

Medford Mail Tribune

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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: Aug. 14, 1950 (Monday) The Missouri fire in the Appalachians is under control today after having burned an estimated 150 acres of brush and timber.

20 YEARS AGO: Aug. 14, 1940 (Wednesday) Maynard Wilson, Phoenix, who passed the bar examination in Salem recently.

30 YEARS AGO: Aug. 14, 1930 (Thursday) Local fruit experts are planning to travel east on a pear train to study refrigeration methods.

40 YEARS AGO: Aug. 14, 1920 (Saturday) Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Palo Alto, Calif., visited Crater lake yesterday and spent a few hours in Medford.

50 YEARS AGO: Aug. 14, 1910 (Sunday) John W. Dennis, an apple king in England, said here today that Rogo River fruit is superior to any other that reaches England from any part of the globe.

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

- 1. Did President Coolidge serve one or two full terms? 2. Male whales are called what? 3. The Audubon society is primarily interested in birds, books, or art?

Great Guns

America's rocketry went great guns last week. There was a successful ICBM flight down the Atlantic range; an instrument package was ejected from a successful satellite and was recovered—for the first time; a huge, balloon-like reflector satellite was put into orbit, and the X15, the manned rocket plane, broke two records, one for speed (2,150 miles per hour) and one for altitude (131,000 feet).

These, coming just after the first successful firings of the Navy's underwater Polaris missile, (which itself underwent another successful test) are happy news for American scientists, technicians, and military men. —E.A.

Loss of Local Autonomy

Many people (and we are among them) deplore what appears to be an increasing tendency of state and federal governments to take over the responsibility for action which, historically and logically, have been the province of city and county government.

There are a number of reasons for this tendency. Among them is the fact that state and federal governments have sources of tax power which are (a) less susceptible to veto by the voters, and (b) are vastly more productive in the aggregate than local taxes, which historically have been on property.

THERE is another, and somewhat related, reason. This is the fact that in many instances, local governments have refused or neglected to take action on problems needing solution.

A classic example is at hand — the control of pollution. In Portland, voters have refused to vote the bonds needed to pay for sewage facilities to help clean up the Willamette and Columbia rivers.

In May, the voters again rejected sewage bonds. So the state went to court to force the city to do the job, and the matter is now in the process of litigation.

THAT is an example of action at the state level. There is another and similar one at the federal level. The city of St. Joseph, Mo., has been polluting the Missouri river, and the U. S. secretary of health, education and welfare, acting under the authority of the federal pollution control act, ordered the city to construct an effective waste disposal system to protect the health and welfare of the citizens of Kansas downstream.

St. Joseph voters, like those of Portland, rejected the necessary bonds. So the HEW department asked the justice department to bring suit to force the issue.

The federal action is almost an exact parallel to the Oregon action. If the suits are successful, both cities will be forced to be "good neighbors" regarding sewage disposal, willy-nilly.

And this is why, in just one instance, local autonomy is being lost to the state and federal governments when they step in to protect the overall welfare of their citizens. —E.A.

A Variety of Cowardice

There are various types of cowardice. There is the cowardice in the face of physical danger. This is the sort which is readily understandable, for no one of us knows how we would react in a dangerous situation until it happens.

There is moral cowardice, where an individual fails to stand up and be counted for what he believes in, because it might reflect on his social standing, or his business, or his political advantage.

And there is also the cowardice (and to us it is the most reprehensible and least understandable of all) of the person who will make an anonymous, abusive, and sometimes threatening, telephone call.

EACH political year this sort of cowardice is made evident. People who have the strength of character and the integrity and the will to speak out on what they believe are subjected to the harassment of the anonymous telephone call.

It happened, several times in fact, last week. Those who made the calls know who they are. So they should be advised that, not only are they cowards for refusing to give their names; they are also criminals, for threatening the commission of a felony is, itself, a felony.

ANONYMOUS telephone calls don't bother editorial writers too much. We're rather used to it, and take it in stride as an occupational hazard, feeling only contempt for the individual at the other end of the line.

But when a sincere, well-meaning citizen, who has had the temerity to express a political opinion in public, is subjected to this sort of infamously and cowardly retaliation, the time has come to say something about it. And, if necessary, to take appropriate action through the law enforcement agencies.

It is our hope that the political figures indirectly (and, without a doubt, unknowingly) involved, will, if called upon, completely disassociate themselves from this sort of cowardly and criminal behavior. —E.A.

Dennis the Menace



DON'T WORRY, MOM. I WON'T BREAK ANYTHING UNTIL YOU'RE HOME TO SWEEP IT UP!

Drummond Reports

(Walter Lippman is on vacation. Roscoe Drummond reports from Washington in his absence.)

KENNEDY'S GREATEST HURDLES Washington - Democratic Presidential nominee John Kennedy sees two major hurdles getting higher as the campaign gets hotter. Between his duties in the hectic recess session of Congress and completing the details of his campaign itinerary, he is devoting a good deal of thought as to how he can best surmount them.

The hurdles which the Senator will not be hesitant to pit his grasp of world affairs with that of his opponent. He will also argue that if Mr. Nixon is going to claim that his association with the Eisenhower administration has given him useful experience, he will have to accept responsibility for what Kennedy will portray as the Administration's failures.

1. The danger that the heavy support coming from Catholic voters will backfire and will provoke non-Catholics who might otherwise vote Democratic, to support Vice President Nixon.

2. The difficulty of combating the Nixon argument that as Vice President he has been more useful and intimate experience in the conduct of critical foreign affairs.

MR. Kennedy does not at all believe that these difficulties cannot be overcome. But he is facing them frankly and realistically. This is the way he himself looks at them from the standpoint of both problem and answer.

KENNEDY PROBLEM-The Senator is aware that the outlook now is that the "religious issue" will be an asset, not a liability. The latest Gallup poll, for example, finds that "the nation's Catholic voters—with a substantial majority supporting Senator Kennedy—are showing more interest in the election than Protestants are."

Mr. Kennedy's private surveys indicate that as a Catholic he is likely to run 7 to 10 per cent ahead of the normal Democratic vote in states with large Catholic populations such as New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin.

But Kennedy's concern does not stem from the present state of the Catholic vote. His anxiety is what the consequence may be when it becomes generally evident that there will be a preponderant Catholic vote for him because he is a Catholic.

But he knows quite well that there will be some who will not believe him and will vote for him just to break the religious barrier. His answer to Protestants and other non-Catholics is that the only way to end bloc-voting by Catholics for a Catholic is to elect a President who is a Catholic.

He holds that as long as Catholics feel that there is a barrier against a Catholic becoming President, the impulse of many Catholics to vote for a Presidential nominee because he is a Catholic is understandable and inescapable.

Mr. Kennedy is also convinced that the American instinct for "fair play" will keep many non-Catholics from voting against him for religious reasons.

KENNEDY PROBLEM-Kennedy recognizes that Nixon has an argumentative advantage resulting from the fact that the Vice President has gained experience in his world travels and in being at the center of foreign policy formulation in the Eisenhower administration.

He believes that this matter could become the controlling issue with enough voters to tilt the outcome.

KENNEDY ANSWER - The Senator will not be hesitant to pit his grasp of world affairs with that of his opponent. He will also argue that if Mr. Nixon is going to claim that his association with the Eisenhower administration has given him useful experience, he will have to accept responsibility for what Kennedy will portray as the Administration's failures.

THURSDAY we shot a missile into outer space. It orbited 16 times around the earth. On the 17th trip, it cut loose a capsule. Our job was to recover the capsule. In order to recover it, we had to calculate just about where it would drop IF IT DROPPED and get down through the air without burning up as a result of friction.

We did it. It dropped roughly 100 miles from where we had calculated it would drop, and one of our circling planes saw it as it came down. The planes weren't able to catch it in a butterfly net, but it landed in the water, floated and was quickly recovered.

Matter of Fact By Joseph Alsop

PTAH-HOTEP Washington - "If thou be a guest at the table of one greater than thyself, take what he speaks today."

Cast thy gaze down till he addresses thee, and speak only when a speech is called for. Laugh when he laughs, and it will be pleasing to his heart."

Such is the wisdom of Ptah-hotep, who lived in the dawn time of civilization, in the hopeful era of the Egyptian Old Kingdom. What with Cuba, the Congo, and Congress, a holiday from the present seems to be in order; and on such a holiday, Ptah-hotep is an instructive companion.

He is, at least, wonderfully, unashamedly himself, with no boring false pretenses. "Bow to thy superior," he admonishes; "(then) thy house and thy property will endure, thy reward will be what it should be. . . . If thou art a man of standing, found a family, and love thy wife at home as is fitting. Give her plenty to eat, clothe her back; ointment is the prescription for her body. . . ."

IN TRUTH, this man who lived before they built the great pyramid, is halfway between Uriah Heep and Samuel Smiles, with an added touch of the modern marriage counselor. He is "umble" like Uriah; he is a go-getter like Samuel; and he is also quite remarkably shrewd. In a sacred bureaucracy that serves as a deft tyrant, such as exists in China today, the wise go-getter must learn how to deal with inferiors as well as superiors. Of this problem, Ptah-hotep says:

"If anyone makes petition to thee . . . do not put him off before he has said what he has come to say. A petitioner wants attention to be paid to what he says, even more than to be granted what he asks."

In the Egyptian dawn-time, apparently, one could be perfectly materialist, splendidly confident of the value of the present, happily sure of the prosperity of the future, and careless of all things but comfort and success. But hear the Man Who Was Tired of Life, another scribe-bureaucrat like Ptah-hotep, who probably wrote towards the end of the long and bitter time of troubles between the Old Kingdom's fall and the Middle Kingdom's renewing rise.

"To whom can I speak today?" cries out this ancient Egyptian. "One's fellows are evil. . . . Hearts are grasping, every man seizes his fellow's goods. . . . To whom can I speak today? The sin which stalks the earth has no end!"

And then he seems to find the answer: "Death is in my sight today, like the odor of myrrh, like sitting under an awning on a breezy day! Death is in my sight today, like the scent of lotus-blossoms, like sitting on the bank of drunkenness!"

But at the close of his dialogue, this enervated but indignant skeptic concludes that even suicide is a doubtful way out. For him, there is no way out at all. A way of sorts was found, however, by Amenemopet, a still later Egyptian of the period of decline, whose wisdom probably influenced our Bible's "Book of Proverbs." Amenemopet's way was to be humane and decent, without regrets for the past or much hope for the future.

"Do not laugh at a blind man or tease a dwarf or do harm to the lame," he writes. "Do not tease a man who is in the hand of the god (a madman). . . . For man is clay and straw, the god is his builder; He is tearing down and building up every day."

How vivid are the differences between Ptah-hotep, and the Man Who Was Tired, and Amenemopet! How perfectly each is the child of his own time - Ptah-hotep so euphuistic and crassly practical; the Man Who Was Tired so absolutely outraged, as people tend to be when disorder is not yet regarded as part of the natural order; and good Amenemopet so kindly and yet so resigned, so much the good man in an accepted downward cycle, in fact.

I MADE these new acquaintances in a study of the culture patterns of civilization's first era, "The Face of the Ancient Orient," by the Italian scholar, Sabatino Moscati. It is a remarkable work. Egypt and Sumer, Babylonia and Assyria, the great Empire of the Hittites and the rich land of Mitanni, and lesser human societies like Mari and Ugarit, Israel and Judah, take form, put on their ornaments, and crumble and collapse in these few hundred pages.

Each lives for a while. Each dies in the end. And by no means all of them leave much behind, beyond shards and ruins and a few such dim yet magical scratches as decorate the walls of the place of power of the Hittite Kings, secret Yazilikaya upon the mountain-crest. Flux and impermanence are the lessons. Or are they really the lessons? For how can there be endings without beginnings, final decay without initial energy and vigor?

These, at any rate, are interesting questions to think about, as one surveys the perilous world of Nikita S. Khrushchev and Dwight D. Eisenhower.

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POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

A vicuna, children, is an animal from South America with a long neck and soft fur, of which Sherman Adams' famous coat was made. Got it? OK.

Question: What is a toy vicuna? Answer: A dolly llama.

Now to dogs, for a moment. Our farm editor reports on the current controversy about the so-called dog control measure to the effect that the antiquated 1919 state law on which it is based, has one serious trouble, as far as gardeners is concerned. That is, he declares, that the muzzle is required on the wrong end.

From llamas to dogs (this is a beastly column today) to livestock, also courtesy of our farm editor:

It never pays to wave at friends at auctions, particularly cattle auctions, according to a local vocational agriculture instructor.

He attended a herd-dispersal sale not long ago, and seeing friends on the far side of the arena, he waved vigorously. Before he knew it, he had purchased a \$1,500 bull.

Sadder, wiser, and much poorer, he persuaded the auctioneer, by a sorry tale of how that was a little expensive for locker beef, to put the animal up for sale again.

It sold, all right, but only brought \$1,250 this time. A sort of expensive lesson in keeping one's hands in one's pockets.

A reporter who has covered many of the recent meetings over school problems during the last few years comments that the old school bell never rang half as loud as the dollar does now, in drawing the public to school meetings.

On Friday morning, everyone was sighing with relief at the relatively cool weather (53 degrees) after a long stretch of really hot afternoons. A few people even shivered a bit.

Note from the courthouse reporter (also the farm editor): "We often wonder how fast the children's inoculation clinic at the county health department would clear out if one of the county agents should wander in with one of those over-size veterinarian-type hypodermic needles in his hand."

We don't know about that, but we remember big, strong, vigorous, young men falling over in rows on the ground when it came "shot time" back in the Army days.

Of course, they were poorly conditioned for it, what with hearing all the tales from the "old veterans" who had been in the Army for all of three weeks, concerning the square needle, the round needle, and the corkscrew needle, all to be inserted in various interesting portions of the anatomy.

If we recall correctly, the medics weren't as gentle as one of those nice public health nurses, either.

Try and Stop Me - By BENNETT CERF

FOR A LONG TIME, reveals Dr. Kenneth Norris, curator at Marineland, U.S. Navy officials have been studying intensively the habits of porpoises—those huge, playful fish which seem to possess some sort of second sight, and can steer their way unerringly through all sorts of mazes and obstructions in the murky waters far below the ocean surface.

Now the Navy scientists have learned how the porpoises do it. They send out automatic sound impulses—at the rate of 200 a second—which bounce off any object in the way and serve as a sort of super-radar system.

Purposes can also talk, says Dr. Norris, though we can't figure out yet what they're trying to say. When they start sounding off, adds Dr. Norris, they remind him very strongly of Donald Duck.

To Dr. Norris and his associates, adds Leslie Lieber, the initials V.I.P. obviously mean only "Very Important Porpoises."



Clean Break With Past Seen in Election

By ERIC SEVAREID So far, all that Nixon and Kennedy have received from the American electorate is what Damon Runyon used to call the "medium hello."

Members of both parties have clapped on command, but in his heart every other Republican I know is a little uneasy about Nixon.

Why? Not, I think, for the reasons usually assigned. Not because of their "youth." Not really because of Nixon's "white collar McCarthyism" of long ago; not really because of Kennedy's church or his toughness or his father's quick money. Most of us are uneasy about these men because they represent a clean break with the past and we have not yet adjusted. We cannot relate them to our life-long images of power and statesmanship and the shrine of the White House. These tidy, buttoned-down men are clothed in no myth or mystique, and where shall our mind's eye place them as it ranges back over the majestic skyline of American history and calls up the rugged and wind-blown captains who once led us?

The "managerial revolution" has come to politics and Nixon and Kennedy are its first completely packaged products. The Processed Politician has finally arrived. The well-trained civil servant is to be handed the ultimate power. We shall have govern-

ment of the people, for the people, but BY the certified manager. And while professors of political science may rejoice, most of us are uneasy, for we know that the Presidency is neither a business nor a science, but an art, and that a very great artist is now required.

Nixon and Kennedy are not princes of the blood or sons of the soil. They are not captains of industry like a Willkie or of armies like an Eisenhower. They are not luminaries of the intellectual world like Wilson or Stevenson. They are not powerful proscons who grew bigger than their provinces like Governors Roosevelt or Dewey. They are junior executives, trained in the home office with an unerring eye to the main chance. The managerial revolution came to industry when rugged tycoons like Henry Ford were replaced by skilled committeemen. It came to labor when the John L. Lewis and the Phil Murray's were replaced by the Reuthers, when, indeed, the labor movement became the labor business. Now, with Nixon and Kennedy, the great, eccentric and indefinable art of leading a nation has become the Leadership Business. The Organization Man has found room at the very top.

I have no right to say it won't work. Their souls may yet prove superior to their skills. They must, or it will not work at all. Skills will do

for a quiet country in quiet times, but only lofty character and iron purpose can lead a turbulent America through this tumultuous time. (Alas, even the cliches of convention oratory are true.)

Many of us remain uneasy about them because neither one has acquired a true identity; their faces and voices are familiar, but their meaning as men escapes us. In the past, more often than not, we identified our nominees because of what they had already done or said, by their association with great deeds or great ideas. They came to us already clothed in their own mystique. Sometimes, to be sure, the cloth was made of shoddy, but we thought it was wool and at least a yard wide. And their raiment was hand and home made, not synthetically processed of water and air, whether their name was Lincoln or Grant or Wilson or Eisenhower.

But the washable, wrinkle-proof Brooks Brothers garb of these new and skilled practitioners of the Leadership Business—what is it made of? How much is real, how much synthetic? Where are the deeds, where the inspiring ideas or rebellious words? They would lead us over the passes to the "new frontiers," they say, but we see no dust on their boots or dirt in their nails, and the graphs and charts they trace with their store-bought pointers leave us still untrusting.

If I am unjust, forgive me.

It is hardly the fault of either nominee that we have run out of available rugged characters with ready-made records. Perhaps what chiefly bothers me is the fact that this should happen precisely with my own age-group. In my college generation - the Nixon-Kennedy generation - their faces and voices are familiar, but their meaning as men escapes us. In the past, more often than not, we identified our nominees because of what they had already done or said, by their association with great deeds or great ideas. They came to us already clothed in their own mystique. Sometimes, to be sure, the cloth was made of shoddy, but we thought it was wool and at least a yard wide. And their raiment was hand and home made, not synthetically processed of water and air, whether their name was Lincoln or Grant or Wilson or Eisenhower.

I can't find in the record that Kennedy or Nixon ever did, thought or felt these things. They must have been across the campus on Fraternity Row with the law and business school boys, wearing the proper clothes, thinking the proper thoughts, cultivating the proper people. Men of measured meritment, as Thomas Wolfe put it, and as measured tears. I suppose those boys were smarter than any crowd of bleeders. I always sensed that they would end up running the big companies in town, but I'm damned if I ever thought one of them would end up running the country.

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