

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
April 29, 1952 (Tuesday)

Medford settled down today to a mostly uneventful routine on Pacific standard time.

California's Gov. Earl Warren will open his campaign for Oregon's Republican preferential primary election vote for president in Medford on May 5, it was reported today.

20 YEARS AGO
April 29, 1942 (Wednesday)

Civilian employees who work through rain storm in effort to keep Camp White construction program on schedule commended by army officers.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Snudge Pot" column: "A shortage now looms of sawdust for fuel, but breakfast food so far has not been affected."

30 YEARS AGO
April 29, 1932 (Friday)

Crater Lake highway opened up nine miles beyond Union Creek; large crowd expected to visit area.

United States secretary of Interior approves plans for promotion of "Sparrow Memorial" park on approach road to Crater Lake National park.

40 YEARS AGO
April 29, 1922 (Saturday)

Survey shows that average cost per day in Oregon of maintaining a family of five persons is \$14.7.

Moore Hamilton, Central Point, wins boys' Class C 50-yard dash at county track meet.

50 YEARS AGO
April 29, 1912 (Sunday)

Jackson county court orders construction of \$40,000 bridge across Bear creek on Main st. in Medford; old Main st. bridge to be moved to Jackson st.

Prof. P. J. O'Gara, Jackson county pathologist, opens series of experiments here to ascertain effects of electricity on plant life.

What's Your I.Q.?

Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.

1. Which of these measures denotes the greater linear distance: rod, furlong, yard?
 2. You are probably protected by the FDIC; what is it?
 3. Was Confucius, the ancient philosopher, Japanese, Chinese or Siamese?
 4. Of what famous poem is the beginning: "This is the forest primeval"?
 5. Upon the death of President Abraham Lincoln, who succeeded to the Presidency?
 6. In what town is the University of Michigan?
 7. In the nursery rhyme, who climbed up the beanstalk?
 8. Does an owl see best in bright sunshine, partial light, or complete darkness?
 9. From what animal is mohair obtained?
 10. Of what religious body was Brigham Young a famous leader?
- Answers: 1. Furlong. 2. Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. 3. Chinese. 4. Longfellow's Evangeline. 5. Andrew Johnson. 6. Ann Arbor, Mich. 7. Jack. 8. Partial light. 9. Angora goat. 10. The Mormons.

What A Professor Does

A college professor, according to Chancellor Roy Lieuallen, of the state system of higher education, has six jobs.

The first, obviously, is teaching his class—lecturing, stimulating discussion, and so on.

The second, equally obvious, is preparing the lectures or materials he will present to the class.

The third is in continuing his own education, through study of publications in his own field, attending meetings of professional societies, and so on.

THE fourth is to make his own contribution to his field. With the "explosion of knowledge" on all fronts, the tasks of keeping up with it, and contributing to it, take on more weight and meaning.

Fifth, the professor, to be a good teacher, must counsel and advise his students, discussing their projects, advising them on courses of study, and in some cases, listening to their personal problems.

Finally, the professor is confronted with evaluating the work of his students, reading their papers and examinations, assessing their contributions to discussions, and determining his progress and potential, as well as his mastery of the subject matter.

EACH of these six jobs is exacting and time-consuming. Each, to be done well, should receive nearly equal emphasis and energy.

Chancellor Lieuallen said:

"All these elements of the professor's work have a very direct bearing on his performance as a teacher, and if any one of them is neglected long, the quality of instruction deteriorates."

Dr. Lieuallen's remarks were prepared for the state board of higher education, in connection with a report on how the colleges and universities of the state coped with this year's shortage of operating funds. The shortage resulted from enrollments that were higher than predicted by educational authorities, far higher than the governor's estimates, and way higher than the legislature guessed.

THE overcrowded institutions made as much use as possible of mechanical devices, such as TV; they limited enrollment in certain classes; they eliminated some courses or postponed offering them; they called on graduate assistants or part-time temporary help; and they overloaded the faculty.

The last is the most significant, and wrought the worst results.

Say a professor is teaching an English class of 40 students, which suddenly becomes 60 students. If each does one paper a week, and it takes a half-hour of the professor's time to read and grade each one, his weekly work-load suddenly goes up 10 hours. If he has three such classes, it goes up 30 hours. This example is hypothetical, but it gives the general idea.

And this is why the legislature must next year make good for its mistake of last year. Meanwhile, students are not getting the best possible education.—E.A.

The Right To Bear Arms

Before Congress is a bill which would require that all firearms be registered with the FBI. Sponsored by Rep. Victor Anuso (D-N.Y.), it is intended as a measure against juvenile delinquency and to combat the increasing crime in the big cities.

According to Drew Pearson, the bill is drawing fire from the "extremist lunatic fringe" groups.

The "Minutemen," who train with firearms, Dan Smoot, and others have assailed the bill as un-American and dangerous to our freedoms.

Rather to our surprise, we find ourselves in agreement with them on this one issue.

GRANT, first, that firearms are perhaps too easy to come by, particularly those who would use them for illegal purposes.

Grant, too, that registration of firearms would make the job of police and FBI somewhat easier to do.

Grant, also, that firearms are dangerous, and that registration would provide a measure of control and regulation now not possible.

Grant all these premises, and we still cannot support such a bill, not as long as the U. S. Constitution says:

"A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

Many states (including Oregon) require that when a weapon is carried "concealed" the bearer must have a permit issued for that purpose. In Oregon, the sheriff is the permit-issuing authority.

IT HAS always seemed to us that the permit requirement does, indeed, "infringe" on the constitutional right to keep and bear arms, but it has been judicially interpreted otherwise.

Still, registration of all firearms—22s, hunting guns, marksmanship rifles, and all—is not in the American tradition, no matter how much it would help combat crime.

If registration is necessary, a law is not the way to do it. The way to do it would be to amend the Constitution to nullify the Second Amendment.

But it seems to us that the case for registration is not strong enough to merit that.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"BUT, MRS. HARRIS, YOU PROMISED TO SIT WITH DENNIS! WHAT? YOU WERE OUT OF YOUR MIND? OH, YOUR MIND...."

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop
(c) New York Herald Tribune Syndicate

WHAT THE RADARS SAW
Saigon, South Viet Nam — At the time of the full moon in March, the American watching radars in this country observed a night par a chute drop in a wild area of the South Vietnamese highlands near Pleiku. The planes employed appeared to be three Ilyushin transports of the slow type the Soviets have passed on to their satellites, with escort by the Yak powered-driven fighters of the same hand-me-down sort. Monitoring stations further north heard the plane crews speaking both Chinese and Vietnamese.

The parachute drop, though small in scale, was a warning, as the first known episode of this type. It was also significant for two other reasons.

On the one hand, it underlined the increasing Chinese participation in the aggressive enterprises of the North Vietnamese Communists. This is also evident in Laos, on the other hand, this parachute drop, obviously occasioned by some sort of special emergency, also pointed up the larger problem of concealed invasion.

FOR a great many months, men and supplies have been moving from North Viet Nam into South Viet Nam by the slower overland route through Laos. The movement of supplies, by truck or airplane to the Laotian town of Tchepone and then by coolie across the border, is not massive as yet. The human movement is variously estimated to be 500 to 1,000 men per month — which may not seem very important until you add up the total for the past 24 months.

It would seem to be a conservative estimate that at least 12,000 North Vietnamese have entered South Vietnam in the last two years. Of these, between one-half and two-thirds have fanned out into the provinces, to serve as leaders in the unending guerrilla war.

The rest, amounting to at least 4,000 men, have moved into the Annamite chain — the almost trackless spine of mountains which divides the highland plateau on the Laos border from the fertile sea-side strip of South Viet Nam. In their refuges in the Annamite chain, the men of this latter group are almost certainly being used to form the skeletons of regular regiments of guerrillas with light but powerful weapons.

THE units being formed in the Annamite chain may soon constitute a very serious threat, especially to the highland plateau provinces. The seizure of Kontum, for instance, would give the Communists both a bridgehead on this side of the border for their Ho Chi Minh trail through Laos, and a chance to proclaim the formation of a "people's government" on the soil of South Viet Nam. But the real point to note about this concealed invasion of South Viet Nam is that what has happened to date is downright trifling compared to what may come later on.

Suppose, for instance, that the U. S. policy in Laos produces the result that seems so likely, the precise opposite of the "neutral" Laos to produce. Suppose that in this extremely un-neutral Laos the Communists can carry their supply road down from Tchepone to Saravane and Attapeu. Attapeu is only two days' march from Kontum and only four days' march from the Annamite chain.

A single coolie can carry 60 pounds on his back plus enough rice around his middle to sustain him for a 10-day round trip. After allowing for rest and replacement, a mere 500 coolies based on Attapeu could lay down a ton of supplies a day in the Annamite chain. That is more than enough for a North Vietnamese division.

Full Communist organization of the supply routes through Laos would therefore have two quite automatic consequences. First to all, even while coolie-power was still used exclusively, the shorter distances to be covered would allow a really major movement of supplies. Second, the supplies being available, the movement of men could also be greatly increased. This, one may be reasonably sure, is why the Communists continue to expect to win the war in South Viet Nam, despite the powerful intensification of the American effort.

IN REALITY, however, this intensification of the American effort amounts to a commitment, final and irrevocable, not to permit a Communist victory here. Hence anyone who has studied the situation in both Laos and this country is obsessed by a comparison of risks.

The risk of a change of the present American policy in Laos may be considerable. But this risk is still far smaller than the risk of bombing Hanoi or doing the other things that may have to be done if the situation in South Viet Nam gets out of hand as a result of Communist success in Laos.

In sum, our Laos policy and our South Vietnamese policy appear to be flatly contradictory, and as the latter cannot be re-examined, the Laos policy clearly needs to be.

IN HOLLYWOOD, Herb Stein pauses to remind you there's nothing to get excited about when a pretty girl calls you her darling. It simply means she can't remember your name.

Herb also tells about the producer who, when he was a very, very poor lad in Brooklyn, vowed that if he ever made good, he would remember his childhood. Now he's written, directed, and produced a picture that cost ten million dollars—and true to his vow, it's a very, very poor picture.

An advertising man suddenly noticed that the kids in his neighborhood were treating him with a deference that bordered on reverence. Boys and girls began coming from blocks away to gaze at him in awe as he fumbled for his door key.

The explanation came when one little girl, bolder than the rest, tugged at his coat and demanded, "Are you really and truly a space salesman?"

Drummond Reports

(Walter Lippman is in Europe. Roscoe Drummond reports from Washington in his absence.) (c) 1962 New York Herald Tribune Inc.

WHY NEUTRALS PROTEST
Washington — There is no reason why we should be pained or impatient or even exasperated because many sincere people in many nations are more critical of the United States when we test nuclear weapons in the air than they are of the Soviets when they test.

The extremes of this criticism, which take the form of hurling rocks at U. S. embassies and breaking windows of USIA libraries, are organized by Communists. But much of it is earnest and honest.

There is an understandable psychological reason.

The reason, I think, is that neutralist leaders have come to realize that they cannot influence one iota the actions and attitudes of the Kremlin; hence, they turn by necessity to a one-sided effort to influence the United States where they know that public opinion is viewed with respect.

When the neutralists see that they cannot influence the country they most fear, which is Russia, they center their hopes and their pressure upon the country they most trust, the U. S. Very few of them would want America militarily weak and Russia militarily strong. What they vaguely and wishfully hope is that, if the flexible United States will concede a little more to the inflexible Soviet Union, somehow the arms race can be brought to an end.

I am not suggesting that this neutralist opinion is right. It is perilously misguided. I believe we should ignore it completely. But there is no reason to ignore it impatiently or with any animus.

WHILE the U. S. tests in the Pacific are in progress, it will be well for the whole world to keep the Soviet record in view:

1 — For years the Soviet propaganda apparatus proclaimed to the world that if the U. S. would stop testing, then the Soviets could do the same and there would be no more hazard from radioactive fallout. We did, on Oct. 31, 1958. Last fall the Soviet Union exploded in the atmosphere a massive megaton bomb equivalent to 55,000,000 tons of TNT with all the consequent radioactive fallout.

2 — On the eve of the Geneva test ban talks in late 1958 the Soviet government said it would abide by a three-power test moratorium during the negotiations. They stated they would never resume testing if the U. S. and Britain did not resume. We now know that while we were negotiating at Geneva, the Soviets were secretly preparing to test. On Sept. 1, 1961, they broke the moratorium, which we were observing, to conduct more than 50 tests in the atmosphere.

3 — In the wake of this action they sought to trap the United States into another un-inspected test moratorium which they knew from experience we would observe and which we knew from experience they were willing to violate.

PRESIDENT Kennedy said no. There was no other prudent or safe decision which he could take.

We do not welcome the necessity of resuming testing. But when the President, the Secretary of Defense, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the

POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

Dear Potluck Editor:
Pier Three, never a quiet place at best, has been in an uproar all this week again.

The trouble-maker this time is Blackjack Hibbard. I've not mentioned him in my letters before, but he is a very big man along the pier. People say he is absolutely loaded.

Blackjack (he picked up that nickname because in the old days he used to have the deplorable habit of bludgeoning anyone who got in his way) Hibbard owns a fleet of garbage scoops and barges which tie up at the pier.

He encountered some problems lately because he has been expanding his fleet (there is lots of garbage in San Francisco) and he has run out of room along the pier to tie up his barges.

But Blackjack has a very clever (I might even say crafty) mind, and he figured out a plan to solve his parking problem.

He observed that there was some space under the pier itself that wasn't being used for anything. He made some calculations and concluded that for about \$35,000 he could have the pier remodeled so that his barges would fit comfortably under it.

So far so good. But Blackjack had no intention of paying for the project himself. He began spreading the word around that the pier was in a terrible run-down condition. He joined forces with old Otto Phurmpfeier, whose troubles I have told you about before, and the two of them began screaming to anyone who would listen that creeping blight was absolutely ruining the pier.

Now I'd have to admit that the pier isn't in first-class condition, Mr. Editor, but gosh-all-hemlock, it isn't as bad as those two were able to make it sound.

After they had everybody all alarmed and excited, Hibbard grandly came forward with a plan which he said would solve everything.

Let me all needed to do, he said, was to raise Pier Three about six feet so that it would accommodate about 1-6 barges, scoops and small craft underneath. That would cure the blight, he told us.

Several of us thought it over, including Captain Blye, and we were hanged if we could see how Blackjack's "Restoration of Pier Three Plan," as he called it, would solve a darn thing. But he was such a big man that no one wanted to argue with him. Maybe they remembered the old days.

He shored up his arguments by pointing out that the installation of barge parking spaces was the only natural and logical use of all that area under the pier.

Well, he sure had us there. We all got down and looked under the pier, and we had to admit it didn't seem to be much good for anything else.

When he suggested, however, that all the users of the pier be assessed to pay for the project, some of the thriffter souls, among them Captain Blye, began to balk.

The recalcitrants met and formed a commission to call on Blackjack and tell him they resented having to pay for something that only he would benefit from.

Would you believe it, the entire commission was found floating BELLY-UP in San Francisco bay the next morning!

That did it, I tell you, Mr. Editor. Everybody clammed up and kicked in.

Work on the restoration of Pier Three starts next week. Please give my best regards to all those fine folk in Medford. At times like these, I sometimes wish I were back in a town where cooperation really meant something.

Sincerely,
Earnest M. Cantwright

'American Image' Talk Is Nonsense

By ERIC SEVAREID

Get ready, self-conscious America, to bleed from yet another self-inflicted wound.

As one of the most perceptive of contemporary American writers, temporary Frenchman, has said of the United States, "Any writer who bitterly denounces the vices of this country is listened to with special care and sorrowful appreciation, though he hurts . . . and the writer who admires and praises this country has the nice qualities of a gratifying friend, to be sure, but is considered softheaded."

So we sorrowfully accepted the notion that affluence had fastened the spirit of materialism upon us, failing to notice that in no other country do riches alone produce so little respect, that no other people shows such a compulsion to give their riches away.

We accepted the notion of the "organization man" as if a new stylized personality essence had come into being, a concept as false as that of "economic man" or "socialist man." We accepted the notion of the brutishly ignorant "ugly American" abroad, unaware that no other foreign emissaries, in the round, show the same degree of humble

deference to the views and values of "the natives" that most of our agents exhibit.

Now we are told in a new book, "The Image, or What Happened to the American Dream," that we are becoming walking zombies, lost to reality, living a mirror-image of pseudo-experience. We are indulging in "tourism," not travel, replacing fame with mere celebrity, treating pseudo-events as news, preferring reprints to originals, fabricating facsimiles of life, that is, even to the artifice of trying to project a "national image" in the world and appointing commissions to re-conjure the "national purpose" which supposedly faded away when we weren't looking.

This indictment, brilliantly stated within its limits by Daniel Boorstin, is likely to be accepted as another bright coin in the common currency of upper-middlebrow dinner party talk. Some will agree with all of it, if I suspect I contributed to the concept myself with a widely reprinted piece some years ago about pseudo-news and the "publicity saints." The theme itself will become part of the "conventional wisdom" for a time. Then it will be put aside because, even were it true, it is like pure pain, unsupportable to the nervous system.

It approaches the terrible indictment of D. H. Lawrence, who "wondered whether America really was the great death-continent, the great No! to the European and Asiatic and even African Yes! . . . and all its people the agents of the mystic destruction. Plucking at the created soul in a man till at last it plucked out the growing germ and left him a creature of mechanism and automatic reaction, with only one inspiration, the desire to pluck the quick out of every living spontaneous creature."

But the "image" theme is essentially untrue. There is something deeply superficial about it—that is not a total non-sequitur—even though it is not as spiritually profound a profanation as the curse of Lawrence.

The "graphic revolution" to which Boorstin attributes many of his evils is wave-action, not a sea change. The anxious, relentless search for spiritual certainties reflected in American literature belies the reality of the image life. So does the massive hunger revealed in the public turn toward painting, toward the theater, toward the museums of antiquities. So does the stumbling turn toward organized religion, the dead seriousness of much of the new college generation, the rise so astounding to Europeans in the quality of American

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

IN HOLLYWOOD, Herb Stein pauses to remind you there's nothing to get excited about when a pretty girl calls you her darling. It simply means she can't remember your name.

Herb also tells about the producer who, when he was a very, very poor lad in Brooklyn, vowed that if he ever made good, he would remember his childhood. Now he's written, directed, and produced a picture that cost ten million dollars—and true to his vow, it's a very, very poor picture.

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