

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE
"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune"
Published Daily except Saturday by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
33 North Fir St. Ph. 52-6141

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Subscription Rates
By Mail - In Advance Copy 10c
Daily -nd Sunday- year \$15.00
Daily and Sunday- 6 mos. 8.00
Daily and Sunday- 3 mos. 4.25
Sunday Only- One year \$4.50

10 YEARS AGO
Feb. 17, 1951 (Saturday)
A two per cent retail sales tax on nearly all merchandise other than groceries and gasoline was proposed in the Oregon house today in an attempt to offset Oregon's \$58 million budget deficit.

20 YEARS AGO
Feb. 17, 1941 (Monday)
The house reappointment committee voted 7 to 3 today to create a fourth district comprising Benton, Coos, Curry, Douglas, Jackson, Josephine, Lane and Linn counties.

30 YEARS AGO
Feb. 17, 1931 (Tuesday)
The county court has ruled that only bona fide local workers will be employed in construction of the new courthouse.

40 YEARS AGO
Feb. 17, 1921 (Thursday)
Local motorists have been warned not to park their autos in front of theater entrances or exits; it is against the law.

50 YEARS AGO
Feb. 17, 1911 (Friday)
More than 200 California-bound members of the International Workers of the World (IWW) were ejected from a Southern Pacific train last night just south of Ashland; the townspeople are reportedly on guard to prevent the agitators from entering the city.

What's Your I.Q.?
Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.
1. Was "D Day" on June 6, 1942, 1943, or 1944?
2. Whom did God direct to deliver Israel out of the hands of the Midianite oppressor?
3. How often is the population census of the United States taken?
4. Does a tennis ball when hit come to a complete stop before reversing its direction?
5. In which National Park is "Old Faithful" geyser?
6. Does the human body have more bones before, or after, it is full grown?
7. What was Ali Baba's password?
8. Harold E. Stassen was formerly Governor of which State?
9. How many lines does a musical staff have?
10. Where is the depository for United States silver bullion?
Answers: 1. 1944. 2. Gideon. 3. Every ten years. 4. Yes. 5. Yellowstone. 6. Before. 7. "Open Sesame." 8. Minnesota. 9. Five. 10. West Point, N.Y.

Risk vs. Certainty

Sir Charles P. Snow, the distinguished British novelist, scientist and former government official, spoke before the American Association for the Advancement of Science not long ago. Among other things, he discussed the alternatives facing the world in the armaments field, and said, in part:

"All physical scientists KNOW that it is relatively easy to make plutonium... We can work out the number of scientific and engineering personnel needed for a nation-state to equip itself with fission and fusion bombs.
"We KNOW that for a dozen or more states it will only take perhaps six years, perhaps less... We know, with the certainty of statistical truth, that if enough of these weapons are made—by enough different states—some of them are going to blow up. Through accident, or folly or madness—but the motives don't matter. What does matter is the nature of the statistical fact...
"On the one side, therefore, we have a finite risk. On the other side we have a certainty of disaster."

SIR CHARLES spells out coldly the brutal facts which are of such great concern to the thinking, informed people of this country. Disarmament, or at the very least, foolproof arms control, are essential to our survival. The big sticker, of course, arises from the fact that it has been proven, over and over again, that it is impossible to trust the word of the Communist leaders, specifically those now in the Kremlin, and, perhaps even more dangerous in the long run, the inscrutable and largely unknown leaders in Peiping.

BUT a start has been made, and President Kennedy has pledged continuing efforts. The test ban talks at Geneva, and other conferences on the ticklish problem of armament controls at other levels, are a start, and, God willing, will be pursued. They must be. For, in Sir Charles' words: "Between a risk and a certainty, a sane man does not hesitate."—E.A.

Capitol Mall

Gov. Mark Hatfield has proposed that a new forestry department building be built in Salem, right on the Capitol Mall—that splendid and growing government area surrounded by handsome white government buildings, with the Capitol at the south end. He suggests that it be made of wood from Oregon's forests, and that it incorporate all the latest in wood technology and architectural beauty—in short, that it be made a real "show place" for the forest products industry. We agree most heartily with the idea of such a forestry building. But we question whether the Mall would be just the place for it.

IT MIGHT be that such a structure could be situated in the Capitol group area so that it would blend in with the surrounding buildings, but we don't quite see how. The Mall now constitutes what is probably the most beautiful assemblage of governmental buildings of any state in the union. Whether a wooden building, no matter how magnificent, would be suitable in an area now dominated by white marble and gleaming glass remains to be answered. We'd like to hear what the Capitol Planning Commission, which has been largely responsible for the orderly, attractive development of the Mall, has to say.—E.A.

The Nose Knows

Let us, for a moment, consider the sense of smell. The Women's Editor marched up to a fellow staff member the other day, thrust a bunch of violets under his nose, and declared, "My violets smell better than your cigar." "That depends on whose nose you're talking about," was the reply. The sense of smell in man, while not as fully developed nor as acute as that in many animals, still performs a useful function. How else would one know, for instance, that milk had gone sour, or that there was a leak in a gas line?

BUT, more than that, the sense of smell has a potent esthetic value. Maybe it doesn't have any utility, or survival value, but the smell of violets (OR a good cigar) is rapture-producing. And what about that indefinable smell which heralds the approach of spring—that vague hint in the air, so subtle yet so definite that one knows without any further assurances that spring is coming? The smell of fresh, strong coffee perking in the morning (preferable over a cooking fire outdoors) cannot be matched. THERE are other smells that can evoke strong emotion, or nostalgia, or just sheer pleasure. The smell of a Douglas fir forest under a hot summer sun; the smell of a yellowed gardenia in a girl's memory scrapbook; the smell of the far-away ocean as one drives toward it; even the yeasty smell of the mud-flats at low tide; the strong, masculine smell when athletes come into their dressing room after a game; the rich, pungent smell of freshly milled pine lumber. We'd be tempted to say that smell is more important than taste—that is, until we start remembering the taste of a rare steak, or an anchovy fillet, or... why go on? Enjoy it.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"Boy, he's sure got his volume turned up!"

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.

Likes New Station
To the Editor: I would like to say how much I really appreciate the new Christian radio station that we have in the valley, and I thank God for this ministry. I have heard much comment among the saints from various denominations and non-denominational churches expressing their deep appreciation for ordaining the ministry of our Heavenly Father for ordaining the ministry of this radio station. It is so nice to turn on the radio and tune in the good gospel music and the good solid Bible teaching that is brought forth to us, telling us the good news of Salvation in our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. Already it is known that many souls have been won to the Lord Jesus through the preaching of the Gospel in word and song on this Christian radio station.

Anna Jeanne Johnston, P. O. Box 511, Central Point, Ore.

Copco-PP&L Exchange
To the Editor: As the owner of a small amount of Copco stock, I would like you to print my opinion of the proposed exchange for Pacific Power & Light Co. stock for Copco's.

Having lived here for 36 years, I have seen some depressions and expansion as Copco now has the best of water rights, new buildings, lots of new equipment, franchises on most of southern Oregon and eastern Oregon. It appears that Copco can produce profits. So why change? This valley is a potential producer of power and will become much more populated with manufacturers and also retired people. If the exchange is made, there will be some families required to quit their jobs or move to Portland. As a small owner of Copco stock, I do not approve of the exchange, and hope others will join me. Harold Mitchell, 608 South Riverside ave., Medford.

Thanks
To the Editor: I would like to thank all of those persons who helped in finding my uncle, especially those of Medford's sheriff's office and Medford's police. I wish also to thank those who prayed, especially Faith Tabernacla of Ashland. Thelma E. Glad, 1427 Lawnridge, Medford.

This and That
To the Editor: I heard this sweet bit of "pottery" on KMED: "When the Russians shoot at Venus, I am glad they do not mean us." I once knew a boy who kicked the cat when he was angry at somebody. Maybe he was Russian. Oh, well, it doesn't matter. Won't that ski-slide near Ashland be great fun? I can hardly wait to see it. I haven't slid on them in years, but I believe I can. I always turn to "Communications" as soon as the Tribune lands. One friendly reader telephoned me saying, "Just between you and I, Pearlite, your grammar is outlandish." I wish I knew her name so we could visit. Anyhow, she reads my silly scribbling so I'd like to get my two cents in. My Dear, in correcting me you should have said "Between you and ME." That "I" doesn't belong there. If "you'uns" need more pointers on grammar, I "aint" got none. By the way, folks, a Central Point boy's dog was poisoned and he is brokenhearted. His parents cannot spare

money to buy a puppy for him, but will give loving care to a very young pup from a small breed. I have their phone number and am usually at home after 5 p.m. He doesn't want a grown dog. Pearl Spackman, (TW 9-137) Jacksonvile, Ore.

Beautiful Oregon
To the Editor: Oh, the beautiful, beautiful Oregon. Where the beautiful Rogue river flows, You can live in the Valley on the mountain Or down where the sea breezes blow. Still you'll be living in Oregon— The most beautiful state that I know. Henry D. Rogers Trail, Ore.

What is "Success"?
To the Editor: Being a fond reader of old books of early vintage, we recently acquired a small volume of 92 pages dated 1908, on "The Secret of Success." Having been asked by a friend to comment on the achievement employed by the author of the small brochure in a course of nine lectures submitted for "success," we can only speak on the merits of the author, who has his method and publications protected by copyright in U.S. and foreign countries.

The small book is a dynamic force that is quite as realistic today after over a half a century. We can only speculate on the changes the information could have wrought in any young life providing the study and informative lessons would have impressed its age old truths on the average student just finishing his or her elementary or High school then. After reading more instructive books than we wish to count, it is with a rewarding knowledge that learning has no limitation. We hesitate to comment on what "success" actually confers on any one single individual. Bert Kissinger 520 Boardman st. Medford.

Slight Cold Keeps Ike Off Course
Palm Springs, Calif. (UPI)—Former President Eisenhower has had to forego playing golf the past couple of days because of a slight cold. A spokesman, Mary Jane McCaffrey, described the cold as being not serious. She said the former chief executive did not have a fever and that no doctor was in attendance. Eisenhower underwent a physical checkup at March AFB hospital last Friday, three days after he arrived for an extended vacation in a rented cottage at Eldorado Country Club, 12 miles east of downtown Palm Springs. The examination was described as routine and he visited the golf course the same day and again on Saturday. Eisenhower was described as anxious to resume his golfing after not having played in the past five days, three of those days because he felt like "just relaxing" and the other two because of his cold. Mrs. Mamie Eisenhower has been keeping busy with visits to friends here and sightseeing.

Jackie Kennedy Ordered To Bed
Washington (UPI)—Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy's doctor ordered her to go to bed to fight a cold Thursday night instead of attending a foreign film with the President. The First Lady sent her regrets to Indian Ambassador M. C. Chagla, the President's host at a special showing of "The World of Ape," a gloomy movie about a sensitive Indian who wanted to be a novelist. Chagla told the audience of high-ranking guests that he and his wife were "deeply distressed" by Mrs. Kennedy's absence. The First Lady has been nursing a cold she caught last week end while horseback riding at the Kennedy's rented Glen Ora estate in Middleburg, Va.

QUAKE JOLTS S.F.
San Francisco (UPI)—The San Francisco Bay area was jolted by an earthquake Thursday afternoon, but no damage was reported. It was felt distinctly in San Francisco and north of the Golden Gate bridge in Marin county.

Republicans Should Check on Whether JFK Administration Tells Same Stories

By LYLE C. WILSON
United Press International
Washington (UPI)—The master-minds of the Republican party did themselves no good and did the Democrats no harm when they accused Secretary of Labor Arthur J. Goldberg of making a political trip through five state areas of unemployment.



It was, of course, a political junket. And what is wrong with that? The practice of politics is part of the legitimate business and responsibility of a president and of his Cabinet officers. The President and Cabinet most prominent in the practice of politics are likely to come up with the most successful administration. Politics is not a dirty business. Some politicians are dirty and they play dirty politics, but that is not a good premise from which to launch an argument that the art of politics is unclean. Did a Good Job Goldberg visited the unemployed areas in part to learn about the situation and in part to convince the jobless that the Kennedy administration was their friend. Goldberg seems to have done a pretty good job of doing just that. What the Republicans should have been alert to discover is an answer to this question: Does the administration tell the same story to, for example, the fat cats of industry as it does to the thin jobless cats?

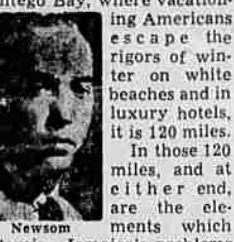
The answer to that is that the administration does not tell the same story. Secretary Goldberg began his five-state tour Feb. 10 in Chicago, proceeding thereafter to Detroit. United Press International reported on that day: "Goldberg, on the beginning of his tour, said today in Chicago, 'We're here to make our pledge come true that wages will rise, that benefits will increase, and the people will find more jobs'."

On the Other Hand Four days later, President Kennedy was addressing the National Industrial Conference Board in Washington. This was a fat cat assembly, no unemployed present. Did the President tell these employers that his administration was promising unemployed that wages will rise? He did not.

On the contrary, President Kennedy bore down hard before the industrialists on price and wage stability. He said he would name a presidential advisory committee on labor-management policy. "I want this committee to promote sound wage and price policies, productivity increases and a betterment of America's competitive position in world markets," he said. "There was more of the same and it just doesn't add up with Goldberg's pledge in Chicago that wages will rise."

Elements Epitomizing Jamaica Problems on 120 Mile Route

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign News Analyst
Kingston, Jamaica (UPI)—From Kingston, Jamaica's capital and industrial hub, to Montego Bay, where vacationing Americans escape the rigors of winter on white beaches and in luxury hotels, it is 120 miles.



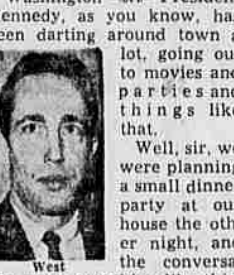
In those 120 miles, and at either end, are the elements which epitomize Jamaica's problems and its promise as one of the 10 principal islands of the West Indies federation which in the next year or so will take its place among this hemisphere's independent nations. Here in this westernmost of the West Indies, there is an acute awareness of Jamaica's proximity to Castro's Cuba and to troubled Haiti and the Dominican Republic. Race Problem Possible Here also is awareness that Jamaica's exploding population, with a heritage based 90 per cent on that of the slave and the indentured servant, could result in a race problem based either on Castroism or communism.

But with it is a determination that Jamaica, benefited by a stable government, can lick its own problems through its own resources and ingenuity. The road from Kingston winds a narrow upward through tropical hills, climbs steeply across Diablo Mountain and then plunges by twists and turns to Montego Bay on the north coast. It passes through Spanish Town, Jamaica's former capital, and along hillsides where earth moving machines dig bauxite which will become aluminum. Industry Encouraged Jamaica's promise lies in an aggressive program of industrialization which encourages foreign investment in the pattern of Puerto Rico, in its expanding drive to encourage tourism, in a broad program of education and in an agricultural drive to get the most from its crowded acres.

The problem lies in the fact that for 300 years Jamaica slept in the sun under an agricultural economy, where time was determined only by sunrise and sunset. It neither had nor felt the need of industry's time-clock precision or the education that went with it. Jamaica's awakening dates from not much more than 10 years ago. Now it has a \$30 million a year tourist business. The bauxite industry employs thousands and the farm output is up nearly 40 per cent. A stable middle class is developing and personal income in the last 10 years has more than doubled.

Small Dinner Party Preparation Brings Good Conversation

By DICK WEST
United Press International
Washington (UPI)—President Kennedy, as you know, has been darning around town a lot, going out to movies and parties and things like that.



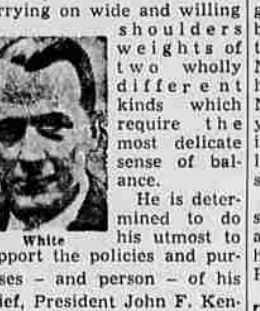
Well, sir, we were planning a small dinner party at our house the other night, and the conversation went something like this: "Okay, you stop off at the delicatessen on your way home from work and pick up the cheese dip. That will take care of everything except the band." "The band? What band?" "I thought we ought to hire a band for the evening." "Hire a band? That's ridiculous! Why should we hire a band?" "Well, if we don't hire a band, who's going to play 'Hail to the Chief?'" "Just a second. I'm not tuned in on your channel. Why should we need someone to play 'Hail to the Chief?'" "Because that's what they always play for him, isn't it?" "Who?" "You know who." "No, I don't know who. There is only one person that 'Hail to the Chief' is played for, and you couldn't be talking about him." "That's who I mean." "And what, may I ask, has he got to do with our having a dinner party?" "Well, I just wanted to be prepared in case he decides to drop in on us." "Listen, pet, I know you get some weird ideas sometimes, but where did you ever get that one?" "Well, he keeps dropping in on those parties that those other newspapermen have. What's to keep him from dropping in on ours?" "For one thing, those people live in Georgetown. They used to be his neighbors. We live way out here in the suburbs." "You can't tell me that any man who has enough energy to play touch football is going to let a 10-mile drive stop him." "But he doesn't even know we are having this party." "Any man who has the whole Secret Service at his disposal could find out easily enough." "Sweetheart, be realistic. There are hundreds of newspapermen in Washington. He couldn't possibly drop in on all their parties." "Okay, bright eyes. If that's the way you feel about it, we'll skip the band. But I'm going to have an extra place setting ready just in case."

Uniforms for Pupils Suggested

Washington (UPI)—Vice Adm. Hyman G. Rickover has suggested that U.S. school children be compelled to wear uniforms to keep their minds on their books instead of clothes. Rickover, whose views on education have stirred controversy, said uniforms would remove "the preoccupation of the boys and girls with clothes where they try to outdo each other or emulate each other." Rickover noted that Russia and some other countries require uniforms.

Washington Report

By WILLIAM S. WHITE



TEAMWORK
Washington (UPI)—Vice President Lyndon B. Johnson is carrying on wide and willing shoulders the weight of two wholly different kinds which require the most delicate sense of balance. He is determined to do his utmost to support the policies and purposes—and person—of his chief, President John F. Kennedy. To those who know him well there can be no possible doubt of the total dedication the Texan is putting into this project. At the same time, he is taking endless pains to avoid any suggestion of a suspicion that in these efforts—which at times unavoidably will cause him to take fairly prominent public positions—he is attempting in any way to cast a shadow as long, or even nearly as long, as that of the President.

is wholly content with that position. Moreover, Mr. Johnson is genuinely grateful for an unbroken series of generous acts toward him by the President. No vice president before in history—not even Richard Nixon in the Eisenhower years—has been brought so intimately and so continuously into collaboration at every step with his president. The more Mr. Johnson has seen of Mr. Kennedy in action at the White House, the more his respect and liking for the President have risen.

THE President, in his side, is magnanimous in his dealings with the Vice President—in large ways and in small. In summary, then, the approaching first-month anniversary of the new administration draws near without a sign of that "rift" between these two young, powerful and candidly ambitious men which many had predicted and for which many more had hoped. Johnson wherever possible is working in semi-anonymity for presidential enterprises. He is no shrinking violet. He is simply aware that to allow the spotlight to fall much upon himself would injure that work and thus the administration itself. And it would give opportunity to Johnson detractors to carry tales to the White House that "Lyndon is flexing his muscles."

At times, therefore, when duty requires muscle-flexing, all right, but only in a deeply private way. THE process requires a subtle skill. The problem is how to help always—but always without seeming to help too visibly, and without opening any doors to those who simply cannot believe that two such men could, after their own battles were over, fight together in mutual respect—and in mutual affection. Never before had any president entered office with a vice president who had so strongly challenged him for that very post. But whatever you may think of the new administration one thing is sure: the very strength of this duo resides in the very fact that in the recent past each was so strong in his own right. It is, in political savvy, a "team," indeed. Copyright, 1961, by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A BUS LINE BOSS is unlikely to forget the morning a burly fellow named Michael applied for a job as a driver. "Take the wheel of that bus in the yard and park it inside the shed," ordered the boss. "Mike" cheerfully climbed aboard, turned the ignition key and stepped all the way down on the accelerator. The bus whammed into the shed at 60 miles an hour, scattering personnel and equipment. He desperately reversed the lever and shot out backward just as fast. Three times he careened in and out of the shed, then finally brought the bus to a halt. "What's the matter with you?" screamed the boss. "I told you just to put the bus in the shed." "I had her in three times," growled "Mike." "Why didn't one of you apes close the door?" John Weiler's new runabout has the engine in the rear. That's not the way he bought it, however. Before his wife drove it, the engine was in front. Copyright, 1961, by Bennett Cerf. Distributed by King Features Syndicate

