

MEADOWS TRIBUNE

Published Daily except Saturday, by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 23 North St. Ph. SP 2-6141

ROBERT W. RUBLE, Editor; HARRY CHAPMAN, City Editor; RICHARD JEWETT, Sports Editor; OLIVE STARKER, Women's Editor; DALE BRICKSON, Circulation Mgr.

Subscription Rates: Daily and Sunday - 1 year \$15.00; Daily and Sunday - 6 mos. \$8.00; Daily and Sunday - 3 mos. \$4.50.

Advertising Representative: WEST HOLIDAY CO. INC. Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, St. Louis, Atlanta - Vancouver, B.C.

MEMBER OF ADVERTISING ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA; 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: Sept. 20, 1949 (Tuesday). A total of 118 first-graders enrolled at Roosevelt school.

20 YEARS AGO: Sept. 20, 1939 (Wednesday). The Rogue Valley Men's chorus meets in the Jackson county courthouse auditorium.

30 YEARS AGO: Sept. 20, 1929 (Friday). Midway rd. is to be opened for traffic by Nov. 1.

40 YEARS AGO: Sept. 20, 1919 (Saturday). Medfordites are thrilled by the stunt performance of a visiting airplane flier.

50 YEARS AGO: Sept. 20, 1909 (Monday). Four more cars of rails for the P and E railroad extension arrive.

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

1. Fill in the letters to name these countries: F - L - D and R - E - E.

2. Is the dangerous quality of an electric shock the voltage or the amperage?

3. How many standard time zones are there in the U.S.?

4. The caliber of a gun refers to the distance the gun will shoot; true or false?

5. What is the most abundant element in the earth's crust?

6. In mounting a horse, should one first place the right, or left, foot in the stirrup?

7. What statue is on Bedloe's Island?

8. Within the boundaries of which three States does the Cumberland Gap National Historical Park lie?

9. Which book of the Old Testament tells of Solomon and the Shulamite maid?

10. What American General was nicknamed "Old Fuss and Feathers"?

Answers: 1. Finland and Greece. 2. Amperage. 3. Four. 4. False. (interior diameter of bore). 5. Aluminum. 6. Left foot. 7. Statue of Liberty. 8. Ky., Tenn., and Va. 9. The Song of Solomon (Canticles). 10. Winfield Scott.

Civil Rights Report

The report of the Federal Civil Rights Commission to the President makes important, though unhappy, reading. It describes in detail what every informed American should be aware of—that large numbers of Negroes in the South are prevented from voting by methods which range from physical violence to legal trickery, that the Supreme Court decision outlawing school segregation has been far from implemented and that racial discrimination in housing forces Negroes, Puerto Ricans and similar groups to provide disproportionate percentages of the nation's slum dwellers.

No American who takes seriously the ideas of freedom and equality in this nation's heritage can feel anything but shame about the basic situation described in this report, even though progress has been and is being made in the area extending civil rights to all.

WHAT can be done to eliminate these evils in our democratic society? The recommendations of the commission have already come under attack, particularly from those who benefit from the disqualification of many Negro voters in the South. But on the whole the proposals and recommendations of the commission are moderate in nature and worthy of serious consideration by all men of goodwill.

The proposal that temporary Federal registrars be appointed to take over in Southern areas where state and local officials prevent Negroes from voting has drawn immediate opposition from the diehards. Yet those who have begun shouting "state's rights" must answer the grim story the commission's report tells of how many state officials in the South have labored to prevent Negro Americans from voting. It is no answer to say merely, as does Commissioner Battle in his dissent, that "present laws are sufficient to protect" the right to vote. Too many Negro Americans are being denied the right to vote to take that claim seriously.

ON HOUSING, the commission is constructive in its emphasis upon the need for more housing and for "equal opportunity to secure decent housing." On education the three Northern members of the commission should find a sympathetic reaction to their proposal that Federal aid be withheld from institutions of higher education which excludes students on racial grounds.

We still have far to go to reach the ideal in the civil rights field, but the commission's report promises to help us make progress. And it is certainly to be hoped that the move begun in the Senate to continue the life of the Civil Rights Commission beyond next November will be successful.—New York Times.

Our Quandary

It's a good pulpit topic, or an interesting bull session gambit, to compare with clucking tongue Man's failure to progress in the arts of civilization with his speedy mastery of physical science.

Last week in Coos Bay, Dr. H. F. Peters of Reed College told a regional teachers' institute that he believes cultural gains lag mainly because problems of men living together aren't, problems in the same sense as are those in science. They aren't simply because they involve the human element, a troublesome, unpredictable factor. In his own words, Dr. Peters said:

The problems that confront the scientist can be solved precisely because they are problems; the problems that confront the humanist are frequently insoluble because they are not problems at all but predicaments. . . . Mankind has paid dearly for its failure to distinguish between problems and predicaments.

SO AS to better distinguish the essential difference between these, Webster's dictionary provides the information that a predicament is generally understood to be a complicated, perplexing situation from which it is difficult to disentangle oneself. Webster adds that either the words fix or pickle can be used as colloquial terms to describe the same vexing state of affairs.

The Coos Bay area teachers were told by Dr. Peters that our world is indeed in a sweet pickle. It'll be in a worse fix, he added, if the U.S., trying to match Russian production of problem-solving scientists, fails to push the social studies which are our guarantee against compounded predicaments.

If we don't work on our predicaments—and somehow prove to the Russians that these are vital questions for them, too—there may one day soon be no one around to bother about the plight of Mankind.—Eugene Register-Guard.

Winners of Contest Listed by Dealers

The Rev. D. E. Millard, route 1, box 438, Eagle Point, won second prize in the 10th week of the Oil eHat-O-Rama limerick contest sponsored by the Jackson County Fuel Oil Dealers in conjunction with the Oil Heat Institute of Oregon.

Dennis the Menace



SO LONG, FELLOWS! THANKS FOR LEARNIN' ME TO SPIT TO THE LEONARD!

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

AT THE NATIONAL PRESS CLUB. At the National Press club on Wednesday Mr. K. made it clear that the two biggest subjects he means to talk about are Germany and disarmament.

This is an old Marxist formula which gives to the true believer an enormous sense of being the agents of historic destiny itself. But it contains a deep fallacy which has been demonstrated by the experience of the past hundred years since Karl Marx first formulated the dogma.

Judging by his prepared address, it is not a far-fetched inference that he was indicating where in his view lies the area of negotiation on West Berlin. He laid down two propositions. The first was that "neither the Soviet Union nor the German Democratic Republic (East Germany) . . . has any claim to incorporate West Berlin into the German Democratic Republic or of changing the social and economic scheme of things there."

FOR some three hours the great figures of the past strode the multiple stages and thronged the arena of the Exposition auditorium. The packed audience—there wasn't even spare space for two additional feet to have stood upon—watched while Queen Elizabeth II summoned Sir Francis Drake before her and commanded and commissioned him to find the fabled Northwest Passage. He didn't find it—but he found waters thronged with sea otters and other wearers of fabulous furs.

IN REGARD to "burying" us, it should hardly have been necessary for him to explain that he was not talking about killing us and digging our graves. It has always been obvious that he was expressing

THEY saw the great arena crowded with the wagons of land-hungry settlers and missionaries and Indians and fur traders and with adventurers of all sorts.

THEY saw the crown home heads of Europe—Russia, Spain, Britain—lay their plans to get their share of this wealth. They saw Napoleon broach his crafty scheme to sell Louisiana to the infant U.S.A. and thus found a

nation that might STOP ENGLAND, Napoleon's foe. They saw President Jefferson commission Lewis and Clark to find the great River of the West and the path it might provide to the Western Ocean.

THEY saw the discovery of GOLD in California and southern Oregon—the treasure that turned the eyes of the world toward the Pacific Coast. . . . the gold that financed the Civil War that settled once and for all that the United States would be ONE NATION, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

IT WAS a wonderful story. It can't be retold here. But it was skillfully and thrillingly told there in the arena of the Exposition auditorium.

WHAT of the Centennial? Well . . . It didn't show a profit. It is probable that it will cost the taxpayers of the state maybe a couple of million dollars. But what's a couple of million dollars to a million and a half people if the enterprise financed by the two millions reinspires them with hope and enthusiasm? Divided up equally on a per capita basis, it amounts to only a little more than a dollar and a quarter apiece.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

ON KHRUSHCHEV-WATCHING. Washington—On television or in person, a great many people will be watching and listening to Nikita Sergeevich Khrushchev in the next ten days. Here, then, are some tips of Khrushchev-watching, based on recent experience.

Remember, first of all, that this sport or pastime demands extreme patience. Bear in mind the broken careers of Molotov and Malenkov, Kaganovich, Shepilov, Bulganin, and how many others, who have been Khrushchev's competitors for power. Consider Marshal Zhukov, defeated and destroyed.

THE SOLID, squat, gutta-percha-like figure is not outwardly impressive, despite the careful tailoring. There is nothing majestic or commanding, nothing to intimidate the fearful power the man wields. Reading one of his shrewdly prepared speeches, having a little trouble with his old-fashioned steel-rimmed spectacles, stumbling every so often with a difficult word, he looks like any prosperous, hard-working penny-pinching farmer who has reached the Chairmanship of the local School Board by the sheer weight of his own toilsome success with his fields.

BETTER still, look at Khrushchev answering or asking questions, without the spectacles and the prepared manuscript. He is all animation, all vivid gesture, and if the question can be turned to humor, he is marvelously humorous. A great actor would be needed to imitate Khrushchev at the National Press Club, when he pretended to confuse Communist China and America, to suggest that we too had had our Communist revolution, and then to apologize most humbly for his error. At such a moment as this, you can imagine his rivals thinking of him, with easy, perilous complacency, as "Little Nikita, the Kremlin's favorite comic turn."

There is nothing in the Marxist doctrine to account for all this. That is because the Marxist doctrine was formulated before the evolution of modern capitalism began. If Mr. K. will look at the realities and listen to Russian scholars who know the realities, he will stop quoting ancient texts. Thus he will protect his reputation as a modern and progressive man by burying the obsolete Marxists formula.

THEY saw the great arena crowded with the wagons of land-hungry settlers and missionaries and Indians and fur traders and with adventurers of all sorts.

THEY saw the discovery of GOLD in California and southern Oregon—the treasure that turned the eyes of the world toward the Pacific Coast. . . . the gold that financed the Civil War that settled once and for all that the United States would be ONE NATION, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

IT WAS a wonderful story. It can't be retold here. But it was skillfully and thrillingly told there in the arena of the Exposition auditorium.

WHAT of the Centennial? Well . . . It didn't show a profit. It is probable that it will cost the taxpayers of the state maybe a couple of million dollars. But what's a couple of million dollars to a million and a half people if the enterprise financed by the two millions reinspires them with hope and enthusiasm? Divided up equally on a per capita basis, it amounts to only a little more than a dollar and a quarter apiece.

OUT of the Centennial, I think, has come a NEW knowledge of the romantic and fascinating and SIGNIFICANT backgrounds of the State of Oregon that will be worth far more than a dollar and a quarter to each of its people.

THEY saw the great arena crowded with the wagons of land-hungry settlers and missionaries and Indians and fur traders and with adventurers of all sorts.

THEY saw the discovery of GOLD in California and southern Oregon—the treasure that turned the eyes of the world toward the Pacific Coast. . . . the gold that financed the Civil War that settled once and for all that the United States would be ONE NATION, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

IT WAS a wonderful story. It can't be retold here. But it was skillfully and thrillingly told there in the arena of the Exposition auditorium.

WHAT of the Centennial? Well . . . It didn't show a profit. It is probable that it will cost the taxpayers of the state maybe a couple of million dollars. But what's a couple of million dollars to a million and a half people if the enterprise financed by the two millions reinspires them with hope and enthusiasm? Divided up equally on a per capita basis, it amounts to only a little more than a dollar and a quarter apiece.

OUT of the Centennial, I think, has come a NEW knowledge of the romantic and fascinating and SIGNIFICANT backgrounds of the State of Oregon that will be worth far more than a dollar and a quarter to each of its people.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors) This past week has been a busy, and sort of exciting, one in the M-T newsroom. Two things contributed to this, and were discussed in an editorial Friday—the

change-over to putting out two editions each day instead of one, and the addition of the United Press International Telephoto service. Both involved considerable changes in routine, experimental procedures, and some hurried decisions by various of our editorial staff.

The new systems haven't jelled down into a routine, yet, either, although by the end of the week they probably will have done so, and the things which now seem new will be old stuff. Such is the way of habit and routine.

This is a pun, son! Labor leaders may soon be realizing that illusions of grandeur are just the prelude to allusions of a grand jury.

Frank Pinnock, the knowledgeable young man who has been a Shakespearean actor, radio announcer and newsmen, and now is city editor of the Ashland Tidings, reveals some secrets about the Shakespearean Festival in a recent column of his.

His piece is devoted to those "asides"—the bits of by-play when actors are supposed to get together away from the center of the stage and pretend to be in animated discussion about what's going on among the principals.

Do they really talk? And if so, what do they really say? These are the questions Frank discusses. The answer: Yes, they do really talk. And they talk about almost anything.

Reportedly, the on-stage conversation covers everything from the number of spectators in the house, and what to do after the performance, to radical updating of the script in question. Another favorite on-stage pastime is a concentration-busting game which could be called "Can you break me before I break you?" Fortunately, this is usually practiced between actors who are reasonably certain that their adversary is unshakable. . . . One actor challenged his opponent by facing him and frantically operating a yo-yo out of sight of the audience. Still another was consistently handed an ornate drinking cup which contained small toys or anything else handy. All this was completely masked, the production unhindered or unmarred in any way.

Our favorite of the stories Frank tells, though, must have really challenged the equanimity of the victim. One actor, he says, had a costume which included a big cowl surrounding and hiding his face. He came up to another actor and poked his head in front of him. Across his forehead, in big lipstick letters, was the phrase, "Kiss me!"

The Esquire theater has now become the Medford Evangelical Center, and one of our young men, who ponders about such things, finds a certain significance to the fact that the old neon sign has been blacked out in part, and now reads: "quits."

Bert Kissinger frequently writes communications to the Mail Tribune, recounting exploits of old-time miners and prospectors.

The other day he wrote one about the possibility of developing the mineral potential of the central Oregon desert, by the use of jeeps and helicopters. Which prompted our proofreader to this effort:

Take off your gloves and blue-suede spats. There's lots of gold in them thar flats. Lots of loot that's ours to keep. If we can get a 'copter or jeep. . . . Perhaps the reason that the grass on the other side of the fence looks greener is that they take better care of it.

Air travel, we are told, is becoming more popular all the time. Which prompts one of the house organ magazines to comment that maybe train and automobile travelers will be able to see the scenery better than ever.

It explains: The billboards will all be laid flat on the ground. . . . A Navajo Indian was being inducted into the Army. "Do you speak any foreign?" "Yes," he replied, "English." "languages?" he was asked.

To The Editor: Ladies—let your wishes be known! If anything concrete is to be done about air pollution it's up to us. Robert Van Sickle, one of our councilmen, has recommended that an anti-air pollution ordinance be passed. He also asked that we call or write our respective councilmen urging them to take action on this problem, as he alone speaking in our behalf is not enough. They must all be aware that the citizens really want something done. If they don't hear from us, they may consider our group to be in the minority and might feel they don't have to be too concerned with it. We must not let that happen.

I don't like to keep repeating myself, but sometimes repetition is necessary to impress others of the seriousness of this problem. We should all be deeply concerned with air pollution, if not for ourselves, then for the health and welfare of our families. We all want our children to live and grow under the best possible conditions within our power to give them. And it is within our power to improve on their living conditions.

Air and stream pollution are to be on the agenda at a meeting of our city officials next Thursday, Sept. 24. Please take a few minutes of your time to call or write your councilman before Sept. 24. If you don't know his name, call city hall and they will give you this information.

Mrs. Leonard Mathews 1124 W. 10th. Medford, Ore.

What Goes Now? To The Editor: What goes now? Is the head hatchetman of the Russian Kremlin here for a huddle with President Eisenhower to change the cold war and frantic fear of a hot war into a production war? Sure looks like it.

Just the day before the coming of this popularly unwanted guest, our home newspaper carried an announcement of a presidentially appointed committee to study the Russian's 7-year production plan and Red China's Great Leap Forward plan by some sort of super-duper Jupiter High Jump forward in the creation of more eatables, greatables and supposable uses that Union labor now has high-priced beyond the reach of ordinary people, despite the fact that garbage disposal of the junk has the handers at their wits ends trying to find places to dump it.

Our country today is studded with towering elevators and warehouses, our harbors and river hide-aways with outmoded, unwanted, unusable ships, crammed with farm surpluses too high priced to sell and other countries to root hog or die production basis refuse us the privilege of giving the stuff away.

But despite all this, our still loved president wants to and has been wanting to for a long time, appoint a committee of high pressure salesmen to get the populace all het up and high up on their hind legs to produce more. With no urge to be a prophet, it is my humble opinion that this latest brain-child of President Eisenhower and his advisers will get a cooler reception by the U.S.A. citizenry than that very pointedly one given his invited guest from Russia.

Come to study it more deeply, Ike's production might be quite all right if in some obscure way it would rid the world of this cold-hot-war fear. Here in Jenkins' State of Jefferson we have a natural in the waste problem. Crater Lake. No less. Not quite as deep as at first probed, but still deep. All waste dumped into it would be out of sight for generations to come. Is this idea any crazier or more rejectable than some of those from our national capital or the U.S. Supreme Court, for that matter?

F. J. Clifford, Route 2, Box 200F, Central Point, Ore.

44,470 TRAFFIC FINE New York—(UPI)—A 32-year-old liquor salesman was fined \$4,470 Friday for ignoring 111 traffic summonses over a two-year period. Magistrate James E. LoPiccolo accepted a \$900 down payment from Frank Sarnataro of Valley Stream, N. Y., a New York City suburb, and ordered him to pay the rest by Oct. 20.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

This is written in Portland, where the 100-day-old Oregon Centennial Exposition ended in a blaze of glory. The glory was the Oregon Story—the dramatic epic that yanked the Centennial out of its doldrums and ended it on a note of high achievement that sent some 3,700 Oregonians home at midnight with a new thrill of faith in their state whose glamorous history had so much to do with the expansion of the United States of America from the Atlantic to the Pacific and its rise from a struggling union of 13 little colonies to the rank of the world's greatest nation.

FOR some three hours the great figures of the past strode the multiple stages and thronged the arena of the Exposition auditorium. The packed audience—there wasn't even spare space for two additional feet to have stood upon—watched while Queen Elizabeth II summoned Sir Francis Drake before her and commanded and commissioned him to find the fabled Northwest Passage. He didn't find it—but he found waters thronged with sea otters and other wearers of fabulous furs.

THEY saw the great arena crowded with the wagons of land-hungry settlers and missionaries and Indians and fur traders and with adventurers of all sorts.

THEY saw the discovery of GOLD in California and southern Oregon—the treasure that turned the eyes of the world toward the Pacific Coast. . . . the gold that financed the Civil War that settled once and for all that the United States would be ONE NATION, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

IT WAS a wonderful story. It can't be retold here. But it was skillfully and thrillingly told there in the arena of the Exposition auditorium.

WHAT of the Centennial? Well . . . It didn't show a profit. It is probable that it will cost the taxpayers of the state maybe a couple of million dollars. But what's a couple of million dollars to a million and a half people if the enterprise financed by the two millions reinspires them with hope and enthusiasm? Divided up equally on a per capita basis, it amounts to only a little more than a dollar and a quarter apiece.

OUT of the Centennial, I think, has come a NEW knowledge of the romantic and fascinating and SIGNIFICANT backgrounds of the State of Oregon that will be worth far more than a dollar and a quarter to each of its people.

THEY saw the great arena crowded with the wagons of land-hungry settlers and missionaries and Indians and fur traders and with adventurers of all sorts.

THEY saw the discovery of GOLD in California and southern Oregon—the treasure that turned the eyes of the world toward the Pacific Coast. . . . the gold that financed the Civil War that settled once and for all that the United States would be ONE NATION, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

MIMS JEMISON, of Tuscaloosa, Ala., sent me this very heartening story: "Some years ago, a civic-minded merchant, Dave Rosenau, proposed a cup to the 'most useful Tuscaloosan.' Jim Brierton, wealthy industrialist, promptly proposed Dr. Obediah Dawson for the honor, and his motion was passed unanimously. Dr. Charles Boyd was chosen to preside at the ceremony. Attorneys Cliff Penick, was named to make the presentation speech, and Mose Coe appointed to ring the church bells summoning folks to the meeting. Now hear this: Dave Rosenau is a Jew. J. L. Brierton is a Catholic. Dr. Dawson is a Baptist preacher. The building chosen is the Methodist Church. Dr. Boyd is a Presbyterian minister. C. H. Penick is an Episcopal vestryman. And Mose Coe is an elder of the First African Baptist Church."

Bravo, Tuscaloosa! © 1959, by Bennett Cerf. Distributed by King Features Syndicate.

