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10 YEARS AGO
March 13, 1950 (Monday)
Illinois Valley High school students return to classes after one-day boycott in protest over school board firings of entire teaching staff, effective next year.

20 YEARS AGO
March 13, 1940 (Wednesday)
A Jackson county inmate of the state hospital in Salem strangled three patients yesterday and then bled to death from self-inflicted fingernail wounds.

30 YEARS AGO
March 13, 1930 (Thursday)
Fire sirens at Main and First sts., and Sixth and Holly sts., tested today.

40 YEARS AGO
March 13, 1920 (Saturday)
Public invited to attend the first drilling at the Trigonion oil well in Fern valley tomorrow afternoon.

50 YEARS AGO
March 13, 1910 (Sunday)
After two days, Crater Lake highway commission has \$13,400 worth of pledges signed for proposed construction of highway.

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

1. Which mid-western state is noted for its cheese-making industry?
2. In what year will the next popular election for President take place?

3. Who wrote the novel "The Call of the Wild"?
4. On the N.W. coast of North America, Indians set up carved posts in their camps called what?

5. What part of the American mainland did Spain cede to England in 1763 in exchange for the island of Cuba?
6. What did the 21st Amendment provide?

7. Broccoli and cauliflower are forms of what common vegetable?
8. From what Shakespearean play is the quotation: "That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet"?

9. A teacher had five apples in a bag. How could she give one to each of five children and still leave one apple in the bag?
10. Who was the "Manassa Mauler"?

Answers: 1. Wisconsin. 2. 1960. 3. Jack London. 4. Totem poles. 5. Florida. 6. Repeal of the 18th Amendment. 7. The cabbage. 8. "Romeo and Juliet." 9. Give one to each of four children; give the fifth and bag to a fifth. 10. Jack Dempsey. (Ex heavy-weight champ.)

There's a Choice To Be Made

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Smith are moving to town. He's here now; she and their small child will move here this week. Now this sort of thing happens all the time. The Smiths are coming because he was assigned here by the U.S. weather bureau. He didn't ask for this duty, and Medford didn't ask for him. So far, this is nothing new. But in the case of the Smiths, something new (for Medford) has been added. The Smiths are Negroes.

NOW this poses something of a challenge and a choice to Medford. There are those here who have liked to think of themselves as "unprejudiced," yet who, when confronted with the reality of facing, and talking to, and seeing, people with black skin, may find their lack of prejudice is pretty thin, after all. There are those, too, who make no bones about their prejudice. (Already, some telephones have been pretty busy, with the expectable anonymous phone calls, and the "tut-tut-ing" and "tsk-tsk-ing" one can expect when one gets out of the realm of reality into the realm of prejudicial emotion.)

ONE hears: "Let one Nigger family come to town, and pretty soon we'll have a whole colony. And THEN watch out for your property values." This sort of reaction is unmitigated eyewash, of course, but some people actually believe it. Let's, for a moment, try to analyze a statement such as that we have put in quotation marks, for the very good reason that we have heard it, or something like it, said. First of all, the word "Nigger." It is slang — slang of a derogatory sort like the word "sheeney" for Jew, "dago" for Italian, "frog" for Frenchman, "red-neck" for Catholic, "orange-man" for Protestant Irishman, "square-head" for Scandinavian, "Ookie" for Oklahoman, "Arknie" for Arkansan — and all the rest of the shameful dictionary of defamation of those who, at one time or another, have been in a minority.

AND pretty soon we'll have a whole colony. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are educated, highly trained people. The majority of Negroes, in today's primitive age, are not. In the economy in the Rogue valley, there is little to attract a "colony" of Negroes to the community. It may be that a couple of families, or a half-dozen, or twenty, may eventually find employment here. But in the nature of things, Negroes are going to remain a small minority.

AS FOR property values, unless uneducated and emotional minorities ("other" minorities) scare the majority, no such thing is going to happen. Property values are a thing of surroundings, and of attitude, and of inherent worth. And these, in turn, depend on the wholesomeness of the neighborhood.

If a majority in any neighborhood remains calm, intelligent, and rational, property values will not drop, no matter WHO moves in. Make no mistake. If a decent and intelligent Negro family (like the Smiths) moves next door to you, no one's property values will go down — UNLESS the neighborhood gets stupid and panicky.

TWO more things: 1. The legalities of the matter. 2. The morality of the matter. Oregon law guarantees the Smiths a break-in Medford as in any other community. It doesn't force you to like them. It doesn't force you to be nice to them (although you'd feel a lot better if you were a decent human being and WERE nice).

But it DOES force you to accept them in public places, in housing accommodations, and in other transactions. It DOES protect their rights as citizens and residents. The penalties are pretty stiff for violation. And, it should be added, the Medford police department is thoroughly cognizant of these laws, and of its responsibilities.

AS FOR the morality of the matter — Those who make anonymous and threatening telephone calls simply brand themselves as cowards and neo-fascists at worst; or as stupid and obdurate at best. The Medford Human Rights Council, composed of a group of sincere, dedicated people who want to see each human being get a break, no matter what his or her color or religion or background, is attempting to be of some small assistance to the Smiths.

Those who vilify them on this account simply don't know what the score is today, in the 20th century. They convict themselves as ignorant boobs, and vindictive to boot. IT ALL boils down to a matter of conscience. If one believes in the precepts of the Bible, in the Declaration of Independence ("all men are created equal"), in the teaching of most of the churches, in the lessons of common decency, in the laws of the state, there is no problem. If, however, there are those few who are inclined to give the Smiths a "bad time" because of the color of their skin, or to spread slander about those who would see the Smiths get a decent welcome, then let them reckon the consequences.

The choice for Medford is clear: human decency against unfeeling indecency; Americanism against a particularly nasty form of subversion; right against wrong — or, to put it in another, and slightly ironic way, black vs. white. — E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"DO I TELL YOU WHAT TO WEAR WHEN YOU TAKE A BATH?"

Matter of Fact By Joseph Alsop
Havana — In the past week, this turbulent city has heard the explosion of a munitions ship, howls of political indignation, screams of anti-American fury, and a good many other loud noises. But perhaps what has not been heard here is the news that the foreign firms doing business in Cuba have not begun to be taken over. The moment had come when the oil companies, and rubber companies, and all the rest were no longer willing to bring \$6 million to \$8 million of raw materials into Cuba each month without getting paid for them in negotiable money. This was the moment when the government of Fidel Castro expected to take over the foreign firms, wildly shouting the slogan, "Cuba for the Cubans!"

Instead, the National Bank of Cuba, headed by Castro's most left wing associate, Maj. Ernesto "Che" Guevara, has begun making dollars available to pay for current raw material imports. The decisive step down the road towards radical, Communist-style reconstruction of Cuba, which Guevara is supposed to desire, has thus been avoided or at least deferred. THIS evidence as to the ultimate aims of the Castro-Guevara regime is admittedly negative, and therefore unreliable. The other evidence this report has been able to secure here in Cuba is far from complete or final. But the echoes of Cairo are remarkably persistent and loud, here in Havana. They at least justify the guess that the right way to understand Castro and Company is not to search for Soviet agents, but to remember Gamal Abdel Nasser and his junta of young Egyptian officers.

This guess that Fidel Castro is a Caribbean Nasser may be called a middling gloomy judgement of his aims and purposes on the one hand, if this judgement is correct. Castro's Cuba is not now a Soviet base in the Western hemisphere, and is fairly unlikely to become a Soviet base. Castro, like Nasser, is doing business with the Soviets. Castro, like Nasser before the Iraqi revolution, is using the local Communists for his own purposes. Castro, like Nasser, has been greatly influenced by Marxist ideas; and it seems quite possible that among Castro's inner circle Guevara, at least, was once a member of the Communist party. But it is wholly incorrect to regard Nasser's Egypt as a Soviet base in the Mid-

dle East; and if Castro's nationalism is like Nasser's nationalism, Castro will not willingly transform Cuba into a Soviet base in the Caribbean. This may happen in Cuba, as it may happen in Egypt, because of miscalculation and folly. But it will not happen by intention. IN THIS degree, the Castro-Guevara theory is a hopeful theory. Yet it must still be called middling gloomy because it quite certainly means continuing and often acute trouble for United States.

In the Nasser-Castro type of fervently nationalist, anti-colonial revolution, there seems to be an inherent, inescapable need for an enemy. If Israel and the sinister Anglo-Saxon powers did not exist, Nasser would have to invent some other target for his paroxysms of vilification. If the United States did not exist, Castro would have to invent some other target for HIS paroxysms. This need for an enemy is not especially mysterious, and it is not a symptom of inherent wickedness. The radical transformation of a corrupt, placement, ill-organized semi-colonial society is a hard, difficult task. It can only be carried through on a strong tide of national emotion. The easiest way to generate this tide and to keep this tide running is to choose an enemy, and then to stage a non-stop drama of national reconstruction boldly carried through despite this enemy's sly plots and subterranean sabotage. This system has worked for Nasser. It may work for Castro. But it is mightily disagreeable if you are the chosen enemy; and the United States has been allotted this ungrateful role by the Cuban revolution.

A GREAT power that is justly or unjustly cast in the role of the enemy of a small country's fervently nationalist revolution has a choice between two courses of action. The great power can squish its denunciations by force if need be. Or the great power can remember that although the means employed by the revolutionists, being appeals to hatred, are inherently ignominious means, they may still be very much more admirable. In the latter case, the rule to follow is, "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me."

Such a course demands forbearance. The course of squashing the denunciations demands energy and ruthlessness. National interest alone can determine the choice between these courses. But national interest also forbids any halfway course inspired by wounded vanity. From Ashley Cooper's Dictionary of Charleston: ARGON: state north of California. ... BALKS: a container, as in match balks. ... BALL: to heat a liquid until it bubbles. ... BRAID: what you make toe-st from, to go along with a-igs for brake-fuse. ... FAINTS: something you bid around the house. ... HONE: something on an auto which you blow. ... ICE-COOL: institution of learning half way between grammar school and college.

POTLUCK (By M-T Staff and Contributors)

It's been quite a week for the Potluck editor. First we had our first ride on a jet airplane, and as a result got so far behind on our work we haven't caught up yet. Secondly, the death of Sen. Richard Neuberger was, to us, the loss of a long-time personal friend. As a result we don't much feel like trying to be funny today. So today's column is the work of (A) a contributor, and (B) another columnist we admire, Vic Fryer of the Salem Capital Journal.

The contributor is first. He wrote: Dear Pot-Lucky: Man from Phoenix, and your horse-car problems, move over! Once last week I read in your newspaper that somebody had turned a bicycle or something "into" the police station. Tonight, as the clipping shows, I note that women are turning "complaints into policemen." All of this, of course, might revolutionize the whole police concept if it continues. Police stations cost money, and good policemen are scarce. If boys can turn bicycles into police stations and women can turn complaints into policemen, who can say what economies might be wrought? May I suggest that you turn your police reporter into a back room and have him turn into a grammar book to the page on which it explains that "in" and "to," while they can sometimes be correctly turned into a word, can also, on occasion, be used correctly when turned into two? V.V.V.

We have changed the responsible reporter into the editor in charge of changing into into in to. Someone saw the story which appears elsewhere in this issue of the paper and, digging far back into his memory, came up with a song which he used to sing in college days. It goes this way: Down under a hill There's a little still

Seeing the movie, "On the Beach," in which all the world's population is dead or doomed because of an atomic war that was touched off by mistake, reminded me of a poem reprinted from a recent issue of the Harvard Crimson, the school newspaper. It was in an ad sponsored by a "Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy." It goes: "Don'tcha worry, honey chile, Don'tcha cry no more; It's jest a lil' ole atom bomb In a lil' ole limited war. It's jest a bitsy warhead, chile, On a lil' ole tactical shell, And all it'll do is blow us-all To a lil' old lim'ed hell."

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 Clear the Record To the Editor: This is written in reference to a letter by Hugh Jennings that appeared several days ago in this column.

In reply to questions asked of me, and to forestall any further questioning regarding this story, I wish to state that the opinions expressed by Hugh Jennings are solely of his own making. I regret that my name appeared without my knowledge or consent. Jim Zack, 1540 Jasper St., Medford.

Cats and Birds To the Editor: It's a must, a trip over Sam's Valley way for a low-down for the Mail Tribune's humorous farm writer, R. E. Nealon. Just recently he wrote as how, and when, the cat population gets to the saturation point, he starts working on the tomatoes, being simpler and surer.

Now we have been around a bit longer than this welcomed writer of the M.T. But we do confess to a lack of knowledge that he outlines so easily. Just this last spring we started in on a super-duper strain of barred-rock egg layers. The setting hen came off with her brood that disappeared by one and two till but one lone chick remained, that found sanctuary in kin-folk flock. My indignantly protesting wife got a glimpse of the last one, with plaintive calls from the fanged jaws of a dark form that left in airborne leaps over the picket fence. Direct death was set aside, as the law says that cats and dogs are protected wherever they chance to roam, they having no knowledge of home boundaries, and that damages can be had for injury to said cat and dog.

More than that, good neighborly relations made so by kindly acts at critical opportune times, would be surely damaged. Strangely enough, the egg layer has no protection at all, save in a cat and dog-proof enclosure. So our well laid plan of a super-duper egg layer died abornin'. With much shouting and stone heaving, we've made our home and

Route Carriers Praised To the Editor: We are sorry to learn that we are losing our Mail Tribune carriers of many years, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Kingsley, although we realize "time marches on" and eventually younger folks must take over some of the duties of all. We wonder how many people really appreciate just how rugged it must have been to deliver the paper sometimes? In weather so foggy many considered themselves lucky to get to and from work without mishap, and stay put when they got home, over frozen roads, so very dangerous for travel — imagine what it must have been like to have to find, without error, the many, many paper boxes on the route, no visibility at times, and never, in all the years they delivered it to us, did they once miss, to our knowledge. Twice substitutes did, but considering the fact our box is not the regular yellow but an inconspicuous white, and is off the road to avoid being a casualty again of those travelers in a great hurry, we consider that a very fine record.

We remember the times, in the wee small hours when they had to turn out in foul weather to bring us our Sunday paper — and HOW that paper would have been missed if they hadn't made it! We remember the time, too, a year or two ago, when the temperatures were unusually high, mid summer, that they had to stand in the boiling hot sun and heavy homeward bound traffic to reset a number of boxes and posts which some

Senator Neuberger's Death Casts Pall Over U.S. Senate

By YVONNE FRANKLIN Mail Tribune Washington Bureau

Washington — The pall cast over the Senate chamber by Sen. Richard L. Neuberger's death was plainly visible. Faces made haggard by sleepless nights of answering quorum calls were yet more drawn by the unhappy news many had just heard early last Wednesday morning. One by one they rose to express their feelings, until half the Senate membership had spoken. They spoke, for the most part briefly, but eloquently. Their words had a ring of genuineness. Men sat absorbed, chins in hand. Sen. Richard Russell, the respected leader of the southern filibuster, and a man who differed strongly with Neuberger's political liberalism sat through most of the 3 1/2 hour eulogy without speaking. Other men came and went; many waited patiently for a chance to speak, but Russell listened impassively.

The accents were New England here, southern soft, briskly western or non-descript, but the quality of feeling was the same. Very few spoke of Neuberger's liberal point of view, but all spoke of his qualities as a man — one they admired. Many spoke of his partnership with his wife and praised their marriage. Sen. Jacob Javits of New York said, "Maurine was his inseparable companion and partner. She was good to him, and dedicated herself to the same purposes that he was dedicated to. The most apt term that could be applied to Maurine is that she is a person of 'loving-kindness'."

Sen. Paul Douglas said "Neuberger was highly ethical in his public and his private life. He was every thing a man should be. My wife and I love Dick and Maurine very much; we were close and dear friends. We admired him." Sen. Frank Lausche spoke most vividly of Dick Neuberger's love of the outdoors, and his fear that the forest of this country would be replaced by forests of smokestacks. "He wanted to give to posterity a bit of the primitive beauty that was our heritage," Lausche said.

Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine praised Neuberger's nonpartisan attitude. Her voice broke as she described her admiration for the senator and his wife and she had difficulty finishing her remarks.

Sen. Hubert Humphrey also showed emotion and he concluded, his voice weary and there were tears on his cheeks. Humphrey said of Neuberger, "He was concerned about life and about living. He was concerned that all should share in the good and abundant life. A man who has this concern never dies, he goes on to other rewards." Sen. Young of Hawaii read from Neuberger's book "Adventures in Politics" in which he says that he and his wife did not agree with the Greek notion "old men for counsel, young men for war." The Neuberger believed, said Young, that youth should have more to say about their destiny and

inconsiderate and thoughtless housework had knocked over and left in the ditch! No pleasant task for young folks — many wouldn't have done it! We remember the many happy smiles and waves when we were outside when they came. We shall miss them and we wish them happiness and relaxation in their deserved retirement from the route. Adios! We know our new carriers will do a good job, too. To them — welcome and good luck! Mr. & Mrs. C. P. Gilberston 1132 Ross Lane (west) Medford.

marks of a great man how he treated those beneath him. The working men and women of this country truly had a champion in Richard Neuberger. Today, on the floor of the U.S. Senate one after another of his colleagues on either side of the aisle paid eloquent tribute not only to Neuberger, the statesman and legislator, but also to Neuberger the courteous, courageous and charitable human being. As an instance of his kind and generous nature I remember one day when I was working in his office. I mentioned the fact my Siberian husky, "Lupo," had run away from the Maryland farm where I boarded him. Senator Neuberger immediately became concerned. After my attempts to recover the dog had failed he offered to put up reward money for the dog's return. Luckily, I got the dog back and shall never forget the kind, unselfish manner of the United States Senator who helped me do it.

John De Zell 128 "C" st., N.E. Washington, D.C.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

"SILVER DOLLAR" Tabor, a Denver millionaire in the '90s, built the town's first oil house. It was an ornate, gingerbread affair, and Tabor the tycoon loved every fancy brick and chandelier. One item displeased him, however: a portrait of William Shakespeare in the gilded lobby. "Take that thing down!" roared Tabor. "Who is William Shakespeare, and what in hell did he ever do for Colorado?"

From Ashley Cooper's Dictionary of Charleston: ARGON: state north of California. ... BALKS: a container, as in match balks. ... BALL: to heat a liquid until it bubbles. ... BRAID: what you make toe-st from, to go along with a-igs for brake-fuse. ... FAINTS: something you bid around the house. ... HONE: something on an auto which you blow. ... ICE-COOL: institution of learning half way between grammar school and college.

