

Week End Trip

A three-day vacation doesn't always do the same job of refreshment as a two-week respite from the job. But it can do wonders.

We took a three-day "long week end," starting last Friday afternoon, and used the opportunity to re-acquaint ourself with parts of Oregon we haven't seen for too long.

We drove to Eugene, then in the morning went westward through a heavy downpour of rain along "Route F" to Mapleton. (Route F is a road being developed jointly by the county and state to serve as Eugene's principal link with the coast in the future. A few miles of it is still fairly primitive, but the new portions are excellent—including a big new tunnel recently completed near Mapleton.)

BY THE time we reached Florence, the sun was out and the clouds were gone. At Hecla Beach, both sun and sky were blue, the breeze was fresh, and the breakers—huge and green with white foam lacing them—showed evidence of earlier stormy weather.

We drove northward to Yachats and the Adobe Motel, which is rapidly gaining a reputation as one of the best "relaxing" spots on the coast—comfortable quarters, excellent food, a marvelous view, hospitable hosts.

Reading, loafing, surf-watching, eating, and sleeping with the roar of the waves in the distance, passed 20 hours as though they were 20 minutes.

ON SUNDAY we drove at a leisurely pace down the coast. Past Devil's Elbow State Park (one of the prettiest spots anywhere, with cliffs, stream, cove, bridge, tunnel, green hills and the trim, white lighthouse all contributing).

Across the Siuslaw and into the fresh water lakes and dunes area, proposed for a national seashore, where we inspected national forest camps (poorly maintained, and not enough of them to meet the demand), waded in the mouth of the Siletco river, and romped on the dunes (which are rapidly succumbing to "control" measures and losing their distinctive identity).

Across Winchester Bay, to the lighthouse and state park, (which were crowded, probably past their capacity, even early in May.)

South to Hauser, where we took a ride on a "dunes buggy"—an old jalopy rigged up with huge, soft, balloon tires so it can negotiate the soft sand—and found the ride much like that in a roller-coaster, except closer to the ground.

HIGHWAY 101 goes inland from that point, until it hits the sea again at Bandon, via North Bend, Coos Bay, and Coquille. This was the least interesting portion of the trip.

From Bandon south, the road still stays mostly away from the ocean as far as Port Orford. But from there on south, all the way to the California border, it skirts some of the most utterly magnificent shoreline in the world.

Descriptive words fail. If anyone has not seen that section of Oregon, he has missed much.

WE SPENT the night in Gold Beach, and returned to Medford on Monday, with "brunch" at Brookings, an unhurried drive through Jedediah Smith Redwoods (California) State Park, up the Smith River, across Oregon mountain (with the snow-topped Trinity Alps to the southeast), through the Illinois valley, and on to Grants Pass.

There we turned right, and came by way of Murphy, Provolet, Applegate and Rich. The Applegate valley was lush and fresh and green.

The air was sparkling and clear—so we topped the hill above Jacksonville and looked down into the Rogue Valley, only to find Roxy Ann and Mt. McLoughlin veiled by smog—or smoke—or haze—whatever you want to call it.

THAT sight, marring our return to this otherwise lovely valley, also set us to thinking about other sights on the 700 or so mile trip.

Hot dog stands are not, repeat NOT, as attractive as trees and grass and shrubs.

Billboards are not as beautiful as forested hills, or sandy, rock-studded beaches, or fields and valley and orchards.

Smoky haze is not as pleasant as clean air. Isn't it about time we gave more thought to preserving some of nature's beauties, as they are, before they're all paved with asphalt, hidden by signs, or smoked beyond recognition?—E.A.

Wrong Word

Last Friday, we made reference here to juvenile delinquency, and to J. Edgar Hoover as being "unbelievably callous" in implying that Sunday school attendance is the remedy for this. Some friends of his, and ours, object to this, and after due thought we believe their objections are valid.

Hoover has pointed out repeatedly that few delinquents are regular Sunday school patrons (although whether this is the reason, or the result of other factors, is debatable).

But he has also pointed to the need for good, moral home training, for youth groups, and for broadened community participation in solving such problems.

We admire and respect Mr. Hoover as a top police officer. And while we disagree with some of his pronouncements as being too broad and general in some ways, and too narrow in others, the word "callous" was uncalled for, and we're sorry.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"SURE, I COULD BUILD A PIGEON PEN. WHY?"

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.

Thanks for Support
To the Editor: I would like to take this opportunity to thank the people of Medford and surrounding areas for the wonderful support that they gave us on the recent "Buddy Poppy" sales in the downtown Medford May 6 and 7.

The Buddy Poppy is made at the White City Domiciliary by indigent veterans. The money that is paid him for his work of assembling the poppy is about all the money he receives.

We send a small percentage to help maintain our children's home in Eaton Rapids, Mich., the only one of its kind in the world. This home cares for children of deceased and invalid veterans.

The rest of the money goes into our relief fund to help needy veterans and their families here in the city and valley.

Again our heartfelt thanks to you all, the paper, and the city, for your support in our worthwhile work.

Mrs. Russell Zundel
Buddy Poppy Chairman,
Crater Lake Aux.
No. 1833, V.F.W.
Bill Watkins
Buddy Poppy Chairman,
Crater Lake Post
No. 1833, V.F.W.

Outlook and Uplook
To the Editor: "When the outlook isn't good, why not try the uplook?"

If you depend on weather
To keep you sweet and bright—
Fair days to make you happy
And stars to cheer your night,
You need to learn God's secret
And walk by faith, not sight.

For you must be established—
God's Word has made this plain—
In Him who shapes the weather
And sends the wind and rain,
And trust Him for your gladness,
But not the weather vane!

Mildred Allen Jeffery
321 Mayette st.,
Medford.

Census Help
To the Editor: As the 1960 Census is about to close, we the personnel in the 4th District Census office, under the supervision of E. G. Bates, wish to thank your office for the very wonderful cooperation given us. Without such assistance we would have been unable to achieve our goal.

Thomas A. Reddingshafer
Acting District Supervisor
Bureau of the Census
Lane County Courthouse
Eugene, Ore.

Wise and Wisdom
To the Editor: As a social scientist, I search current events for a meaning. The news is rife with dramatic incidents from Korea and Turkey to Medford and Grants Pass. And strange as it may seem, they all hinge on our way of life and our diplomacy, our foreign and domestic policy.

Our foreign policy comes in conflict with Communist ideology. Our domestic policy comes in conflict with economic reality. In both cases, foreign and domestic, our policies are guided by class interest and romantic idealism as contrasted with economic reality. As time marches on we are bogged down in the ditch by the wayside.

The blessing of "freedom" in American style seems to

fall short of what was desired by the young folk in Korea and Turkey. All of which harkens back to our educational system and our class ideology. They do not seem to be in step with the march of time. We are a nation of jigs, rigs, gimmicks and gadgets, but our social pattern will not harmonize with the psychology of youth in the far and near East that is subject of the impact of Communist ideology.

The simple minded Oriental finds our ethics, morals and political techniques too complex and inconsistent to adopt as a way of life. And by the same token the taxpayers in Jackson and Josephine counties are questioning the idea whether or not our educational system is worth as much as we are paying for it. Our sacred cow seems to be meeting with disfavor in the light of the hidden side of the moon.

It is hardly likely that those electors that neglected to vote on the budget would have voted "yes" had they taken the trouble to attend the polls. It is traditional that the "proper" people dictate the schools and educational policy to the extent that "common" people find it useless to participate. It is a time worn slogan, "Keep politics out of the schools." The next step and slogan was "Keep Socialism or Communism out of the schools." As anything that supports or aids change is labeled Communism, it spells "Keep Progress out of the schools."

As the powers exclude and alienate one segment of society after another from participation in the educational program, it stands to reason that eventually the wisecracks and dictators will be left holding the bag. The time arrives when the "wise" comes face to face with wisdom.

Walter Reese
Galice rd.
Merlin, Ore.

Medford vs. Baker
To the Editor: I have just returned from a trip to eastern Oregon. While in the town of Baker I presented a copy of the attached letter to their editor and it was published the same day as presented. I wonder if you would care to print the same letter in your local paper? We felt that Medford needed some advertising in that section of our fair state.

Mrs. John E. Chitwood
434 Berrydale
Medford

Editor's note: Mrs. Chitwood's letter to The Baker Democrat-Herald follows:
To the Editor: We two visitors to your city are from the fair city of Medford, Oregon. We would certainly like to know just what part of your city was judged to be "cleaner, lovelier and better" than Medford.

One of us was born and raised in South Baker 50 years ago. At that time it was a lovely, clean part of town. Of course, in those days we drove in horses and buggies and the way the conditions of your streets are today, we should still be driving horses and buggies. At least, the modern automobile is out of place in the rutty, muddy streets. There are some lovely, well-kept older homes in South Baker and we see no reason why those home owners should be penalized for living there.

Your lovely high school has a wonderful national scholastic reputation, but why the messy, unpaved, uncared streets beside it? At night you need a flashlight to keep from stepping in the chuck-holes and breaking your leg.

The Mayor of Medford must

Senator Dirksen's Mellifluous Prosody Compared to Theater, String Quartet

By DICK WEST

Washington—(UPI)—In the field of drama, the nation's capital has only two legitimate theaters and, as far as the police and I know, no illegitimate ones.

Compared with some other cities, this might appear to be a meager display of performing arts, but it does not necessarily mean that we have a dearth of dramatics.

We have other forms of thespian activities that are not found elsewhere. For instance, we have Everett McKinley Dirksen.

As the only practicing U.S. senator with cello strings for vocal cords, Dirksen is lionized by concert lovers because his speeches sound like chamber music.

On occasions when, in the course of his duties as Senate Republican leader, he is called upon to lament over some Democratic misdemeanor, his tonal quality has been favorably compared to the Budapest String Quartet.

I think, however, that Dirksen's true forte lies in theater. This is especially true on certain Tuesdays when he gives two matinee performances that can almost invariably be classified as show-stoppers.

If the President is in residence on Tuesday, the Illinois senator joins a troupe of GOP congressional leaders that calls at the White House. Afterwards, he and Rep. Charles A. Halleck (R-Ind.), his counterpart in the House, get up a tandem act, otherwise known as a briefing, for the benefit of newsmen.

At least it is supposed to be a tandem act. As often as not, Dirksen and Halleck create the illusion that they are peddling in different directions.

Dirksen then returns to the Senate, has lunch with the GOP Policy Committee and, before the table is cleared, conducts another press briefing.

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Washington, how do we know, how does the world know, that the authority to strike a blow is not also outside of Washington?

In denying that it authorized the flight, the Administration has entered a plea of incompetence. For there can be no acceptable excuse for an unauthorized flight of this kind. The President cannot afford to let the question of where the responsibility to authorize such flights resides go by without an unequivocal answer. By word and by deed he must remove all doubt that the authority to command in these dangerous matters is in Washington and no where else. The honor, the self-respect, and the self-confidence of the country demand it.

ALTHOUGH it is no doubt true that the President did not himself authorize this particular flight, it is no doubt true also that he knew such flights were being made. The general public was perhaps surprised to hear about them. But for the Russians and for others among us there was no surprise at all.

Why, then, knowing that such flights were being made, did the President fail to realize the risks of continuing them right up to the meeting at the summit? Is it because he was not paying sufficient attention? It looks like that. It seems as if the country has been humiliated by absent-mindedness in the highest quarters of the government.

There is nothing shocking or novel, of course, in the disclosure that we have been spying on the Russians. They have been spying on us. Spying is in its very nature a dirty business, outside the law and outside the moral code. The only crime recognized in the spy business is to be caught, although this crime can be compounded by lying about it and then being caught in the lie itself.

In this affair, there is on the record as we know it serious prima-facie evidence, not of unusual immorality but, of inefficiency. Why did not the President forbid all such flights when the summit meeting was agreed to? It is not enough to say that he did not authorize this flight. Why did he not forbid it?

THERE is no reason to suspect, also, that whoever did authorize the flight and was responsible for preparing it was unaware that the Russians had developed a missile capable of knocking the plane down. The equipment carried by the pilot, the Soviet money and the poison needle, suggests that he was prepared for a forced landing through engine trouble perhaps, after which he would work his way across country, or falling that and having been caught, would commit suicide.

What the pilot was not prepared for was to have his plane disabled by a Russian missile. For this meant that the Russians had him spotted. Under these circumstances once his plane had been hit, his money and his poison needle were useless. If he had killed himself, if he had exploded his plane, there would still have been his corpse and the wreckage of the plane 1,200 miles inside the Soviet Union.

It was a failure of Intelligence not to realize that the Soviets had a missile capable of knocking down so high flying a plane. It was inefficient not to take this possibility into account as a factor which greatly multiplied the risks of making such a flight on the eve of the summit meeting.

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THE SPY PLANE
In the muddle and mess of the affair of the spy plane there is one critical question of particular urgency and importance which needs to be dealt with. This is the official statement made with the President's approval that "it has been established in Washington as concerned there was no authorization for such flight as described by Mr. Krushchev."

If this is true, then the command of very dangerous military missions is not securely and unquestionably in the hands of the responsible authorities in Washington—in the hands, that is to say, of the President, the Secretary of State, the Chiefs of Staff, and the Director of Central Intelligence.

Who, then, has the authority? If the authority to order a deep penetration of Soviet territory with a military reconnaissance plane is in some headquarters command not in

Washington, how do we know, how does the world know, that the authority to strike a blow is not also outside of Washington?

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Politics Inevitably Arize Out of Plane Shooting Incident

By LYLE C. WILSON

Washington—(UPI)—There are Ten Commandments and an eleventh.

The eleventh commandment is—don't get caught.

Caught is a word which scarcely conveys the meaning of what happened to the U.S. government when an American spy was somehow brought down alive and talkative from an airplane miles above the Soviet Union.

Entrapped would be a better word for it. Nikita S. Khrushchev baited his trap skillfully. An American airplane had been spotted and shot down. It had scientific equipment and was far inside the borders of the U.S.S.R. The U.S. government gulped the bait like a hungry trout.

Our side said the airplane was a stray, its pilot probably incapacitated by failure of his oxygen equipment, its mission weather and atmosphere observations. Nothing more.

The trap closed instantly with K's evidence of espionage: A talkative pilot, his equipment, what purported to be his pictures of Soviet military installations. The evidence was sufficient to compel the United States to change its story. And there went another commandment because the first explanation of Pilot Francis G. Powers' mission surely shattered that one about bearing false witness.

What happens now is anybody's guess. There will be some questions asked. Why, for example, was a married man accepted for such duty as was assigned to Pilot Powers? Was the pilot, in truth, under orders to take his own life if that were the only alternative to seizure by the cold war enemy?

If so, why did he not do so? Was the ejection seat of his airplane triggered to a bomb which would have destroyed the airplane if he had pressed the ejection button? If so, why did the pilot fail to make use of that device? Who chose Powers for his mission? Who ordered Powers to take off?

Political Impact
In this political capital the incident is examined in relation to its impact on presidential politics. If the incident maintains its proportions as the most incredible official

gouf since Pearl Harbor, the impact will be considerable. Politicians pray for an exploitable issue. It looks like the Democrats have one.

Vice President Richard M. Nixon will suffer for that, if suffering there is to be. Peace and prosperity are the issues upon which the Republicans are maneuvering to campaign in this election year.

Validity of the peace issue will depend very much in next autumn's presidential campaign on the intensity and temperature of the cold war.

Eisenhower's scheduled visit to the Soviet Union will determine largely how readily U.S. voters will accept the campaign argument that it is to the Republican party that the nation must look for a guarantee of peace.

Accident Kills Construction Man
Ukiah, Ore.—(UPI)—A 48-year-old construction employee was killed near here late Tuesday when the scoop shovel which he was directing fell and crushed him.

Ralph L. Emmert of Sweet Home was directing the loading of a beam about six miles east of here on the Lehman Springs road when the accident occurred.

His body was taken to Pendleton.

FORMER DIRECTOR DIES
Jackson, Miss.—(UPI)—Dr. Hector Holdbrook Howard, 87, retired director of the Rockefeller Foundation's International Health board, died Tuesday.

CHANGE MONEY AT "MONEYLAND"
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Ashland Dial MU 5-4544

Mrs. Litwiler

Mrs. Litwiler

Mrs. Litwiler

Only local member of Oregon & National Funeral Directors Ass'n

ing among the leftovers. It is on these occasions, with no Halleck around to upstage him, that Dirksen's star really shines.

Dirksen Gesticulates
Gesticulating over a butter plate, possibly waving a soup spoon for emphasis, Dirksen is in his element. The table cloth is his curtain, the bread baskets his footlights.

For 15 minutes or so, he soliloquizes about the legislative program while reporters take notes amid the cake crumbs. Those who have not been mesmerized by the mellifluous outpouring then ask questions.

How can Dirksen say that the President has made a "good case" for a bill when Congress obviously has no intention of passing it?

"He's made the case," comes the reply, "but evidently the persuasion has fallen on sterile ground."

This is a typical Dirksenism—round, firm and fully packed with ethereal shadows. I am so enthralled by it all I do not notice that my elbow is resting in the remains of a fruit salad.

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