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NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION 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 Feb. 24, 1950 (Friday) The Jackson county assessor's office said several persons have been visiting homes in the county recently and falsely representing themselves as appraisers for the county. A Klamath Falls Negro killed himself yesterday after a gun battle with K. Falls police who sought him for a recent knife incident.

20 YEARS AGO Feb. 24, 1940 (Saturday) Hitler proclaimed in a Munich beer hall yesterday that Germany is fighting against "the idea that one or two peoples of the earth should have everything." From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "The state line near Ashland was 121 years old Thursday and reports it feels as young as it ever did."

30 YEARS AGO Feb. 24, 1930 (Monday) It was announced that the Holly Theater, now under construction, will hold its grand opening in April. Petitions are being circulated here asking repeal of the "dry law."

40 YEARS AGO Feb. 24, 1920 (Wednesday) Ashland civic leaders say that the major need of that city now is water. A brewer's convention at Atlantic City came to the conclusion that majority of people are opposed to prohibition.

50 YEARS AGO Feb. 24, 1910 (Thursday) Southern Pacific executive predicts "tremendous growth" for Medford; says new \$50,000 passenger depot is investment in future here. Central Point Ladies Improvement Society had a "tag day" sale yesterday, selling tags to all the men they could find.

What's Your I.Q.? Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good. 1. Is the alcoholic content of beverages greater when expressed by weight or by volume? 2. By what action did the U.S. increase the area of its territory nearly 100 per cent? 3. Does the Lincoln Memorial building in Washington contain the tomb of Lincoln? 4. What is the capital of Virginia? 5. Who composed "The Moonlight Sonata"? 6. Do diesel engines have spark plugs? 7. Did the League of Nations ever expel the Soviet Union? 8. Do horses pull most with their front, or their hind legs? 9. Ice melts because it absorbs heat; true or false? 10. Name the three islands closely associated with the life of Napoleon. Answers: 1. Volume. 2. Louisiana purchase. 3. No. 4. Richmond. 5. Beethoven. 6. No. 7. Yes (1939, for Finland aggression). 8. Hind legs. 9. True. 10. Corsica (born); Elba (exiled); Helena (exiled and died).

### Who To Believe

The man in the TV commercial—the one who "thinks for himself"—makes a great point of how he investigated the conflicting claims for cigarette filters.

How, we often wondered, did he go about making this "investigation." Did he set up his own laboratory facilities, and test the brands? (Remember this is the milk-route driver, or grocer, or symphony conductor, we're talking about.)

Did he read the conflicting claims, and on the basis of this "investigation" decide which one was best for him? (If he did, he's either a lot smarter, or a lot dumber, than most people.)

OR, IN making his "investigation," did he go to someone who might be in a position to know, ask him, and take the answer as valid?

Our conclusion is that this particular TV commercial is a money. For the possibility for any layman to make a meaningful investigation of his own (as claimed) in such a matter is practically nil.

Either (A) he didn't make any real investigation at all, or (B) he depended on the word of others.

WHICH brings us to this: Most of what we believe, most of what we "know" for that matter, depends on the words of others.

None of that which is read in a book or magazine or newspaper, or that which is seen on TV or heard on radio, is first-hand, personally-experienced knowledge or information.

In schools, students are "taught," and in some few cases learn what they know by doing experiments. But by far the greater portion is taking for granted the experiments, and resulting accounts, of others.

THE time of life when human beings learn the most on their own, and not second- or third- or fourth-hand from others, is in the first year or so of life.

At this period, before a child understands language, he learns that food satisfies hunger, that something pulls him to the floor when he stumbles, and a great many other basic pieces of information that remain with him, partly learned, partly instinctive, the rest of his life.

But from there on, in increasing measure, what he learns comes from others. And much of this they, in turn, have learned from still others.

SO THIS leads to the conclusion that we must pick reliable people to believe.

As a matter of fact, in this funny, complicated and confusing society of ours, a great deal of our time is spent in deciding who to believe.

This is true, for instance, in politics. Do we believe Eisenhower when he says America's military strength is adequate? Or do we believe the generals and politicians and columnists who aver it isn't?

And, in making this decision, we use many preconceptions which have, in turn, come from other people.

IN DECIDING how to vote on a school bond proposal, who do we believe? And why?

It is beyond the capability of most of us to make an on-the-spot evaluation of the school district's needs. So, in deciding how to vote, we must decide who to believe.

Shall it be the members of the unpaid, elected school board, who spend many hours every month working with the district's problems? Shall it be the paid administrators, who deal with them daily? Shall it be those who oppose because "taxes are too high"? Or because they disapprove of part of the curriculum? Or because "teachers are overpaid"?

Whatever the decision of most of us, it will depend in large part, if not wholly, on who we believe.—E.A.

### We'd Yell

Victor David, of the Medford state athletic commission, reported that this commission, charged with supervising professional wrestling and boxing matches, hasn't a thing to do these days.

Why not? No professional boxing and wrestling.

Why not? No place to hold them.

Why not the Medford armory, as (in effect) was promised at the time the state and county put many thousands of dollars into its construction? Because the state has never finished the armory to a point where it can be used.

THE Police Athletic League, better known as the "PAL Club," is an organization of youngsters, sponsored and supervised by police officers and other volunteers, who make sports, chiefly boxing, the chief recreation.

It has been inactive recently. The principal reason? No place to hold its matches. Why not? The armory isn't available—for the same reasons as above.

The way we look at it, this county (and the city too) has been gypped by the state on a bargain it made at the time the agreement to build the armory as a multi-purpose facility was made.

And if we were a city or a county official, we'd make life miserable for the state National Guard until something is done about it.—E.A.

### Dennis the Menace



THAT'S FUNNY! EVERY ROOM BUT THIS ONE IS LOCKED!

### 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 initial 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.

#### To Clarify Issues

To the Editor: Your editorial of February 19th entitled "The Wrong Issue" will serve a very useful purpose if it assists in development of consideration of the real issue involved in federal aid to education.

You state that the National Education Association takes the position that federal aid to education is already an accomplished fact and that the real issue, therefore, is "how can we provide adequate federal support for schools quickly, efficiently and with the fullest possible assurance that the funds will be permitted to be used to fill the areas of greatest need."

By the same process of logic, we could say that the question of whether or not the Russians had a place in Berlin had already been answered in the affirmative and that the real issue in our foreign policy thus was how could we quickly, efficiently and with the fullest possible assurance that their control would be complete, abandon Berlin to the Russians. Many of us reject the same kind of reasoning with respect to federal aid to education.

Perhaps it would be well to recognize that the nation's education needs and the nation's education inequalities are two entirely separate problems. There is only one way to

satisfy the nation's education needs and that is with money, tax money. The real question is whether we want to use local tax money locally administered for local needs, or whether we want to use local tax money federally administered and worn away by the round trip to Washington.

Let Congress divide the nation's districts into the "have nots" and the "haves." Then let the Congress determine how much money under what conditions for what purposes should be distributed to the "have not" districts and let the people in those districts vote on the question of whether they do or do not wish to accept federal funds under the conditions attached to them.

Once this issue has been settled let the "have" districts vote on whether they wish to pay an increase special tax to be used for the purpose of correcting educational deficiencies in the "have not" districts. We would then find out whether the inequalities in education are a matter of serious concern to the people of this nation and the issue would not be obscured by those who were voting with the hope that they might get more in benefits than they were paying in taxes.

It is important that the real issues be clarified and set

## Terrible-Tempered Mr. K Making Less Than Tremendous Success of Asian Tour

forth in simple terms so that the true will of the people may be determined.

Richard J. House 113 East Eighth st. Medford.

#### Tragedy of Home Fires

To the Editor: Recent newspaper columns have depicted several instances of homes burning, and the horrible death of the occupants. Most of these tragedies (and future ones like them) could have been prevented by a common sense plan of regular inspections by competent men such as members of our city fire departments.

It is my suggestion that each city government pass an ordinance providing for free inspections, and also providing for adequate penalties for those who choose to ignore the advice of the inspector. Only by so doing can we stop this needless waste of property and human lives.

Only by providing for the enforcement of the necessary repairs, suggested by a competent inspector, can we be sure of protecting folks who live in rented homes (or apartments) from the danger of fire, due to faulty installations of various heating equipment.

During my 15 years experience in business, I have seen dozens of instances in peoples homes of hazardous conditions — always the tenants seem completely unaware of these hazards.

Where I have seen dozens, I know there are hundreds of fire hazards that could be easily eliminated. How about it folks?

Philip L. Burns 121 Bush st. Ashland, Ore.

#### It's Not Practical

To the Editor: "Great Controversy" over complexions, and artificial ones at that! Mrs. (Name on file) says it's privacy. We thought privacy meant seclusion.

Between us, Mr. Editor, if she has been around as much as we, she has seen the application of "lipstick," "just a touch," in the corner of a restaurant, in a store aisle, or telephone booth, even out "in broad daylight" at the door of a car "to keep up appearances" when she is to make an appearance amongst fellow ladies and others.

The young man said, "Why not leave women and girls alone for a change?" Impossible! They play too important a role in our lives. We cannot leave them alone. Just what would poor men do without them? God knew that when He made them helps-meet for us. For a brief moment enumerate the helps they render: At home, cooks, nurses,

advisors. As to this latter, one man said, "My wife is my mind, memory, and common sense." Another said, "A good wife backs up her husband when he's right, and helps him when back when he's wrong." Then, "What is home without a mother?"

Did you also mention office girls, waitresses, clerks, stenographers, stewardesses on planes, women missionaries, and white-capped, tender nurses in our hospitals? They are all indispensable. Shows how immature the question, "Why not leave them alone?" If we did we'd be decidedly alone!

"Women critic?" "Picking on the female sex?" Sure we do, for every man picks one — the best he can get — to be his "mind, memory, and common sense," his nurse when he is ill! What would poor heathen man do — at home or abroad — without the soft touch of a woman's hand to soothe him, and point him upward by a wave of her hand?

My mother was the first to point me to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." My wife has continued the good work by her life and words in reminding me that an allseeing Eye watches over us, and is minutely interested in us in all of life.

Leave women and girls alone for a change? The change would be too drastic! Ask something practical.

H. R. Bullman Route 4, Box 316 A Medford.

#### How They Happened

To the Editor: With your permission I would like to tell Jerry just how these near accidents happened so he will see and understand that it was not my fault.

First of all I'd like to inform him that my husband also was the one who taught me how to drive, but I was 21 years old, not 18.

I was driving west on Fourth st., this man was going south on Bartlett (at Salvation Army corner) but did he stop at that stop sign? "No!" So was that my fault?

The other one happened at Front and Sixth. I came to the stop light (in the through lane), he was in the left hand lane, but did he turn left? "No." He went straight on through my fault? The third incident happened at Fifth and Holly. I was going north on Holly — this man was going west on Fifth (a blind corner I might add, as there are always cars parked there), so I slowed down, I didn't see anything coming, shifted to second and proceeded on, then here comes this car, never slowed down even when I put on the brakes. He didn't even

turn around and look and the woman on the sidewalk just shook her head. Now you tell me. Do you think those were my fault? I don't claim to be a perfect driver, but I do know when I'm in the right.

As for us women staying at home, how about the ones who work? Are we supposed to walk four miles every day? Does your mother walk? "No." Neither do you, to school, do you? So Jerry, if I were you I'd forget about running women drivers down, or else when and if you get a wife, don't let her learn how to drive, then you won't have any kicks coming—for she will be a "woman" you know.

Mrs. Thelma Smith P. O. Box 725 Medford.

#### Let "Daddy" Do It

To the Editor: I never thought when Mr. Khrushchev visited this tax-burdened country of ours that he would make such fools of our government officials.

But after what I heard and saw on TV my suggestion would have been to keep Mr. Khrushchev here and send Egghead Warbucks over there, and he could have made Orphan Annie out of them over in Russia like he has us over here.

(Name on file.) Eagle Point, Ore.

#### What-You-May-Call-It

To the Editor: The following what-you-may-call-it was written at the request of the St. Luke's Methodist church for a party given in honor of Weatherman Ralph Cutshall who is transferring to Maryland.

The Weatherman Oh the weatherman is a right jolly fellow; When the wintry winds begin to blow,

He says, "Never mind, just don't do a thing But stoke up the fire, it will soon be spring."

Then before you know if it is spring or not, You are cussin' the weatherman because it is hot.

And next, ere you hear the pheasant's wild call, The weatherman says, "We will have early fall."

And so round and round the weatherman goes, Wearing T shirt and slacks, and a frost bitten nose.

If he knows weather, why go back East, Where even the groundhog must be a beast

To give folks what they call weather back there And leave a place like Rogue Valley so fair?

Just the same, we wish you and your the best, And if ever your hearts yearn for the West

And you decide once more to roam, We'll be glad to welcome you all back home.

L. G. Weaver 301 Haven st. Medford.

#### Out of the Way, Jerry!

To the Editor and all women who have been annoyed with Jerry Anderson and his observations: The fact that he is making an issue over something that is here to stay shows that he is still a young boy with very much to learn.

"Us old folks" know that religion, politics, and driving ability of each sex are subjects that will never be settled.

Jerry has no need to write to the people who agree with him, and those who don't cannot be convinced at any cost. And me? I'm getting too old for a bicycle. Besides there isn't room for me and my tribe on one. So Jerry will just have to pull over out of the way when he sees me heading to town in my jalopy.

Mrs. Robert Wobbe 3476 Hollywood ave. Medford.

## North American Dog Race Championships Scene of Excitement in Sub-Zero Weather

#### By Our ALASKAN CORRESPONDENT

Fairbanks—The time for the North American championship dog races has arrived. Excitement fills the air as the finest dog teams in the country compete in preliminary events. Each Sunday afternoon, if the temperature is above 10 below zero, dog racing enthusiasts gather to watch.

The activity on the paddocks area, where the "mushers" struggle to get the dogs into their traces, is often as interesting and exciting as the race itself. Sometimes 150 dogs are on the paddocks at one time. Each does his best to tangle his traces by rolling in the snow, twisting, and jumping over one another.

The mushers are kept running up and down the teams, trying in vain to straighten out the lines. Added to this confusion are the shouts and curses of men, the crying of little Indian children in fur parkas, the howling, whining, and barking of a hundred dogs, and the blast of the loud speaker. The sound and action creates a scene of chaotic excitement.

The teams race against time, starting at three-minute intervals. The course varies from 8 to 20 miles long. As the first sled comes to the starting end of the 300-yard straightaway, the crowd rushes to the track to watch the start. The dogs are still twisting and rolling, and the musher tries desperately to untangle them. As the countdown is started, the driver calls to the lead dog, and the

entire team is suddenly serene. They strain against the traces, alert and eager. When the timer says "GO," the brake is released, and the cry from the musher sends the team dashing toward the first turn. In two minutes they are out of sight as the trail winds into the brush.

When all the sleds are out of sight, the crowd slowly migrates to a little quonset hut. The interior is dark, with metal walls and a plank floor. It once was used as a theater. The center of interest is a tremendous stove made of two oil drums welded together at the ends. It rests on a metal stand in the center of the hut, and contains a roaring fire.

The people press close, trying to warm their hands and feet. Native Eskimos and Indians in fur parkas and moose-

hide mukluks crowd around the glowing fire. Old soursdoughs with grizzled beards and weathered, wrinkled faces stand together in one corner talking about old times.

The whole scene is one of merriment and friendship. Hot coffee is served and the air is filled with fragrant smoke. Stories are swapped and jokes told, and once in a while a group breaks into raucous laughter.

When the loud speaker announces that a team is in sight, everyone rushes out into the cold, and only a few children and elderly women are left in the little hut.

As the sleds come across the finish line, one by one, they are cheered by the fans. The dogs are unharnessed, and the mushers are slapped on the back and congratulated as they make a rush for the warm hut.

The races are not always without peril. In one, where the sled must carry a Fairbanks businessman, one team came across the finish line without a driver or a passenger. The sled had flipped, and left the two men five miles out in the brush in sub-zero weather.

On especially chilly days, the dogs' faces are encrusted with a white frost caused by the condensation of their breath.

It is not always the race alone that people go to see, but the little unexpected incidents that make the races such enjoyable spectacles to watch.

Dog racing can be called Alaska's own sport, but in some remote places in the state the dog and sled are still the major mode of transportation. As long as Alaska possesses its great expanses of wilderness, the Husky will have an important role to play in the lives of the trappers and hunters, and the Indians and Eskimos of the north.



ALASKA DOG RACES—The North American championship dog races are now under way near Fairbanks, Alaska. Some of the color and excitement of these races is described in the accompany article.

#### By PHIL NEWSON UPI Foreign Editor

The terrible-tempered Nikita Khrushchev's swash-buckling tour of Southern Asia has not gone always to his liking or his plan.

In fact, there is reason to ask whether he may not have done a little more harm than good in India, Burma and Indonesia on a tour originally designed to offset President Eisenhower's Asia successes and to cement support behind the Soviet Union in this spring's forthcoming summit meeting.

Indian reporters who witnessed Khrushchev's high good humor and his public clowning during his 1955 visit, noted especially this time that he frequently seemed glum and tired.

When he did rouse himself his words often were critical. There was speculation that he was showing the strain of his heavy travel and diplomatic schedule.

Derides Macaroni If so, it began to show even before he left Moscow on his current tour.

There, in a bit of heavy-handed humor during a visit by Italian Premier Giovanni Gronchi, he derided Italian macaroni and recommended instead that Gronchi try some Russian kvas, a malt drink similar to beer. The Italian press took it up. A national insult.

In India, he criticized the Indians for lack of sufficient animosity toward the former colonial powers and he extolled the blessings of the Communist one-party system.

Indians regarded this latter point as a serious Khrushchev error.

Warned By Papers Nor was he more successful in Burma where newspapers warned him to keep a "civil tongue" in his head and a meeting with Premier Ne Win was reported cool if not downright hostile.

In Indonesia, he criticized a stadium being built with Russian aid, noticeably upsetting his host President Sukarno. He capped that by refusing a gift of native artwork in cloth of silver on grounds that they represented a "bygone day."

None of these would seem to bear the stamp of a man on a goodwill tour.

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