

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A RICH DOWAGER, out to bag some big game in Africa if it was the last thing she did, fired her rifle one day, turned to her guide with a satisfied air, and declared, "There! I just know I hit something that time. Run and find out the name of the animal I shot!"

The guide was back in a few moments to report, "He say, ma'am, his name is Sylvester."

Indulgent parents took their young hopeful to a revival of an old film about a dark-skinned, "What kind of an animal is that?" demanded the youngster at one point in the action, "I think," said the father, "it's a jaguar."

"How many cylinders?" was the youngster's next question.

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Hatfield's Dunes Leadership Hit

Salem — (UPI) — Rep. Thomas R. McClellan (D-Neot.), said Thursday Gov. Mark Hatfield has failed to assert strong leadership for development of the Oregon Dunes as a national seashore park.

He said it was "extremely unfortunate" that the federal park proposal did not come up at Hatfield's statewide economic conference in Salem this week.

He criticized not only Hatfield but other top state officials and economic leaders but gave no names.

McClellan said a Dunes Park would attract five to seven million visitors a year and could produce \$50 million in revenue each year.

The Lincoln county legislator said the recent President Kennedy recommends Dunes park at Point Reyes, Calif., instead of Oregon is because California's governor and its economic leaders "realize the economic potential of a national park and are actively working for its location in California." He noted that Gov. Edmund G. Brown has offered to have the state buy the beaches if the federal government would make a national park out of the Point Reyes area.

"I wish our Oregon leadership were as visionary," he said.

McClellan concluded by saying that Sen. Maurice Neuberger (D-Ore.) was right when he said that if Oregonians "did not actively work for development of the seashore park, it would go elsewhere."

From Oregon's Press

Editor's note: Last week the Mail Tribune printed an editorial entitled "Thoughts on River Use," in which certain errors, both of fact and interpretation, which have appeared in the Grants Pass Courier, were criticized. Herewith is the Grants Pass editor's reply. Further comment appears unnecessary. —E.A.

WE CAN HANDLE OUR HOMEWORK

It's very kind of the editorial writer of the Medford Mail Tribune signing himself E.A. to feel we need assistance "with our homework" and that he can be of assistance.

His objection to our having designated Dr. Durno as a senator stems from the fact he's the recent successor to Charley Porter as a member of the U. S. Congress, but it is very easy to remember Durno as a state senator in view of the very newness of his congressional title. Roughly, too, the Talent project is a sort of "dam" endeavor in a broad sense even if the cost will run, for the overall thing around 25 millions. Maybe, too, it is nearing completion, but it's been so many, many years since the Rogue development program, upstream, was discussed and fought over that it just seems impossible any portion could be nearing a finish.

Appropos of our "homework" to the effect that the whole upstream project isn't about to take physical form but he hopes "physically" soon will, it just seems impossible, again, that after all these years the project isn't beginning to take at least a semblance of physical shape, as we suggested and had hoped.

We've been in this community only about two years and when it is brought home to us via E.A.'s editorial Feb. 24 that the proposal to do something about controlling the Rogue River via dams across its upstream tributaries, dates back even "before the big fight of 1948" we feel a bit consoled that we aren't able to grasp in TWO years what has been going on upstream and in the high terrain since BEFORE 1948 and "the big fight" our editorial writer talks about. We are not familiar with the big fight, seems ridiculous there should be a big fight, or a little one, either, where the interests of the people of a valley such as the Rogue's is concerned.

But out here where the Good Lord evidently thought a lot of would want to live, for one reason or another, He stretched forth His hand in no begrudging manner and we've a veritable natural beauty

spot. For it to be marred as God's creation set about to develop it, to take advantage of all the things placed within man's grasp, by factional bickering seems a bit out of tune, until we realize that a creature in the original beauty of Creation stirred up a devil of a stink and got things all out of kilter for a while.

There have been great dams, medium sized dams and little dams built back where this writer once lived and worked — quickly and without any ado. We've seen huge cofferdams sunk across a wide expanse of valley, as rough as any in the Rogue basin, to pave the way for pouring of the foundation work for the great visible superstructure that controlled little streams to make a big stream from a magnificent lake and harness waters for the several benefits of mankind. We've seen huge pipe lines, uphill, too, huge pipe lines, uphill, even, through which irrigation water was pumped at a minimum of cost to those in need. Maybe there have been long drawn out details and controversies over some of our mighty dams, but that does not mean it should take so long to get one started. Neither does the fact we've been talking and talking about the Upper Rogue River Basin project excuse the delay in getting something done. It doesn't excuse the fact that hamstringing the project so long and it doesn't redound to the credit of any one or ones having a part in delaying the program. And there isn't any excuse in dragging out a thing like this except the machinations of politicians and factional groups, whom, we many times fear, would rather not see Josephine County get any benefits. Neither should it have taken all these years and the "plugging away, month after month and year after year" of any group interested in getting the basin project under physical way.

When we came on this post, we immediately became aware of the group of intelligent men interested in furthering the basin development plan. We worked with them to the best of our humble abilities, intent only to do anything we could to promote the work they were doing and still are. But we've seen, time and again since, little, stinking, bickering and differences that didn't amount to a hill of beans as compared with the importance of the overall job at hand. We've seen politician and basin development personnel cross swords over technicalities that of themselves only stumbled and slowed the job; we've seen and heard Charley Porter, the then congressman from this district, lambasted and we've been in agreement and disagreement, with those who did the pummeling; sometimes it looked like anything Porter wanted to do didn't suit the group so vitally interested in the river plan and sometimes it looked like the then congressman didn't want to "hoe corn" with the proponents of the plan, but he did. Now Dr. Durno is in the saddle where Porter used to bounce and jounce and weave only to straighten and ride high back of the pommel with his feet braced solidly in the stirrups. Durno knows, according to the way he talked to us before he went to Washington for his first session of Congress, that his political life depends on his constituents; he seems to realize very seriously the job he's undertaken at the instance of the voters and in straightening

out a delay in allocation of funds for further surveys, or tests or whatever the technical job upstream is termed. It is to the best interests of all concerned, NOW, that our congressman keep a keen ear to any groundswells from back home to see that as far as he has to do with it, no further little bickerings and delays in the upstream development program are permitted. We feel he will do the job right and well. And if the men promoting the project, the Rogue River Flood Control and Water Resources Association, will take a new girding of their joints and stick solely to the job at hand rather than try to fiddle around with the Meritt Irrigation project, and the much discussed Copper Canyon proposal, much good will be accomplished in bringing to completion the too long drawn out upstream development and control job. Too much running to and fro does not help to accomplish much.

We've yet to understand why so often someone remov-

ed from our actual valley, some ones who should have no reason to be jealous that we get something here in Josephine must stick their nubs in when we set our minds and hearts on jobs for our benefit. If Josephine countians don't fight for their own betterment, opposition will continue to mount to our chagrin. And the Medford editorial Pass Courier.

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In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

In this space the other day, we quoted some words of wisdom proffered in Portland to the members of the Oregon Highway Builders by Walter G. Lundstrom, of Oregon representative of the Auto Industries Highway Safety Committee. The members of the Oregon organization (whose objective is safer highways) were gathered for their annual convention. Mr. Lundstrom was there to address them. Among the subjects he touched on was whether to license teenagers at age 16 or at age 18.

His thesis was that it doesn't make much difference. The big thing, he said, is to TRAIN THEM TO DRIVE WELL. If they are WELL trained, he said, the early age is preferable. He added: "Where teenagers have received adequate training their accident rate has been reduced BELOW that of adults."

It sounds like good common sense.

BUT it isn't the purpose to rehash that here today. In the course of his talk on safe driving, Mr. Lundstrom made this interesting statement:

"There is already ONE CAR for every two people in Oregon. There are more automobiles per capita in Oregon than in ANY OTHER STATE IN THE UNION — including California." He forecast an even greater degree of car ownership in Oregon in the future.

He attributed this high automobile ownership rate to what he called "Oregon's substantial middle class population."

I LIKE that. It is a tribute to Oregon's really admirable way of life. We have here in this somewhat more than a century old state few people of GREAT wealth. We have almost NO dire poverty. We have no fantastically extravagant estates. We have NO foul and teeming slums. As Mr. Lundstrom said in Portland, what we do have is a substantial middle class population — which is reflected in the fact that Oregon has more automobiles per capita than any other state in the Union — a fact that I wasn't aware of until he came up here and told us where we stand.

In making that statement, he does us a great service. We've had too many crash-hangers in Oregon in the past — too many among us who have howled mournfully about what Oregon DOESN'T have — including great wealth and correspondingly great poverty. What we DO have is a way of life that would be widely envied if it were better known.

THANK you, Mr. Lundstrom. You have done for us something that needed to be done.

You have told us how fortunate we are.

AND—
Let's add down this way—
What is true of the PHYSICAL

CAL state of Oregon is equally true of the STATE OF MIND that down here between the 40th and the 44th parallel of latitude we like to call the State of Jefferson.

ALL ALONE

Denver — (UPI) — State Sen. Dale Tursi (D-Pueblo), after hearing numerous colleagues explain that a drunk driving measure under debate would in no way affect them personally, commented: "I guess I'm the only drunk in this place."

OF SMITH & MEN

By Jack Smith

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Our new closet was delivered the other day. What a blessing.

We ordered it for Doug's room. That used to be my den. My den is now the master bedroom. That used to be my wife's sewing room. Her sewing room is now the living room, which is also where we practice for the 1964 Olympic Games and major league hockey.

We needed the new closet because when the house was built the den didn't have a closet. At that time the den was actually a single attached garage.

A single attached garage is about as good for a person as an appendix. We weren't in the house six months before the garage began to stink so you couldn't open the door without it banging into a pre-World War II sofa my wife was going to upholster some day.

So we had to build a double garage and convert the single attached garage into a den. Today we can't even get a single car in the double garage because of the sofa, which remains un-re-upholstered, and many other priceless relics of the ante bellum period.

But the single garage was a good den while it lasted. I finally surrendered it to Doug for a bedroom because he wanted to sleep with his railroad, baseball bat, aquarium, stamp collection and dog and cat, which were in my den most of the time anyway.

I moved my desk and file into the master bedroom, which was fine. I am fortunate in having a wife who sleeps quietly enough in the daytime that she doesn't disturb my work.

However, she likes to sew at night after I have gone to bed, so I had to move her sewing machine into the living room. If there's any noise I can't stand it's a whirr. I've never been able to figure out what she's been sewing at all these years, but I suppose some day she'll come up with a complete wardrobe for "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

by William Shakespeare. The reason we needed the new closet is that Doug had to have a place to hang his clothes. For a time all his clothes he had were a T-shirt, Levi's, swimming trunks, tennis shoes and a Robin Hood outfit, all of which we used to put out for the night, like the cat.

Now, however, he has a Boy Scout uniform, a pair of hard shoes and a suit he has to wear when he visits his grandmother. He realizes they have to be hung up indoors.

The closet is four feet wide and two feet deep with sliding doors and two racks — one for garments and one for shoes. It's beautiful. The moving men left it in the living room.

We have to leave it there until he makes room for it in his den. The railroad is gone. He sold it to a younger man, making a neat profit on my investment. But now there is the drafting board, the laboratory, the Complete Works of A. Conan Doyle, the dog, the cat, the reptilian and the scattered pages of a social studies theme entitled "Why the Pirates Will Win the Pennant Again in 1961" by Douglas Franklin Smith.

It might be some time before all this matter can be rearranged to admit the new closet.

But in the interim the new closet certainly is not going wasted.

I have found it an excellent place to put my golf clubs. My wife has filled the shelf with hats that either came from or are destined for a PTA rummage sale, and the dog has taken over the shoe rack.

He won't come out except to eat.

FOREIGNERS UP NORTH
Little Rock, Ark. — (UPI) — Emma Lou Shelton, 8, turned off the television set and started to bed when a turbulent Civil War saga came on the screen. Her daddy asked her what program was on. "Nothing much," Emma Lou answered. "Just something about the Yankees and the Americans."

The Family Council

Editor's Note: The Family Council consists of a judge, a psychiatrist, three clergymen, three editors and a women's editor. Each article is a summary of an actual case history. The Council reports on problems that have been dealt with by responsible agencies and counselors. (Copyright 1961—General Features Corp.)

Eric G.—He refuses our invitations to parties at our home.

Claude G.—I can't take hours of inane talk and dirty jokes.

Eric G.—My wife and I are very fond of my brother and we want to include him in our dinner-parties and celebrations. But if he comes, he leaves early on some pretext or other. Also he's refused to attend the last two get-togethers of friends in our home.

He's only 25 and maybe there's still a chance to keep him from turning into an intellectual snob. He says our parties bore him because everybody shoots off hot air, nobody knows what he's talking about and nobody's listening anyway.

It happens that he's wrong about that. My guests are substantial business people and professional men with bright and clever wives. They know what the score is. Of course, if Claude wants a party, he'd do better to go down to one of those Greenwich Village coffee houses. I admit that none of my friends talk Latin or Greek.

But he can learn a lot of practical and common sense facts from them, and he'd be better off if he'd unbend and accept people, instead of becoming so standoffish.

Festival To Get Truck Promotion

The Rogue Valley Pear Blossom Festival will be promoted along the Pacific coast this month through the co-operation of the Oregon-Nevada-California Freight Lines.

Signs calling attention to the Festival will be painted on the side panels of an ONC truck. The Medford Pear Shippers association will finance cost of developing and painting the panels, Shelby Tuttle, manager, said.

Foster and Kleiser will provide labor and installation of the signs, according to Russ Jamison, publicity chairman for the festival.

The truck will be used on regular hauls along the Pacific coast, according to Cliff Proctor of ONC.

Additional information on promotional plans and special events will be reviewed at a meeting of the Association at 7 a.m. Tuesday, March 7. The Festival is scheduled the week end of April 8.

Camp Fire Girls Tour Mail Tribune

Members of a Camp Fire Girls troop and their leaders, Mrs. Rod Miller and Mrs. Arthur Chipman, toured the Mail Tribune this week.

Members who visited were Karen Chipman, Judy Moyer, Karen Genger, Kathy Hardenberger, Merry Miller, Carol Kagy, Wren Winniford, Dana Holmstrom and Janet Warren.

The girls toured the news room, advertising, circulation, stereotyping, make-up departments, and watched the press in operation.

Claude G.—I'm sorry, but I've had my fill of those windbags and backslappers. I can think of a dozen other ways to spend my evenings, which would be more enjoyable and profitable and just as sociable, too.

This has nothing to do with snobbery. Quite the opposite. In fact, I realize I know very little and I'm so avid for knowledge that I'll go anywhere to pick up a few accurate facts and some authentic enlightenment. I'm always eager to expand my horizons.

But what happens at Eric's shagging? Someone starts talking about the Belgian Congo, and just when one or two others begin to pool what they're read or heard and a real meaty discussion is coming up,—bang, some playboy joke that reminds him of the joke about the woman saying, "When I was pregnant with my son, the Medicine Man."

Good talk is constantly sabotaged by people who can't join in, so they end it with insipid and irrelevant jokes. The final hours then become a contest for who can tell the dirtiest story.

I'd rather sit around with a couple of friends who can engage in lively conversation rather than just a lot of back-room noise.

The Council: As the Good Book says, there's a "time to weep, and a time to laugh," any many's the performer who wished his audience knew the difference. Here's Eric wishing Claude knew that party-time isn't exactly "Sunrise Semester."

We suggest that Eric be content to have Claude put in a polite, token appearance at those parties, rather than expect him to enjoy them. Only an Abou ben Adhem, who loves all his fellowmen, can accept and enter into the spirit of hit-or-miss camaraderie. An extrovert, a real outgoing person, has a good time in a luck-of-the-draw crowd. Claude is not outgoing and prefers to be with those who share his interests.

To some extent we commiserate with Claude on the deterioration of the art of conversation. The best talk is the outgrowth of a reading, a contemplation which does not allow much time for parties. But there are still people who are both sociable and knowledgeable, and Claude seems to know where to find them. With some forbearance, we venture to say, he may even find a few at one of his ho-ho-ho sessions.

To aid him in the pursuit, we submit Herbert Spencer's index to people at gabfests. He found that small minds discuss people and gossip; average minds, happenings and events; profound minds, ideas and principles.

However, we join Eric in warning him not to dismiss people as "windbags" just because they retreat from a penetrating analysis of our Gold Reserve or the Laos Situation, while sipping after-dinner cognac. Many of them do know a great deal, and perhaps more than Claude, on one or two subjects. But they're in the mood for trivialities.

And, as Sir Max Beerbohm decided, "Good sense about trivialities is better than nonsense about things that matter."

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