

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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Flight of Time: Medford and Jackson County History from the files of The Mail Tribune 10, 20, 30, 40 and 50 years ago.

10 YEARS AGO: March 26, 1951 (Monday). Less than a week remains in the Jackson County Red Cross fund drive.

20 YEARS AGO: March 26, 1941 (Wednesday). County Engineer Paul Rynning today announced the start of spring roadwork in the county.

30 YEARS AGO: March 26, 1931 (Thursday). The county is still awaiting word from the state highway commission regarding the proposed extension of North Central ave. to the Pacific highway.

40 YEARS AGO: March 26, 1921 (Saturday). A meeting was held today to discuss the possible formation of a Southern Oregon Historical society.

50 YEARS AGO: March 26, 1911 (Sunday). Twenty persons were injured yesterday when a Southern Pacific rail car bound for Portland jumped the tracks near the Crater Lake junction north of Medford.

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

1. Do various insects have varying numbers of legs? 2. What seal appears on the back of the one dollar silver certificate? 3. Did the ancient Greeks include the Great Wall of China in their list of "Seven Wonders of the World"?

Transcontinental Notes--V

Our second day of tourist-type sightseeing in New York began with another stroll along Fifth Avenue, only south this time. Again it was cold and sunny, and again we gawked in the shop windows and smiled in secret self-satisfaction in recognizing the store names we'd heard all our lives.

Our path took us to the Empire State Building, the world's tallest, and a "must" for every tourist. We contented ourselves with looking from the 86th floor observatory, rather than going to the very top of the 102-story tower.

BUT, from this vantage point we had a superb view of the five-state area visible from here, and a close birds-eye look at Manhattan at our feet, and the other boroughs, the East, Hudson and Harlem rivers, and the upper and lower bay, including the Statue of Liberty, from here a tiny figure rising out of the waters.

The Christopher Columbus, the new Italian luxury liner, sailed as we watched it from high above—first shoved into the Hudson by the busy tugs, then moving majestically downriver on its own toward the bay and the open sea.

Another stroll, north again, along the Avenue of the Americas (which was Sixth Avenue before Fiorello LaGuardia renamed it), brought us to La Bourgoigne restaurant, which had been recommended by friends.

HERE we (editorial), in a spirit of adventure, for the first time ate escargots—the famous French delicacy better known here as snails. We found them delicious, sort of a dark-colored gastronomic cross between an oyster and a shrimp, with only tiny tid-bits of meat in each shell, broiled in butter and garlic.

After a brief period of recuperation at the hotel, we subways out to the Hayden Planetarium (exceedingly interesting; but a planetarium, after all, is a planetarium, and the Hayden is no more nor less exciting than the one in Golden Gate Park in San Francisco.)

SUPPER that evening was, again, at the drug store, where we again ventured something new—this time a hot pastrami sandwich, about which we had heard for years but never had a chance to sample.

The version we received was simply thinly sliced, highly seasoned beef, on rye bread. A visit to the New York Times newsroom concluded the day.

The following day, Sunday, we subways to the Battery, sat on benches in the warm sunshine, watched the ferries plying back and forth across the upper bay, gazed at "Liberty" in the harbor, enjoyed the pigeons and small children and nurses and elderly men sunning themselves.

We strolled past the old fort, later an aquarium but little more than a ruin today, and into the financial district, along Sunday-quiet Wall Street and Rector Street, past the stock exchange, and into and around Trinity Church (so oddly misplaced among the big business skyscrapers) where monuments commemorate Alexander Hamilton and Robert Fulton, among others.

BY SUBWAY, again, we went up to 14th Street and walked cross-town west, past Union Square and finally arrived at Luchow's, the famed German restaurant, where we lunched leisurely on coleslaw, broiled oysters and rye bread; the HEW secretary essayed sauerbraten.

Then, again by the handy and ubiquitous subway, out to 53rd Street and the Museum of Modern Art, about which we have mixed feelings.

The courtyard, with its stately and pools and trees, is pleasant. But the building itself is chopped up into rooms too small to display some of the larger works properly, and there is far from enough space to show all the Modern's collections—a fact the visitor is not allowed to forget; signs everywhere appeal for donations.

TWO special shows now dominate the Modern, one by Mark Rothko, the other by Max Ernst, both extreme moderns, and neither of them having much appeal for this viewer. The Rothko show was described in "Time" a few weeks ago; the Ernst show is featured in this week's issue. We strongly doubt whether Rothko's great expanses of color are, in truth, art; and Ernst's fantasies leave us cold for the most part, although one or two of his pieces are pleasing.

But the Modern does have its attractions. For instance, tucked off in one corner is "Bird in Flight," Brancusi's famous sculpture which probably has had as much influence on modern art as any single piece ever done.

THE rest of the evening was spent in writing letters, and packing for the morrow's departure for Washington, D.C.

Checking out in the morning, we climbed into a cab and asked to be taken to the west side airlines terminal—a plan forestalled by the friendly cab driver, who pointed out that he could take us directly to La Guardia field for as little as, or less than, it would cost us to undergo the horrors of terminal and crowded bus.

He won; and he was right. Even with a tip, we saved 50 cents, and got a good view of the west side of Manhattan, the Triborough Bridge, and Queens, in the bargain.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

THE CONGO AND LAOS: Summing up the "position of the Soviet Union," Mr. Gromyko told the General Assembly on Tuesday that on the one hand the U.N. should withdraw troops from the Congo within a month, on the other hand that it should remove "all Belgian troops and Belgian personnel now in that country."

AS COMPARED with the Congo, where the United States has a clear position and an intelligible strategic policy, the situation in Laos is confused and dangerous. Our commitment in the Congo, which was taken only last year, lies within the reach of our strategic and political power. Laos does not. Laos is a classic example of a great power being over-extended.

THE choice in Laos, as it becoming more and more clear, may eventually become a choice between war and peace. In the endless White House meetings on the Laos problem, the President has quite often drily noted that a war for Laos, or for almost anywhere else for that matter, would quite probably permit the Republicans to win the White House in 1964, and to remain in power for long thereafter.

RIGHTS OF ATHEISTS: New York, N.Y.—The rights of atheists were defended last week, by Bishop James A. Pike, the controversial head of the Episcopal Church in California.

ILLUSIONS ABOUT AFRICA: In an article in the April issue of Coronet magazine, Bishop Pike maintains that "so-called atheists" have a good deal in common with a heavy proportion of "believers." The God in which many adult Christians and Jews believe is as inadequate as the one the "atheists" deny, he said.

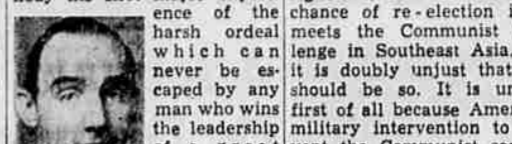
ILLUSIONS ABOUT AFRICA: Congo business has rid Americans of many of their illusions about Africa, but by no means all of them. There are still Americans who want to believe that our original—and official—policy hopes for Africa, to keep the cold war out of that continent and to prevent the Balkanization of that continent, can be realized.

ILLUSIONS ABOUT AFRICA: There are not going to be ANY truly democratic parliamentary regimes in Black Africa, not before decades of intensive education have passed, and probably not then. The roots of violence and strongman rule are several thousand years deep; political democracy is an act of reason that very few peoples have ever successfully performed.

ILLUSIONS ABOUT AFRICA: Portugal has but a short lease on her life in Angola. Like Belgium, her own strength is too limited; like the Congo, Angola is too vast an area, too jerry-built in structure, to withstand these "winds of change."

Matter of Fact

THE RUEFUL FOOTNOTE: Washington—The Laos crisis has given President Kennedy his first...



Alsop: This is the ordeal of making choices, in closed and secret rooms, often for closed and secret reasons, with the heavy knowledge that the choices finally made must intimately affect the fate of tens and even hundreds of millions of men and women.

THE plan, though agreed upon, was not executed because of the feeling that decisions of this gravity had better be left to the new Administration. But on Jan. 19, when the incoming Kennedy received his final briefing at the White House, part of the briefing was a clear warning that the position in Laos might deteriorate quite soon to the point where military intervention might be the only saving course.

At this juncture, Kennedy looked squarely at Secretary Herter and asked him what he would do in such circumstances. Herter replied that he would not duck the obligations of the U.S., even if it meant the use of force.

In sum, the phoniness of the claim of the cheaper sort of Republicans, that they have an exclusive patent on peace, was very nearly proven in action before Kennedy took office. But that is only half the injustice, whose other half resides in the claim itself.

THE answer given by Republicans like Herter is the same answer that one hopes Kennedy will also give, that the test of both parties in grave crisis is whether their leaders do what needs to be done.

Communications: Voice of Experience: To the Editor: Attention housewives! Have you been grousing at your husband that all that indoor painting is more than you can do alone?

Communications: I confess, I groused and groused at mine, and now in my utility room (it connects to the kitchen) I have a mahogany colored ceiling. "Mahogany?" I can hear you all saying. "Yes, mahogany."

Communications: To make a long story short, it started with too much wood putty. I tried to tell that man it would get hard fast. But you know men.

Communications: I have had a lot of advice on how to get rid of it, and one good friend even offered to help. Have you watched your husband's face when he was real proud of a job he thought "well done" for a while, at least, I will have to keep that mahogany ceiling the color it is.

Communications: Mr. Parkinson is convinced that when a peacetime income tax rate goes above 10%, the public begins resorting to "evasive action." At 25%, he says, "Inflation debases the currency." Over 35%, "the nation is carting itself to history's junkpile." And what of a nation whose income tax rates in some cases exceed 90%? Mr. P.'s imagination fails him!

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Well it's all over now. Last week, we mean. And do you know what last week was? You don't? We'll tell you. It was Formfit week, National Salesmen's week, National Wildlife week, National Rice week, and National Television Technicians week.

Our esteemed Ashland contemporary recently reported that two "flu fires" had been put out. Well, influenza does make one feel as though he's burning up, sometimes. Possibly the flu bug flew up the flue and set it on fire. S'pose?

At the risk of going into modest competition with our friend Arnold Eugene Jenny, we should like to pass along a couple of verses we ran across in the West Side Starlette, a publication we had not seen previously, but which is a worthy companion to other elementary school papers in the Medford schools.

When You Get Old: When you get old and ugly, As people always do, Remember that your old friends Are old and ugly too.

Your meter and rhyme (excuse it, A.E.J. — rime) are fine, Ernie, but take a tip from us — some of the most beautiful people we've ever seen are old. Age does not automatically bring ugliness; age brings to the surface what sometimes is hidden beneath the bloom of youth.

Roxanne Whipple is far more sanguine than Ernie, and her verse is appropriate at this season of the year, when the calendar says spring has started, when the grass is growing like crazy, and when the rains and the sunshine intermingle each day.

And now it is time for us to go back and start to work, too. But before we do, we should assure you that the regular Potluck editor is greatly indebted to those who pitched in to do his job while he was away.

Oh, yes — the Potluck editor's wife has decided she likes jet flying. All except the landings, anyway. These still make her a bit uneasy. Especially if they're bumpy.

Now that we've started, let's continue with the Hoover Hi-Lite. Here is a report on "Tropical Fish" presented by Susan Kimball of grade 4R:

"One day we went in the library to see some tropical fish. There were a lot of fish there. There were little fish and big fish.

"When we were finished looking, we thanked the boy for letting us see the fish. Then we went back to the room and started to work."

Also on our desk is a COMMUNICATIONS: NORTHOTE PARKINSON'S investigations of the modus operandi of big business and bureaucracy have resulted in the formulation of a code that in time may be as widely quoted as the one named for Napoleon.

1. Work expands so as to fill every second of the time available for its completion. To finish any project ahead of time under present workaday conditions makes any worker or group of workers definitely suspect.

2. You can always tell the somebody from the nobodies at a cocktail party: "the somebodies come late and shun walls."

3. Subordinates multiply at a fixed rate, regardless of the amount of work produced.

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