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Flight of 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 20, 1950 (Monday)
American Fruit Growers' Oregon division has announced a cut of 15 cents per box for fruit packing charges here.
A large delegation of Medford persons attended the dedication of the \$135,000 municipal dock at Crescent City during the week end.
20 YEARS AGO
March 20, 1940 (Wednesday)
A \$10,000 poultry plant which will be used to prepare turkeys for market is planned for construction on McAndrews rd. at Beatty st., first of kind in Rogue valley.
From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "This is National Wild Life Restoration week, and has nothing to do with frequent wild life manifestations behind the steering wheels."
30 YEARS AGO
March 20, 1930 (Thursday)
Local fruitmen will defend "acid wash" for fruit in court.
Second trial of local weekly publisher on criminal libel charge should go to jury to-day.
40 YEARS AGO
March 20, 1920 (Saturday)
Parents and teachers have called mass meeting here to discuss local school teacher situation.
Talk here about joining a proposed new political party which will fight prohibition.
50 YEARS AGO
March 20, 1910 (Sunday)
Oregon Good Roads association says it will build a mile of good highway in Jackson county for nothing which will serve as model to local road-builders.
Medford still has more cars per capita population than any other city in world, as car buying continues at rapid pace here.

1. Is a boa constrictor a venomous snake?
2. To be eligible for election to the U. S. Senate must one be a natural-born American citizen?
3. How many tentacles does a starfish have?
4. A court especially concerned with a supervision of estates and wills is called a P----- Court?
5. What is a bissexite year?
6. What were the Protestants of 16th Century France called?
7. Which of these standard U.S. coins contains the greater quantity of copper: five-cent piece, or one-cent piece?
8. What U. S. President was a Quaker?
9. What is Yom Kippur?
10. In what sport did Johnny Weismuller gain his greatest fame?
Answers: 1. No. 2. No. (May be naturalized citizen.) 3. Five. 4. Probate Court. 5. Leap year. (With 366 days.) 6. Huguenots. 7. Five-cent piece. 8. George Washington. 9. Jewish Day of Atonement. 10. Swimming.

"They" Don't Exist...

Want to know who the most dangerous people in the world are?
The most dangerous people in the world are "they."
"They" raise your taxes.
"They" conspire to build unneeded and expensive schools; also, oddly enough, it is "they" who vote against the necessary bond issues.
It is "they" who advocate restrictive zoning and planning ordinances; and it is "they" who are planning to destroy property values by building a junk yard in a residential district.

SO IT IS that "they"—faceless, nameless, unknown and suspect—are responsible for the fears and prejudices and apprehensions of the many.
What is needed to strip away this veil of mystery is to find out who "they" are.
First, it is necessary to recognize that "they" are different in different cases. The "they" who support schools are not the "they" who vote against school bonds.
Nor is the "they" who support zoning who also vote against it.

"THEY" are bogey-men. "They" don't exist. What does exist is a multitude of people, who differ in belief and attitude, in philosophy of government, in conviction as to what constitutes a good community and state and nation, and in theory as to how these may be obtained.
One man's "they" is another man's "we."
The world would be a somewhat better place if everyone came to the realization that "they" are a fiction, and that, instead, there are people, singly and in groups, good, bad and indifferent.

SO, WHEN you hear that "they" are going to do this or that or something else, and it is something of which you don't approve, forget about "they," and instead find out who is involved.
When this is done, when "they" are identified, and their motives discovered, it is surprising how many times one finds a group with entirely worthwhile purposes, and motives of the highest.
There isn't any faceless "they" at all. There are flesh and blood people.
And with flesh and blood people one can deal.—E.A.

...But Rumors Do

Almost as dangerous as the non-existent "they" is the baseless rumor.
For some reason we have never fathomed, Medford is a place where rumors are born and proliferate at an amazing rate.
We can quote a number.
In the past 11½ years, Mann's Department store has been "sold" about a dozen times—if one believes the rumors. The Boeing Aircraft company has built a half-dozen manufacturing plants in Jackson county in the same period of time—according to rumor.
MEIER and Frank Co., is moving to town and has purchased property for a new store. The site is on North Central ave., and at the new shopping center, and on Highway 99 south of town.
So go the rumors—all of them straight from the horse's mouth, from "a man who knows."
Usually a rumor is based on a possibility, and usually it gets started in an innocent fashion, often through the misunderstanding of a speculative discussion.
Such rumors do very little harm. It is the vicious rumor which is destructive, and fear-producing, and damaging. It is also the one which almost never has any facts to support it.

WE HAVE received a letter which reports a rumor, and asks about its truth. The letter, obviously from a sincere person, says:
"The Story is going around that Medford plans to 'import' a colony of Negroes to work in the local mills."
How utterly asinine can rumor-mongers get? "Medford," as such, isn't planning any such thing. "Medford" is a community of some 26,300 people, of differing ages, jobs, beliefs and attitudes.
"Medford" is a place on the map. And "Medford" is a city government which is too concerned with preserving the peace, protecting property, building streets and sewers, running an airport, to undertake any project as far-fetched as that.

WHO, then? Our mysterious friends, "they"? Who are "they"?
No one, that's who. The rumor is rubbish, and contrived rubbish at that. We suspect it was deliberately started simply to embarrass and make life difficult for the one Negro family which recently arrived in town, and who are asking only for a chance to live a decent, private life of their own, without interference or intimidation.
If an American family isn't entitled to that, we might just as well give up all the ideals of liberty, equality and freedom of which our society is justly proud.
Let each ask himself: Shall I permit a fellow-citizen to live his life without interference? Or shall I, by lies and rumors and slander, see if I can make his life so miserable he'll have to move?
Let our consciences answer.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace

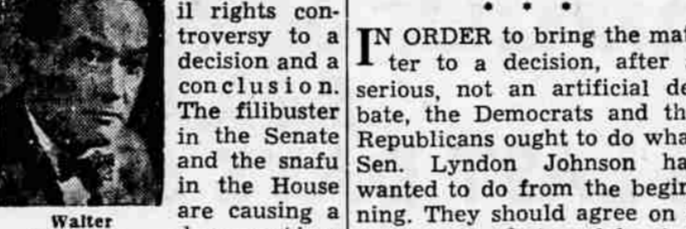


VERY FUNNY! YOU PUT MY CLUBS IN YOUR CLUBHOUSE, EH? HA-HA-HA. NOW, LISTEN DENNIS!...

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

FILIBUSTER AND SNAFU
The time cannot now be far off when the leaders in both parties and in both Houses of Congress must bring the civil rights controversy to a decision and a conclusion. The filibuster in the Senate and the snafu in the House are causing a degeneration of the debate. The moderates are being pushed aside by the extremists, rational men by the fanatics.



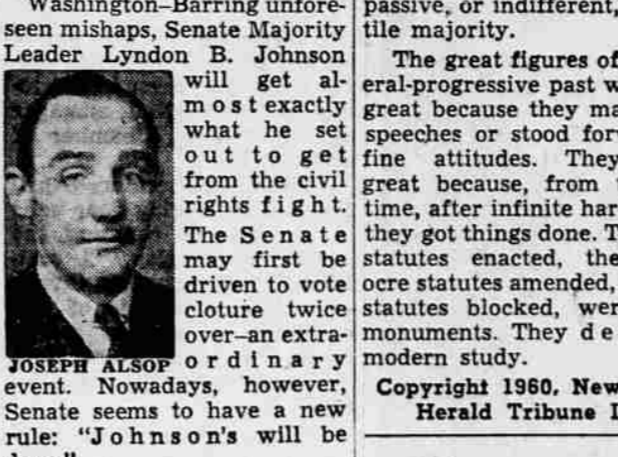
Walter Lippmann of the debate. The moderates are being pushed aside by the extremists, rational men by the fanatics.

If this goes on, the consequences may well be tragic. For if it turns out that Congress is impotent, is unable to make any substantial and significant move to protect the constitutional rights of the Negroes in the South, we shall see an increasing mass movement of resistance. We are already seeing the beginnings of such a movement.
Surely, it must be our intention to deal with the problem of race relations through the political process, through the courts, and by the education of public opinion. Surely, it must be our hope that the problem of race relations will not be turned on to the streets and be trampled by scuffling mobs. Yet if Congress makes a spectacular demonstration that it is impotent to do anything about the grievances of the Negroes, we shall be lucky if the worst that follows is only passive resistance.
For let us remember that passive resistance does not work passively everywhere.
It worked well in India. But passive resistance is not easily compatible with the violence and the impatience which lie so close to the surface in American life.
IN ORDER to bring the matter to a decision, after a serious, not an artificial debate, the Democrats and the Republicans ought to do what Sen. Lyndon Johnson has wanted to do from the beginning. They should agree on a bill which deals solely, but sincerely and effectively, with the right to vote. To be sure, there are other civil rights besides the right to vote but there is none so fundamental or so important or so clearly beyond open challenge.
The Northern Senators and Congressmen have, it seems to me, greatly underrated the historic significance of a bill which is designed to bring about the enfranchisement of qualified Negroes. To my thinking the effort to do this hard to believe that it will not take a very long time indeed before a law to enfranchise the Negroes becomes generally effective.
Instead, therefore, of complicating matters by preparing a package containing other civil rights, our main preoccupation should be to get the most effective voting bill that can be passed in the Senate now.
The most effective bill will be one which commands a very large majority including some Southerners who think as does Senator Johnson.

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Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop



DECLINE OF THE LIBERAL Washington-Barring unforeseen mishaps, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson will get almost exactly what he set out to get from the civil rights fight.
The Senate may first be driven to vote closure twice over-an extraordinary event. Nowadays, however, Senate seems to have a new rule: "Johnson's will be done."
If Johnson succeeds, the country will have reason to rejoice. A civil rights bill insuring progress on the most vital single front, the voting rights of the Southern Negroes, will be successfully passed without undue bitterness. Such a bill, if seriously enforced, will go straight to the heart of the matter.
If he succeeds, moreover, Johnson will also have reason to rejoice. He will have gone within a micromillimeter as far as he could possibly go, towards making himself an available Presidential candidate in the North without leaving his large herds of Southern convention delegates. If Sen. John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts then stumbles along the road to Los Angeles, Lyndon Johnson will be the true front-running Democratic contender.

The Johnson phenomenon is not only remarkable in itself. It also offers the best text for a badly needed sermon on the plight of American liberals. Our political liberalism is semi-officially represented at present by the Senate's 18 liberal Democrats. Numerically, they exactly balance the Senate's 18 South-erners. And if Johnson wins his predicted victory in the civil rights fight, one may be sure there will be more angry liberals than angry South-erners.
This capacity for outraged indignation when they are given half a loaf is only one of the more peculiar liberal traits. In the present instance, the civil rights half-loaf might have been improved in every way, if the liberals had chosen to fight for this objective. Instead, they made their customary choice. They fought for the whole loaf, which was the legislatively unattainable Title III of the old civil rights bill. Thus, in reality, they aided their enemies.
The choice was made, early in the struggle, at a meeting convened by Senators Paul Douglas of Illinois and Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania. The vote in the meeting was symptomatic-nine for fighting for Title III "on principle"; seven for fighting for the best bill that was practically feasible; and two abstentions.

THE vote meant, in effect, that a narrow majority of the Senate's liberal Democrats were less interested in the dusty legislative process than in striking noble, popular postures. This preference for posture over process is, in fact, the main cause of the Senate liberals' decline.
The great figures of the Liberal-Progressive past a t-George Norris, the two La-follets, Fiorello LaGuardia, Robert Wagner, bitter, witty old Couzens of Michigan, and the rest-were almost all men who took a passionate, practical, detailed interest in the business of law-making. Norris, for instance, looked like a saint, and sounded like a particularly high-minded saint when he took the floor for a speech. But no lone wolf Senator has shown more legisla-tive craft than the saintly-seeming Norris.
Craft was indeed in order to topple Speaker Cannon with a perfectly-timed resolution changing the iron-clad rules of the House of Representatives. Craft was needed in order to stave off, all through the '20s, successive Republican Presidents' attempts to sell Muscle Shoals, the heart of TVA, to private power interests. Good, hard, detailed home work and craft were both needed, in order to be ready with the TVA bill when the election of Franklin Roosevelt gave George Nor-ris his long awaited chance.

NOWADAYS, despite the high average ability and high average purpose of the Senate liberals, there is not a man among them who has made a single problem peculiarly his own. None of them has a new TVA, for which he has been fighting doggedly, through bad times and good. In truth, none of them is the Senate's acknowledged master of any particular subject, as the late Robert A. Taft was master of half a dozen subjects, or even as John F. Kennedy was master of his subject when he was fighting for his labor bill.
This concentration is just as necessary as craft, for any lawmaker who wants to get things done in the teeth of a passive, or indifferent, or hostile majority.
The great figures of the liberal-progressive past were not great because they made fine speeches or stood forward in fine attitudes. They were great because, from time to time, after infinite hard work, they got things done. The good statutes enacted, the medi-ocre statutes amended, the bad statutes blocked, were their monuments. They deserve modern study.
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POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

We hope F. J. Clifford read the story in Friday's Mail Tribune about the swallows at Capistrano.
If we recall correctly, he has objected, over the years, to the old legend about their returning to the mission each St. Joseph's day, because he knew it wasn't entirely true.
So, this year we asked the United Press International to assign a man to get the real low-down on the swallows with the result that A. J. St. Amant, a UPI reporter, was assigned to go there and find the facts.
The facts, as Mr. Clifford has said, are that the swallows DO return to Capistrano (as well as a lot of other places) at ABOUT this time of year.
But all of them don't arrive on St. Joseph's day, although over the years a great many of them have arrived on that one particular day.
Anyway, it was a sort of nice old legend-at least until it was made into a treacherous sort of song years ago, which almost spoiled the whole thing.

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.
The Lord's Intentions
To the Editor: I just want to say "Amen" to Mr. Wil-son's letter. Maybe you should move where the Negro race is prevalent and see your wife and daughter forced to walk out in the street because these "citizens" didn't have the human instincts to let them by on the sidewalks.
That was one of the main reasons for moving to our fair valley, so let's keep it that way. I think if the Good Lord intended for us to mix he would have made us all of the same color.
Donnie C. Taylor, 4290 Hamrick rd., Central Point, Ore.

Always In Der Vay
To the Editor: The latest news says: "Another U.S. Rocket blows up and hits the ground."
Don't we have troubles? We can't shoot der rockets into der vide open spaces. Ve try, but der world always gets in der vay.
Everett Acklin, Ashland, Ore.

Schools and Taxes
To the Editor: I am very much concerned about the issues on school consolidation. It looks like Medford is trying (or already has) to get all the outlying school districts into one happy family so that they can scream "overcrowded." How is this done financially? The same old way; raise taxes on all property and business owners. Why should they always carry the load?
Why if the schools have to be built don't they build them in the community where they are now located instead of buying new buses, more maintenance costs to haul the students all the way into Medford? Medford may have one of the highest ratings in the nation for its schools, but who is paying for this great honor?
Another thing, why is it possible for a family to move into this area, live here six months, and have a sayso whether we should or should not build new schools? Take for instance the migrants (and we have quite a few) who are here six months, a million dollar bond comes up, it means work for them, so they vote yes on it and just as soon as the building is completed off they go to a new area leaving to whom may I ask to carry the load? And it's getting pretty doggone heavy. This also includes renters who do not pay this tax.
We were told recently that the approximately 40 new students coming in from an out-lying area to Medford would be no burden on our present schools. Who's kidding who? Raising taxes has got to stop pretty soon or we will be forced to turn our property and businesses over to the State for failure to meet tax payments. This may seem funny now but there will come a day when it falls to be funny, if you think not, what were your taxes a few years ago compared to your present taxes, then jump ahead another ten years and your smile might just fade away.

If the taxpayers will all get out March 29 and vote NO on this MILLION DOL-LAR bond you needn't worry, they will find another source of revenue to pay for the needed schools, such as a Sales Tax where everyone can lend a helping hand instead of the load always falling on the taxpayers.
John D. Koelmel, 1856 Ross Lane, Medford.

Headline of the week, in the Oregon Journal-Oregonian:
"President Gives Pat To Nixon"
They surely both must appreciate that.
The Republicans, according to GOP state publicity chief Wally Hunter, ought to be able to field a pretty good basketball team between now and May 20.
His team would include State Sen. Edwin Durno, M.D., a candidate for congress, who was the U of O's first All-American cager in 1921; Marshall Hjelte, St. Helens, candidate for the legislature, who was an All-American at OSC in 1922; Sam Dement, candidate for the legislature from Coos and Curry counties, who was on the OSC championship team of 1942; Tom Hansen, Salem, candidate for the legislature, who was an All State choice when he played for a Portland high school team, and Roger Todd, state senatorial candidate from Coos county.

Wally says he doesn't know whether Todd ever played basketball or not, but at 6 feet 8 inches tall, who cares?
The Wall Street Journal reports one of those little happenings which usually wind up under a headline which says "Signs of the Times," or something like that. The WSJ reports that Southern Pacific railroad detectives followed a long extension cord leading into an idle boxcar, and found a hole sleeping under an electric blanket.

A local radio announcer the other morning described a car which had been reported missing, and concluded by saying, "... telephone the state police if you know the whereabouts of this car or this station."
English is a funny tongue.

Mulling Receives Doctor's Degree

Ashland-Leon C. Mulling, director of the Southern Oregon college speech and hearing center, has been awarded a doctor of philosophy degree from Stanford university in the field of speech pathology.
Dr. Mulling is presently on leave to visit speech clinics in the United States and Europe, and will return to Ashland this fall.



In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

What to talk about today? That's easily answered. St. Patrick's Day was last week. So let's talk about St. Patrick.

WHO was he?
He was a humble Briton, born about A.D. 387. He was born in a crude hut at a place called Bannavem. Where was Bannavem? It isn't known. It might have been somewhere in England. Or it might have been in Scotland. Anyway, it isn't on the present day maps.
But it wasn't in Ireland. We know that because at the age of 16 he was captured somewhere on the Big Island of the British Isles by Irish pirates. Following the custom of that early time, they made him a slave, and put him to work tending the flocks of an Irish chieftain in Ulster.

SIX years of slavery made him a devoted Christian. He escaped to France and became a monk. In 432 (he was then about 45) a vision led him to return to Ireland as a missionary bishop.
He worked zealously in various parts of the island that is Ireland for the rest of his life. His labors were so successful that he came to be known as "one who found Ireland all heathen and left it all Christian." More than 300 churches were founded by St. Patrick, and more than 120,000 people were baptized by him.

WHENCE came the name Patrick?
That, too, is fogged in the mists. His British name is said to have been Suet. His labors for the church earned him the Latin name Patricius, of which the English form is Patrick.
What of the date, March 17? That, too, is lost in the fogs of antiquity. At any rate, Saint Patrick's feast day is celebrated throughout the world, wherever there are Irish people. Whatever its origin may be, Saint Patrick's Day is observed on the 17th day of March.

WHAT of the snake legend? It is one of the countless legends that have grown up around him. It is believed that Saint Patrick charmed all the snakes of Ireland down to the seashore, where they were driven into the water and drowned.
That particular legend has become so firmly fixed in the minds of most children that the sight of a snake, when visiting in Ireland, comes with something of a shock. About all we really know of Saint Patrick is contained in a sort of autobiography, written in crude Latin. In it, he isn't very definite about the snakes.

WHAT of the shamrock that we wear in our lapels? It is the national flower of Ireland (Eire Land). According to legend, Saint Patrick planted the little plant in Ireland because its three small leaves represented the Holy Trinity.
The name Shamrock is Anglicized from "Seamrog," which means "three-leaved." It is given to a number of plants, but a small clover is usually considered the true shamrock.
THAT's about all we know about Saint Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland.
This we do know: The Irish have been a tragic people. They have been chivvied all over the world. In the course of this national chivvying, countless thousands of them came to America.
We love them. We couldn't do without them - and their descendants have provided a wonderful strain in what we call our American blood.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

THERE have been lots of reviews of D. H. Lawrence's controversial novel, "Lady Chatterley's Lover," but none even vaguely comparable to Ed Zern's tongue-in-cheek commentary in Field and Stream Magazine. Noted Zern: "This fictional account of the day-by-day life of an English gamekeeper will have considerable appeal to a male reader, containing as it does interesting passages on pheasant raising, ways to control vermin, and other chores and duties of the professional gamekeeper. Unfortunately, one is obliged to wade through many pages about illicit love and passion to discover and savor the sidelights on the management of an English shooting estate. It is doubted that this book can replace J. R. Miller's 'Practical Gamekeeping.'"

Oliver Herford defined winter as the season when suburbanites struggled to keep the house as hot as it was in August when they complained about it. Julius Tannen had another definition for winter: a time when gentlemen befur blondes.
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