

Medford Mail Tribune
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10 YEARS AGO
Feb. 28, 1950 (Tuesday)
The city building department receives application for a permit to erect six duplex apartments on J st., at a cost of \$65,000.

20 YEARS AGO
Feb. 28, 1940 (Wednesday)
The most serious flood threat since 1927 endangers Rogue valley; Bear creek rising and threatens several city homes.

30 YEARS AGO
Feb. 28, 1930 (Friday)
Park experts produce plans for parkways along Bear creek. Census shows there are 9,986 pupils in Jackson county public schools.

40 YEARS AGO
Feb. 28, 1920 (Sunday)
The top of Roxy Ann has been staked out for oil claims. Hood River apple growers made average of \$1.10 per box last year.

50 YEARS AGO
Feb. 28, 1910 (Monday)
Ladies of Greater Medford club hoping to do something about lack of decent hotel accommodations in Medford. Two Milwaukee, Wis., detectives arrive in Medford to take prisoner home; man had lived here five years before being caught.

What's Your I.Q.?
Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.
1. What Italian city has been called the Bride of the Adriatic?
2. Do stones grow?
3. What American writer and lecturer lost her sight, hearing and speech at the age of 19 months?
4. In what Virginia city is the College of William and Mary?
5. What was Patrick Henry's profession?
6. What is a derring-dog?
7. Is Bismarck the capital or North Dakota, or of South Dakota?
8. Senator Wayne Morse represents which state in the U.S. Senate?
9. In what sport did Bobby Jones gain fame?
10. Which is the larger in area—Alaska or Texas?
Answers: 1. Venice. 2. No. 3. Helen Keller. 4. Williamsburg, Va. 5. Lawyer. 6. Small pocket pistol. 7. North Dakota. 8. Oregon. 9. Golf. 10. Alaska.

...Do Our Duty...

Lincoln's birthday, which is the usual time for articles about him to appear, was a couple of weeks ago.

But yesterday was the 100th anniversary of an event in the life of Abraham Lincoln which changed his life, and as a result changed the course of history of the United States.

The event was his famous speech at Cooper Union in New York City on Feb. 27, 1860. It was a turning point in his career, for it gave him national prestige, and a firm grip on the leadership of the younger elements of the new Republican party.

IN HIS TALK he took a strong stand against the extension of slavery into the territories of the West, then in the process of settlement.

At that time his thinking was that slavery, where it already existed, would have to be tolerated, but it could not be permitted to expand, as southern leaders wished.

Only later did he become convinced that slavery would have to be abolished everywhere. This, of course, was one of the great issues which led to the Civil War a few years later, and ultimately to the Emancipation proclamation.

THE ISSUE of the expansion of slavery was a crucial and divisive one 100 years ago, and even then Lincoln's massive courage and integrity were evident in his Cooper Union speech.

Parts of that talk have become much quoted—not, perhaps, as famous as the Gettysburg address, but certainly among the best-known statements of the 16th President.

For instance: "... Let us not be slandered from our duty by false accusations against us, nor frightened from it by menaces of destruction to the government... Let us have faith that right makes right; and in that faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

A little more of this courage and integrity would be welcome today at various levels of government.—E.A.

Civilized Boondocks

We heard a speaker, a sociologist, talk the other day about "Rural Life in a Changing Society."

He didn't say much of anything which interested observers of society didn't know before, but he put a lot of facts about the changes in rural life into perspective in a way that made one realize just how big and widespread the change has been.

The distinctions which once made city and rural life almost completely different have almost vanished. Only a few differences, and these seem to be chiefly those of attitude, remain.

FOR ONE THING, the percentage of rural dwellers who make their living from the soil, farmers, in other words, has sharply decreased, while the number of retired people and commuters who earn their livings in town while living in the country, has gone way up.

Automobiles and good roads are, of course, the principal causes of this change.

But good rural mail service, radio and television, the ready availability of books, magazines and newspapers, have all contributed to the change.

THE INCREASED ease of mobility has made that trip to town a casual affair, not a once-a-week or once-a-month event to be looked forward to. Country people can, and do, participate in the cultural and recreational activities which once were enjoyed only by those in the town or city.

The same mobility has decreased the country dweller's dependence on his immediate neighbors, and today he is just as apt to belong to a civic or fraternal organization as he is to the Grange, say.

In short, the old jokes about the "country hick" and the "city slicker" have lost their point because they no longer apply.

We know some folks who live in the country who are a darn sight "slicker" than most city people.—E.A.

Heart Sunday

Today is Heart Sunday. During the day, some 400 people will be working in the county, soliciting contributions to the Heart Fund.

Contribute if you can, and if you wish. But even if you can't, remember these are unpaid volunteers, doing a job for what they believe is an important cause.

HEART DISEASE is the leading cause of death in this nation, and will remain so until more research has been completed.

Research takes money. And the money you give today will help pay for it.

Progress has been made—paid for with the some \$40 million contributed to the Heart Fund during the past 12 years. But much more remains to be done until the ailments of the heart, which now take such a tremendous toll of life and well-being each year, can be conquered to a point where they no longer constitute the most significant medical problem in the nation.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



THE THING I LIKE BEST ABOUT FROGG IS THEY KEEP GIRLS AWAY!

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

DIAGNOSING MR. K. Washington.—The best American analysis of Soviet behavior are now forecasting a rough, stormy, and dangerous meeting at the summit.

This is because Nikita S. Khrushchev has lately been telling all a and sundry that he is not going to be distracted from talking about Berlin by discussions of other topics, such as disarmament. He has also given numerous indications that he is unwilling to go on merely talking about Berlin for an indefinite period, at a whole succession of meetings at the summit. Before long, he keeps hinting, he will have to act.

Much more light will be shed on Khrushchev's real intentions by his behavior in Paris, during his visit to Gen. de Gaulle next month. Perhaps the present reading of the signs will then be reversed. One can only hope so, for there will be some breathlessly tense moments if Khrushchev really means to offer President Eisenhower and the other Western leaders the choice between giving him what he wants at Berlin during the summit conference, or stopping him from taking what he wants after the conference ends.

IT may be, of course, that Khrushchev only means to make the Western leaders think that this is the choice which confronts them. He is in an ideal situation, after all, to test the nerves of the West to the uttermost limit without exposing or committing himself in the least. On the basis of all the evidence produced by the test of nerves, he can then decide whether or no to risk unilateral action at Berlin.

In any case, it now appears probable that Khrushchev will use the tactic of intimidation instead of the tactic of sweet reasonableness in the crucial next round of the unending Berlin crisis. This is not surprising, either, when you consider how much he has already gained, by using the tactic of intimidation in the earlier rounds.

He precipitated the crisis in November, 1958, by suddenly roaring that the perfectly tranquil, long unaltered situation in Berlin was "intolerable," and threatening to use force to make his own improvements. By these roars, he soon obtained Western agreement to negotiate about Berlin, despite the fact that

the allegedly "intolerable" Berlin situation was solemnly guaranteed by the Kremlin's own pledges and was perfectly satisfactory to the West.

THE ensuing, protracted Foreign Ministers' meeting at Geneva met and ran its whole course in the drumfire of Khrushchev's menaces. For him, the conference served the useful purpose of disclosing the Western allies' first "fallback" position. When he had gained this valuable information, Khrushchev called the Geneva rally to grind to a halt, still without withdrawing his ministers. And by this simple device, he obtained his invitation from President Eisenhower to visit the United States.

In this country, for once in a day, he had to do something more than shout threats to get what he wanted next. He was forced to promise the President that there would be no time-deadline for action on the Berlin problem. In this very limited way, he had to say that his Berlin demands did not constitute an ultimatum to the West. But for this minor concession he obtained consent to the forthcoming summit meeting. And he also obtained a major dividend that he perhaps did not expect, in the form of an acute attack of euphoria infecting many of the highest American policy-makers.

Unfortunately, a specified time-deadline is by no means a necessity for the more ingenious users of ultimatums. If you can make your adversary believe you are going to take the action he fears before very long, you do not have to be explicit about the date. The atmosphere of ultimatum is more important than the language. Indeed, if the atmosphere exists, the document itself can be quite unnecessary.

WHAT Khrushchev now seems to be doing is creating the atmosphere of ultimatum, in preparation for the summit meeting in May. As of today, moreover, this appears to be an exceedingly shrewd thing to do. The Western allies, after 15 long months of looking at the ugly Berlin problem, have not yet agreed on what to do about the problem if worst comes to worst. The divergences are bound to deepen as Western apprehensions mount.

This can probably be prevented, or even if not prevented it will matter decisively, if President Eisenhower quickly asserts his leadership with iron firmness. But as yet, no such Presidential self-assertion seems to be in prospect. (c) 1960 New York Herald Tribune Inc.

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE TRAVEL HABIT

Mr. Robert Lovett, who has been Secretary of Defense and Under Secretary of State, is Under Secretary of State.

one of the very ablest public officials of our times. It is a reflection on the way we run the government that he was allowed to escape from Washington and take refuge in a banking house in Wall Street.

But on Tuesday he came back to testify before Senator Jackson's Sub-Committee on the policy-making machinery of the government. It is plain even from the incomplete reports which are available that, watching Washington from a distance, he has had a hard time holding on to himself. On Tuesday he let himself go.

The result was an explosion of pungent criticism which had none of the tired monotony of a ghost-written statement. Mr. Lovett dealt with the general complacency, with the role of the Budget Bureau, with the making of political speeches by defense officials and with the travels of the Secretary of State.

THE Secretary of State, said Mr. Lovett, should stay at home and run his department. To handle international negotiations and meetings there should be created, he suggested, a new Cabinet officer to be called the Minister of Foreign Affairs.

This new official would be, presumably, subject to the orders of the Secretary of State or to orders of the President acting with the advice of the Secretary of State. If the Minister of Foreign Affairs were not under orders, he and not the Secretary would be running the Department of State. But if the Minister of For-

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.

Who To Believe

To the Editor: Your editorial, "Who to Believe," in Wednesday's Mail Tribune, brings to mind some Bible texts bearing on this subject.

One, found in 1 Thess. 5:21, commands to "prove all things, hold fast that which is good." Another in Matt. 7:16-18—"Ye shall know them by their fruits." Surely not the least of the blessings of the Hereafter will be the universal existence of Truth, to the complete exclusion of our present accumulation of confusing opinions and prejudices on every subject. Since each of us is to be judged by himself, not depending wholly upon the ministry of others for its message to us?

In the field of Nutrition, I have probed, and held fast to, some of the theories set forth, which have been of benefit healthwise.

Certainly in Politics a voter should, before voting, make every effort to intelligently inform himself as to capabilities and objectives of candidates or tackle the alternative of being able to recognize the distinguishing characteristics of "reliable people to believe."

My thanks for your thought provoking editorial. Dorothy Swan, L. B. Star Route, Box 55, Eagle Point, Ore.

Lucky Svends

To the Editor: I received an anonymous letter from someone in Prospect. I like to receive letters from people in Prospect, Trail and Shady Cove, for in my story, three million miles in a taxi cab, there were many things happened in and around these towns.

This letter says: "CAT! You had it made when you went to high school in the Brush automobile."

"MAN! You was playin' it reet, reet, reet!" "LIKE MAN! You made it under the wire when you went to high school."

"You vas vun uf der lucky Svends." Ven Aye traded my 1910 streamlined veelbarrow for yust vun 1902 Brush automobile, Aye vusn't so lucky. We didn't have no garage, and we didn't have a top on the car. Ve had to keep the car in der barn.

Did you ever try to park a vun cylinder car in a barn with vun cow, and vun horse, who yust never vunce seen yust vun automobile? Aye had to blindfold der cow and give der horse tranquilizer pills. Aye could walk to school in

15 minutes, but vy should Aye vaik ven Aye could get out of bed at 5 a.m., and crank my vey to high school in yust three hours?

Ven Aye got der engine started at 8 a.m., der old cow went out through der back uf der barn, der horse went out der window, Aye never knew where der Brush was going out, and Aye never knew vere Aye vas going out. Aye vusnt vent out, and twice Aye almost vent there.

Everett Acklin, Ashland, Ore.

Lincoln Ode

To the Editor: "What happened?" Has been asked of my Lincoln Day pilgrimage. So here tiz. Parking near the R.R. depot, now so lonely-looking but once the connecting link of local and outside world folk and affairs, we checked in at the police station, leaving with a friendly, "So glad you called Mr. Lincoln. Good luck."

Stopping in at a drug store with a most friendly Mr. Lincoln greeting and asking for the apothecary, the young lady seemed a bit non-plussed, replying "The druggist is out, perhaps Mr. So-and-so can help you." But young Mr. So-and-so took a serious view of my request for a remedy for "tiz-ik." "Why-a," he thoughtfully answered. "The term now-a-days for that is laxative." Feminine giggles around the counter-corner, which we joined in, relieved the much-too-serious air. But the next human ailment dispensary was still more austere-like.

The prescription-man seemed to want no truck with apothecary, or "tiz-ik" either, as he coldly advised to get a physician's prescription. To a hint, however, was this one: "Cost of missing dates Sunday and Monday (with two different girls)—\$500."

We hope the young ladies, whoever they may be, are gratified to know their company is appraised at \$250 each, per evening.

One thoughtful observer of the passing scene (a Republican, incidentally) was reading about some of the

ed to brief up on it. So we helped by mentioning the old spelling-bee catch-word was, phthisic. He followed us to the door, urging to be sure and stop at what appeared his boom competitor up the street and report what happened.

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

Approves Sterilization To the Editor: The sterilization program proposed by Mr. Hatfield will probably be the cause of a whole flurry of opposition, but I believe it is the best plan so far suggested.

I know of at least three families on one street in Medford, all on welfare, all with six or seven children, some not with the same fathers, and still producing more. These women are more animal than human. Their offspring don't stand much chance in life, and the taxes it takes to keep these women on the production line comes out of the pockets of hard working fathers and mothers who are trying to make better things for their children and it cuts down on the future of children who could be the leaders of tomorrow.

At least two of these fathers are or have been in jail, eating and lounging on jail money. The welfare has suggested that these men be put to work and if they refuse, to cut off the funds given them. This is a very good idea.

Welfare workers, churches and private citizens with big hearts have helped these families and later found that the clothing given for the small fry had been thrown on the floor, tramped in and just added to the already overpowering mess. To top it off they complain about not getting enough. How many more can be multiplied all over the state?

Sterilization can't hurt these women, only stop the production of underprivileged, unhappy and, for the most part, unwanted children who help to swell the long line of delinquents.

I would go farther even, and add sterilization to the prison sex offenders and habitual criminals and stop the down grading of America.

I wonder how many children Mr. Straub has that he thinks this is such an inhuman excuse? Today, there is no excuse for not planning your family to fit your earning ability.

More power to Mr. Hatfield. Mrs. Ray Doran, Central Point, Ore.

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POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Last week's Potluck column was written several days in advance, and had some faintly jocular things to say about a staff members and small foreign cars.

Well, as readers of various sections of the paper have learned, the staff has one fewer small foreign car—and darn near one fewer reporter. And all this in the time between the time the column was written and the time when it was printed.

But he survived, and is now considering buying another small foreign car—smaller than the last one, even. A glutton for punishment, if I ever saw one. If this process continues, you may see a reporter riding along on a motor scooter one of these days.

The reporter has taken two sorts of beating as a result of his accident—the physical beating of the crash itself, and the verbal beating from his fellow-workers who can't resist kidding him about even so serious a matter as a near-fatal automobile accident. One good thing anyway, he claims, is the fact that his bandage comes off his face Monday, and his black eye is better, so maybe nice old ladies will stop looking suspiciously at him as he walks down the street.

Since he was on assignment at the time of the accident, we can expect him to put in an expense account for his trip. But we sort of wonder whether our sharp-eyed bookkeeper will approve the "preliminary estimate" he provided us for his month's expenses.

This list includes such things as "wear and tear on head, \$500," and "wear and tear on nerves, \$10,000."

The one which intrigued us most, however, was this one: "Cost of missing dates Sunday and Monday (with two different girls)—\$500."

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current problems in California, and came up with his own solution for one of them: Free Caryl Chessman, and execute Pat Brown.

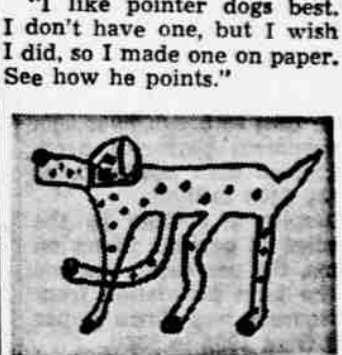
A woman we know, who lives in the Applegate valley, has also been doing some thinking about current problems, and believes she has stumbled across a solution to the dogs-running-at-large problem.

As a result of reading James Michener's novel, "Hawaii," in which it is recorded that a Polynesian delicacy is roast dog, she suggests that this county's perennial headache over surplus dogs be solved by setting up a quick-freeze plant to process the extra dogs and ship 'em to the South Pacific.

Might even be a small profit in it, she thinks.

There is a new joke (chuckle) going the rounds at Hedrick Junior High school (heh, heh) which goes (ha, ha) this way: First man—"I saw something last night I couldn't get over." Second man—"What?" First man—"The moon." (Haw, Haw, Haw! ! !)

Donald Kjelmyr, who is in the first grade at Hoover school, wrote a short essay and drew a picture for the last issue of the Hoover Hi-Lite. Here they are: "I like pointer dogs best. I don't have one, but I wish I did, so I made one on paper. See how he points!"



The best way to get into debt, we read somewhere, is to try to keep up with those who already are.

The chamber of commerce gets all sorts of odd requests. The other day someone in the Willamette valley wrote to inquire about "the bed size" at the local hospitals.

Nothing daunted, the gals at the office called the Rogue Valley and Sacred Heart hospitals to ask how long and how wide their beds were—and, in the process, apparently created a lot of confusion and some exasperation as the hospital people, eager to please the chamber, got out tape measures and reported the beds were so many inches long and so many inches wide.

The data were assembled, and the chamber people got ready to write their reply to the man. The more they pondered, however, the more they wondered why anyone would want to know the size of the beds in the hospitals.

They re-read the letter, and finally figured out that what he REALLY wanted to know was the size of the HOSPITALS, which is usually measured by how many patients it can accommodate—as in "a 100-bed hospital."

We hadn't heard from That Man in Phoenix for some time. We wondered why. Were there fewer mistakes in the paper? Was he not reading the paper any more? Didn't he care if we made mistakes? The worries were settled last week, when the familiar, neatly typed envelope arrived, and the familiar, neatly typed note inside bore a clipping pasted to the top. The clipping was a headline which said "Motion to Squash Indictment Entered."

His note said: "Many of your readers doubtless are unaware that a motion to squash an indictment involves some of the more complicated and cumbersome implements of the legal machinery in the mills of justice.

"First the indictment is carefully placed, face up, on the exact middle of the surface of a heavy, reinforced concrete slab 12 by 12 feet square above which is suspended a five ton block of stainless steel. Then the officiating judge, in full court regalia, accompanied by a bailiff and witnesses, makes a motion toward the condemned indictment and issues the order, 'Squash!' Whereupon the suspended steel block is released, dropping from a lethal height of not less than five feet.

"The resulting impact culminates the ponderous procedure, after which the indictment is officially pronounced null, void and obliterated.

"Quashing an indictment is a much simpler process."

Thanks. Now we know.