80 tons, which might travel at speeds up to 80 knots—or between 90 and 100 miles per hour.

He said such a vessel would, in effect, "ride on a (submerged) wing-like structure, skimming the surface of the water without leaving any wake..." The elimination of the drag of the hull against the water would permit the high speeds.

Seaton also reported the maritime administration has started to investigate the feasibility of a "levitation" ship, no part of which would touch the water, and which would ride on jets of air directed downward. Such a vessel in theory could travel at speeds in the range of 120 miles per hour.

CONSIDER: The railroad started its noteworthy career only about 130 years ago. The automobile and airplane were developed within the memory of many people still living. Jet planes are less than two decades old.

Modern technology moves at an ever-accelerating pace. No one knows for sure what the future will bring, except that it will bring things new and startling. And it will do it soon.—E.A.

It's a Classic

Anthony Brandenthaler, chairman of the Oregon Centennial commission, is a hard worker and a dedicated man when it comes to the Centennial. But his action in presenting Centennial passes to gambler, ex-convict and racketeer Mickey Cohen must be classified as one of the silliest goofs of the silly season.

From just about every standpoint—propriety, equity to other citizens who have to pay to get in, bad publicity for the Centennial—it stands as a sort of classic in the annals of stupid absurdities.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"HELLO, GRANDPA? LISTEN, WHY DON'T YA COME OVER AN' SPOIL ME FOR A FEW DAYS?"

Communist Paper Alleges Fascist Plot Against Cuba

By LYLE L. WILSON Washington—UPI—The zig-zag Communist party line has taken a preposterous zig or zag. Persons under Communist party discipline were instructed as of this week to believe and to convince others of this: That the State Department is plotting with Dominican dictator Rafael Trujillo to launch a Fascist invasion of Fidel Castro's troubled Cuba.

The Worker, weekly publication of the U. S. Communist party, stated this addition to the party line in the lead story of its latest edition. The Worker story began like this: "A cut-throat brigade of Fascists from various lands—Nazi mercenaries from Germany, Blue Legion Spaniards—are training in dictator Trujillo's Santo Domingo to mount a concealed State Department invasion of Cuba. "Assembly of Killers"

"This assembly of killers is being trained for use against all progressive, liberation movements of Latin America. The danger is imminent. Cuba patriots consistently have warned against the peril."

Card-carrying party members, all of whom are under rigid discipline, now will peddle this nonsense in all directions. The Communists hope to capitalize on the doubts and suspicions of American citizens with respect to Trujillo and his 30-year dictatorship.

The long-range Communist objective is to create among American citizens a state of mind which will accept future events in Cuba even though—as seems likely—Communists may take over the island government. A take-over would pose for the United States hard problems, dangerous and difficult decisions.

This nonsense about State Department collaboration with Trujillo in an anti-Castro plot looks like the beginning of a long-range propaganda campaign. The Communists foresee and earnestly hope that Communist infiltration of Castro's revolutionary movement will lead, finally, to Communist control of the Cuban government. That would create for the United States a dangerous and challenging situation.

A Communist Pistol A Communist Cuba would be a pistol aimed at the head and heart of freedom in all of the Americas. It is reasonable to believe that the United States could not long abide such a situation. Just about the last strategy, however, would be for the United States to team with Trujillo in violence against any Cuban government. That could not be. More likely, would be an appeal to the Organization of American States.

The Communist strategy, however, will be to allege U. S. collaboration with Trujillo, regardless of what action, if any, the United States might be compelled to take with respect to Cuba. The new Party line is propaganda designed to implant in soft American heads the image of a sinister plot by the forces of evil against the Cuban people.

Communist propaganda has had uncommonly good luck in planting screwy ideas in soft American heads. The softies easily will absorb the idea that any effort to keep Cuba clean of Communist government is, in fact, merely part of a Fascist plot to deprive free men everywhere of their freedom.

Adm. Arleigh Burke, chief of naval operations, was on record this week that "the danger is great" that Communists will take over in Cuba.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

IN HER NEWLY PUBLISHED autobiography, June Haver, younger sister of Gypsy Rose Lee, tells about the time her mother got her a part in a movie when she was exactly three years old. It was June's job to burst into tears at a given signal, and she gave a magnificent performance—aided considerably by the fact that just before she went on, her thoughtful mother told her that her favorite dog had just been run over and killed.

Eight times they reshot the scene, and each time the mother reminded her of the death of her dog. After the first time, recalls June, she realized it wasn't true at all, but she thought of how miserable she would be feeling if it was true, and cried her eyes out. Of such stuff, stars are made!

The stingiest man of the year must be the one who gave his little girl a dime to go without supper, stole it from her while she was asleep, and then refused her breakfast for losing it.

'Wild Horse Annie' Carries Crusade To Save Mustangs Into Halls of Congress

By FRANK ELEAZER Washington—UPI—Wild Horse Annie was here at last, and word spread across the capitol range like windwhipped fire through sagebrush.

It was indeed. It was Wild Horse Annie, the nemesis of the dog food and glue factory moguls, the terror of the burro bootlegger, the heroine of the mustang's last stand.

I buckled on my mountain pen and galloped through the capitol canyons to the office of Rep. Walter Baring (D-Nev.) where Annie had agreed to have a few words with a posse of press men. I was feeling uneasy about my cuffed suit and bow tie, and the fact I wasn't packing a gun. But Annie, it developed, wasn't hoistered up for the rendezvous either.

I thought for a minute I had fallen into the wrong company. Here was a slim little lady in crisp linen sheath, kind of a blue-green, I would say. She wore white pumps with stiletto heels, and laid aside white gloves and white bag to shake hands.

My "hiya, pardner," died in my throat. "How do you do, ma'am," I managed instead. Representative Baring introduced her as Mrs. Velma B. Johnston, a secretary from Reno, Nev.

She admitted right away that this was only her real name. Wild Horse Annie is how she is known amongst the bad men out in the West.

And all those stories are true, she conceded. She started riding herd on the mustang muscle men 10 years ago, when they first took to the air to run ragged the herds of wild horses that once roamed western ranges two million strong.

Chased to Exhaustion The cayuses were chased by planes to exhaustion, then pursued in trucks until lassoed. Those still insisting on freedom were set to dragging old truck tires, until they finally collapsed or gave up the fight.

Velma and her husband Charles, who run a small ranch 26 miles outside of Reno, reacted at once by forswearing dog food made out of horses. Then Velma went into action to save the dwindling herds of mustangs.

They've shrunk now, she said, to 20,000 in all the range states of the West. And they're still being run down and hauled away to the slaughter house, just sufficiently alive to save cooling costs.

Around Reno, Nev., however, it's a foolhardy cowboy who goes after the few thousand mustangs that remain. "I've got 8 or 10 big guys I call on when I need 'em," Velma said, smiling sweetly, by way of explaining her persuasive powers.

Passes the Word There was the time not long ago when a sheep rancher announced he was moving his flock. To round up strays, he said, he was sending along an airplane. But Velma heard he instructed the pilot, "while you're at it, round up every damn horse in those hills."

Velma just passed the word. She said it was relayed, with amendments, to the rancher as follows: "It will be all your lives are worth to try it." He didn't try it, she said.

Despite her successes locally—including passage of a Nevada law barring airborne pursuit of the ponies on state-owned lands—Velma now has decided she's got to have help, plenty of it and fast, if the last few mustangs are to live.

That's why she came to the city. A House judiciary subcommittee today was hearing her plea for a law to ban chasing mustangs on federal lands from airplanes, trucks or cars. Even though she left her gun back at the ranch, I wouldn't be surprised if her message got through.

WORK, TALK, THINK Geneva—UPI—Legislators to the foreign ministers conference have variously labeled conference memoranda as "working papers" and "talking papers." Tuesday the West German delegation presented a new one—a "thinking paper." There has been no explanation as to the difference between the memoranda, but one observer said they show that diplomats can talk without thinking, work without thinking or talking, and think and talk without working.

THE word, it appears, was used recently by Sen. Richard L. Neuberger, writing in Harper's about his bout with cancer. He used it in discussing cancer research. He spoke of serendipity in cancer research.

Along about the same time, the Atlantic Monthly took a whirl at it in an article describing how Avery Fisher, a hi-fi practitioner, displayed serendipity in improving hi-fi. The collection ends with a citation of the use by the Scientific American of the term "serendipital intellectual" — thus going both Harper's and the Atlantic Monthly one better.

WHAT does it mean? The Register - Guard's writers say the dictionary defines serendipity as "a happy faculty for stumbling across fortunate discoveries, by accident."

PERSONALLY, the whole business leaves me colder than a fish.

Words are blocks that when put together skillfully make a thought. If people can't understand what you're saying, they won't get the thought.

If readers don't get the thought, why waste good newsprint?

Plagued Day And Night with Bladder Discomfort?

Unwise eating or drinking may be source of mild, but annoying bladder irritations—making you feel restless, tense, and uncomfortable. And if restless nights, with nagging backache, headache or muscular aches and pains due to over-excitation, strain or emotional upset, are adding to your misery—don't wait—try Doan's Pills. Doan's Pills act 3 ways for speedy relief. 1—They have a soothing effect on bladder irritations. 2—A fast pain-relieving action on nagging backache, headache, muscular aches and pains. 3—A wonderfully mild diuretic action that the kidneys, tending to increase the output of the 16 miles of kidney tubes, so get the same happy relief millions have enjoyed for over 60 years. New, large economy size saves money. Get Doan's Pills today!

Caribbean Uprisings Causing Headache for United States

By PHIL NEWSOM UPI Foreign Editor

While the U. S. secretary of state is tied up with the Russians at Geneva, a king-size headache for the United States continues to build up in the Caribbean.

Since the beginning of the year, a half dozen of the 21 American republics have been the targets of political exiles whose model and, by all the evidence, sometimes mentor, is Cuba's Fidel Castro.

Latest to be hit, for the second time in a month, was Honduras.

At the same time, newsmen in Port-Au-Prince, Haiti, and Ciudad Trujillo in the Dominican Republic were standing by for other threatened outbreaks.

Others already had occurred or were threatened in Guatemala, Nicaragua, and Panama.

Fight Uphill Battle Outside the Caribbean, President Arturo Frondizi of Argentina fought his uphill way against opponents, at least some of whom were in the pay of exiled one-time Argentine dictator Juan D. Peron. Abortive attempts had been made against the govern-

Communications

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer, although under certain circumstances the use of a pen name or initials for publication is permissible. The Mail Tribune reserves the right to edit all letters with a view to clarification and condensation. Letters submitted for publication must not exceed 400 words. The letters printed in this column do not necessarily represent the views of the paper; in fact the contrary is often the case.

Black Bart's Treasure To the Editor: Some 20 years ago there was an account in the "50 years ago" column of the Ashland Daily Tidings of a farm adjacent to Ashland that was dug on for a year or so, by searchers who were looking for a buried cache of gold, without success. At that time there were no mineral detectors.

Apparently the hidden treasure was a part of the loot taken by "Black Bart," who had held up around 28 stage coaches loaded with Wells Fargo strong boxes on the California "mother lode" country anywhere from Yreka to Jackson, from 1877 to 1893.

It is recorded that "Black Bart" never shot a man in the six years of his stage hold-ups. Around that time Hangtown was nicknamed "Hangtown" because of so many high graders that were "strung up" there.

Bert Kissinger, 520 Boardman, Medford

Birthday Party To the Editor: July 11 was a great day not only for singing songs but for taking moving pictures, games, prizes, and birthday goodies served in the shade of an old apple tree at 807 Sherman st. in great elaboration.

The occasion was little Miss Sherri Cooksey's sixth birthday party. Her eyes had stars in them, she was treading on enchanted ground for days, and had told her guests to be sure to come looking their prettiest, and they did, 16 in all spent two happy hours. It was a gala affair supremely conducted, as Sherri's daddy, who is a school teacher, was in charge of the fun. Every child seemed to realize that the party was too nice for crude conduct.

Sherri's artistic, charming young mother planned her pretty and talented little daughter's party, and was so happy in doing it, that the whole neighborhood seem to sense the gracious and kindly attitude of the George Cooksey family as newcomers.

Emma Lou Carpenter 811 Sherman st., Medford.

Where Are We Headed? To the Editor: I'm just a country boy living about 20 miles out of Medford. I go into town once in a while to do shopping. The only trouble I have in town is with the meter man.

One illustration: I drove to town Monday, July 13, and found a vacant parking place. I drove in and parked my car, went to ring up the meter, and found I didn't have a penny or a nickel, and a dime won't work. I went into the closest place I could to change a dime to two nickels. When I came out the door I saw a police car go by, and I congratulated myself and put a nickel in the meter. I did my shopping, came back to my car, and found I had a parking ticket. I still had 12 min-

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS Here's something new It's a word. The word is "serendipity."

YOU never heard of it? Well, neither did I—until a few days ago when Bob Chandler, the (sometimes) erudite (at other times ruggedly human) editor of the Bend Bulletin, picked it out of his collection and used it in an editorial in his paper.

That plucked the bright young men of the Eugene Register - Guard's editorial stable and they dug up an anthology of the word's uses. An anthology, by the way, is a "collection of the flowers that is to say, beautiful passages of literature."

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PERSONAL CONDUCT

Rendering a service of reverence and dignity as though the departed were a loved one of our own... this is our calling. "Service measured not by gold, but by the Golden Rule."

LITWILLER Funeral Home Mountain View Chapel Hwy. 66 at Normal Office 88 N. Main ASHLAND "It is better to know us and not need us than to need us and not know us."