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10 YEARS AGO
Nov. 27, 1950 (Monday)
Six thefts or attempted thefts from autos were reported to city police during the week end.

20 YEARS AGO
Nov. 27, 1940 (Wednesday)
Hundreds of persons gathered at the Oregon-California border yesterday to witness the dedication of a new section of the Pacific highway across the Siskiyou.

30 YEARS AGO
Nov. 27, 1930 (Friday)
The school board has called a special election Dec. 16 on a proposed school building expansion program.

40 YEARS AGO
Nov. 27, 1920 (Sunday)
A heavy, penetrating fog and near freezing weather has settled like a blanket over the valley.

50 YEARS AGO
Nov. 27, 1910 (Sunday)
George H. Kyle, one of the west's top road building engineers, arrived in Jacksonville today to begin locating a road for the Rogue River Valley railroad from Jacksonville to the Applegate section.

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

1. What is meant by the franking privilege which is held by Congressmen?
2. The names of how many States contain the word "New"?
3. Which is the shorter direct route from New York to Singapore, via Panama or Suez canals?
4. What are the first three letters of the Greek alphabet?
5. What territory did the United States acquire from Denmark?
6. Name the authors of the four gospels of the New Testament of the Bible.
7. What is another name for the writer, William Sidney Porter?
8. The Gold Coast is in Africa. Where is the Ivory Coast?
9. In chess, what piece moves in three different manners according to circumstances leading to the play?
10. The tendency of a piece of lumber to absorb moisture more readily on one side than on the other causes what action to take place?
Answers: 1. Right to free mailing privileges. 2. Four - New Jersey, York, Mexico and Hampshire. 3. Suez. 4. Alpha, Beta, Gamma. 5. Virgin Islands. 6. Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. 7. O'Henry. 8. Africa. 9. Pawn. 10. Warping.

Parents Here To Stay

The motion picture industry regularly places a full-page advertisement in "Editor & Publisher," the major trade magazine of the newspaper business, letting its readers know the movie industry's views on a variety of subjects.

A recent one was headlined, "Let's Keep Parents."

And it said: "Some people apparently think motion picture theaters should add baby sitting to their functions. 'The movies should be run,' they say, 'so we can send our children there any time. And the Motion Picture Production Code shouldn't give a Seal to films we don't want our children to see.'"

That's a pretty good statement. We agree with most of it. Maybe it's because there are so many pressures on both youngsters and parents, these days, but the fact is that in too many cases parents leave the major responsibility for indoctrinating and training their children to others.

They leave it to the schools. To the churches. To the YMCA or the Boy and Girl Scouts. To the neighbors. Even to other children.

And while most of these do, or attempt to do, a laudable job, they simply cannot replace the good influence of parents on their own children, through precept and example.

PARENTS influence children no matter what they do or don't do. The parent who ducks his responsibility is influencing his child just as much as the one who exerts every effort to inculcate proper attitudes and habits.

The two influences, obviously, are in contrary directions. But they're influences, none the less, positive and negative.

And the two varieties of influences occur at every economic and social level, too. The mother who spends too much of her time playing golf or bridge with her socially-elect friends at the country club is just as culpable as the mother who leaves her youngsters to spend a few hours at the corner tavern. Maybe more so; theoretically, she should know better.

ALL the ills of the world would not be solved if parents, en masse, decided to assume their full responsibility for the training of their children—in morals, in attitudes, in education.

But the ills of the world would be far fewer, indeed, if this were to come to pass. Lacking this, society still must continue to carry at least part of the load.

But we see no reason why the failure of so many parents to serve as true guardians of their offspring should be taken as an excuse by self-appointed censors and moralistic tut-tutters to attempt to impose their own standards on everyone else.—E.A.

Rewriting Oregon's Constitution
On Nov. 8, the voters approved by a big margin a proposal to empower the legislature to revise Oregon's constitution, if it so elected.

Dennis the Menace



"WASN'T THAT A PRETTY GOOD TACKLE FOR A LITTLE KID?"

Drummond Reports

(Walter Lippmann is in South America. Roscoe Drummond reports from Washington in his absence.)

WHAT NO FIFTH DEBATE? Washington - Is President-elect Kennedy already preparing to back out of any campaign "debates" in 1964? One might have thought that the man who so much wanted this year's fifth "debate" would be eager to reschedule it as the first debate of the next campaign!

But Bobby Kennedy is strongly hinting that the answer is no-no more debating now that the great debater has become President. And when Bobby Kennedy speaks, we have found he usually knows what his brother wants said.

What Bobby Kennedy is saying in effect is: 1 - The debates were a big factor in winning the election. 2 - Let's have no more of them.

Now, if you believe that a candidate's campaign - even a president's campaign - is entirely his own business and that the voters should have nothing to say about it, then this Kennedy view is quite tenable; that is, since these debates have accomplished their purpose, away with them.

From this viewpoint Robert Kennedy can argue that you can't expect the President of the United States to share his potentially greater audience with his opponent and by so doing raise the challenger to the level of an equal. Franklin Roosevelt wouldn't debate Wendell Willkie and in 1944 would hardly admit that Thomas Dewey was running.

BUT there is another way to look at these debates. As I see it, these debates are not primarily for the voters who are entitled to demand that the nominees appear jointly so that they can be viewed and judged face-to-face and their claims examined back-to-back.

This may or may not be good for candidates under all circumstances. Does it matter? It is one of the best means thus far achieved to enable the voters to choose the President. It is not provable that the debates won or lost the election. What is clear is that they heightened public interest in the campaign, brought out constantly larger crowds at the rallies, increased the total vote, and, in my judgment, have an unrealized and great potential for political education.

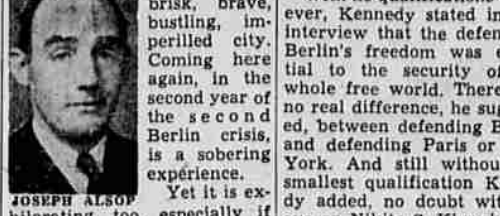
Can you imagine what Senator Kennedy would have been saying if Vice President Nixon had refused the invitation of the networks to accept free time for joint appearances? Well, after four of them, Mr. Kennedy wanted more and after Mr. Nixon had four times debated the issues, Mr. Kennedy argued that the Vice President was running away, was afraid to debate because he sidestepped a fifth debate.

Can President Kennedy seriously contend that candidate Kennedy's own argument—that he who won't debate is a "fraidy cat"—wouldn't be valid in 1964?

I AM NOT suggesting that the format of the debates should be unchanged. These joint appearances were experimental. There should be numerous ways to improve them. One hour seems too short, two hours too long. An hour and a half would be about right and then some of the issues could be discussed more fully.

Matter of Fact by Joseph Alsop

THE THREATENED CITY Berlin - No place on earth conveys a more vivid sense of America's world-responsibility than this



brisk, brave, bustling, imperiled city. Coming here again, in the second year of the second Berlin crisis, is a sobering experience. Yet it is exhilarating, too, especially if your first memory of Berlin is the Berlin of 1945 - a city all in ruins, with demobilized Red Army soldiers hopefully harnessing stolen horses to stolen farm carts in the Tiergarten, for the long drive back to Russia.

Then, quite suddenly, through the windows of the admirable Mercedes taxi, the city confronts you. Not only are the ruins gone. Not only is the grim, pinched bleakness of the city besieged nowhere to be seen. In these last two years, while daily threatened with a renewal of the siege, Berlin has acquired a curious, northern beauty all its own, adding a new solid handsome-ness while further brightening its hard won glitter of prosperity.

TO THIS free city, you can not help but think with pride, we in America have made our contribution. And then you discover, with some amazement, that every politically minded Berliner, from Mayor Willi Brandt to the porter at the hotel, is now joyfully quoting a statement by President-elect John F. Kennedy which has not even been heard about in America.

The history of this statement - the sternest made by any Western leader since the second Berlin crisis began - is interesting. It was part of a heavily copyrighted interview, in the form of written answers to written questions.

There will be some at home, and there will be many in London and elsewhere, who will not like the apparent cold finality of Kennedy's decision. Here in Berlin, however, it is easier to sympathize with this finality than it may be elsewhere.

It seems hardly credible, but this city, while under daily threat, has made great progress - and not just in self-beautification. Unemployment, which was still serious at the time of Khrushchev's 1958 ultimatum, has now been replaced by a labor shortage. Production has reached new records. So has the city's prosperity. Berlin, in truth, is a marvelous monument, showing how much men can accomplish against heavy odds by courage and industry and common sense.

It remains for the future to show whether the monument will stand, and if this is the outcome, what the cost will be.

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POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Horse-trading used to be an old and honorable (?) vocation in this land of pioneers. Perhaps we would all benefit if there were still some of it locally on a governmental basis.

For instance, our staff expert on county government recently attended a meeting of county officials and reports that commissioners of a southwest Washington county were confronted with a problem of how to eradicate a driftwood jam on a beach.

They worked it out nicely - traded the driftwood to a contractor in exchange for his building a better road into the beach area.

Now, about those snags in Hyatt lake. . . . "But Mama," said the little girl to her mother, who was threatening a spanking despite the company in the house, "these people don't want to hear me cry!"

Dear Sir: About a year ago, I wrote you a serious, scientific letter, describing the "Side Hill Gouger," and how his scream is sometimes mistaken by the uneducated as the cry of a cougar or mountain lion.

For some unknown reason, you decided it was "funny." Of course I was insulted, and have been sulking ever since. After spinning my prayer wheel for guidance and nine months of meditation, I have decided to ignore you (I can be pretty ignorant at times) and send you the enclosed historical data on an early Rogue Valley resident, my heretofore unexposed Uncle Gladys.

Sincerely, Tim J. Horn Box 177, Jacksonville

Editor's note: For lack of space in the Thursday paper, which is the one which usually carries scientific and historical information, we reproduce Mr. Horn's story, entitled "Uncle Gladys," below, slightly condensed.

Thirty-five years ago some things were different. I was nine then, Ma had given me permission to look through the old family picture album.

(Ma was busy sorting raisins in preparation for tomorrow's pie baking. The raisins had been used by Baby Sister in a game of Bingo which she had been playing in the backyard. She had spilled them a couple of times, and put them all back in the sack. We had a sheep ranch, so you can see how hazardous it would be, baking a pie without sorting the raisins.)

I came to a picture in the album of a child of six or seven, with long curls and dress. I thought it was a girl, but the notation on the corner of the picture said "Uncle Gladys."

"Hey, Ma! How come this here girl's picture says 'Uncle Gladys'? It looks more like a little girl."

"Well, Son," says Ma, "It's a sad story in our family, but I guess that you are old enough now to hear it." Grandma was a very busy woman, with her 11 boys and 1 girl. She didn't have much time to waste on unimportant

disparagement which is still far off, are preventing surprise attack or accidental war and the spread of atomic weapons to other nations. That we won't even begin to penetrate the dangerous mysteries of Communist China until we can talk with her.

Well, we could spin the magic wand for hours yet. But sparrows are starting to chatter in the back garden. A milk wagon just rattled past on Pennsylvania Avenue. We will stack the paper window of wishes on the real President's desk, fountain pen beside it, then swing down from the Truman balcony, scuttling across the Eisenhower putting green, and like a leprechaun (who else understands the Irish?) hide in the nearest magnolia to discover if the new President, unlike his defeated opponent, swears on government time. (Distributed 1960 by The Hall Syndicate, Inc.) (All Rights Reserved)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A DIGNIFIED GENTLEMAN was picking his way gingerly along an ice-covered sidewalk in Manhattan when his hat was deftly knocked off by a perfectly aimed snowball.

"You're a menace to the neighborhood," he chided, "and besides, you will catch your death of cold out here without a coat. Why aren't you in school anyhow?"

The boy explained, "I've got the measles."

An elderly farmer reluctantly accepted his daughter's invitation to spend a week with her husband and herself in Chicago. When he got back home he reached happily for his overalls, pipe and slippers and explained to his wife, "What I like least about the big city is that the minute you step out of the house, you're away from home."

of daily living that our space and our wealth imply. We would dispel the modern plague of mechanical beetles, end the cowardly abandonment of our cities to the automobile, and make our great communities cities of man once more. People would travel by fast interurban public transport as God intended the commuter to travel, bumpless through the field of finest print in the leisurely morning paper.

The edifice engraved upon our paper currency would not be the Treasury building but the Supreme Court of justice, symbol of our new income tax system which would provide no more escape hatches for the business owner than it does for the wage and salary worker—that is, none at all.

We would not merely sing but shout for joy as we spun out the orders stopping the bequest of trust-fund deduction gimmicks whereby the very rich may hoard masterpieces of art and educate their children at virtually no cost to themselves whatever. We would boldly assert that human flesh wears out at least as rapidly as a steel tractor and permit a one-per-cent-year deduction to every worker by hand or brain after the age of 40, under tax form line A-1—"human depreciation."

We expect to stay with this justice binge, champagne glass in one hand, all through inauguration night and to hell

Leprechaun's Dream of a New America

By ERIC SEVAIRD

If wishes were white horses, the social critic, if not the beggar, would ride at the head of the inaugural parade down Pennsylvania Avenue; and if the crank bundle of the White House mimeograph machine were a magic wand, we would sing as we spun out executive orders. Behold the wondrous transformations to which our ink-smudged paper tablets would command the country: Beauty we would order, and the people would have again the legacy their forefathers committed to their care—the American landscape—with the scabrous billboards, the idiot eyes of neon signs, the junk yard carillon heaps all vanished like a nightmare and the spacious glory of the land reborn.

We would summon from their hiding places those architects who knew all the time that a box of glass and metal is scarcely a work of art, that the human eye wears of straight lines, that only the natural substances of wood and stone and clay accommodate time and twilight and the shine of high noon, and that not ivy but ulcers are the only living things that grow on aluminum and glass.

We would order the ease

with the red-eye or red-ink hanger, till we fix things so an American Negro no longer has his private explanation of why the Goddess of Justice is not only blind but white, and until a hospital room for a child with meningitis no longer costs as much as a suite at the Waldorf for a company vice president with an expense account.

When we start waving our magic crank handle over the federal bureaucracy - hold your hat—we will equip every "in" and "out" in basket in Washington with the moving-floor mechanical principle and eliminate both bafflebag and gobbledygook as the local tongues, replacing them with the one other people know as plain English. The prefixes "inter" and "co" will die out of the language as we mow down superfluous committees. We will install Big Brother is Watching You television screens in every office of State, Defense and Atomic Energy, after which any more contradictory policy statements from officials in these three establishments will mean instant exile to Santiago de Cuba.

In the realm of world policy we will cause simple Truths to dawn at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue in a blinding double sunrise of common sense, to-wit: That "closing the missile gap" is not the real security problem. The real problem, pending a start on mutual

Our old stand-by, the Hoover-HiLite, arrived on schedule last week. But in addition, we also received a copy of another fine publication, one we had not had the opportunity of seeing before, the Lone Pine News.

It is, in the words of the unknown Potluck "fan" (that's FOUR of them) who sent it to us, "an up-and-coming school paper."

And our anonymous friend pointed out in particular a Thanksgiving poem by fifth Grader Betsy Jahn, which goes this way:

On Thanksgiving I am thankful, And well I ought to be! For our land and for our freedom And for grass and flower and tree. I am glad I have two parents, And like things they do for me. On Thanksgiving I am thankful, And well I ought to be.

Thank you, Betsy. Well said. We hope your turkey was an especially good one.

Meanwhile, back at Hoover school, the second grade has been studying about Olympic Elk. Linda Pollard reports that "The elk climb snowy mountains in the spring. Elk fight with each other. The father elk have antlers. They fight with antlers."

And she drew a picture of one of the father elk, who, with three antlers, is particularly well-equipped for that fighting. Here it is:

