

Medford Mail Tribune
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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
March 10, 1950 (Friday)
The Starlite Drive-in theater on South Pacific highway will open March 17, following extensive remodeling.

20 YEARS AGO
March 10, 1940 (Sunday)
Harry Thurman and Richard Schuchard of Medford High school take top honors in sixth annual state high school forensic tournament in Salem.

30 YEARS AGO
March 10, 1930 (Monday)
Plans to eliminate death curve from highway near Prospect brings protest from property owners.

40 YEARS AGO
March 10, 1920 (Wednesday)
Drilling for the Triangle Oil well here will start this week.

50 YEARS AGO
March 10, 1910 (Thursday)
Home Telephone company is installing telephone poles between Medford and Jacksonville for a line to connect the two cities.

What's Your I.Q.?
Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.
1. Fourteen gauge wire is heavier, or lighter, than ten gauge wire?

Jet Ride

We had a quick glimpse into the age of commercial jet aviation the other day. We liked it. Much has been written about the big new jet transports, and there will be more. We have no qualifications to report on the technical aspects—although they are many, and complicated.

TO THE ordinary passenger, however, little of this technical preparation is evident. There is the huge plane, a United Air Lines DC-8, sleek and lovely. At a distance it looks much smaller than it is, presumably because of its graceful lines, and only as one approaches, is it realized that its tail is far taller than many buildings in downtown Medford.

THE interior of the plane, actually, is not startlingly different than that of other big passenger planes. The difference becomes vividly apparent only when the engines are started. They are quiet. When they start, the noise is a whisper, barely discernible above the excited chatter of those in the nearby seats.

As the plane taxis to the runway, one is sensible of a calm sort of motion, but there is little other sensation. As the plane, all 20 to 30 tons of it, (depending on load,) approaches the end of the runway, the excitable may become excited, the calm may remain calm, but it is because of their individual temperaments, not because of anything the plane does—or doesn't—do.

PRE-FLIGHT formalities are taken care of during the taxiing. The plane wheels on to the runway and stops. The brakes are set. Then it is that one gets the first notion of the tremendous power at hand.

The engines' throttles are increased and, even through the sound-proofing of the plush cabin, the whooshing of the jet engines becomes evident. The plane quivers. It vibrates a little. One has the sensation of power in check.

Then the brakes are released. The huge plane surges forward, like an animal released from a leash. The motion is quick, but, because of the bulk of the plane, it seems insignificant at first. "Can this thing really get off the ground?" the landlubber wonders.

THIRTY-SEVEN seconds later (or 40, or 42, or 50—depending on the variables mentioned before) it leaves the ground. It isn't a gentle rise. It is sharp. And in the long half minute or more that the plane is gathering speed, one feels in one's bones the tremendous power which is pushing one forward. It surges. It thrusts.

As the huge craft is airborne, a sensation of speed—quiet but undeniable speed—comes over the passengers. The plane goes aloft almost like a kite—and the simile is not inexact, for the aerodynamic forces are similar. Up it goes, the sensation of speed remaining, even though the noise is never such that it blots out conversation, or cows one as a piston engine can at full power.

THE intercom announces that we will climb to 8,000 feet, then retain that altitude for X number of minutes, then climb again at two thousand-plus feet per minute at a speed of nearly 400 miles per hour, and then level off at 27,000 feet and cruise at a speed of about 550.

The figures, in common human experience, are, in a way, unbelievable. One has read of this. But the real experience is something else again. The steady surge of power, and feeling of speed, quiet but pervasive, continues.

At 27,000 feet we level off. The rain, the fog and clouds, the ground, attachment to every-day reality—all are gone. The moon (it is 2:15 p.m.) hangs in a deep blue sky. On the other side of the plane, the sun is brighter than mid-summer. Several thousand feet below is the cloud deck—a white, fluffy, configurated, insubstantial frame of reference.

THE passengers chatter, and wander up and down the aisles, peering at the conveniences, looking out the windows, inspecting each other, tsk-tsk-ing over the quiet and calmness.

Forward, in the "office" or pilot's compartment, four highly-trained, highly-skilled men hover over their instruments. Their precautions remind one of the inherent hazards of high-altitude flying—oxygen equipment at the ready, seat-belts and shoulder-belts in place, a calm but intense concentration on the vast array of instruments.

One glances out a window, and finds the "horizon" of the cloud-level far above "level" sight, then looks to see the passengers standing "upright" (as regards the plane) but "leaning" (as regards the ground) at perhaps 20 or 30 degrees, all unaware the plane is in a steep bank.

The plane dives, and seeks a hole in the clouds. Soon, we land. In the short hour aloft, we have been more than five miles straight up and traveled some 400 miles.

The age of jet travel, for everyone, is here. We found it exciting, and fun.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"DID YOU MEMBER TO TELL YOUR WIFE THAT I LIKE SWEET PICKLES BETTER 'N SOUR ONES?"

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.

Story Is Corrected
To the Editor: I feel compelled to strongly protest the remarks of Detective Lieutenant Lyle Perkins in the Pal Club article published in the Sunday, March 6, edition of The Mail Tribune.

I would have been amused at the various inaccuracies in regard to the over-all history and function of the Pal Club had it not been for Lieutenant Perkins' unthinking and unfortunate remarks concerning the "juvenile delinquent" who recently made the finals of the Golden Glove Tournament at Seattle.

If the youth to whom Lieutenant Perkins made reference was "one of the worst juvenile delinquents" he ever saw, I can only say that he would not recognize a juvenile delinquent if the lad came up and stole the lieutenant's badge, gun and handcuffs.

The youth in reference is one of the finest young men I have ever personally known and to my knowledge he has never been in trouble of any kind. He is an exceedingly clean-cut, well-mannered young man who, in my studied opinion, is one of the most courageous youngsters with whom I have ever worked since Jim Zack and I founded the original boxing group in 1950 which ultimately became the Pal Club.

From 1950 to 1958 while Jim Zack and I coached this boxing group we, of course, had occasion to work with many hundreds of boys. While it is perfectly true that a few of the boys were problem kids in the normal sense of the word, the vast majority could only be accused, not of juvenile delinquency, but merely of high spirits needing a vigorous physical outlet which boxing helped to satisfy.

The majority are and were fine young men; I could fill a book with examples and perhaps someday shall. While we are on the subject of inaccuracies, the Medford Pal Club did not go inactive for the reasons given by Lieutenant Perkins (lack of facilities in which to hold fights) but rather from a lack of competent trainers to instruct and supervise the boys five nights a week in their training quarters.

During the approximately eight years I was associated with youngsters in this boxing group I had always felt, and of course still do, that the important thing is to help them. Hugh P. Jennings 1414 Crown ave. Medford

Editor's note: Lieutenant Perkins states he was in error in stating that the boy now attending Washington State University was "the worst juvenile delinquent he had ever seen" prior to coming to the Pal club. The boy has no record with any police agency, to his knowledge, Perkins stated, and he added that he is of good character and a credit to any community. He asked that his apologies be extended to the boy and his family, apologies in which the Mail Tribune joins.

Against Federal Aid
To the Editor: Recently you wrote an editorial espousing federal aid to education, and referred to the article in the Saturday Evening Post by John K. Galbraith. May I join in recommending the article? Much of it presents ideas that deserve consideration.

In speaking of federal financial support of education, Galbraith states that the federal government "has access to fiscal resources inherently far greater than that of states and localities." This is saying that the whole is greater than the sum of the parts and is a fallacy. A fair argument might be made that there are tax methods available to the federal government that are not available to subordinate governments, but the resources themselves are within the reach of the taxing authority in which they are located.

Nasser Again Beating Drums Against Old Enemies; Cause May Be Domestic Unrest

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign Editor
United Arab Republic President Gamal Abdel Nasser has been beating the drums against some old adversaries this week—among them, the United States.



Others are Israel and Israeli Premier David Ben-Gurion, King Hussein of Jordan and Premier Abdul Karim Kassem of Iraq. Ben-Gurion's present visit to the United States comes for special attention from Nasser who says he is "running to his masters for help."

As for Kassem, he says that "Anglo-Communist forces in Iraq tried to destroy Arab nationalism but failed. Arab nationalism shall achieve a victory in Iraq."

From Cairo, UPI Correspondent Wilbur G. Landrey reports that after a year of relative sweetness and light "it's almost like old times again," with Egyptian newspapers attacking the United States for "pampering the aggressor."

There are manifold reasons behind Nasser's wrath. Nasser has been speaking from platforms in Syria which two years ago joined with Egypt to form the U.A.R., and where lately unrest against the union has been reported.

The unrest has been partly political and partly economic as result of crop failures. In that sense, Nasser's tour has been a political fence-mending job in which it was necessary first to set up enemy strawmen before knocking them down, and thus convince Syrians that their future lies with the U.A.R.

Nasser's dislike for Kassem is long-standing and springs from the ambitions of both men of Arab nationalism. Further, Kassem has made no secret of his hopes to woo Syria away from Nasser.

The attacks against Hussein follow a period of armed truce and are the outgrowth of a meeting of the Arab League recently concluded in Cairo. There, Hussein's government successfully blocked a Nasser-supported move to set up a "Palestinian Entity" to dramatize the plight of one million Arab refugees displaced in the Arab-Israeli War.

The question then is whether the expenditure for public purposes of \$153 billion in 1967 would revolutionize our society. Here at home the overriding question is how to pay for the public needs of our growing population in an era when our social order is relentlessly challenged.

These public needs include not only the rising costs of the arms race and the competition among the underdeveloped nations. They include also the rising costs of scientific research, of better public schools, of more adequate hospitals and public health services, public works, roads, water supply and sewage disposal, slum clearance and urban renewal.

There are some who say that we cannot meet all our public needs without abandoning the freedom of our society. There are others of us who say that we must meet these needs, that we can meet them without sacrificing our liberty, and indeed that by meeting them we shall strengthen our liberty.

This is the central issue of our time, and no one who is interested in public life can ignore it. AN EXCELLENT newspaper, which I read regularly, and greatly respect, "The Wall Street Journal," said recently in an editorial that to argue, as I have done, that our public needs have to be met is "to invite us to start surrendering our liberties in panic."

For to meet the needs will cost a lot of money, and this will put us on the "dreary road of statism" and "when the individual must face the faceless state, he has only as much free choice as the state chooses to grant."

This would indeed be monstrous if it were allowed to happen. How are we to make up our minds whether it will happen if we decide to devote to defense and to other public needs enough of our wealth to pay for them? One way to go about deciding it is to look at the problem quantitatively and concretely, and not abstractly and in generalities. Let us then look at some figures.

I taking my figures from the Fourth Report of The Rockefeller Brothers Fund which was issued in 1958. It covers all government expenditures, Federal, state, and local, which are for the purchase of goods and services. It omits transfer payments which, like the interest on public debts, "do not make a direct claim on our production of goods and services."

Jordan river as part of its kingdom. Other Arab states say Jordan holds Palestine only in trusteeship, pending establishment of an Arab Palestine State. In any event, observers closest to the scene expect no real fire to emerge from the present smoke, nor to see U.S.-U.A.R. relations decline to the low point which followed the Suez Crisis.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop
THE FAR FROM UGLY AMERICAN

Havana—This city resounds with oratory, mostly anti-American. The atmosphere is charged with passions, mostly hate. The scene is filled with large, unsolved policy problems, which loom up like a school of stranded whales, long dead and getting gamier by the minute.

In these distressing circumstances, it may be a bit frivolous to send a report about going to a cockfight with Ernest Hemingway. But it was an experience too special and too enjoyable to be forgotten, so here goes.

The prelude to this happy afternoon, then, was a glorious luncheon at the Hemingways' big, rambling, unpretentiously agreeable old country house at San Francisco, a small Cuban village. If this space were devoted to social notes from all over, a good deal might be said at this point about Mrs. Hemingway's pre-eminence as a hostess, about the delight of hearing one of the few undoubted modern masters of the English language talk about his work and the world. But our story really begins after coffee, when the expedition to the cockfight was organized.

IT BECAME clear that the occasion was going to be fairly special the moment we entered the jerrybuilt, pack-jammed local cockpit. At 60, to be sure, Ernest Hemingway is a man who would be noticed anywhere. With his fine-cut features, his thick cap of white hair and his white beard, he somewhat oddly suggests a handsome, particularly burly saint in hard physical condition. But his neighbors of San Francisco noticed Hemingway in a special manner, with obvious affection. They welcomed him to the cockpit in a way that seemed to say, "We're glad you came; it wouldn't have been a real party without you."

For this reporter, perhaps, the fact that it was his first cockfight put an extra-sharp edge on the ensuing experience. Although enjoyment of bullfights is now generally respectable—almost wholly because of Ernest Hemingway's enjoyment of cockfights is still widely disapproved. Yet I must admit that the cockfighting we saw seemed to me extraordinarily moving and exciting.

THE COCKS themselves are strangely beautiful, with their tiny, vicious heads, their slender, hard-muscled bodies, and their air of pure, concentrated combative purpose. The fights have their own strange terrible beauty, too, which gains power, somehow, precisely because each fight must end in mingled triumph and tragedy.

The cocks' indomitable courage, their fury at the onset, their obstinate power to come back from seeming-sure defeat, their will to fight that does not leave them even as their heads sink downward in the grip of death—these are all unforgettable; and these give each main event between two well-matched cocks something of the quality of great drama.

If your emotions are intensely engaged for hours on end—if you have in fact reached the stage of yelling your head off like a kid at a high school football game—you tend to lose the cool impartiality of the correctly critical observer. Perhaps, therefore, I tend to exaggerate the other memorable aspect of this afternoon with Ernest Hemingway. This was its curious quality of being a giant, non-stop party.

For every party-gor, there really is a special nucleus. For me, the nucleus was situated in our section of hard wooden seats high above the circular pit. Here were my host, and his charming young Irish secretary, and the Hemingway butler, who placed our bet, and the Hemingway gardener who also trains the 40 fighting cocks at the bottom of the garden. But here also were a contingent of young revolutionary soldiers led by a wild-haired sergeant with long hair neatly gathered in a barrette; and here was a local Chinese merchant who is a notable cock breeder; and here were several small farmers and shopkeepers of the neighborhood and other miscellaneous elements of the population of San Francisco and other villages round about.

In the emotion generated by the cockfight, our little nucleus became wonderfully mingled, almost to the point of being homogenized. At one moment, I found myself playing Atlas for a fortunately diminutive bettor, who cheered his chosen cock from the vantage point of my shoulders. At another moment, we were plunged into deep, unanimous sorrow, because one of the youngest soldiers entered a fine high-fighting chicken with much promise only to see it quickly struck down. At all moments, the barbedo sergeant amiably flirted with Valerian the pretty secretary. And at almost all moments bottles of beer were being communally passed about.

No doubt the warm glow will that flourished in our corner of the cockpit was extra striking because of the contrast with the Havana political atmosphere. Possibly I was also too much struck by the way the major commanding in that bit of countryside, and all sorts of other local notables, and many little people too, would come up to have a word with Ernest Hemingway whenever there was a lull in the proceedings.

Possibly it does not matter that an individual American is much cherished and admired in a land where the "hate America" cry is now heard on all sides. But it seemed to matter to me, and so I have tried to convey some of the flavor of this happy afternoon. (c) 1960 New York Herald Tribune Inc.

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE SIZE OF THE PROBLEM

Here at home the overriding question is how to pay for the public needs of our growing population in an era when our social order is relentlessly challenged.

These public needs include not only the rising costs of the arms race and the competition among the underdeveloped nations. They include also the rising costs of scientific research, of better public schools, of more adequate hospitals and public health services, public works, roads, water supply and sewage disposal, slum clearance and urban renewal.

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The report contains figures for the year 1957 and estimates for the year 1967. The Report is, by common consent, I believe, expert, disinterested, and obviously it is not partisan.

IN 1957 all government purchases of goods and services came to \$86.4 billion. In 1967, if we meet the public needs for defense and other things which the authors of the Report are agreed upon, the cost will be \$153 billion (in 1957 dollars).

This gives us an idea of the dimensions of the problem.

Advertisement for Chapel Mortuary. Features a circular graphic with the words 'A FRIEND true', 'proved', and 'tried'. Text includes: 'Chapel Mortuary', 'Across from the Courthouse', 'FRANK MORGAN - HAROLD SMOODGRASS, FUNERAL DIRECTORS', 'DAY OR NIGHT', 'PHONE SP 2-8030'.