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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
May 22, 1950 (Monday)
A \$125,000 bond issue and a continuing 4-mill levy for the fire department were passed by the voters of Medford in the primary which will provide for new equipment, sub-stations and an alarm system.

20 YEARS AGO
May 22, 1940 (Wednesday)
J. B. Coleman defeated Ralph Billings of Ashland by a margin of 14 votes for the Republican nomination for county judge.

30 YEARS AGO
May 22, 1930 (Thursday)
Shorter road to Pacific highway is sought by district south of the golf course.

40 YEARS AGO
May 22, 1920 (Saturday)
General Wood carries Jackson county as presidential choice, but Hiram Johnson carries most of rest of state.

50 YEARS AGO
May 22, 1910 (Sunday)
The basement of the new three-story Rogue River Electric company building on West st. is being made into one of the finest cafes on the west coast; to be called Rathskeller Cafe.

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

1. U.S. Senators serve for terms of two, four, or six years?
2. What unit of weight is used to weigh diamonds?
3. The \$20 currency notes have a likeness of which of these U.S. Presidents: Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Abraham Lincoln?

4. Which State has a coastline longer than any other State?
5. Name the early American statesman who said, "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."
6. Name the boxer who held the world heavyweight championship longer than any other fighter?
7. Silkworms feed on the leaves of what tree?
8. Was it Noah Webster or Daniel Webster who compiled Webster's Dictionary?
9. "Old Dominion State" is the nickname for which eastern State?
10. Senator Humphrey, Democrat, represents which State in the U.S. Senate?
Answers: 1. Six years. 2. The carat. 3. Andrew Jackson. 4. Florida. 5. Benjamin Franklin. 6. Joe Louis (11 years, 8 months, 7 days). 7. Mulberry. 8. Noah. 9. Virginia. 10. Minnesota.

Mr. Chagla's Warning

The so-called "birth control controversy" has simmered down a bit in recent months. But it remains an intensely alive issue.

It will be recalled that the news not long ago was filled with the comments of religious and political leaders concerning the "rightness" of governments making birth control information available upon request.

How about the views of the people making the request? Are we to ignore their pleas for help?

M. C. CHAGLA, India's ambassador to the United States, touched on this subject last week at a national conference on the world population crisis, held in Dallas, Texas.

The United States "cannot afford to be neutral" on birth control and planning, he said. And he added:

"I must frankly confess that I am very impatient of the arguments which are advanced against birth control and family planning on the grounds of morality, and I hope you will forgive me if I speak frankly and bluntly."

"What is the morality which condemns millions of children to poverty and destitution? Is it moral that children should be born into this squalid condition, or is it more moral that children should not be born at all?"

INDIA, with a population of some 400 million, cannot now feed its people, and the government is one of the few which has an official policy of cutting down the birthrate. (Pakistan and Japan are others.)

The world can accommodate a population much larger than the present 2 1/2 billion people. There are areas which are still undeveloped which can house and feed many more people.

But this is not expandable indefinitely, nor does this offer any relief to the overcrowded areas of the world.

India wants to cut its birth rate in half. So does Pakistan. Japan, almost alone among the highly-populous nations, has had some success in lowering its birth rate, but only at the cost of legalizing abortions.

THIS is the background to be considered in viewing the search for a new, effective birth control measure, preferably cheap, simple and foolproof.

If it is not devised and effectively employed, we can foresee nothing but misery and strife.

Ambassador Chagla, indeed, said that the danger of the "population explosion" in Asia is as great as that of nuclear weapons, which, if it is not controlled, "may destroy the whole of our civilization and reduce such human beings as might be left to the worst horrors of a dark age."

Mankind has the gift of intelligence. It is time he started using it constructively, to avoid the horrors of a world holocaust on one hand, and the horrors of famine and overcrowding on the other hand.—E.A.

Wilderness and Reforestation

Throughout all the national forests in Oregon there is a total of about 487,000 acres which need reforestation—the planting or seeding of trees so they can grow up into usable timber.

Last year, only 1,252 acres were reforested. At this rate, it would take 388 years to complete the reforestation program. And meanwhile, the lands are lying idle, unproductive, mostly unusable, and in most cases, unsightly.

This is the result of a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy of forest land management imposed on the forest service by a budget-minded administration, and by congress.

MONEY spent in reforestation is not recklessly spent, never to be seen again. Such expenditure is an investment, with the ultimate return much greater—about six times greater—than the original investment.

In Oregon, timber is a basic resource. It means jobs, payrolls, business and economic activity.

And it means lessening of local taxation, for Oregon's counties receive considerable revenue from forest service timber sales. Last year this amounted to about \$11,000,000 out of the total forest revenues of more than \$44,000,000.

WE DO NOT have the figures for the O & C lands in western Oregon, but the situation is comparable.

And the importance of the O & C lands to the western Oregon counties is of even greater importance than that of the national forest lands.

Those who object to "loeking up" some of the forest resources in wilderness areas would, we believe, be better advised to press for better utilization, better management of proven commercial lumber areas, now lying useless, than to press for the commercial use of areas which serve best as the last remaining samples of America's once-great wilderness.—E.A.

New Law Needed

The state legislature should do something about the confusing wording of the old (about 1919) dog control law.

There's no way of telling how many, but we'll wager a lot of people voted "yes" Friday who wanted dogs controlled, and others voted "no" who wanted them to run free.

The control measures passed in both city and county, but no one will ever be sure whether it was the people's real intent until we get a measure where "yes" means yes, and "no" means no.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"I'LL ADMIT HE WAS NICE TO ME WHILE I WAS SICK. BUT HE GAVE ME THE ULCER IN THE FIRST PLACE!"

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.

Christians and Others

To the Editor: A U.P.I. news dispatch last week told of a California pastor who plans a "20th Century experiment in the worship of God." On May 29 an Encino, Calif., congregation will listen to a hour-long sermon with jazz band accompaniment.

This may startle some. However it is a known fact that the love-sick, sentimental, and jazz rhythms of our day have for some time been finding their way into religious worship.

We are living in an age when the church and the world seem to be walking hand in hand. Professed religionists of our day do the same things, wear the same attire, drink the same, smoke the same things and view the same things that the average non-Christian does.

The sad part of it all is that so many look to these persons as Christian examples. Walk into the average church member's home today and there is little to differentiate it from any other home. Time that was once given to constructive activities is now squandered. The T.V. and radio blares out their constant stream of rock and roll, and announcements urging individuals to smoke this brand and drink that brew. Humanity seems to be in a constant dither and rushing on pell mell toward some unknown.

How sad that so many of us sit by and fail to discern what our existing state of affairs point to. The news telling of Mr. K of Moscow to me is a direct fulfillment of predictions uttered centuries ago. With an array of death-dealing implements of destruction at their disposal, we find that "nations are angry."

Some, I realize, will class the writer as a calamity howler. If you feel so inclined then please get out the old Book and read it for yourself. Don't take what I say. If its pages seem dull and disinteresting it is perhaps because you have failed to get acquainted with its Author. Yes my friend, when you fall in love with the Author of the Book of Books your life will take on a new meaning. All the threats of Mr. K will not frighten you. You won't find yourself bickering and finding fault with others, and your present dim outlook will be changed to a hopeful upward look.

Henry Johnson Jr., 2400 Highway 66 Ashland, Ore.

Why The Blunders?

To the Editor: It is a sad commentary on our modern school-learning that is being shown up in the U2 plane flight over Russia. It is hard to visualize an illiterate who could blunder us, as a nation, into a bricked-up dangerous situation as West Pointer President Eisenhower and his college trained advisers have done. And sadly, too, editors of the printed page have gone along in designating the inspection flight as a spy-flight, which of course it is not. The basic need of a spy or spying is secrecy, a hidden act as defined by Webster's.

The U2 inspection flights have been conducted in the open, their vapor trails observable from the earth below and observable on the radar screen as all flights are above tree-top flight level. We, the common people of America, appear to be the only ones ignorant of such flights that have been going on for at least the last four years when the Soviet refused to go along with any kind of dependable inspections.

Then why did the Soviet allow these inspection flights to continue? Joe Alsop in a recent issue of the M-T was unsure but intimated that it was because the Russians could do nothing about it. This is hard to accept. For the Soviet with real and practical spying that gave them our engineering data, could and did build planes equal to our own. My simple brand of logic tells me it is their everlasting scheming, knowing that eventually one of the planes with mechanical trouble like jet-engine flame-out, would bring it down to conventional aircraft fire that would force it to land and they would then have an issue to rave and bluster and threaten the free West into more concessions that lead inevitably to communalistic slavery.

Our most grievous blunder was failure to have territorial air limits established where international air flights would be legal, this before the inspection flights started. A

Accklin's Bad Day
To the Editor: Aye sure got trouble. Aye ain't had so much trouble since Ve kicked der bucket of buttermilk on der sod floor of der kitchen in der sandhills of Colorado. Dot was der first lesson in building. Ve had to get der shovel and turn der floor up-side down, and rake it, und der spring housecleaning vas finished. Some people learn from der ground floor up, but Aye learned from der sod floor.

To-day, und every day, der telephone rings. People vant something done. "Would you please come ofer to der house und fix der dining room ceiling, so der plaster won't drop into der soup?"

"Would you please come ofer und fix der roof, before it rains again?" (Did you ofer try to fix der roof between rains in Oregon?)

"Der cat just yumped through der screen door und got der foot caught in der mouse trap. Would you come ofer und fix der screen, und

In the Days News

Speaking in Peiping, Red China's Premier Chou En-lai says "U.S. IMPERIALISM is the arch-enemy of world peace." Himmmmmmmm. Does he mean the peace of the slave? If so, he's right.

BACK in 1774, Patrick Henry put it this way: "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" Our forefathers felt that way about it, and I think we all feel that way about it now.

DOWN in Long Beach, Municipal Judge Charles T. Smith sentences a parent to five days in jail for slapping a teacher. (The parent explained in court that he slapped the woman teacher because he had been told that she had slapped his ten-year-old son.)

COMMENTING on the case Judge said: "Teachers should have a strap handy to keep discipline in public schools. Today a great many families are ignoring discipline in the home on the theory that the schools are doing it. But teachers are not getting out punishment because boards of education frown on it. He added: "It's a vicious circle, and something ought to be done about it."

WHAT is to say: Spare the rod and spoil the child.

THE idea that sparing the rod may spoil the child is ancient doctrine. So far as known it was uttered first about four centuries ago by John Skelton, an early English poet who wrote in his Magnificence: "There is nothing that more displeaseth God 'Than from their children to spare the rod.' Earlier American generations tended to go along with Skelton, putting it to their offspring something like this: 'If you get it at school, you'll get it again when you get home.'"

Everett Acklin, Ashland, Ore.

Doesn't Mean a Thing

To the Editor: I note letter "Strange Creatures" by (Name on File) in Thursdays Mail Tribune concerning horse and buggy days. I didn't know before the reason for a lap robe was to protect against "green pasture" fertilizer. We had a light robe for summer as a dust protector, a heavy one against the winter cold.

However it was our horse. We didn't carry protection against our neighbors' horse.

The way this dog control measure is put on the ballot it doesn't mean a thing. Mary E. Atkins 1634 Orchard Home dr. Medford.

Oregon is Blessed

To the Editor: The people of the 4th District in particular and the people of all Oregon in general are blessed by an outstanding representative in Washington in Charles O. Porter.

Congressman Porter was the guest speaker at our annual dinner meeting in Buckingham, Pennsylvania, and in order to fulfill his engagement he drove 336 miles in one day. We later learned that he had been in Montgomery, Alabama, the previous evening and the day following our meeting he had a television forum to do in Boston.

How wonderful to have a representative who is devoted enough to the ideals of peace, brotherhood and democracy to give so generously of his time and energy. May he remain in Congress and go on to even greater positions of responsibility.

Thomas E. Colgan Executive Director Friends Service Association for the Delaware Valley, Inc. Fallsington, Pa.

Program Needed

To the Editor: I truly wish everyone in this valley had been up and were listening to radio K-DOV at 7:10-7:15 a.m. Thursday.

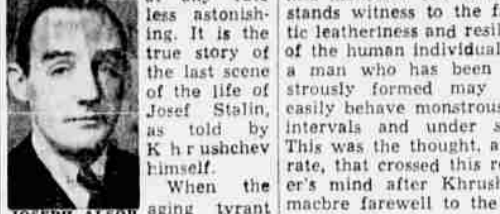
The announcer gave a thought-provoking short talk about the difference between Democracy and Communism. I also wish that our government would follow through on a plan that would help us not only now but a hundred years from now.

We have a wonderful country, surely somewhere in these United States there are intelligent men and women who could figure out a program that could carry out our principle of living without being changed every time there is a different party in office.

Let's learn to be patient too, but first let's have a program that we feel sure will live on after we're gone and our children too. Thank you Tex. Lauretta M. McPherson, Route 4, Box 410 F. Medford.

Matter of Fact by Joseph Alsop

PACING SUETONIUS Paris - Maybe the following story will make the astonishing Paris performance of Nikita S. Khrushchev a little more understandable, or at least less astonishing.



It is the true story of the last scene of the life of Josef Stalin, as told by Khrushchev himself. When the aging tyrant was finally stricken, all the members of the Soviet Presidium were urgently summoned to the Kremlin. These men, whose victor and survivor Khrushchev was destined to be, gathered in Stalin's own bedchamber for their last scene with their maker and master.

Lying on the bed, still fitfully breathing, but speechless, sightless, motionless, was the unconscious and moribund Stalin. The Kremlin doctors assured the assembled members of the Presidium that their patient could not recover and was, indeed, almost certain never to regain consciousness.

AT THIS, all these men - Lavrenti Beria, Stalin's bloodstained private spy and executioner; Georgi Malenkov, who had seemed to be Stalin's favorite; the clownish Khrushchev, who had danced the "Gopak" at Stalin's orders, and all the rest - burst into denunciations of the dying man.

The burden of fear was lifted from their shoulders. The terror was at an end. Some perhaps foresaw that in their inevitable war to the knife with one another, anti-Stalinism would not lack value as a weapon. So they all but competed in reviling the helpless and inanimate jump of flesh upon the bed. And among them all, Beria was loudest in his curses.

Then, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, Stalin briefly regained consciousness after all. He even recognized two or three of the men in the room and weakly greeted them by name.

COULD he have heard all that had just been said? The question filled the minds of all. For a moment, all actors in the drama were frozen in their places. And then Beria broke the spell by flinging himself onto his knees, seizing Stalin's palsied hand, and covering it with slobbering kisses.

Such was the story, told by Khrushchev to prove what a wretched time-server Beria had been. A similar description of the last terrible scene of Stalin's terrible life was obtained in Poland some time ago by the Michel Gordy. But it is something new to have it from Khrushchev's own lips, as he himself recited it, during his previous visit to France, to a witness of the most undoubted accuracy.

Or is it really new? One asks oneself. Gesture for gesture, the scene is reproduced in the grim "Lives of the Caesars" of the Roman historian Suetonius. The aged tyrant Tiberius was also prematurely believed to be forever unconscious. The new tyrant, Caligula, taking the ring of power from his uncle's finger, went out into the halls of the villa to receive the slavish congratulations of the courtiers.

THEN came the fearful word. Tiberius had roused himself and called for refreshment. As though by magic, the slavish crowd around Caligula dissolved into a cold void. The scene ended, however, when the guards commander conferred belated truth on the premature report of Tiberius' death, by suffocating the old man in his bed pillows. One

seems to be just a trace of the harshness here which once characterized Nixon's attitude toward dissent in his statement at the editor's convention.

This rejection of dissent has always seemed strange to us, coming from a man whose own professions of faith are to a religious group which is the epitome of dissent, tolerance toward dissent, and non-violence.

The often quoted (of late) Article VI of the U. S. Constitution says "... No religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States."

All deplores of bigotry keep pointing out that this means it does not make any difference what a man's religion may be, he is qualified to serve and shall not be questioned about his beliefs. Nixon would add, "So long as he believes."

But is that what the Constitution means? It seems to us that it means a man can be any kind of a Christian, or Moslem, or Buddhist, or any sort of cultist, but also that he can be none of these or nothing—Forest Amsden, writing from Washington, D. C., in Coos Bay World.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

WHEN DARRYL ZANUCK commuted between his film studio and his Palm Springs retreat for weekends, he considered essential (who else would have been there to shave the Zanuck whiskers?) usually drove down with Gus, the butler, but one day he rebelled. "That butler is the craziest driver in California," he insisted. "I enjoy living too much to ride with him anymore." So Sam took a bus. He was dozing peacefully halfway to his destination when there was a horrendous crash, and Sam was showered with shattered glass.

"Some so-and-so has run into us," cried the bus driver. He was right. And who had run into the bus? You are right. Gus the butler! "Love," a brand-new film star assured a newspaper interviewer, "means much more to me than money. I intend to wait until the right millionaire comes along." © 1960, by Bennett Cerf. Distributed by King Features Syndicate

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)



FOR MEN ONLY: Does the picture below remind you of anyone? Hmm?

One of our reporters looked in on a couple of polling places during Friday's election to see how heavily the voters were turning out. He returned to report that the members of the election and county boards probably were recording pounds while they recorded votes. He noted many of them had handy, for "breaks," many boxes of candy, rich cakes, cookies, and other calorie counters.

Saaaay, guess you was building without a city of Medford building permit? The city of Medford was, that's who. For almost two weeks.

In the rush to get the renovation of the city jail completed, to provide three new police offices, no one remembered to take out a building permit.

It finally dawned on a secretary in the building department that the city had been in violation of its own ordinances. A permit was hastily obtained last Wednesday. Any red faces? Or, more to the point, any penalties?

Newspaper people, particularly reporters and editors, are often asked questions. So last week, when a telephone caller inquired the price of scrap iron in Portland it didn't face the newsroom staff - even though they didn't know the answer. The caller said she had about 100 tons of scrap for sale. Later the business manager learned of the conversation, and, with a stricken look said, "I'd better check the new press. It weighs 108 tons."

A married man of our acquaintance sidled up to our desk, blushed, and dropped the following note thereon: Shortly after World War II there used to be a song, some of which was "She wears silk underwear, I wear my GI pair; Hey boy, that's where my money goes!"

After a brief shopping trip with the wife, we agree, although we've along since worn out our GI underwear. A handful of the silky stuff caused us to shell out \$15. Pondering a pioneer custom, we wondered if panties by Pillsbury shouldn't be revived as an economical part of the wearing apparel of the womenfolk.

We wondered, too, if this early-day wearing apparel didn't literally cause many upright women citizens to be even more upright in their carriage. By bending over, they might provide more advertising for a flouring mill than intended.

TODAY'S PHILOSOPHY Count chickens as you would your blessing; Be sure you have a lot of dressing. And as with chicken, feel quite free To share it when there's company.

That Man From Phoenix is running into competition. Mrs. RLW of Medford mailed us a clipping from our favorite newspaper which said "All mothers of servicemen and women are invited ..."

And she added the comment, "... and all my life I'd thought mothers were women!" Now look, Mrs. W - what was meant was ...

We are informed on good authority that a local druggist has offered, free, quantities of black ink to any taxing unit needing same. One is tempted to classify him as either an optimist or a pessimist-an optimist because he thinks taxing units might all be in the black, or a pessimist because he feels safe in making the offer.

John Pruitt, vice president of the student body at Jackson school, has an interesting item explaining his duties in the most recent issue of the Jackson Journal. (We're tempted, as a matter of fact, to send a copy to Mr. Nixon.) This is what John says: "I think the office of Vice President is an exciting office. You don't have much to do, but you have enough, such as taking over the President's office if he or she is sick, eating with the student body officers and other such things."



Darryl Zanuck