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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. April 3, 1950 (Sunday). Football champions of the Pacific Northwest Interscholastic Athletic conference and the Far Western conference will contend in the Shrine Pear Bowl game each Thanksgiving here for five years, it was agreed yesterday.

20 YEARS AGO. April 3, 1940 (Tuesday). A Jackson county unit of the Oregon Taxpayers Federation is being planned.

30 YEARS AGO. April 3, 1930 (Wednesday). County court decides to leave location of proposed new court house up to the voters in the May primary.

40 YEARS AGO. April 3, 1920 (Friday). Controversy over whether high school principal should be retained or not still rages and mass meeting is scheduled for Page theater next week.

30 YEARS AGO. April 3, 1910 (Sunday). Medford bank deposits pass well over \$2 million mark reflecting a 76 per cent increase in the last 14 months.

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

- 1. The inhabitants of which State are called "Jayhawkers"? 2. What well-known comedienne created the character "Baby Snooks"? 3. Who composed the music for the song, "Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life"? 4. What caused the death of Mohandas K. Gandhi? 5. Weight constitutes a measure of force of what? 6. What body is charged by law with regulating banking practices in the U.S. and controlling the general credit situation? 7. In freezing, does water expand about one-fifth, one-ninth, or one-eleventh in volume? 8. Under what President did William H. Woodin serve as Secretary of Treasury? 9. Are there any tin mines in the U.S.? 10. Correct the following: "He graduated from High School." 1. Kansas. 2. Fanny Brice. 3. Victor Herbert. 4. Bullseye fired by an assassin. 5. Gravity. 6. Federal Reserve System. 7. One-eleventh. 8. Yes, Franklin D. Roosevelt. 9. Yes, in Alaska. 10. "He was graduated."

Backward, Turn Backward...

We have a chance to move back into the 19th Century.

What we do to accomplish this is to vote for R. F. Cook of Silverton for United States Senator, and Leslie P. Fleming, Eugene, for Congressman.

It is only fair to add that "political observers" (that's a handy phrase covering just about anyone who reads a newspaper) do not concede either Mr. Cook or Mr. Fleming much of a chance for election.

(The odds-on favorites for the Republican nomination to these offices are Elmo Smith of Albany and Edwin Durno of Medford. Leading Democratic candidates are Mrs. Maurine Neuberger of Portland and Charles O. Porter of Eugene, respectively.)

BUT Mr. Cook and Mr. Fleming do afford a chance to cast a sentimental vote for the "good old days," when America had no "farm problem," no foreign "entanglements," no income tax, no federal responsibility for a dozen different kinds of public service programs, and when the "robber barons" ran amuck through the economy unchecked and ruthless.

Each of these gentlemen have offered their "platforms" — Mr. Cook's in eight points, Mr. Fleming's in ten.

The platforms are remarkably similar to each other, and will have some appeal to those who believe the federal government's role in world leadership, welfare programs, conservation, and regulation of business is too great.

MR. COOK'S program is short, neat and to the point. It says:

- 1. Bolster private enterprise against government in business. 2. Battle to relieve the blighting effects of inflation. 3. Man the dykes against the trend of paternalism. 4. Demand action toward reducing the national budget and debt. 5. Scrap the farm program in an orderly and rapid manner. 6. Expose and oppose foreign aid in an orderly and rapid manner. 7. Encourage and stimulate business by lowering taxes. 8. Shout down a Sand Dunes National Park as unnecessary, wasteful and trampling on private rights.

If one is inclined to wonder if Mr. Cook is "for" anything, or bases his program wholly on being "against" certain things, one has no such wonders concerning Mr. Fleming's program. Each of his ten points calls for the elimination of something of which he disapproves.

HIS "elimination" program is as follows:

- 1. Elimination of the federal income tax. 2. Elimination of all foreign aid. 3. Elimination of farm price support program, and a prompt return to the law of supply and demand. 4. Elimination of federal aid to education. 5. Elimination of any thought of recognizing Red China. 6. Elimination of any proposed bills to socialize medicine. 7. Elimination of proposed Oregon Dunes National Seashore Park bill. 8. Elimination of urban renewal programs. 9. Elimination of present sugar program with Castro's Cuba. 10. Elimination of all federal participation in any program not specified in the Constitution.

One suspects he'd rather like the idea of eliminating the federal government all together, and perhaps return to the Articles of Confederation as our basic charter.—E.A.

Kennedy's Campaign

Meanwhile, on the national scene, the Presidential race is warming up considerably, with Wisconsin due to choose Tuesday between Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey and Sen. John F. Kennedy as its Democratic candidate.

(Incidentally, not one major presidential hopeful, Republican or Democrat, agrees with anything set forth by Messrs Cook and Fleming. But that is another story.)

As the Wisconsin campaign nears its conclusion, the almost-inevitable "religion as an issue" debate has broken out, which is too bad.

MORE important, in our mind, than a man's religion, is the way in which he goes about getting what he wants.

In the case of Senator Kennedy, who wants the Presidency very badly indeed, his methods are of particular interest. They were analyzed in considerable detail by Theodore White in last week's Saturday Review.

Kennedy, White reports, has a campaign organization which is tight, slick, smart, well-financed, and pretty cold-blooded in making political assessments and then acting on them.

White draws a picture of the boyish-looking Senator which is much at odds with his public "image."

THE reaction of differing people to this same article have been interesting.

One friend was aghast, and declared that this type of cold, bold, machine-like campaigning revolted her.

Another said, thoughtfully, "Maybe that's what we need, a man who has a plan, and who goes out to put it into effect with forethought and intelligence and aggressiveness." Both reactions are understandable. So is the reaction of the very knowledgeable businessman who believes that none of the active candidates, of either party, has the stature to take on the world's toughest job. He thinks there is only one man in the country today who has, and that is a man who is, at best, a "dark horse," Adlai Stevenson.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"I GUESS YOU NEED A DIRT PAN FOR MY ROOM, HUH, MOM?"

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 Registration Debate

To the Editor: In answer to Mrs. Kyle's recent letter, I not only charged, but I repeat the charge, that the Republicans are not interested in doing the public a service by volunteer registering. Until two weeks ago you (the Republican party), did not have very many volunteer registrars, now I think, you have five, while the Democrats have over 40, many that I personally helped to get started, and Joe assured everyone that the Republicans had a more lofty course than registering.

Joe may eat crow yet. As to the 100 registration cards your group processed at the "Sports Fair," you got a lot more Republicans than Democrats re-registered, at a cost to you of \$75 for the rent, \$25 to build the booth and some dollars for the big Republican sign on it. So each registration cost the Republicans \$1 or more apiece, while the 10 cents you all received. We, as Democrats, don't know high finance, but we get our registrations for nothing, no rent, no booth, no signs, which I think you will find, if you read Appaling's instructions, are illegal. So I would holler that you were doing illegal registration, but I am not a party official, so I won't, not like Appaling hollered just to get a headline.

To close, may I say, since March 10 I have worked as a volunteer registrar a total of 250 hours, processed 633 registrations and will donate the full \$63.30—plus that I earn from now on in the registration period to the Democratic party, for their campaign fund.

If I kept the money, I would have earned about 24 cents per hour. Sort of big pay, don't you think?

I can also say that I have registered some 250 or so Republicans, who not only were happy to find a place to register, handily, but asked me why the Republicans weren't out.

Of course I could have said, "They were lazy," but I didn't. I just told them, "Oh, they are not organized yet." Some of the other Democratic registrars who are volunteering their time, could tell you similar stories, about Republicans being thankful for Democratic registrars.

Truly yours, Arthur C. Lewis, Box 1442, Medford.

Righteous Indignation

To the Editor: I, too, wish to commend Mr. J. D. Selleck for his timely letter pleading for tolerance. However, after reading of some recent horrible happenings, depicting the bestiality of some white men, I'd like to suggest that more people stop shrugging their shoulders and engage in some constructive action to do their bit in protesting things that seem inhuman.

In Portland, Ore., recently, a man and wife, whose income is in excess of \$500 monthly, were discovered treating their own children worse than most farmers treat their livestock! It is apparent to the reader that their grief after the court took their seven children (two had died previously) away from the parents—their remorse might have been due to loss of income tax exemptions allowed for each child. How can civilized people be so cruel? If these people's skin had been colored, you can be sure we'd never hear the last of the story! Then we have the recent slaughter of black people in South Africa. It is clear that

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

PRELUDE TO THE DEBATE

There is a saying that to govern is to choose, and when we discuss the President's decision on nuclear testing, we must be sure not to lose sight of the fact that he is confronted with a crisis.

If he does not offer the Russians a moratorium which they will accept, there will be no treaty. If there is no treaty, the race in nuclear armaments will be wide open, not only as between the Russians, the British and ourselves, but also for China and the East European satellites.

Much of the opposition, as it issues from the Atomic Energy Commission and the Pentagon, is based on the assumption that if we resume the race in the development of nuclear weapons, the United States will surely be the winner of the race.

There was no suspension of testing until 17 months ago. From the first test explosion in 1945 until the summer of 1958 we were quite free to do all the testing we wanted to do. But so, too, were the Russians to do their testing.

In the course of those 13 years of an open race, the Soviet Union caught up with us and became a first class nuclear power. Why, then, should we take it for granted that another ten years of an open race will see us the winners, way out in front?

THE real question is whether the Russians, testing in secret, may continue the race while we have stopped. This is a theoretical possibility. But how much of a probability is it? Not very much, it seems to me, because the rewards of secret testing are not very great while the penalties of being caught are very great indeed. The Soviet dictator who ordered secret testing in violation of the moratorium would be making a gamble at very bad odds.

For while there is no certainty that cheating will be

detected, there is no certainty that it can be concealed. There are a good many holes in the iron curtain. In a matter of this sort not only the intelligence organizations of the United States and Great Britain and of all the Western alliance, but also organizations of the neutrals and indeed of the satellites would be sensitive and alert.

A sneak test might be carried out. But what a mess if the cheater were caught. It would not take more than one defector to give him away and, once caught, the damage to the cheater's influence would be tremendous. Theoretically, it is no doubt possible to cheat successfully. There are no doubt instances where men have committed the perfect crime. But everything has to go right and nothing must go wrong if the perfect crime is to be committed.

THERE is a risk that there might be a perfect crime, that a sneak test could be pulled off. But as compared with the other risks we have to live with, this is not a big risk. As I see the problem, the greatest risk is that if we resume the race and step it up, the Soviet Union will, despite the risks to itself, make China a nuclear power. Almost inevitably we, in our turn, will feel compelled to make Germany a nuclear power. After that, anything can happen because neither the Russians nor we will have control over the issues of war and peace.

For this reason the proposed treaty and agreement mark a critical point in the history of our times. If they can be put into effect, the U.S.S.R. and the U.S.A. will have established a very powerful common interest—which is to arrest the spread of nuclear weapons to other countries and to keep control of the capacity to wage nuclear war.

The alternative to the treaty and agreement which the President favors is to break up the stalemate upon which our precarious peace now rests, and to carry the nuclear competition forward—not only in a few caverns in Nevada but over the whole field of rivalry between the two great world coalitions.

remote regions of South Africa unearthed four chunks of rock at least 4,400,000,000 years old. The specimens were gray-white granite. Their age was determined by a radioactive computation. Some scientists say these rocks—give or take 200,000,000 years or so—are just about as old or close to it, as the earth itself.

Another important discovery made by the late Edward W. Payne in his collection, "The Immortal Stone Age," was gained in collecting eight boxcar loads of rocks around the world, in tracing the early North American race that came from the south, moved in a northerly direction and into Asia, then across the northern part of Europe to the British Isles, Iceland, Greenland, Labrador down our east coast and back to the southern shores of Lake Michigan; that the Manchus north of China were the absolute counterparts of the modern American Indian; that the great earthwork fortifications at Newark, Ohio, protected the great flint ridge which was the source of supply for flint to make tools, weapons and implements, that copper implements found in Europe are undoubtedly made from copper taken from the Heda mines, 99 and 100 per cent pure copper in northern Wisconsin, as no pure copper is found in Europe; that Egyptian scarabs are found in Mexico, and stone llamas are found in Ohio. All this is substantiated by the rocks and relics and the places they were found, taken for granted.

It's Simple. To the Editor: Come to think of it "I wonder why" the people are getting all excited about what is happening in Africa.

All we have to do is tell "Jungle Jim" and he will straighten things out. Tarzan will even be there to help him.

Leo J. Townsend, P.O. Box 620, Rt. 1, Eagle Point, Ore.

Where Are We? To the Editor: Above is the heading of an item in the January-February, 1952, "Outdoor America," official publication of The Isaac Walton League of America, Inc. It also said:

"The development and progress of any civilization is undoubtedly hinged directly on the way it uses its natural resources. This development in all the great civilizations of the world has followed a definite cycle—from bondage right back to bondage. The

command or by hand command. The reason why we have dogs is to satisfy our needs or hobbies or sport. We must try not to spoil anyone else's chances of enjoying what they love to do or have. Leo A. Rifenbark, 1131 Pinecroft ave. Medford. P.S. I have two dogs of my own. Dogs and Kids. To the Editor: Re the communication in the Mail Tribune March 14, Mr. Howell's letter on our dog situation, terrible, I call it. Let's see that these delinquent dogs be declared out of order, and their owners prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law—if any. After spending 2 1/2 hours of hard labor removing pop bottles, empty candy wrappers, and repairing the vandalized mail box, etc., on my property, imagine what it was like to find that some ill-mannered animal had actually messed on my premises. I don't remember anything so disgusting since I last visited Diamond Lake, and had to use force to get in the privy after the younger set. I got back to my boat just in time to save it from a barrage of boulders accurately hurled by some of the members in athletics of one of our million dollar schools. A wonderful day? I am not easily upset, however I do tell Mr. Howell that if he demands an election on the dog question as being a nuisance, I and many thousands of people want to know why we must put up with the things kids do without hollering our heads off. I like dogs and kids. People should not allow their dogs to annoy other people. Dogs don't know any better. People do. I would ask Mr. Howell to pet his dog, if he owns one. I am sure he will find him or her very easy to train and make behave with a minimum of trouble. But let him think hard and ponder on the boy 17 years old who murdered five or six people in cold blood, a product, I suppose, of our billion dollar educational system. It might be wiser to call an election about that. T. T. Goldtrap, 775 Posse Lane, Medford. Food for Thought. To the Editor: Here is food for thought. This item appeared in Townsend Courier: "How old is the world? No one knows for certain. But recently geologists digging in

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

It takes all kinds of people to make the world, the old saying goes.

It sure does. And the kind of people we like are those who have a sense of dignity, responsibility and self-respect.

Like the elderly man who came into the Jackson county public welfare office a short time ago. Was he looking for help? No, sir, not this time.

He had been helped, once before, when he had to have an operation and couldn't pay for it. So this time, he brought in an envelope full of currency, and insisted on paying the welfare department back for the cost of the operation—with interest, too.

With the primary election only seven weeks away, the political silly season is well advanced. One of our young men was talking with a political office-seeker the other day, who has been casting about for ideas as to how to keep his name before the public. Our man suggested that he sponsor a dog-control ordinance—a suggestion which was politely, but quickly and firmly, rejected.

Our man also reports that there is a hotel in town which has two signs in the window. One says "Morse for President."

The other says "Office for Rent."

Our man comments that either the Morse-for-President Democrats aren't very optimistic, or that the hotel management is pessimistic.

On the other side of the political fence, our man (the same one—he's sort of a political connoisseur) reports that, since the Republicans have moved their headquarters into the former location of the Medford Health Club, they can now offer health, as well as wealth and prosperity. This, of course, would be in rebuttal to the Democrat who, hearing of the new GOP location, said it confirmed his long-held suspicion that the Republicans were "sick, sick, sick."

We are now in a position to report on the Sevenmile situation. In case you didn't know

concern of our people about our natural resources follows a parallel cycle. Here are the steps in a cycle in numerical order:

- 1. From bondage to spiritual faith. 2. From spiritual faith to great courage. 3. From courage to liberty. 4. From liberty to abundance. 5. From abundance to selfishness. 6. From selfishness to complacency. 7. From complacency to apathy. 8. From apathy to dependency. 9. From dependency to bondage.

"In a little more than three generations we have already traversed more than half way through the list."

Selfish minorities' insatiable greed for wealth and power; desire, aye, demand, for amusement, pleasure, entertainment; wanton destruction of God-given abundances, with which a people may prosper; destroyed, civilization decays, never was processed so fast or so visibly plain to be seen as in America the past few decades.

John E. Gribble, 139 Kenwood, Medford.

There are a couple of people in the office who get fired a couple of times a week, but it never seems to take, somehow.

One of them, who was "fired" for talking back to the managing editor, and for not knowing how to spell "carburetor," wrote a letter which went sort of like this:

"To the Editor: As a former employee of your paper, I would like to express a few previously suppressed opinions.

"I like billboards. In fact, I'm nutty about billboards. "2. Polluted air is wonderful. Who needs breathing?" "3. The National Guard armory should be closed to the public.

"4. You should move to Little Rock. "5. You wrote one good editorial recently, but I can't remember what it was, and if I do, I'll keep reading it until I find something wrong with it. "6. I'll fight to the death for the 23rd amendment. "Name bitterly on file."

Since he showed up for work the next day, we have a hunch he had his tongue stuck a little way into his cheek. But we wonder if he knows just how many people agree with him?

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A NEW YORK PUBLISHER was entertaining for luncheon a very snobbish Boston dowager who had gone to college years earlier with his wife.

"You New York people," she complained, "make friends of the 'weirdest' people. The old standards seem to mean nothing to you any longer."

Just then a man came shambling down Madison Avenue, with his wild hair waving in the wind, a banjo tucked under his arm, and a sheaf of paper bulging from his pocket. "Look at that fellow, for example," sniffed the Bostonian. "I'll bet you know him, too."

"Indeed I do," said the publisher heartily. "I'd like to introduce you to Mr. Carl Sandburg."

Bob Campbell defines a disk jockey as a radio bigshot who is paid a princely wage to sit before a microphone, separate good records from bad ones and then play the bad ones. © 1960 by Bennett Cerf. Distributed by King Features Syndicate

