

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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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
A Medford man suffered severe injuries today when a cloud-seeding plane he was flying crashed on the Old Camp White reservation.

Brooms made by Oregon blind people will go on sale at six downtown locations tomorrow.

20 YEARS AGO
The Albany Oaks-Oaks defeated the Medford Craters 4 to 2 in 11 innings last night in a game played before 2,000 spectators at the fairgrounds ballpark.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "The Prospect road will be straightened in the fall. It was originally built as a tourist, if he felt like it, could stop at every turn and see Mt. Pitt."

30 YEARS AGO
May 11, 1931 (Monday)
Ralph Cowgill, formerly of Medford, is head of the newly-created state engineering department.

Maj. Gen. Smedley Butler, USMC, has arrived in Oregon to start organizing a state police department; he will visit Medford soon.

40 YEARS AGO
May 11, 1921 (Wednesday)
Edwin Markham, noted poet and native Oregonian, spoke here last night.

Twenty local physicians have organized the Jackson County Medical society.

50 YEARS AGO
May 11, 1911 (Thursday)
Fire last night did extensive damage to the Weeks and McGowan Furniture store here.

Rogue valley strawberries could be seen on the market this week, earlier than strawberries from any other Oregon point.

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

1. An airplane flown by radio control from a mother airplane is called what?

2. The names of eight states of the U. S. begin with the letter M; name them.

3. In which country was gunpowder invented?

4. On what river is Stalingrad?

5. Who wrote: "Oh East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet..."?

6. Into which ocean does India extend?

7. What was the real name of Stonewall Jackson?

8. Polio is an abbreviated name of what disease?

9. The Audubon Society was organized for what purpose?

10. Was Van Dyck a portrait, genre, or historical painting?

Answers: 1. Drone. 2. Maine, Massachusetts, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Minnesota, Montana, Michigan. 3. China. 4. Volga. 5. Rudyard Kipling. 6. Indian ocean. 7. Thomas Jonathan. 8. Poliomyelitis. 9. Protection of bird life. 10. Portrait.

Washington — (UPI) — Like her father, Caroline Kennedy has a rocking chair. It is a little white one with her name on the back. The little rocker was spotted by a reporter in a white dolly house on the south lawn of the White House.

Bill Tugman

William M. (Bill) Tugman, who died Tuesday afternoon at 67, was one of the really big men in Oregon for more than 30 years.

No one awed Bill Tugman; no one scared him. He detested stuffed shirts, and the "big brass" didn't impress him very much. What he did respect was integrity and ability and hard work—qualities which he himself embodied.

As one of Oregon's true VIP's (and he would have snorted at being called that) he was a major factor in the state's progress and planning virtually from the first moment he arrived to become managing editor of what is now the Eugene Register-Guard.

FOR 28 years he led the editorial forces of that excellent newspaper, writing in an explosive, vivid, sometimes folksy style, but always with clarity and vigor.

His "extra-curricular" activities were many. He was one of the long-time leaders in the battle for good highways, for state parks, for beauty and rationality and planning at all levels.

Sometimes he was cantankerous and sometimes he was gentle, and his moods were signaled by the angle and attitude of his magnificent, bushy eyebrows—eyebrows which rivaled those of his one-time friend, and later foe, Wayne Morse.

HE WAS a leader in his profession, not only in Oregon, but nationally. His was one of the few voices raised in protest in the councils of the nation's editors when the late Senator from Wisconsin badgered and berated the editor of the New York Post in what Bill Tugman thought was a threat to the freedom of the press.

He was honored by his Oregon colleagues many times, but he wore the honors lightly, and found his greatest satisfaction in the scars of his many battles and in the record of progress and sanity in public affairs of which he was a champion and leader.

Politically he was something of a conservative, but was far more interested in the man than in his political designation. When he thought a candidate was right, he would support him; when he thought a candidate was wrong, he would oppose him with everything he possessed.

OVER the years we had our share of strong disagreements with Bill Tugman, as has had practically everyone who knew him. But Bill held no grudges, and after a knock-down-and-drag-out fight on one issue, he was always ready to team with his erstwhile opponent on a project on which they agreed.

Good highways were one of his passions, and he was among the principal leaders in the 1952 fight for the weight-mile highway tax. This interest revived this year, as the legislature voted to modify this tax, and it was saved only by Governor Hatfield's veto.

He battled the legislature with all his failing energy, ignoring the warnings of two previous heart attacks, and our last contact with him was a telegram from him only a few days ago, urging us to support Hatfield's veto.

TUGMAN'S "retirement" from the Guard several years ago was typical. He bought the small weekly Port Umpqua Courier, and edited it with vigor and imagination until health forced him to take it easier.

At the time of his death he was serving Congressman Edwin Durno as a field representative in the fourth district, was active in library work in Douglas county, was chairman of the state parks advisory committee, and heaven knows how many other projects for the public good.

This was his idea of retirement. He died in harness—a harness of his own choosing—which is what he would have wanted.

The people of Oregon, even those who never heard of him, have much to thank Bill Tugman for. And Oregon's newspapers have lost a friend, a conscience, a burr and a colleague who will be sadly missed.—E.A.

\$50-per-Month Performance

As this is written, the legislature is entering its final hours of confused wrangling.

The state's editors, who keep a fairly close eye on the goings-on in Salem, are nearing unanimity that this session has been irresponsible in its collective actions.

It is difficult to assign individual responsibility for the actions of a 90-member body, and only assessment of the record after the session adjourns, and a study of voting records, will put the matter in its proper light.

BUT as of the moment, we are inclined to agree in large part with Charles V. Stanton of the Roseburg News-Review, when he says:

"I'm wondering if this year's session has been worth its cost."

"Members of the legislature haven't given a very good exhibition of being able to make up their minds on anything. They have dilly-dallied. They have changed their minds time and again. They have passed bills, only to drag them back, amend them, pass them again, then kill them. They have been extremely indecisive. They have spent a very great amount of time squabbling, some of the squabble pertaining to party politics rather than governmental legislation. Apparently they have yielded to pressures."

"We should remember such inefficiency if and when we're asked to pay more money to our legislators."

That last sentence is the stinger, for members have long sought to have their pay raised.

But we still maintain that \$50 a month is not enough to attract the kind of legislator that won't let the session degenerate into the legislative shambles it has this year.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"If you'd get in a mud puddle once in awhile, maybe you'd feel friendlier about 'em!"

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.

By What Right?

To the Editor: Last fall the majority of the people of Oregon expressed their desire that all of Oregon should remain on Pacific Standard time.

What legal right has the legislature and governor to change a law supposedly voted by people?

I would suggest that for a summertime schedule we work 5 days a week, play 1, worship 1.

Go to work 1 hour earlier 5 days to make up for Saturday off.

Burrell Wyant
Lake Creek, Ore.

Rx for Loneliness

To the Editor: Small Worlds Around Us, written by L. M. Watkins, to me is very interesting.

He often mentions the intelligence of birds and animals.

He and other bird lovers would love my parakeets, two females, Keety Bird and Big Eyes.

Their intelligence amazes me.

Keety Bird starts about 5 a.m., calling to us to get up out of bed, and when that doesn't work Big Eyes slams the door to their cage up and down.

Big Eyes is jealous of Keety Bird and vice versa. Big Eyes, when I stroke Keety Bird's feathers, will grab my finger (not easy either) and pull it away and usually when you pet one, the other one is walking all over your hand or arm.

Two things make them mad, when I wash my hair and paint the house. They scold me constantly.

They want constant human company in the daylight hours. If I disappear into another room for any length of time, Big Eyes will tear the paper in the bottom of her cage, slam the door up and down, or both of them walk around and around the wires on the side making all the noise they can.

Many people buy parakeets and miss the enjoyment they bring by never giving them any attention, except to give them food and water.

Ours have been taught to do tricks. They know our car from others. If my husband comes home at night and walks by without saying anything to them, they have a fit. They scold when he goes out the door to work in the mornings.

Anyone who is lonely, buy yourself a parakeet. I guarantee your loneliness will flee.

Mrs. Delsey T. Casey
Central Point, Ore.

Whistle, Sing, Smile

To the Editor: I always feel sorry when I read a letter like J. M. wrote Sunday.

I do not think he knows Mr. Clifford personally.

We have found him to be a very nice, well educated person who sees this country as is, and one who looks, listens, reads and thinks things out before he expresses his findings.

In the U.S. each has right to his belief.

As I see the Cliffords, they like to take pictures, love music, are nature lovers, and are friends to friendly people.

Mrs. Clifford's people settled near Rocky Ann in the eighteen fifties.

Both are far from being communists, nor would Mr. Clifford write any article that could cause any region to fall for dread communism.

No doubt but there are people of that belief in our country, but they will never con-

vert our Uncle Sam to such tommyrot.

The Tribune's editor lets us use space for exchanging ideas, and usually I do not get very serious for I like to cheer people; especially old people, but I hope none of us will write letters that hurt others.

I have an idea that J. M. is out of work, worried, and almost desperate, perhaps half sick, and feels that everyone is trying to get another's goat.

To wear a chip on one's shoulder isn't the answer. It simply will not help matters.

There have been times in my day that, though I never missed a meal, some of them were several days apart, but I whistled, sang and smiled.

It helped. Try it.

Pearl Spackman
Jacksonville, Ore.

Peace Corps Needs

To the Editor: Surely there are many among us who share Mr. Pechner's feeling of concern for the success or failure of the Youth For Peace Corps.

(M.T. letter, "Peace Corps", April 21). That there exists a need for a more intimate relationship between the people of our country and those of foreign lands, must be a nationwide sentiment.

Much depends upon the outcome of this movement. If painstakingly studied and conscientiously engineered; and if the youth are carefully screened and adequately trained, it could be an extremely beneficial venture for all concerned. On the other hand, if the preparation is less than thorough, it could develop into a ghastly disaster and a costly failure.

This writer would be highly skeptical of the success of the P. C. if the prevailing attitude held by a large percentage of adult Americans towards exotic races and creeds were not vastly modified and broadened by the newer conceptions of some of the younger generation. And, due, perhaps, to a more complete training in the humanities, social sciences, etc., it does appear as though a somewhat more mentally independent and less class-conscious individual is in the process of development than the preceding culture seems to have encouraged.

In a recent article, Eleanor Roosevelt brings to the foreground the importance of an educational training program which will provide "the ability to live and work among peoples of different race and religion, without arrogance and without prejudice." (Incidentally, the Communists are aware of this social truth and are applying the principles necessary to engender favorable results—but of course their personal propaganda is a subtle part of the bargain).

Mrs. Roosevelt wonders if the youth of today are gaining an adequate knowledge of the language, customs, and history of the peoples whose ideas they not only must understand, but share, "if they are to reach them at all."

It should not be forgotten that the chief purpose of the Peace Corps is to add a human element to our social and economic development programs.

It seems logical, that in order to be successful in a venture of such crucial significance, not only must there be a complete understanding of the cultures and philosophies of the peoples to be cultivated and assisted, but also an attitude of sincere respectful consideration.

Wholeheartedly I agree with

Differing Positions of U.S. Regarding Cuba and Laos Examined; Reasons Given

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign News Analyst

As the United States takes stock after setbacks in Cuba and Laos, this question occurs: "Why does the United States rule out military intervention against Communist Cuba on its own doorstep while seriously considering it in South Viet Nam, half a world away?"

For U.S. security, isn't Cuba the more important?

A check of State Department experts in Washington reveals that the answers are simple, the reasons behind them more complex.

Under the provisions of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization the United States and the seven other SEATO members are bound to defend Laos, Cambodia and South

Viet Nam against Communist aggression should such action be requested by any of the three states.

Therefore, the United States would be on firm legal ground if it should supply troops to

South Viet Nam at the request of President Ngo Dinh Diem.

Last week, with more than 10,000 Communist guerrillas roaming the back country and striking close to Saigon itself,

President Kennedy announced:

"The problem of troops is still under consideration."

The Philippines and Thailand already believed that SEATO had failed in its obligations to Laos and a firm stand in South Viet Nam seemed the only alternative to writing off the whole of Southeast Asia.

In Cuba, an opposite situation faced the United States.

As a signatory of the Organization of American States it was pledged to a policy of non-intervention unless a majority of the states agreed that Cuba was under Communist domination or control and thus constituted a "threat to the sovereignty and political independence of the American States."

Working against U.S. chances of an OAS majority were old Latin American suspicions and an ingrained dislike for intervention in their own affairs.

But this week there was apparent an atmosphere of change. Eight Latin American nations had severed their relations with Castro and others were under pressure.

But if, in a meeting of American foreign ministers next month, a majority still could not be obtained, there remained President Kennedy's warning:

"I want it clearly understood that this government will not hesitate in meeting its primary obligations, which are the security of our nation."

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

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TO OURSELVES BE TRUE

We have been forced to ask ourselves recently how a free and open society can compete with a totalitarian state.

This is a crucial question. Can our Western society survive and flourish if it remains true to its own faith and principles?

Or must it abandon them in order to fight fire with fire?

There are those who believe that in Cuba the attempt to fight fire with fire would have succeeded if only the President had been more ruthless and had had no scruples about using American forces. I think they are wrong.

I think that success for the Cuban adventure was impossible. In a free society like ours a policy is bound to fail which deliberately violates our pledges and our principles, our treaties and our laws. It is not possible for a free and open society to organize successfully a spectacular conspiracy.

The United States, like every other government, must employ secret agents. But the United States cannot successfully conduct large secret conspiracies. It is impossible to keep them secret. It is impossible for everybody concerned, beginning with the President himself, to be sufficiently ruthless and unscrupulous. The American conscience is a reality. It will make hesitant and ineffectual, even if it does not prevent, an un-American policy. The ultimate reason why the Cuban affair was incompetent is that it was out of character, like a cow that tried to fly or a fish that tried to walk.

IT FOLLOWS that in the great struggle with Communism, we must find our strength by developing and applying our own principles, not in abandoning them. Before anyone tells me that this is silly, I should like to say why I believe it, especially after listening carefully and at some length to Mr. Khrushchev. I am very certain that we shall have the answer to Mr. Khrushchev, if but only if, we stop being fascinated by the cloak and dagger business and, being true to ourselves, take our own principles seriously.

MR. K. is a true believer that Communism is destined to supplant capitalism as capitalism supplanted feudalism. For him this is an absolute dogma, and he will tell you that while he intends to do what he can to assist the inevitable, knowing that we will do what we can to oppose the inevitable, what he does and what we do will not be decisive. Destiny will be realized no matter what men do.

The dogma of inevitability not only gives him the self-assurance of a man who has no doubts but is a most powerful ingredient of the Communist propaganda. What do we say to him, we who believe in a certain freedom of the human will and in the capacity of men to affect the course of history by their discoveries, their wisdom, and their courage?

WE CAN say that in Mr. K.'s dogma there is an unexamined premise. It is that the capitalist society is static, that it is and always will be what it was when Marx described it a hundred years ago, that—to use Mr. K.'s own words—there is no difference between Governor Rockefeller and his grandfather. Because a capitalist society cannot change, in its dealings with the under-developed countries it can only dominate and exploit. It cannot emancipate and help. If it could emancipate and help, the inevitability of Communism would evaporate.

I venture to argue from this analysis that the reason we are on the defensive in so many places is that for some ten years we have been doing exactly what Mr. K. expects us to do. We have used money and arms in a long losing attempt to stabilize na-

tive governments which, in the name of anti-Communism, are opposed to all important social change. This has been exactly what Mr. K.'s dogma calls for—that Communism should be the only alternative to the status quo with its immemorial poverty and privilege.

WE CANNOT compete with Communism in Asia, Africa, or Latin America if we go on doing what we have done so often and so widely—which is to place the weak countries in a dilemma where they must stand still with us and our client rulers, or start moving with the Communists. This dilemma cannot be dissolved unless it is our central and persistent and unwavering policy to offer these unhappy countries a third option, which is economic development and social improvement without the totalitarian discipline of Communism.

For the only real alternative to Communism is a liberal and progressive society.

THE CRIME IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

Hong Kong — At 52 years of age, Huang En-Hsu is a fair embodiment of the remarkable qualities of the Chinese peasant masses. His face is weathered but often lighted by a humorous grin; his body is workworn but tough and wiry; his hands, almost as hard as shoe soles, tell his life story of unremitting toil for small rewards.

In all his more than a half century of life, Huang En-Hsu had never got very far from his native village until a few weeks ago. Then a fellow villager, a fisherman by trade, came to him secretly at the end of the day to say he was sailing for Hong Kong that night. Only one place was still vacant in the frail fishing sampan. So Huang En-Hsu abandoned his wife, his children, and his native place and fled with other friends of the fisherman to this city of the refugees.

What could drive a mature, courageous man to leave behind everything in the world he had known and loved, on no more than an instant's notice, and with no bright future awaiting him in Hong Kong either? The answer to this question lies in Huang's story of what has been happening to his village, which is called Huo Hsuen Hsiang.

IN THE old days, he says proudly, it was a prosperous coastal village, with salt pans and fishing boats to supplement the produce of the land. Some 1700 people lived there then, but there are less than 1500 now. On being asked what had caused the village population to shrink by more than 10 per cent, Huang answered with a shrug:

"Many have died and some have run away."

Stolidly, Huang explains that "many must die" when all are condemned to living, for years on end, as the people of his village have been living. "Last year it was bad," he says; "this year it is worse." Last year, it seems, a working farmer's ration was 14 ounces of bad rice per day—less than a pound of starch for 12 hours of work, seven days a week. This year, the ration is no lighter, and the rice, or a few bowls of sweet potato mush when there is no rice.

With the rice, nothing else is provided—not an ounce of oil or meat or fish per month. "But the heavy workers did get a special issue of three ounces of meat on New Year's Day," adds Huang with a dejected grin of recollection.

BUT what about the private plots the Communist government recently allowed the peasants to till, Huang is asked. He gives a snort of disgust and does a curious pantomime of a Communist official grandiloquently pointing to a steep hillside and offering the people this wasteland for their very own. As in every other Chinese village, every inch of

tilable land had long since been tilled already. None of this good land was released to the peasants. So the "private plots" meant tiny pockets of earth laboriously scraped out of the wastelands, where one might grow a pumpkin or two or three or four heads of cabbage.

"It was hardly worth it," Huang added bitterly, "for you could not guard your plot all night; and if it was not guarded, thieves were sure to come."

Then he added somberly that he did not blame his neighbors who stole in this fashion, since so many of the people were falling ill from want of nourishment. How many, he is asked. He answers that at least one in four of the able-bodied men in the village now have swollen ankles—the first symptom of the onset of the harsh deficiency disease, beri beri. His own ankles had swollen long before he fled.

"THERE is no treatment," he continues, "How can there be any treatment when the government has already taken all the food the village produces? The cadres make us carry the harvest to the storehouses. The government trucks come to take it away; and after that even the cadres cannot get it back. So the cadres drive all those to work who are still able to work, and those who are too weak to work are left to die."

At the end of this charming account, Huang is asked how he lives in Hong Kong and whether he is better off here. The latter question is answered by a great guffaw of laughter. He lives as a casual laborer, earning the equivalent of 35 American cents a day. But with 35 cents a day, you can get two good big meals in the Hong Kong cookshops. So of course he is ten times better off.

The point about this story of Huang's is that it is humdrum, average, utterly unsensational. Sensational horrors have indeed begun to be reported by occasional refugees from Communist China. There have been tales of cannibalism. There was even the tale, told by an obviously well balanced trained nurse from North China, of the hospital where it was discovered that afterbirths from the maternity ward had been cooked and eaten.

BUT Huang's story has been chosen from a great many collected by this reporter and from many scores collected by other competent reporters, precisely because it is a representative story. Conditions in his village—the unending round of enforced work; the daily ration of much less than a pound of starch with little or no supplement; the prevalence of beri beri; and all the rest—are the same conditions described, with monotonous regularity, by all the recent peasant refugees who have been questioned. The condition of Huang's village is in fact the present condition of rural China.

In fact the magnitude of the crime in the Chinese countryside is now beyond dispute. Its meaning, which is more arguable, will be examined in the next report.

Strictly Personal

By Sidney J. Harris

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PERSONAL PREJUDICES

Our fear of being dominated by machines in the future is irrational, for our greatest enemy is ourselves, not the machines, we create; it is worth remembering that Mary Shelley's hero Frankenstein, had a useful mechanical servant in his robot, until he endowed it with a human heart—and only then did it become a monster. This is the whole moral of the book.

Most revolutionaries are potential reactionaries — as history has shown — for they suffer from the delusion that society can be put to rights by standing everything on its head; if successful, they are forced to maintain this artificial posture by the most repressive of measures. (What drives a man to an extreme before he has power is the same thing that drives him to the other extreme after achieving power.)