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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
Nov. 15, 1949 (Tuesday)
The drive to purchase an air ambulance for Jackson County passes two-thirds mark today.

Money is ready to transform Jacksonville court house into museum.

20 YEARS AGO
Nov. 15, 1939 (Wednesday)
Senator McNary assured that Argentina trade agreement will be favorable to pear crop here.

Cancellation of Grants Pass-Roseburg football game possible due to flu epidemic.

30 YEARS AGO
Nov. 15, 1929 (Friday)
Consolidated mining takes over Blue Ledge mine and plans early operations.

Stock losses believed cause of several New York suicides.

40 YEARS AGO
Nov. 15, 1919 (Saturday)
Joyriders take local auto; police locate it in back of livery stable.

Valley fruitgrowers meet to stabilize production.

50 YEARS AGO
Nov. 15, 1909 (Sunday)
Ladies of the Greater Medford club are going ahead with plans to plant trees on every street in Medford.

Frank Woolridge, 11 years old, of Applegate, produced skins of 11 bobcats which he has killed by himself near his home.

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

1. What country's postage stamps bear the name "Helvetia"?
2. Who were the co-discoverers of radium?
3. Does human hair grow faster in winter, or in summer?
4. Name the building in Philadelphia where the Declaration of Independence was signed.
5. Is water compressible?
6. What was the name of the forest in which Robin Hood's band of outlaws lived?
7. Does the likeness of Lincoln on the penny face toward the right, or the left?
8. It is said that "Monday's child is fair of face"; what is Tuesday's child?
9. Dogs bark, horses neigh, elephants trumpet, what sound does the giraffe make?
10. Name the author of "The Big Fisherman."

Answers: 1. Switzerland. 2. Pierre and Marie Curie. 3. In summer. 4. Independence Hall. 5. No. 6. Sherwood Forest. 7. Toward the right. 8. "... lull of grace." 9. None. 10. Lloyd C. Douglas.

Looking Ahead

Each day, in the United States, more than 1,000 persons observe their 65th birthday. The net increase in this older-age level is some 800 to 1,000 per day.
This is between 15,000 and 20,000 per month, between 300,000 and 370,000 per year.
In 1954-55, there were 14,069,000 people of 65 years of age or over in this country; last year the number was estimated at nearly 1,000,000 more than that.
The older group, in fact, is the fastest growing age group in the nation.

WHILE the longer life-span brings possibilities to many for warm, happy and productive years added on to life, it also brings its problems—personal, sociological, economic.
It was to discuss these problems, and to seek ways and means of solving them, that representatives from four southern Oregon counties gathered in Medford yesterday.
The discussions covered a wide range of subjects, including housing, employment, recreation, income, social security, vocational training, health and rehabilitation, and the role of organized society in these various fields.

YESTERDAY'S conference was not expected to come up with pat answers to all the problems facing our older generation, and the thousands who join it every month.
But it is a step in finding solutions which will permit older people to live their lives in dignity and security.
It is almost criminal that, at present, too many of them are lonely, unwanted, defeated, for no other reason than age.—E.A.

Who Knows His Friend?

How well do you know your best friend? Or your next door neighbor?
Not very well. Not very well at all.
A silly statement? Sounds like it. But consider...
A human being lives both in space and time. A friend is at the next desk, or at lunch with you, or with you through an evening of conversation, for only a small part of his daily life. If he is a co-worker, you see him, at most, eight hours per day—and most of that you are concerned with your own responsibilities and preoccupations.

OF THE 24 hours in a day, one is in active communication with any other person only a small fraction of the total.
Yet, of our friend, we feel we can say, "I know him well."
But what about the other hours of the day? Do we know what he thinks and feels and experiences?
And what about all the years during which you never knew him at all? How about all those experiences which fashioned him into what he is? Of these you can know but the tiniest fraction.
Your mind impinges on his, and your personalities converse, in only one small corner of your, and his, total consciousness and experience.

TOO, there is the matter of daily experience. The man you "know well" today may not be, fully, the same man you met for coffee yesterday. He has, perhaps, heard of the death of an old acquaintance. And he is incapable of telling you the total effect this has had on him, for even he does not know. But he is not the same man he was the day before.
Perhaps he read a book the evening before which had a profound effect upon him. Today he looks and talks like the same man, but he is not, for something new and different has been added to his make up.
Who among us is "the same" as we were ten years ago, or a year ago, or even last week? No one.
Life is change. No one is quite the same person today that he was yesterday, or will be tomorrow.
Each of us lives mostly alone, and within ourselves. And we do not even know ourselves, very well.—E.A.

Film and Flesh

For an expert cartoonist, it is not difficult to convert human images into caricatures.
But the reverse process—converting cartoon characters into human beings (by means of real actors)—is a far more difficult chore.
We received in the mail the other day a picture of Dennis the Menace, showing two versions—the original cartoon boy, and the youngster who is playing the part in a new TV program. The real flavor of Dennis, the real, cartoon Dennis, is gone in the flesh-and-blood versions.

THE same was true when moviemakers attempted to put Dagwood and Blondie Bumstead on film with human actors. Their pictures may have been amusing enough, but they certainly weren't the Blondie and Dagwood who are so endearing in the comic strip.
And when humans have attempted to impersonate other cartoon characters—Popeye, Sneezy and the others—the results are, in a word, depressing.
On the other hand, when a good cartoonist draws a living person, he not only can capture the man's appearance, but also can deftly emphasize a particular trait of character, giving punch and meaning to the result.
It isn't "real"—but it is really realer than real.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



PLEASE, PA! JUST RING THE CONBELL AFTER A TOUCHDOWN!

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop



THE "PEOPLE'S" COMMUNE COMES
Hong Kong — This is the story of the transformation of a once tranquil, once prosperous corner of old China, on the Fukien coast, into one of the agricultural labor camps that the Chinese Communists call "Peoples' Communes."
This district, which I have called Hardscrabble because all the names in this true story have had to be changed, had already made considerable contributions to China's "great leap forward." By autumn, 1958, the Hardscrabble people had lost their ancestors' graves, the temples of their faith, their bits of jewelry, and worst of all, much of their summer crop. This last loss occurred because Communist Party Secretary Li had all but driven the folk from the land in order to realize Chairman Mao's latest inspiration, the backyard iron and steel furnace which produced no iron or steel.

THE neglected fields yielded so poorly that the heads of Hardscrabble's seven collective farms dared not report their true crop totals. The state then took 40 per cent of the sweet potatoes and no less than 80 per cent of the rice under one pretext or another, basing its takings, too, on the over-reported crop totals. Thus the Hardscrabble cupboard was left all but bare.
Meanwhile, in September, the combined party-and-government headquarters in two rooms in Hardscrabble's largest village had been thrown into a convulsion of excitement by the arrival of new secret instructions from higher up. As most of China had been Communized long since, it speaks volumes about the continuing isolation of the country districts that even Party Secretary Li was astonished and excited by the sudden orders to merge all Hardscrabble's collective farms in one vast labor camp.

For a fortnight, the secret instructions were secretly discussed by the District's party members and activists.
"But there are always big mouths among the cadres," explained Chief Clerk Cheng, the escaped cadre who is the source of this story. "So the people heard, and many killed their pigs and ate them."
THE pig-eating was a natural reaction to the new state on the road to the earthly paradise. For now everything, literally everything but the clothes the people stood up in, was to be handed over to the all-powerful, all-nourishing state. Articles of personal use were classified as "means of subsistence" and left to the people. All else was classified as "means of production"—even cooking pots—and all "means of production" were taken by the commune. Even so, the people were not unhappy when Party Secretary Li called them together in a series of big meetings to explain the commune to them.
"It was necessary to go by steps, in order to avoid trouble from the reactionaries and counter revolutionaries," explained Chief Clerk Cheng, who still uses the old jargon. "Everything was promised from free haircuts to free medical care and especially plenty of free food, and this raised the people's hopes. Of course none of the promises were kept. I did get one free haircut; but that was all."
So the commune built its mess halls, for now no one was to eat at home in the old bourgeois way. They were rough shacks, constructed in the ruins of the temples, with the bits of building material the great backyard blast fur-

SO THE people of Hardscrabble, daily more famished, did their field labor at gun-point. They were famished in the midst of plenty, too, for the granaries of the state's crop bureau were bulging and the commune still had many animals despite the pig-killing. But every egg that was laid, every pig that was slaughtered had to be delivered to the People's Liberation Army, which was in heavy force in Fukien after the attack on Quemoy. The granaries were guarded by armed men at all times, and they were never opened except to send away truck loads of rice on requisition from the state.
"By March, the sweet potatoes we had left were all rotten, but they were still eating the last of them when I got away," said Chief Clerk Cheng. "On my way to Hong Kong I did hear they had finally opened the state granaries; for the commune's own stocks were gone. But all they gave the people was the stuff that is left over after making sweet potato flour, which had been stored for use as animal feed."
Truly, as Chairman Mao himself has proclaimed, "Peoples' communes are good!"
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Drummond Reports

(Walter Lippman is again traveling abroad. Roscoe Drummond reports from Washington in his absence.)

EISENHOWER: ENDING IT IN A RUSH
Washington — Dwight Eisenhower is climaxing his eight years in office differently than anybody expected when he undertook a second term.
He is working longer and harder. He is applying his energies more exactly, and a fuller participant in the development of policy than many believed likely. He is sparing himself less than he himself forecast.
He is initiating and carrying through an ambitious venture in personal diplomacy which, in the end, will make Franklin Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson look like stay-at-homes.

In his nine-nation December trip to Europe, the Middle East, Africa, and Asia, he is, at no small risk, expending his strength, not acting to hoard it.
He is maintaining, even increasing, his standing with the American people and his authority with Congress, despite the no-third-term amendment and despite his party's losing three consecutive and ever-larger Congressional defeats.

THERE are many who figured that, all things considered, Mr. Eisenhower would be spending a good part of his last 12 months packing his bags and restlessly marking time until he could escape to retirement.
Mr. Eisenhower may be pining to retire, but he is doing the opposite of marking time. He may be packing his bags, but not to go to Gettysburg; rather to go to Rabat, Athens, Istanbul, Delhi, Kabul, Teheran, Rome, Paris, Moscow, and points east.
For the next 12 months Mr. Eisenhower is going to be doing what he most wants to do, what he deeply believes he would be remiss if he didn't do—namely, use the vast prestige of the Presidency and the accumulated trust and goodwill, which leaders and people on both sides of the iron curtain have in him, in a major new effort to cut back the cold war in a way that will strengthen, not weaken, the cause of freedom.

This means that, far from letting his administration in its final months wane and wither, the President is dedicating it to a mission which he hopes may be its best achievement.
IN THE 19-day trip he is about to make, the President's visit to India may prove most significant of all.
It couldn't come at a better moment.
For the past 10 years Prime Minister Nehru has, with sincerity and forbearance, sought to stand as a friend of Communist China, trusting its promises of peaceful co-existence and turning the other way when it abetted the war in Indochina and crushed

neighboring Tibet. But now Chinese Communist troops, after earlier intrusion into Indian territory, have invaded northeastern Kashmir, attacking Indian border patrols, killing nine and capturing five.
Mr. Nehru is face to face with a difficult, anxious, and grim decision. Will he try to defend India's sovereignty with military forces inferior to those of Red China in the hope that Peiping will back down? Will he affront educated Indian opinion and risk venturing his grip on the Indian masses by capitulating to the Communist demands? Will he cast aside the policy of neutrality as outdated and inadequate and invite assistance from the West?

THESE are hard and harsh alternatives. It is not for us to judge what is best for India. We shouldn't forget that we were still talking about our isolation behind two oceans when the fleet was sunk at Pearl Harbor. We must not press our collective security upon India, but we should be ready and willing. No one could have better credentials to counsel with—if not counsel — Mr. Nehru than President Eisenhower.

He is going to Delhi at a crucial hour in history. At stake is Mr. Nehru's leadership of India. At stake also

is Premier Khrushchev's leadership of the Communist bloc because Mr. Khrushchev cannot remain simultaneously an ally of Red Chinese aggression and of the cause of ending the cold war. He also must choose.
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In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

As this is written, Mr. Nelson Rockefeller, governor of New York, scion of one of America's wealthiest families, ex-holder of many positions of trust and responsibility in the federal government, is in the West in his first major political foray to assess his chances of winning the 1960 Republican Presidential nomination.

His tour took him first to California, where his opposition lies. It also brings him on to Oregon and Washington. The political pundits indicate that what he finds out in the course of this swing through the West will go far in determining whether or not he will be a candidate for the highest, most glamorous and the MOST RESPONSIBLE political position in the world.

Mr. Rockefeller will have to beat if he is to become the GOP nominee, a Westerner. He has been here often, and is certain to be here often again. And if he is to get the nomination he will have to have the solid support of the West.

WE OF THE West have been visited by Mr. Kennedy, who is often referred to as the most likely candidate for the Democratic nomination for President. We have been visited by Mr. Humphrey, who is certainly, up to now, the busiest of the Democratic candidates. We have been visited often by Mr. Stevenson, and it may be taken for granted that unless he counts himself out of the race, he will come out to see us again. It is not improbable that Mr. Lyndon Johnson, of Texas, a Southerner, will find an occasion to visit us.

As of this writing, the Republican nomination seems to lie between Mr. Nixon and

Mr. Rockefeller. It is quite otherwise in the case of the Democratic aspirants. Their number is legion. One sometimes wonders, reading the political prognostications, if ANY Democrat of prominence ISN'T an aspirant.
ALL THIS is quite in order and as it should be.
IF THE TIME EVER COMES WHEN GOOD MEN DON'T WANT TO BE PRESIDENT, IT WILL BE A SAD DAY FOR THE U.S.A.
IN THE past, it has been our not-too-admirable custom to regard Presidential campaigns as three ring circuses offering of Mr. Barnum or Mr. Bailey or Mr. Ringling—or any of our other wizards of the sawdust circle. We have more or less taken it for granted that the best showman will win.
Here's a thought: Why not abandon that ancient and never very praiseworthy concept? Why not—in this admittedly critical period of our history—say to ourselves in this campaign that gets nearer with each day that passes that our whole future and the future of our children and of THEIR children and their children's children rests upon our getting, in this Presidential term that is approaching, the BEST LEADERSHIP THAT IS OBTAINABLE?
WHY NOT forget all the political hogwash of the past and concentrate on getting leadership of the highest quality available?
Why not judge ALL aspirants for the Presidency in that light and that light only? It is at least an intriguing thought.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Christmas is coming. Wanna know how we know? Well, the "sick" jokes are taking on their annual yuletide flavor.
Last year it was: "I don't care WHO you are, fat man. Get those reindeer off my roof!"
This year, the first of the season's crop to come our way is: "Look, you guys, I don't care WHAT star you're following. Get those camels off my lawn!"

Also we have it on good report that some eager beavers actually have Christmas lights up in front of their house. Well, happy Thanksgiving, friends, in another week and a half.
That man in Phoenix is at it again. After all, he's been quiet for a couple of weeks now.
The mail brings a triple of is Premier Khrushchev's leadership of the Communist bloc because Mr. Khrushchev cannot remain simultaneously an ally of Red Chinese aggression and of the cause of ending the cold war. He also must choose.
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fering of typographical errors, and his comments.
No. 1—"It is not unreasonable for Congress to create national parks in areas congenial to such projects." (Comment: "A most appropriately descriptive summation got by the censor!")
No. 2—"The maize of steel reinforcing bars that will serve to strengthen the slab can be seen above." (Comment: "Corny.")
No. 3—"The item, a nine-ton tractor, was delivered to 17 U.S. Navy men and scientists Tuesday Oct. 20." (Comment: "Tones of color, or tones of sound? I'm curious to know whether it looks like a rainbow or sounds like a pipe-organ.")
THANKSGIVING LAMENT
Alas! No berries in our bowl Because of aminotriazole
Perhaps the aminotriazole and cranberry hassle will have died down by Thanksgiving (let us hope so, anyway), and we can turn to other things such as our ways of protecting our field crops.
Such as corn.
One knowledgeable young man on our staff informs us that it is far, far better to put up a scarecrow to scare crows out of our (hypothetical) corn patch, than it is to shoot at them with a shotgun.
With the shotgun approach, he warns, you may save some of your corn crop from the pesky birds, but it's difficult enough to eat hot, buttery roasting ears without stopping to spit out bb shot.
For whatever it may be worth, the Medford Safety Council's most recent meeting was on Friday, the 13th of November. No casualties were reported.
The Washington Biological Survey puts metal bands on the legs of birds to study their migration habits. The bands are stamped "Wash. Biol. Surv."
A letter from a citizen complained: "Sirs, I shot one of your pet crows and followed the instructions. I washed it, bled it and served it. But it still tasted terrible."
A dear old lady entered a church. As she was settling herself into her seat, an usher espied her ear trumpet, came over and whispered, "Listen, madam, just one foot and out you go."
An Indian came to the trading post to do business, accompanied by his squaw and their 17 children.
Looking them over, the white trader asked, "Don't you have constant quarreling and bickering with all those children?"
"Oh, no," the Indian replied. "We're just one big Hopi family."
From the Salem Capital Journal: "Gov. Hatfield trades in his damaged Cadillac on a Lincoln, his office pointing out that it seemed better to have a smaller, more maneuverable car. I don't think the Lincoln people are going to like that reasoning. Definition—Lincoln—the world's biggest compact car."
Father: "Well, son, what did you learn in school today?"
Son (proudly): "I learned to say 'Yes, sir' and 'No, sir' and 'Yes, ma'am' and 'No, ma'am!'"
Father: "Really?"
Son: "Yeah."
Next year is leap year.
Which brings to mind the old, old rhyme which we have all used since time immemorial to remember how many days going in each month.
Our only trouble with it was that it was so bollixed up we could never remember any of it beyond the second line. So, in an access of concern for our fellow man's welfare, we have recast the verse into memorable (maybe) form, as follows:
Thirty days hath September, April, June and November. Thirty-one have all the rest, Except for February's pest. Twenty-eight for her, I hear, Except one more on eath leap year.
Well—anyway, it rhymes, which is more than the original one ever did.
things shows plainly that people are not that smart.
So, my condolence to the many who will persist in believing what they prefer to believe. Like our erudite teenager grandson trend of the day remarked, "my mind is all made up, don't confuse me with facts."
F. J. Clifford
Route 2, Box 200F
Central Point

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.
Filtration Plant Questions
To the Editor: The residents of Gold Hill will soon be asked to vote on a \$120,000 bond issue to build a water filtration plant.
It is proposed to pay off the bond and interest in 20 years, at the rate of \$10,000 per year. Thus the real cost will be \$200,000. This does not include the cost of operating the plant, figured at \$3,808 per year. This, they say, would pay for the lime, alum, chlorine and other materials needed, plus the part-time services of a man to run the filtration plant.
This proposed plant will cost at least \$13,808 a year to the people of Gold Hill, in addition to the amount they now pay for taxes and water bills. Our entire city tax bill this year amounted to only \$11,258.50.
It has been figured that each water user would pay an additional \$4.75 per month, or \$57 per year.
At Monday night's meeting at the Gold Hill Grange hall, it seemed to me that some of the people present were misled by the quoted figure of \$4.75 per month, and they assumed that it would include the \$3 they now pay, so that the only extra cost would be \$1.75 per month.
Obviously the city of Gold Hill cannot pay \$13,808 per year, by collecting only \$1.75 per month extra from each water user. That would raise only \$4,165 per year, not \$13,808.
Do we really need a filtration plant? Orrie Moore, Health department representative, stated that the two-month tests taken of Gold Hill water have been entirely satisfactory.
Chlorine is now added in sufficient quantity to kill any harmful bacteria or germs. A filtration plant merely removes other impurities, and it is still necessary to add chlorine. The engineer said that it would require as much chlorine, or probably more, if a filtration plant is built.
Since the chlorine is added after the water is filtered, we would still be drinking as much or more chlorine than we are now.
Of course we do usually have muddy water for several weeks during the rainy weather. A water filtration plant would end this trouble. The question is whether we each want to pay \$57 per year for that purpose.
Vera Stewart
Gold Hill, Ore.

On Answers
To the Editor: It is interestingly odd that in all my reading no mention has been made of the obscure, the real pay-off born of the rigged quiz-show hassel.
It is not the glaringly sorry spectacle of Van Doren and others who fell for the fast buck, how gimlet-eyed Uncle Samuel got most of the cash award first bite of the misery bought mess of pottage. No, the real pay-off is millions of TV viewers and the many who were not given the answers and coaching to make the showing appear really real.
It is all these who can and likely do, walk a little more erect, head a little higher, confident-eyed as it dawns on them that they are not so dumb, that others are not that smart as the TV winners were made to appear. It almost makes the sordid affair worth while, like the little moron hammering his head because it felt so good when he quit it.
And for proof of the puddin' that can and has been found down on the vest, this time it came in an O. S. Potpourri column that told of an IQ test made on a group of youngish professional and business college and high-school graduates of 34 year age average that out of the 32 questioned, 28 spelled the Prime Minister of Russia the wrong way 28 times and one spelled it right. Also of 28 of these test runners, 14 of them spelled the name of the President of the U.S.A. right, the others were wrong.
All of which goes to prove that despite the deceiving IQ-up-lift from quiz-kids, burgeoning on into the big money