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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 Sept. 27, 1949 (Tuesday) An air postal star route servicing Medford, Ashland, Cave Junction, Grants Pass, Wolf Creek, Prospect and intermediate points is proposed by West Coast Airlines.

20 YEARS AGO Sept. 27, 1939 (Wednesday) L. A. Banks, villain of the 1933 Good Government Congress eruption and convicted murderer, is deprived of prison privileges at Salem after officials intercept letters he was smuggling outside the walls.

30 YEARS AGO Sept. 27, 1929 (Friday) Jackson county corn wins first prize at the state fair. A dial phone system here at an early date is planned by the telephone company.

40 YEARS AGO Sept. 27, 1919 (Saturday) The state convention of the WCTU will be held in Ashland early next month. The Crater Lake lodge will close for the season Tuesday.

50 YEARS AGO Sept. 27, 1909 (Monday) The P and E railroad now has three engines on the line. Ashland's unofficial population reaches 6,227, with 17 babies reported in the past six days.

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

1. What European explorer discovered Manhattan Island? 2. In what American city is the famous Cathedral of St. John the Divine? 3. Name the young child in mythology who was changed into gold because of her father's greed?

### Cart Before the Horse

The governor's committee on natural resources—which is composed of the heads of various state agencies dealing with fish, game, parks, water, minerals, education, sanitation, agriculture, forestry, and so on—has approved a long document which recommends against the creation of an Oregon Dunes National Seashore.

If anything could kill the proposal, this recommendation could.

And perhaps the kindest thing to be said about it is that it is premature.

It also lacks vision and imagination, and a concept of what is important for Oregon and its future.

THE committee acted without sufficient facts. It admits it hasn't even seen the National Park Service's report on the proposed Dunes area, which has not yet been completed.

As an official state agency, it took a position without hearing formal testimony on both sides of the controversial issue; before any of the three congressional hearings which are scheduled, were held and apparently without making much of any attempt to find out what the philosophy and intentions of the National Parks Service may be.

ONE is led to suspect, in fact, that these men, for each of whom we have a high regard in their own particular fields, are uncertain about the matter, and as a matter of convenience and courtesy to Gov. Mark Hatfield, their chairman and the man who has the power of appointment for many of them, they decided to duck the issue by recommending against it as "premature."

They've got the cart before the horse.

The National Seashore proposal, of itself, is not premature. It's probably 5 or 10 years too late to be its most effective.

The recommendation against it, before all the facts are in, is the thing that is "premature."

THE natural resources committee's recommendation is a long document, running to almost 30 pages of legal-size typewritten paper.

Someone has done a lot of work in compiling it. There are page after page of facts and statistics.

But the point, to us, is that most of these facts can be cited in SUPPORT of the proposed Dunes Seashore as well as they can against it.

This leads us to the conclusion that whoever wrote the testimony had his mind made up pretty well in advance.

THERE are some valid reasons opposing the proposal.

The soundest of these, to our way of thinking, come from the Forest Service, which is dedicated (and rightly) to the principle of multiple use of all our resources.

But even the Forest Service recognizes—nay, declares and defends—that within the overall concept of multiple use, single-purpose use in some areas is both valid and desirable.

And, if we owned a home or business in the area proposed for the seashore, we might well be against it too. We have no quarrel with these people's objections.

BUT we do quarrel with the idea of an official agency of the state of Oregon sounding off in opposition to a legitimate proposal, one which has tremendous potentialities for good to the state, its people, and its economy.

As indicated, if anything could kill the proposal, it is such action—such premature, precipitate and dogmatic action—by this official committee and by the governor.

Maybe the Seashore is not the best thing for Oregon. But wouldn't it be a good idea to wait until the facts are in before saying so?

And if, as we happen to believe, such a National Seashore would be of everlasting benefit, not only to the coastal area, but to the state at large, and the people of the nation as a whole, isn't it pretty stupid of the governor and his group to jerk the rug out from under it?—E.A.

### Same Principle

The idea of laws setting up zoning, which is in the news these days, is not far different than laws against murder, or theft, or arson.

Once there were no laws, and a man could murder with impunity. As civilization organized itself, it became evident that indiscriminate murder could not be abided, so laws were enacted against it, and punishments provided.

So with other crimes against the person. And, so with crimes against property. To steal from another man, or set fire to his property, became "anti-social" and illegal.

AS SOCIETY became more complex, additional restraints against unlimited freedom became necessary—such things as requiring drivers to be licensed, or prohibiting spitting on the sidewalk, or banning trespass.

Zoning stems from exactly the same need for restraint of unlimited freedom.

If a man builds a junk yard next to my home, he is robbing me of property values just as surely as if he had stolen from me or set something afire.

"Can't I do what I want with my own property?" Thus the classic example of opposition to zoning.

Well—no. You can't shoot someone with your gun. Or set a house on fire with your cigarette lighter.

The principle is the same.—E.A.

### Dennis the Menace



"MOM NAMED HIM CARUSO. HE WAS A SINGER, YOU KNOW, LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY."

### Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE ROAD SHOW Now that the public appearances of Mr. K's tour are over, we can breathe more easily.

There were great risks in sending the leading Communist of the world into our crowded cities, and if the security measures to protect him look excessive, we must remember that it is better to have been safe than sorry.

There have been some embarrassing incidents. These were bound to happen once both governments accepted the half-baked idea that the great issues which divide us can be dealt with by face-to-face catch-as-catch-can encounters. Mr. K does seem to have embarked on the journey with the odd notion that he could alter American policy by haranguing the people. The President seems to have toyed with the idea that a sight-seeing tour of the United States might make a new man of Mr. K.

The rough passages were to be expected as long as the trip was regarded as an exercise in mutual conversion and seduction. But these incidents are not likely to have any lasting importance, and there is certainly no reason to think that what Mr. K. and the President have to say to one another has been altered in any significant way. Neither can follow his personal feelings. The President is confined within the limits of the Western alliance and of the long-established positions of the United States government. Mr. K., for all of his being a dictator, is confined within the limits of the massive Soviet system and of its alliances.

ALTHOUGH Mr. K. rebuffed the heckling about Hungary, about censorship, and about other dark spots in his regime, it must be said, I believe, that on the basic theme of his visit he has been straightforward. He has not glossed over, indeed he has emphasized, the fact that the two social orders are rivals. He has insisted, of course, that the Soviets will win the competition. But he has admitted frankly that it will take years of very hard effort to catch up with us and to surpass us. This was an admission, indeed it was an argument, that the Soviet Union must have peace for many years to come.

There is no way of telling whether he communicated this message to the multitudes who saw and heard on television. But there is little doubt that he has been understood by the United States government which, as a matter of fact, has for some considerable time realized the Soviet need for peace and Mr. K's intention to avoid war.

In fact, the President would not have invited Mr. K. to come to Washington had he not been certain that the Soviet Union and Mr. K. want to avoid war, to avoid it, not because they love us but because they themselves need years of peace in order to do what they have set themselves to do.

THIS WAS the crucial point. It has injected an element of sincerity and credibility into Mr. K's persistent appeals for peace. If this crucial point is true, it marks the radical difference between the totalitarianism of the Soviet Union today and the totalitarianism of Germany under the Nazis. For Hitler's goals could be achieved only by military conquest. The Soviet goals in the era over which Mr. K. presides cannot be achieved, in-

deed they would be utterly impossible, if there were war. Now that the serious discussions are beginning, we cannot afford to be distracted and diverted from the main purpose of the exchange of visits by the trivialities and the irrelevancies of the pitter-patter of the propagandists and of the exhibitionists. We have need to talk with Mr. K. and he has need to talk with us. For while our conflict is irreconcilable in this generation, both of us know that it cannot be settled by arms.

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### In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

THE BIG question: What of Mr. K's disarmament plan? Will anything come of it? LET'S be realistic.

It's improbable that anything will come of it at any time in the immediate future.

WHY not? For an answer, let's go back to the cattle wars of our high country. They are only a memory now. But in their time they were real. There are men still living who in those rugged days were never out of reach of a gun.

Suppose, at some mid-period of these range wars, the leader of one side had proposed complete disarmament. Immediately, Tomorrow. Throw away all the guns. Agree that from now on there would be peace.

Would the proposal have been accepted? THE realistic answer must be NO. Again—why not? The other side would have suspected skulduggery. It would have been pretty certain that guns would have been hidden out somewhere by the side proposing complete disarmament. In that event, the side that threw away its guns would have been disarmed and helpless.

So the offer would have been refused. THAT'S the chance we'd have to take if we accepted Mr. K's disarmament offer. As yet, at least, we don't trust him enough to agree to anything that radical.

Let's be fair about it. It is a practical certainty that he doesn't trust us enough to enter into that kind of agreement if WE proposed it. So let's not expect the swords to be beaten into plowshares in the immediate future. It will take time.

Still—Let's not lose hope of eventual disarmament and peace. It's worth remembering that the cattle wars DID come to an end.

THE NEW YOUNG PREACHER slaved over his first sermon, and marched off to his country church with high hopes. But only one lone man turned up to hear him. "What am I supposed to do now?" inquired the crestfallen preacher.

"I'm just a simple cowhand," responded the lone parishioner, "but if I took a load of hay to pasture and only one cow showed up, I sure would feed her."

### Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE CAMP DAVID OUTLOOK Washington—When President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Christian A. Herter took their lonely decision to invite Nikita S. Khrushchev to this country, they hoped that the visit would accomplish two things. The conversations at Camp David this weekend will give the answer to their hopes. What then is the Camp David outlook?

To find means of solving the most immediately critical and dangerous problems, above all the Berlin problem—To convince Khrushchev at the same time that the United States is the very opposite of weak of arm and weak of will—

These were the two things hoped for. As can be seen, they were and are intimately linked together. The reason for the Berlin crisis, and for the crisis in Laos, too, is quite simply the conviction of the world Communist leadership that this country is about ready to be pushed around.

FURTHERMORE, if Khrushchev is not now persuaded that this country cannot be pushed around, it is folly to expect any give in his attitude on Berlin, or anything more than a lull in the attack on Laos. In short, Khrushchev's estimate of America's strength and America's resoluteness is the key to the immediate future.

The highest American policymakers, like Secretary of State Herter, were much too sophisticated to expect Khrushchev's opinions about the naked military balance of power to be altered by his American visit. By Khrushchev's own account, the Soviet leader devotes an astonishing amount of time to study of this country. He has proven by quotation, he endlessly reads speeches by leading men, newspaper articles and editorials, and the like. In truth, an important U. S. Senator's chance of having his speech read by Khrushchev is plainly better than his chance of being read by the President of the United States.

Beyond doubt, however, the Soviet intelligence reports on American military resources and capabilities are what Khrushchev studies more closely than anything else. Therefore Khrushchev's ideas about our missile program were certainly not changed by a glimpse through his train-window at two Atlas missiles on their gantries at Vandenberg Air Force Base. His purely military estimates would not have been changed, in fact, if he had been invited to the Offutt Field headquarters of the Strategic Air Command for the full briefing reserved for VIPs cleared for top secret.

BUT unless the balance of power is completely out of whack—which is not yet the case—purely military estimates are meaningless without accompanying moral estimates. For example, moral factors make little Israel a very formidable force indeed, and other countries many times the size of Israel are negligible forces, for want of Israel's grim courage and iron unity in the face of her foes.

So let's not expect the swords to be beaten into plowshares in the immediate future. It will take time.

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THE airman envelope is impressive. The return address, in both Chinese and English, is printed "Taichung Railway Hotel, 64 Tzu Yu Road Taichung, Taiwan, China." (We presume that's what the Chinese characters say, anyway.)

And it bears some beautiful unreadable Chinese stamps. The letter inside which looks suspiciously American in origin, and with a red, ball-point pen, but the signature is Wey Y Wong.

Enclosed was a clipping from the Mail Tribune's communications column, in which the adventures of 10 monkeys resolute about Berlin and the other dangerous issues now confronting him.

At Camp David, one can be pretty certain that the President's resolution will be put to a severe test. The test will be a breathless moment, for the negotiators and for the world. But if Khrushchev can be persuaded that the President not only has the country behind him, but also means every word he says, this visit may yet bear good fruits.

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# POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Over the past several months, readers of this page have become well acquainted with what one of our correspondents insists on calling "kwozy monkeys."

And now, from (of all places) Taiwan (Formosa), we hear more. Honest.

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That's what the letter said. We're thinking of writing Mr. Wong (or is it Mr. Wey?) as follows:

Dear Mr. Wey Y Wong: Thank you for your letter and the enclosed clipping. We don't know how the monkeys got hold of it. Crater Lake is in a National Park of the same name in Oregon, although California keeps trying to swipe it.

We are aware that the Mail Tribune has a widespread circulation, but our records do not show any subscribers on the moon—yet, anyway. If, however, a more thorough examination shows we have subscribers at Cape Canaveral, or in one of the Socialist Republics beyond the Urals, we will be glad to advise intelligence.

Did any of the monkeys respond to the name of Acklin? Sincerely, Potluck

Let us now turn from monkeys to other things. What other things? Dogs, for instance.

A handsomely printed press release is at hand from the National Dog Week Association, of Chicago, Ill. National Dog Week ended yesterday, but it's still close enough to use as an excuse.

The press release points out, accurately enough, that man's best friend has been responsible for many additions to the language.

There are dog-days, dog-gone, gay dog, puppy love, dog-tired, and raining cats and dogs.

A gay dog, of course, may feel sick as a dog the morning after, and may seek relief in a hair from the dog that bit him. And this, perhaps, from a bartender who is as crooked as a dog's hind leg.

Monkeys are hardly in a position to compete in such monkey-business. But it's nothing but monkeying around with the language, anyway. Monkey-shines, as it were.

If Mr. Wong (or Mr. Wey) is correct about the monkeys coming from the moon, and the monkeys were performing monkey-shines on the moon, would this result in moonshine? (We'd better stop.)

There is more than one way of enjoying a television set. We read somewhere that a California man took the machinery out of his set, put a gold fish tank in, and says he now enjoys watching the show.

And that's all we're going to say today about animals and fish.

What with the court suits and all, they're starting to call it the Legal Point Irrigation district.

Fletcher T. Fish, a frequent (though partially anonymous) contributor to this column, has been a prominent citizen of the valley since the mind of man runneth not to the contrary.

In glancing at our "40 Years Ago" item the other day, he spotted his name in a paragraph which recounted how he had been appointed as the first government employment agent, at an annual salary of \$1.

Fletcher said: "I still have the scroll attesting my appointment, but never did lay hands on the paltry dollar."

Did anyone suggest that you might have been overpaid, Fletcher?

## 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.

Limerick To the Editor: We are hosts to the number 1 Red, Who wishes that we were all dead, So the Russian black bear Could roam everywhere With Khrushchev just marching ahead!

John McGee, Section I, Camp White, Ore.

Cookery To the Editor: We hardly had time to get sentimental over passing of the old horse-drawn stage-coach when here it was, back under gasoline power, roomier and far more comfortable than the old Com-Modore built could ever be. So it is with other things modern. The coming annual gathering of the Stephen P. Taylor clan for their picnic and reminiscing visiting, found me ruminating on how Grandma Abigail Taylor would have no part in "them new-fangled iron food cookers."

She had sampled some of the provender prepared on that then - wonderful four-hole cook-stove with elevated oven at the back, that saved the house-wife of those days the back-bending weariness of cooking in front of the fireplace.

But Grandma Taylor would not budge from her declaration that the food from the iron cooker did not and could not compare in flavor with that from the fireplace and her beehive shaped stone oven herself had built and always had. But other pioneer house-wives smiled indulgently as they proudly blackened and polished their newly acquired iron cook-stove, so handy to cook over, so much cooler on a hot summer day, so saving on wood that the house-wife often had to rustle. True, gone was the broiling of meats, but the iron pot for boiling and pan for frying were welcome substitutes.

So, what goes now? It is the thousands, or shall we say millions, of barbecue broilers with direct charcoal heating sweeping the country in the last couple years or more and electric broilers, said to accomplish the same delectable gastronomic results. This is proof enough that Grandma Taylor of a hundred years ago was quite right in her cookery judgment.

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

Applying to Report On Savings in Office State Howell Appling said Friday a full report on savings made in his office would be made in two weeks.

Appling told State Sen. Robert Straub (D-Springfield) in a letter that savings will be "substantial." Straub had challenged Appling to show places where "fat" could be cut from government.

### Clatsop Plains Park Suggested

Portland—UPI—A state park in the Clatsop Plains area was suggested Friday by Sen. Richard L. Neuberger (D-Ore.).

It is the same area where Gov. Mark Hatfield proposed a National Seashore park as an alternative to Neuberger's proposed national park at the Oregon Dunes and Sea Lion Caves.

The senator said the National Park Service recommended the Dunes for a national recreation area and ranked Clatsop Plains number two. Thus, he said, it "would be natural" for Hatfield to "follow his own recommendation and set aside Clatsop Plains as a state park."

Neuberger added, "This would be far more logical than for Gov. Hatfield to pursue his unfounded opposition to the Dunes area, which has been proposed for national recognition by the National Parks Service Advisory Board."

## Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

THE NEW YOUNG PREACHER slaved over his first sermon, and marched off to his country church with high hopes. But only one lone man turned up to hear him. "What am I supposed to do now?" inquired the crestfallen preacher.

"I'm just a simple cowhand," responded the lone parishioner, "but if I took a load of hay to pasture and only one cow showed up, I sure would feed her."

So the preacher went through with his long sermon just as though the church was packed. At its end he asked his single listener, "How did I do?"

"Well," was the answer, "like I said, I'm only a cowhand, but if I took a load of hay to a herd of cows and only one showed up—I sure wouldn't give her the whole load!"

Things were always popping in Herb Shrimmer's old home town. "There wasn't too much excitement weekdays," he recalls, "but (oh boy!) the times we had Saturday nights watching haircuts!"

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