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

10 YEARS AGO April 16, 1951 (Monday) A major change in Medford's city government was announced today...

50 YEARS AGO April 16, 1901 (Wednesday) The League of Women Voters has placed a proposal before the Medford city council...

50 YEARS AGO April 16, 1901 (Thursday) A 40-cent charge for pear arsenic inspection has been eliminated by the state board of horticulture.

50 YEARS AGO April 16, 1911 (Saturday) The Crater lake betterment committee has arranged to raise \$20,000 for improvements at the park...

50 YEARS AGO April 16, 1911 (Sunday) The 461-acre Suncrest orchards here have been sold for \$265,000.

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

Don't Do It, Friends!!

Honestly now, legislative friends!! What will it be like if Portland decides to go on daylight saving time, Salem stays on regular time, Eugene goes DST, and Medford stays standard?

That, or something close to it, will be the result if you give final passage to that utterly asinine bill to permit "local option" in setting the time of day.

Holy mackerel—it was to get away from this very sort of confusion that the railroads finally got together some 75 or so years ago and set up standard time in the first place.

DON'T, friends, be suckered in by a few Portland big-shots who don't give a haw about the rest of the state, just so long as they can go along with Washington and California.

Don't forget that the people of Oregon last fall turned down a chance for DST throughout the state.

Personally, we don't much care whether the state stays standard or goes DST. But whichever it is, it ought to be all together on it.

In short, legislative friends, don't make utter fools of yourselves just to please the Oregonian and a few others. Don't do it!—E.A.

Well Done Governor!!

The other day we said we'd be bound to give a hearty "well done" to Governor Mark Hatfield if he would veto SB32, the inequitable big truck tax-reduction bill.

So—"Well done, Governor Hatfield." We don't add the "hearty," because he didn't come right out and veto it. But he said he would unless the legislature referred the matter to a vote of the people.

WE NOTE that Walter Pearson, who is not our favorite state senator, referred to the Governor's action as "political blackmail."

What utter hogwash! By that one comment alone, Pearson reveals himself (once again, it should be added) to be irresponsible. He knows better—or he should.

Long years in the state senate and in the state treasurer's office should have given him a little better understanding of the functions of the three branches of government.

And it is just one more added bit of evidence showing he's firmly in the pocket of the big business interests of the state who are out for every buck they can squeeze out of this legislature's actions, and to heck with the people.

THE governor very properly pointed out that this bill would reduce highway revenues at the very time they are being avidly sought for countless needed projects; that the people resoundingly defeated a similar move only a few years ago; and that tests to show conclusively how much big trucks are responsible for high highway construction costs are almost completed.

We think he had every good reason to veto the bill. But his action in refusing to sign it, unless it goes to a vote of the people, is the next best thing.

A quotation from Friday's UPI story from Salem is revealing. It said:

"Supporters of the bill fear a referral, because defeat would virtually destroy any chance of passing such a bill in subsequent sessions."

In other words, "The people be damned; let's get the legislature to do the job."

Once again, legislative friends, don't do it! —E.A.

Reconsideration Urged

After two negative-type dissertations, let's have one on the positive side. We agree wholeheartedly with the Medford planning commission that the new federal building should be located in the area of the long-designated "civic center" area around the west side Library Park.

Way back in the 1930s, the then planners of the city foresaw a time when this could become an attractive, convenient civic center, with lawns and trees in the middle, and most of the public buildings handily adjacent to each other.

ADD to that the traffic count figures on Riverside and Central, near where the building is now proposed for construction, as well as future planning for arterial streets, it just plain makes sense for the general services administration to reverse its previous decision.

It is also reported that because of rising costs, the projected building area will not have as much parking area around it as was originally planned. Thus more congestion.

This area isn't bleeding for construction work so badly that we have to rush into this thing with our eyes closed.

EVEN if it results in a delay of as much as a year or two, we'd far rather have this planned and coordinated, with all agencies satisfied, and the public served properly, than to jam it through. Government buildings are not built for a day or a week or a year. They'll be with us for a long time.

We urge this hastily selected site be reconsidered. If a planning commission isn't for planning, what is it for?—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"WEATHER BUREAU? WHEN IS THIS RAIN GOING TO STOP?"

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop (c) New York Herald Tribune Syndicate

COL. THAO'S WAR Ben Tre, Kien Hoa Province, Vietnam—Nowadays, when a Western reporter finds a corner of the world which positively inspires hope, the impulse to linger there is all but irresistible. That is the real reason why I have lingered in this amiable little delta town, as the guest of the young province-chief of Kien Hoa, Lt. Col. Pham Ngoc Thao.

The cops-and-robbers, good guys-versus-Communists aspect of this visit to Col. Thao has been pretty exciting—and decidedly pleasing, too, since the good guys have been coming out on top for once. But I confess I have been far more excited by the glimpse of a new kind of political warfare which I have caught through Col. Thao's eyes, in long talks with him in this high, bare old house of a French provincial administrator, in the calm intervals between patrols.

To make Col. Thao's war understandable, you have to understand him a little. He is, then, a slender, wiry, pleasant-spoken, gentle-seeming man, who has in fact been hardened by nearly 15 years of war, first with the Communists against the French, and then with President Ngo Dinh Diem against the Communists.

HE still has relations in the north. His father-in-law, in fact, is an important Communist official who was my polite captor when I blundered into a Communist-held area in South Vietnam six years ago. Because of his own past and has present connections, there was some grumbling when President Diem personally named Col. Thao to his job here after four previous province chiefs had failed to halt the rapid advance towards total takeover in Kien Hoa. At that time, this little town was almost literally besieged; all the main provincial roads were perennially impassable; and the Communists ruled virtually the entire countryside.

Kien Hoa is certainly no peaceful paradise today. The Communists have a section of 30 to 50 regular troops in each of Kien Hoa's eight administrative districts, based in heavily forested areas. Col. Thao still needs to be a very tough, resourceful anti-guerrilla leader, which he is. The war is unceasing, but at least Col. Thao has gained much ground since President Diem sent him here.

By the personal orders of the President and his brother Ngo Dinh Niu, Col. Thao began his work in Kien Hoa by an action symbolizing his break with the old French way of fighting the Communists, which has been too often imitated by the South Vietnamese in the past two years. The provincial jail was bulging with a thousand prisoners, most of them held in mere suspicion. He sifted out about three hundred hard core cases and let the rest go free. He also burned the instruments of torture used by the police in a public ceremony in Ben Tre's main square.

BUT these bold innovations did not change the fact that the province chief's own house was under rather regular fire from the Communist-held villages just across Ben Tre's gently flowing little river. First, Col. Thao tried to bring back these villages by putting in strong points and filling them with troops.

"It did less than no good," Col. Thao remarked, "so there was nothing left to do but go there myself."

With a small guard he therefore moved bodily into the village of Phu Nhuan, which is really a straggling peasant community of a good many thousands of people. For ten days, he talked to the villagers individually and in groups, actually interviewing every family elder. He learned about their grievances, about the chickens stolen by the army, the tax money misappropriated which should have built a village bridge, and so on. He got them to choose a new council of elders, a new village committee, and a new village chief. And so he took Phu Nhuan back from the Communists.

I can testify that he did so, because I asked if we could go there, and within 15 minutes we were strolling through the cocconut groves and along the canals of Phu Nhuan and its neighboring village, An Hol.

It was the kind of ideal ambush country that gave one a violent itch of localized apprehension in the back of the neck in the old days of the war between the French and the Communists. But instead of the snick of a sniper's bullet, all we heard were cheerful greetings from the people who ran the horrendous little fish sauce factory, and the many peasant households, and even the aged lady who had been so crossly pro-Communist because the soldiers of the local guard post had liberated "all three of her beds."

"We cannot win with arms, but we can win by dealing wisely and well with the people"

THIS is the colonel's motto, and on this basis, Thao and the junior officers who are his district chiefs have been repeating the Phu Nhuan experiment over and over again. It has not been smooth sailing by any means. "The people, said the colonel, "must be convinced, and at that, it is often easier to convince the people than to convince our own cadres, who wish to win with guns."

Yet nine villages out of the province's 115 have been recaptured by political action in the last two months. They have been strategically chosen, too. For instance, the rich river mouth villages were among the first on the list. "They cost the Communists a couple of million piastres a year in taxes on the fisheries, and we gained back as much," said the colonel. "The economic war is just as important as the political war."

A kind of encircling advance against the two Communist forest-hidden bases is in fact going on in Kien Hoa. Many villages not specifically worked on show the effects of the political war. Meanwhile, a school to train new village elders, chosen from the best of the school teachers, is in its second month of work. A new administrative headquarters, designed to be squeeze-proof because all the offices are completely open to the public view, is going up in Ben Tre town. The roads are all repaired. The bridges are mended. A kind of quasi-normal life has returned to Kien Hoa. "In a year," says Col. Thao, "I think we can win this war here."

Saying farewell to him, it was natural to wish him luck.

ENLISTS Miss Bonnie J. Tully, 18, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George L. Tully, 420 South Central ave., enlisted in the Women Marines last month for a period of three years. She is presently undergoing recruit training at Parris Island, S. C.

Prior to her enlistment, Private Tully attended Medford High school.

Drummond Reports

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

WESTERN GAINS Washington—President Kennedy's summit conferences with Prime Minister Macmillan and Chancellor Adenauer are producing more results than appear on the surface.

The communiques have seemed rather empty because these meetings are not negotiations; they are consultations—explorations of each other's thinking.

The dividends from these meetings are not apparent in the communiques—but in future action.

THESE significant dividends already flow from the Kennedy-Macmillan and the Kennedy-Adenauer conferences:

1—The two senior Allied leaders have established a relationship of trust and candor with the new President of the United States. While their personal relationship does not have the comradeship intimacy as prevailed with Eisenhower, it is evident that Mr. Kennedy won his spurs with the elder Allied statesmen and that the three can work together easily and cordially.

2—British Prime Minister Macmillan is determined to heal the menacing economic rift between the European Common Market (led by France and Germany) and the Outer Seven (led by Britain herself). It now appears probable that Britain's way of ending this trade threat to European unity will be a dramatic and historic turn in British policy—an offer to join the Common Market. President Kennedy made it clear that the U.S. would welcome this step as the most valuable contribution Britain could make to strengthening all of Western Europe.

3—German Chancellor Adenauer was profoundly reassured by Mr. Kennedy's word that the U.S. would, if anything, increase military support for NATO and has no intention of withdrawing a single soldier from Europe. In the economic field both Mr. Adenauer and Mr. Macmillan made it clear that their governments will devote to the aid of under-developed countries the same amount of their resources as does the U.S.

OF THESE three developments the most hopeful

gain for the West is the prospect that Britain will be joining the European Common Market.

This is not an easy decision and the British government would be taking a bold and courageous action. Not that it would be against British interests, but it will be a reversal of a long British tradition. Britain has long kept detached from the continent and, in the main, has played a balance-of-power role between France and Germany, lest either get too strong.

But a new British policy is needed to fit new events. It is now in Britain's interest to help the West Germany into the European community. The need is to pool and expand the strength of Europe as an economic entity and to develop a political federation to match this economic integration.

This is what Britain is now at the point of deciding and there can be no doubt that the Macmillan-Kennedy talks contributed to that end.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY'S meeting with Gen. de Gaulle in Paris will be far more complex and uncertain. It may not turn out well at all.

At a time when Macmillan, Adenauer, and Kennedy are acting to strengthen NATO, President de Gaulle for various reasons withdraws military forces from the NATO command, demands unilateral control of nuclear weapons on French soil. The effect is to force Allied air power from France. His recent blast at the U.N. further lacerates U.S.-French relations.

Gen. de Gaulle is doing much to give France a new sense of unity and purpose and to enlarge her role in world affairs. This is a boon to France and to her partners. We have every reason to hope that his wise and bold effort will resolve the Algerian war.

But NATO cannot be made to contribute more to France than France contributes to NATO. It is in these circumstances that Mr. Kennedy faces his severest test in personal diplomacy when he goes to Paris next month.

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In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Space travel by-product: Astronauts (including passengers, when that time comes) won't be allowed to use tooth paste.

WHY NOT? Tooth paste, if it is to do its job efficiently, requires water. And the sudsy water resulting from brushing your teeth wouldn't be fit to be REPROCESSED for drinking.

Out in space, you know, there's no water. And no air. And space on space ships will be precious. There will be no room to take along a water barrel. Every drop of water will be indispensable. It will have to be used over and over again.

SO Air Force dentists are working to develop antibodies to fight germs that cause tooth decay—the idea being that astronauts (and their passengers in distant future decades) will be so germ-free that they won't need to brush their teeth to head off decay.

They are reported to believe they may be able to develop an inoculation serum that will protect space travelers from bad teeth, along with other diseases.

It will mean ONE MORE SHOT to be taken before leaving for a week-end on Mars or Venus or Betelgeuse!

STUDYING chewing habits, these dental researchers are mounting tiny transistor radios in the dentures of their assistants. First findings from these instruments show that the number of times a person clicks his teeth together in the course of a day varies from 500 to 15,000.

AIN'T science wonderful? THESE dental researchers are overlooking no bets. Realizing that it may be impossible to develop a serum that will keep teeth perpetually in perfect condition without tooth paste, these does are working currently with a couple of guinea pig men who are sealed in a space cabin that reproduces the conditions that would prevail on a trip out into space.

Their experiments on these volunteers are designed to find out what effect brushing teeth with ONLY PLAIN WATER will have over an extended period of time. The plain water, you understand, could be REPROCESSED over and over so that it wouldn't be wasted.

ONE effect, if it turned out that brushing teeth with plain water would be fully effective in heading off cavities and such, would be to cut down the market for tooth hygiene preparations.

Grim thought in this business: IT WOULD CUT DOWN ADVERTISING, too. It's a parlous world we're living in these days.

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Sex rears its ugly head in the most unexpected places. One is prepared for it in a copy of Playboy, say, or even in publications more staid. But we'll confess we never expected to find sex in a press release from the American Forest Products Industries.

But, there it was. The release began: "This is the time of year when the trees are mating."

And it went on to give all the intimate details of the sex life of the Douglas fir tree. Is NOTHING sacred any more?

Questions we've never learned the answer to: Why does a flag fly in front on a standard in the sidewalk in front of Crater Lake Motel, just about every business day? We like it, whatever the reason.

We have been taken mildly to task for calling a skunk a civet cat. The latter designation was used in a story recently, telling about how such a beast became involved in the air conditioning mechanism at Rogue Valley Manor.

The note we received instructing us on the matter went into further detail, and since it came from a man who should know, we pass it along, as follows:

"...Either your zoology got mixed up a bit, or you were too squeamish about giving the critter its real name. The varmint wasn't no civet (and 'civet-cat' is obsolete anyway) but a plan, oryery skunk—more potent in both odor and delivery! And that durned beastie was wanted for a pet by one of our loveliest young waitresses, not by the house man who got it for her—and was 'got' in turn. And the young lady adores her new pet—presumably thoroughly deodorized and rendered safe by now..."

"The efficient ventilating system of the Manor has long since sweetened the atmosphere, but the event continues to be a lively topic of conversation—and, no doubt, of correspondence, in a variety of versions.

"P.S.—Now I'm told the beastie has escaped to its natural haunts."

A man who read a series of travelogues which appeared on this page recently

ally in perfect condition without tooth paste, these does are working currently with a couple of guinea pig men who are sealed in a space cabin that reproduces the conditions that would prevail on a trip out into space.

On arriving at the L.A. airport, he was standing waiting for a taxi, and idle jingling the coins and keys in his pocket. KEYS? Yes, keys. And he had that sudden sinking feeling when he realized his car was safely in the garage at home, and completely unusable by his wife.

He cringed all through the day whenever he thought of the greeting which awaited him on his return.

Oddly, however, there were no recriminations, which, he thinks, speaks highly of his wife. Actually, he learned that her first reaction on discovering her husband's lapse was one of concern.

"Oh, dear, he'll be so upset when he discovers he has them," she said.

We predict a long and happy marriage for this couple.

There's a beer-troble story out of Cuba, too, where Senor Castro's brave new world has resulted in an acute shortage of the beverage.

Cubans, who ordinarily down-some 700,000 bottles of beer each day, found that every bar, restaurant, grocery store and recreation center was completely out.

Oh, there was plenty of beer in the country all right. But the nation had run out of bottle-caps.

A Medford man, the head of a one-car family, has an arrangement with his wife whereby the sole set of car keys (save for an emergency set which he keeps in his wallet) are traded back and forth, depending on who needs the car when.

The other day he had to go to Los Angeles, and was picked up early in the morning, before anyone else in the household arose, by a friend with whom he went to the airport.

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De Gaulle's interferences with NATO, his cynicism toward the United Nations or his tampering with the Common Market—until the massive Algerian crisis is settled and an effective France exists—so there is little point in worrying over Janio's "neutrality" or his brusqueness with American envoys or his attitude toward Castro (which is by no means enthusiastic) until this terrifying crisis of inflation is settled and an effective Brazil exists.

Nothing else really matters here. And no one else besides Janio Quadros really matters, the little man with the wide mustache and the blazing eyes who whanged his desk with both fists before the TV camera and shouted at his countrymen the scornful challenge to work at least six or seven hours a day since he puts in 12 or 13 himself.

The next morning, not long after daybreak, he was in his office, standing over the telex machines as his daily stream of orders and inquiries buzzed out to government offices all over the country—Janio's daily injection of adrenalin into the semi-torpid body of this wakening giant called Brazil.

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Quadros Is Best Hope for Brazil's Future

By ERIC SEVAREID

Brasilia, Brazil—This reporter has seen at least a thousand television performances by a thousand politicians, but never anything like Janio Quadros' bobbing, weaving, shouting and growling exhortation, his second broadcast call to the Brazilian people to hold together under the pains of economic austerity or see democracy in Latin America's keystone country wrecked on the reef of inflation.

It went on for an hour and a half. The 44-year-old President, the unknown X factor in hemisphere diplomacy who interests the Soviets very much and worries Washington very much, offered his people nothing but sweat, toil and tears. If they will not or cannot accept the bitter cup, there will be little point in worrying whether Janio is anti- or pro-American at heart, whether this angry ex-professor is a potential dictator or whether he will take our steadiest Latin American ally into the neutralist camp, as some of his statements and his invitations to Tito, Nasser and Nehru suggest he may.

On paper Brazil is bankrupt. She already owes foreign creditors nearly two and a half billion dollars, more than half of it to the United States. During the three autumn months the roaring presses printed 30 billion cruzeiros. Shortly, at this rate, the cost of printing a 10 cruzeiro note will exceed the value of the note. The small denomination bronze coins disappeared long ago; the more recent aluminum coins, issued in replacement, have virtually disappeared. The current government budget of \$2 billion will be at least 50 per cent in the red. Seventy per cent of the \$1 billion in foreign trade will be on the deficit side.

Only in very minor degree is all this the fault of the United States, in spite of the familiar spread of anti-yankeism here. Not from any promptings of guilt feelings must we help, but because we are the only country that CAN help; and because, if \$5 million Brazilians founder into economic and social anarchy, the tragedy of communism in Cuba will seem, in comparison, as sounding brass signifying nothing, in the wreck of our over-all Latin American policy.

We have to support Janio Quadros, therefore, whether

we like him or not. And he must remain on speaking terms with Washington whether he like us or not. This is why his emissary, Salles, finds a friendly climate in Washington, as of this writing, in his negotiations for a half billion dollar additional credit; and it is why Janio, in spite of his gesture toward welcoming UN debate on admitting Red China, his recognition of Bulgaria, Rumania and Hungary, has also pointedly told his people that Brazil belongs to Western culture and has never at any time since his election made a public attack on the United States. Domestically, the temptation to attack us must be great—he does not control his congress, and this is a period when the extreme left wing and the extreme right wing nationalists find common ground in anti-yankeism.

Brasilia under Janio is curiously like Paris under de Gaulle. No one pretends to know what he is really thinking, who he will see, what he will do next; no one dares make any commitment in his name. Foreign journalists, so far, find him equally impossible to interview. Like de Gaulle for France, he dreams great dreams of grandeur for Brazil. And, just as there is little point in worrying over



Sevaroid