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Transcontinental Notes--IX

Our last glimpse of Washington, from the airport limousine, and from the Capital Airlines' Viscount plane, was on a fresh, sunny morning, which clothed the beauty of the city with a bright aura of approaching spring.

The flight was a pleasant one, much of it over clouds, and we both liked the plane, a four-engine turbo-prop model not frequently seen on the west coast, but very popular among airlines in the east.

We stopped briefly in Cleveland, where an icy wind was blowing over snow remaining from a blizzard of the week before, and then on, over the southern part of Lake Erie, over Michigan, and then across Lake Michigan to Milwaukee.

THEORETICALLY, we had known of the extent of Lake Michigan, but it was not until we flew across it that the actual size sank in. It must have taken better than an hour to cross this huge inland fresh-water sea, and even from high in the air, there was a period when no land was visible in any direction.

As we flew west, the clouds gradually disappeared, permitting an excellent view of the wind-driven whitecaps far below. As we approached Milwaukee, the bright blue of the lake turned to a dirty brown, for reasons we never did learn authoritatively.

Milwaukee, too, and the surrounding countryside, was largely covered with snow from an earlier storm, and the wind was bitter as we deplaned, despite the bright sunshine.

OUR 24 hours in this interesting, gracious city was devoted in most part to family visiting, and the loving warmth, affectionate hospitality, the personal interest in the Medford visitors and their experiences, and in the family in the west, was like a benison after the hectic, hurried and sometimes unhappy experiences in New York.

Aunt Amy, Aunt Marjory, Aunt Carolyn, Uncle Reeder, and Margaret, who lives with them, were the souls of kindness and thoughtfulness, made sure we were comfortable in every respect, and showed us as much of Milwaukee as time permitted, with pride and affection.

We drove around the city, along the lake front, and, among other things, visited an excellent art school and the city's War Memorial Center, housing the Milwaukee Art Center.

THE memorial building is a spectacular architectural achievement by the noted Eero Saarinen, high above the lake front, and using the cantilevered, open and airy designs permitted by the use of concrete.

The murals on the face of the building, done in mosaics and reportedly among the largest such works of art in the world, are tastefully and symbolically done, commemorating those sons of Milwaukee who died in World War II and the Korean War.

The show featured at the Art Center was entirely of portraits, done in every conceivable style and medium, and constituted a tour de force of the art exhibitor's skill. They ranged from hilarious portraits of Elsa Maxwell (deadly realism) and Marilyn Monroe (deadly impressionism) to a moving rendition in bronze of Albert Schweitzer.

THE evening was spent in visiting a spectacular new shopping center for dinner at Marshall Fields, a little shopping at the huge and colorful store, and a family discussion, interspersed with an Edward R. Murrow TV documentary—with the electronic voice of Murrow reminiscent of his in-the-flesh voice we had heard two days previously.

A good sleep, a huge breakfast, warm and fond farewells said, and we left, regretfully, for the last day of travelling, which took us from Milwaukee to Medford between 11 a.m. (Milwaukee time) and 7 p.m. (Medford time).

The flight to O'Hare field in Chicago was a brief one, on North Central airlines DC3. At O'Hare, we had only an hour until boarding the west-bound United Air Lines DC8, and most of the hour was spent in finding our way around the immense airport terminal, busiest in the world, and glancing through the Chicago papers.

THE flight west was uneventful, but, to the neophytes, still an exciting experience, as state after state unrolled 31,000 feet below. Our attempts to keep track of where we were, assisted by maps and infrequent announcements by the pilot, were only partly successful.

But once we got to the Rockies, rising in snow-clad splendor below, we knew we were "west," and getting closer. Our route took us over Des Moines, Denver, across Nevada, and right over Yosemite, which we could recognize even from high above.

We began descending soon thereafter, and skimmed over the new-green hills and fertile fields of the great valley, and, still coming down, broke out over the bay, circled, and landed smoothly at San Francisco International airport—the cleanest and best organized of any of the large airports we had seen.

A BRIEF wait for a connecting plane to Medford, and we were off again on the last leg of the trip, flying first over the ocean, then back inland again in a pattern that gave us the best view we have ever had of San Francisco, Marin county, the massive bridges across the shining bay, and the building-clad hills of the east bay. Darkness was descending as we passed the white peaks of Mt. Shasta, and the final descent into the Rogue valley, from an unusually high flight at 13,000 feet, was made through clouds.

Family and friends gave us a warm and loving greeting at the Medford airport. We were home again.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS, BUT I MADE IT ALL BY MYSELF!"

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.

On VA Hospital: To the Editor: This is in answer to Oliver Lankford's letter from White City.

My husband was discharged from WWII with the rank of T/Sgt. He was given his mustering out pay.

He was then a member of the Oregon National Guard until going back on active duty in the Korean War. He was discharged before the mustering out pay was passed in 1952 by Congress.

I don't believe any mustering out pay was paid until November, 1952. When he was discharged all the Korean Vets received was traveling pay. That is what the \$33 was for.

My husband is receiving \$100 a month non-service connected pension. The rest of our income comes from the county.

As for epilepsy being inherited always, that is folklore. It can be caused from a blow on the head or from fever that my husband contracted in service that has damaged the brain.

As for a non service connected veteran entering a hospital for any kind of nervous disorder, you just don't do this in the state of California. We have over 8,000 veterans in California state hospitals.

We have over 4 million veterans from the federal government is allotted by the amount of overall population, not the amount of veterans in need. He has been on the waiting list since 1954.

Enclosed is a letter from the head of the Veterans Administration in San Francisco, also one from Congressman John Moss stressing the need for more hospitals. There has been a hospital bed shortage in the veterans mental hospitals since 1947.

The Truman administration did nothing. President Eisenhower's administration did nothing.

Most of our veterans die in county hospitals. (Name withheld)

Editor's note: Enclosed with the letter printed above were letters from the VA hospital at Palo Alto, showing our correspondent's husband was No. 898 on their waiting list; the letter from Congressman Moss which says, in part, "... for many years there has been an acute shortage of facilities to care for our deserving and incapacitated veterans"; and a letter from the VA office in San Francisco, which said, in part, "It is true that VA neuropsychiatric hospitals in California have had extremely long waiting lists for the admission of non-service-connected veterans. This condition existed prior to 1952 and continues to exist." This letter was dated March 7, 1961.

Missed the Point: To the Editor: Helen B. Townsend of Eagle Point seems to have missed my point: Shoring up our civil liberties while tolerating American communists' prattings is a better way to fight communism than to make martyrs of the fools and undermine our own civil liberties in the process.

This, she says, is the kind of "sleeping" dreaming and saying it can't happen here, it won't that led to Communist gains in the Congo, Laos, Cuba and Korea.

I think the situations in these countries substantiate my point perfectly; the Communist gains were made there after the breakdown of civil liberty, such as there was. I don't think any one of these countries would be in trouble today if it had had our Constitution and a history of free people backing it up.

I don't say it can't happen here. I say it can't happen

here if we strengthen our free institutions; but it can happen here if we panic and throw out the baby with the bath water.

I think, too, that Mrs. Townsend does a disservice to the Rev. Billy Graham in saying that he advocates that communism be taught in schools as a religion. The Rev. Mr. Graham advocates that communism be STUDIED in schools as a religion. There's a great difference in connotation.

Whether as a religion or as a political or economic force, communism SHOULD be studied in our schools. It would be to our great advantage to know our enemy's goals, techniques and strategies in order to cope with them better.

Anyone who fears that our schoolchildren would be tainted hasn't much faith in the basic attraction of our free system with its obviously superior tenets.

Ken Johnson, 1150 Shamrock st., Salem, Ore.

Story a "Blessing": To the Editor: Your front-page story about the "Assembly of God" missionary was a blessing to my heart. This is a real life story of a once-sinner now converted to Christ, serving his Lord Jesus wholeheartedly. I would have been very happy to meet his saint of God and shake his hand and have real Christian fellowship with him. This man has riches much greater than a worldly billionaire.

I think it is pitiful when professing Christians are ashamed of some of the Lord's people because of their broken-down trucks, trailers, or patched clothing and humble homes. There are many people nowadays professing the Name of Christ who are moving about in new cars in this world with their broken-down back-slidden, destitute spiritual conditions—living in actual disobedience to God—yet feeling superior to our Spirit-filled brother in the "broken-down truck."

Prosperity, Poverty, Communism, and Anti-Communism All Present in Mexico

By PHIL NEWSOM UPI Foreign News Analyst Mexico City - (UPI) - Fifty years after its revolution, Mexico is stable, prosperous and anti-Communist.

Yet it is also a nation about which generalizations are dangerous. One of Mexico's greatest assurances of future stability comes from its growing middle-income group which owns property, goes to school and will fight to protect what it has.

Even the poorest worker may aspire to own his own home, and the son of a street peddler may become a distinguished doctor or lawyer.

Among Mexico's 39 million inhabitants, the Communists and their affiliated parties are a distinct minority. Yet, aided by a large Soviet

embassy which distributes anti-American literature throughout the whole of Latin America, the Communists work with a purpose, with schools a special target.

Among Mexico's 90,000 university students, it is estimated that nearly 10 per cent are followers of communism, well led, well organized and missing no opportunity to agitate against existing authority or the United States.

Last summer they took to the streets to protest government ouster of some Red-line teachers. At the peak of the demonstrations, 3,000 of them clashed with riot police. In the ensuing battle more than 60 persons were injured.

As a nation, Mexico is prosperous. In Mexico City, tall, glass-encased new buildings arise along broad clean avenues.

It is a boom town, with factories rising on the outskirts, new workers' homes going up and the former unsanitary, open-air markets now enclosed in modern, one-story concrete structures.

liminary vote failed to kill the proposal so Mrs. Hand needs help in stopping the nonsense. Salem leadership should be devoted to streamlining all phases of things which require the expenditure of money.

Lobbyists for special interests, tax-shifters and special pleaders get too far with the legislature. The taxpayers wonder what goes on, anyway.

Dogs In Central Point To the Editor: All of you dog lovers, bring your dogs and come to Central Point, where they have the whole town to run in.

Our council here seems to give the dogs more privileges than they do the people. They pad along the streets and spray the stuff the stores have out on display.

We need dog control pretty bad. The council neglects that, but they don't neglect our money.

All of you people who wish to have dog control, please contact me at 522 Maple st., Central Point, and furthermore, if you want the low down on the last meeting, contact me at the same address.

D. F. Perkins, P. O. Box 514, Central Point, Ore.

Voting Record To the Editor: It is with great interest that I have watched Congressman Durno's voting record in Congress.

His vote against expanding the rules committee was among his first votes against the people of his district, as this committee has in the past years stopped legislation on housing and other matters relating to us from coming to a vote before the house.

And what of his promise in his campaign to stop Japanese imports of plywood? On T.V. March 27 he said it is still a problem, but NEXT year they would talk about it in Congress.

His latest vote against a \$1.25 an hour minimum wage law for an employee who works for a company engaged in intrastate commerce was a real shocker. Even this bill was a modified version of the administration proposal and was defeated by one vote.

Congressman Durno's one vote could have helped millions of people buy a little extra food for their families. It evidently was of little interest to him that the latest Gallup poll published recently showed 75 per cent of the people supported this bill.

Now that he has voted against the working people, there is little doubt that he is preparing to vote against our elderly people by voting against medical care for the aged under Social Security, when this bill comes before the house.

During the campaign Congressman Durno said "Let's wake up with a doctor in the house." But a doctor is supposed to cure the majority of his patients, not make them sick.

Now that spring training is about over I am hopeful that he will change his brand of antibiotics, and improve his batting average in the interest of the nation and our district.

Neil Rayburn, 814 Sherman st., Medford.

Commodity Inspection Lowest in Five Months Salem - Perishable commodities inspected by state-federal shipping point service in February has dipped to the lowest figure of the past five months.

Total number of carlots checked in February came to 2,775. The last low count was in September, 1960, when 2,150 carlots of produce were counted. Figures for February of 1960 totaled 3,465 about 690 carlots more than were counted in the same month of 1961. The February count this year was almost 600 carlots under January.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

IF IF IF Bangkok—The first thing to remember about the Laos crisis is that this was not mere summer lightning without threat of any serious storm. The storm could have been very serious indeed if Nikita S. Khrushchev had not changed the signals at the last moment.

The U.S. Pacific Fleet was on a war footing. The U.S. Marine helicopter company that recently moved into the Udon airbase on the Laotian border here in Thailand was only the advance guard of much larger American forces that were steaming toward the scene of potential action. Thai army units were moving to contribute a contingent.

On Sunday, President Kennedy asked Prime Minister Macmillan for men from the Commonwealth Brigade that is stationed in Malaya.

In other words, there was the grimmest sort of hard meaning in the President's decision to intervene militarily in Laos if Khrushchev did not promptly agree to a ceasefire and negotiations on the basis proposed by the British. It was not an empty decision. There was no bluff about it. And when this reporter left Washington on Saturday, the highest American authorities were giving even odds on negotiations of intervention, either way.

MAYBE the odds then given were overoptimistic, since the Soviets kept up the ugly test of will until the last possible minute. They planted "authoritative" warnings, sent through satellite sources, for instance, that a ceasefire was unthinkable and that President Kennedy could have a war if he wanted one. These reached the American policy makers Friday evening and Saturday morning, almost concurrently with the news that Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko wished to be received by the President.

Now, however, those who bet on negotiations have won the wager. They would not have won, and the Communist military conquest of Laos would have proceeded to its long-planned conclusion, if President Kennedy had not made the harsh decision to prepare to fight. In this way at least what has happened is a textbook illustration of the rule that guts are needed for successful dealings with the Kremlin.

But although the acceptance of negotiations effective-

ly disposes of one of the fairly awe-inspiring sets of "ifs" which have been hanging over the future, the other set is by no means disposed of. The point is that the kind of conference on Laos proposed by the British can be very dangerous indeed; and the Soviets will no doubt do their best to make it more dangerous, both at the conference table and on the scene in Laos.

The other set of "ifs" comprises all the reasons which remorselessly drove President Kennedy to his decision to fight for Laos if need be. For if Laos falls under effective Communist control (which is the main "if" now) the consequences are almost mathematically predictable.

Politically, Laos may be pulpy and insignificant; but geographically, Laos is the key. It is the high road to Siam, to Cambodia, and to South Vietnam where the government of courageous President Diem is already under heavy Communist guerrilla attack.

If Laos falls under effective Communist control, South Vietnam will be automatically doomed. Cambodia's capricious but genuine neutrality will turn into something very different. Thailand's present Western orientation will all but be impossible to maintain. And if these things happen, the process will not end in the countries that border on Laos.

THIS kind of disastrous chain reaction in Southeast Asia, if it is ever permitted to happen, will not only affect all the other Southeast Asian nations like Burma, Malaya, and already disordered Indonesia, in the rest of Asia, it will produce volcanic repercussions in Japan, in South Korea, and in the Philippines. And from all this, if it ever happens, there will be a rapid, terrible feedback in the Middle East, in Africa, and in South America.

Last Friday in Washington, a list was circulating in the government of four Latin American countries, two in the Caribbean, where early Castro-like explosions had to be expected as a result of this process which threatened—and still threatens—to get underway in Southeast Asia. The Thais and the Filipinos, who pressed for the decision that Kennedy made, did so for Asian motives. But this is a drama which cannot be localized if it turns sour.

Hence the result of any negotiation about Laos has to be weighed with the same toughness that was shown when the Pacific Fleet was ordered onto a war footing. But although the need to be tough-minded is still as great as ever, the still fruits of tough-mindedness are at least pretty encouraging.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

Fritz Kreisler, great violinist, also fancies himself as a performer of difficult card tricks. He was showing his genuine skill in that department at a party when a guest said, "I'd like to engage you to perform at a banquet I'm hosting next month."

"See my agent," suggested Kreisler. A satisfactory date was made, and Kreisler turned up at the appointed time with his precious violin under his arm.

"Say," said his admiring patron, "you're pretty versatile, aren't you? Play the violin, too!"

A man who thinks ahead like a champion chess player is Walter Bliss of Paramus, N.J. For her birthday he gave his wife the costliest set of china he could find. Now he not only doesn't have to wash the dishes any more; she won't even allow him in the kitchen.

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