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On Political Courage

Art Savard, one of the Republican candidates for sheriff, did a courageous thing the other day. Not only did he admit that he had changed his mind (which some cautious politicians are afraid to do); he made a public announcement of it. Furthermore, the subject matter—the proposed county home rule charter—is highly controversial, and he ran all the risks attendant on taking what may (or may not) be the unpopular view.

At first he was against the charter. But, he said, after studying it and thinking it through, he decided that because of the opportunities for efficient management it affords, he is going to vote for it.

AGREE with him or not, this is an act of political courage.

Would that some other candidates had it in equal measure. Quite a few of the candidates are running on a platform which would appear to contain little but opposition to the charter; others support it, but very, very quietly. Still others completely duck the issue.

We think the voters would benefit if each candidate—not only for local office, but also for the legislature—made it known how he stands. It is the most important local issue on the ballot this primary election, and it seems to us the voters are entitled to know whether the candidates are for or against it.—E.A.

Mountain Jaunt

During the long murky time between the first snows of late fall and the opening up of the back country in the spring, one can half-forget the vistas—the mountains and forests and valleys and streams—which make this southern Oregon of ours a wonderland of outdoor beauty.

Last Sunday, accompanied by an out-of-state visitor, we made our first pilgrimage of the season into the hills. The higher country is still closed by snow, but some of the lower hills (5,000 to 6,000 feet) are accessible by car, if the driver (or passenger) is not deterred by some fairly primitive roads, steep grades, and the chance of finding windfalls across the right-of-way. Our jaunt was most successful.

FROM Tallowbox lookout (Elev. 5023 feet) one has a vast panorama laid below and before him. To the south is the rugged outline of the Siskiyou crest, backed up in the distance by the even more jagged Trinity Alps in California.

To the west is Grayback peak and other lesser ones, with the coast range beyond. To the north, the Applegate valley meanders far below, to right and left, a light-green and brown expanse of level land wandering among the hills and gulleys, with the higher peaks of Isabella and others beyond.

To the east, one can glimpse a sliver of the Rogue valley, dominated by Roxy Ann, which in turn is dominated by snow-capped Mt. McLoughlin on the horizon. Brown mountain just to the right, and Baldy, Grizzly and the others as the hills march around to join with the Siskiyou again.

AND everywhere around are the crinkled ups and downs of the everlasting hills, shading from light to darker green in the foreground, and fading to a dark, misty blue in the distance.

Here and there, at this season of the year, a splash of white is visible where some waterfall rushes forth in springtime fullness. And, occasionally, the light brown of a road snakes back and forth around the crags and headlands.

In a number of places the work of the logger is evident, where a brown bare scar is visible against the dark green of the surrounding conifers.

FROM THE summit of Anderson Butte (Elev. 5195 feet) some 11 miles to the east, the same panorama is visible, though the perspective and emphasis is sharply and dramatically changed.

The Siskiyou loom up larger and closer, their snowy tops seemingly only a hoot and a holler away. And one looks directly down on the Rogue valley, still green and lush, sprinkled with the dark patterns of cloud shadows and the bright contrasting sunshine.

A major timber sale is in the cutting near the summit of Anderson, and the raw scar is a reminder that, while lumber is vital to the stability and economic health of our area, it hardly is a contributor to the aesthetic enjoyment of the out-of-doors.

THE road from the gap out to the lookout, along the crest of Anderson butte, has been widened and leveled because of the timber sale, and some day will make a "skyline boulevard," affording one of the finest views obtainable anywhere.

A word of caution concerning these roads. We were fortunate Sunday, in that there had been several warm, dry days preceding. But following a heavy rain, they could quickly become quagmires which only four-wheel-drive vehicles could negotiate.

Another suggestion: Take along a pair of binoculars if you attempt a similar mountain jaunt. It adds considerably to the enjoyment. On Sunday we watched from afar as a group of motorcycle fans were on a hill-climb outing just off the Applegate road, far below Tallowbox. Without binoculars we could discern only their cars, but with glasses we could watch as the tiny dots attacked the hill, while the sound of their snarling motors came to us faintly and long delayed.—E. A.

Dennis the Menace



"SHE DID A GOOD JOB! I EVEN SHINED 'EM INSIDE, TOO!"

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.

She's for Porter
To the Editor: Now that I have had time to study the records, performances and platforms of all four candidates for U.S. Representative, I have decided to cast my vote for Charles O. Porter.

While the other three candidates are all fine, honest men who might do a good job of representing us, I feel that Charles Porter is the most capable. His knowledge of foreign affairs is really impressive and I think this is important in these dangerous times. A Congressman who can work effectively for his nation as well as his district is a real asset, in my opinion.

In talking to Mr. Porter I was pleased to see him take a firm stand on the important issues under discussion. He was frank and unhesitating in his replies to questions, but willing to admit that he didn't know all the answers.

He worked hard and did a fine job when he was in Washington before and it's too bad that a dirty campaign had to keep him from going back in 1960. He has intelligence, courage and energy and these are qualities I look for in a representative in Congress.

Yes, I'm for Charles O. Porter.
Margaret McGinty
103 King st.
Medford

Doggondest Things
To the Editor: Elections, and candidates, always bring the doggondest things to my mind, like:

Table Rock Sentinel, Jan. 5, 1956: Prof. Laborde of South Carolina says "as women have concluded to dispense with shoulder straps, some men have thought to prove pantaloons can be worn without suspenders. The men now strut the streets in pantaloons, tightly buttoned, side by side with women whose skirts or petticoats are firmly bound around their person. Upon fair view, the evil is the same in both cases, impairment of their proper actions, want of development, disease, and premature death!"

"Arkansas Livery Stable, Joseph Davis & Co., Oregon & Pine, Jacksonville; Barley and oats, 'Kind Hostlers' always on hand."

"Erasmus Byrne, Physician and Surgeon, may be found at the 'Saint's Rest' (bar) in rear of Post Office."

Mail Tribune, Nov. 2, 1910: "Chow Young's Chinese Medicine: This is to certify that Dr. Chow Young, who has attended me, my trouble being lung trouble and asthma. I am better than I have been for twelve years. I saw the letter written by Judge Hanna and as he recommended the doctor so well, thought I'd try him!"

"Mrs. St. Louis, Ashland." And these from way out of the past...

"A foolish man cuts off his beard, then saves his shirt-front with a napkin."

"Ancestors are no excuse for not amounting to a hill of beans."

"Milk the cow which is near."

"The cow knows the good of a long tail fly-line."

"He that would have eggs must put up with the cackle."

"The man that spits the hardest on his palms doesn't always pull the hardest."

"A diamond stud is in poor taste on a shirt due to the laundry."

"Some cocks fancy the sun rises to hear them crow."

"He whose head swells easily should carry a sheehorn to get on his hat."

"The man of only one cow must twist her tail around his fist."

And especially... "Many a mouthful is lost in a sudden snort of laughter." J. Kilpatrick, P.O. Box 219, Phoenix, Ore.

Historical Footnote
To the Editor: An April issue of U.S. News & World Report carried a public opinion survey to find out what citizens of America were thinking about most seriously.

Plight of Refugees From Red China Said Worse Than Those From East Germany

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign News Analyst

The little village of Shatauk lies in an area called the "new territories" on the border dividing Red China and the British crown colony of Hong Kong.

A high fence runs along the border, except at Shatauk where there is a break of about four miles. It is a favorite crossing point for illegal border crossers seeking to escape the hardships of Red China.

One of these last week was a man of about 40 clad in a ragged blue denim uniform of the Chinese Communist People's Liberation Army.

Border police seized him and sent him back. But as he turned back for whatever fate now awaits him, he told the police:

"I'll come back again." The story of the Chinese border crossers has not been so well publicized nor is it as dramatic as the story of divided Berlin as the stream of refugees from communism who for years poured through it by the thousands until erection of the East Berlin wall last Aug. 13.

Like their German counterparts the Chinese refugees leave all their possessions behind them. But their story is even more tragic.

For every East German escaping to the West, at least four jobs await him. Efficiently operating refugee organizations take care of him and see that he is relocated in an area best suited to his skills.

For the refugee from Red China, the future is almost as bleak as the past he was trying to escape.

If he is caught, British authorities will turn him back because Hong Kong already is bursting at the seams with other refugees.

The Human Rights Council of Hong Kong has called on Free World nations to help them solve the problem.

They have asked the Nationalist Chinese government coming election if ideas mean what they should. Vote for John Gregory, the idea, and never mint the "weather"—and there are all 'inds of it.

Fee Clifford Esteb, 153 North Oakdale ave. Medford.

What's Wrong?
To the Editor: What is wrong with our county government? How can an intelligent community like ours find so much fault with our present system?

It seems to me that the only case these few disgruntled people can present is the fact that a few of our citizens are delinquent in some taxes. There is nothing new about that, all the while the county is charging them interest. It is a known fact that some business men purposely owe taxes and are willing to pay interest rather than borrow operating capital from the bank. Sooner or later these taxes have to be paid.

If there are some deficiencies in the laws to collect personal property taxes, let's improve our existing laws.

Why discard a system of government that is a proven success for some untold bureaucracy? Where can you find a more successful administration past or present than what we have? How many counties have a surplus in the treasury? And I am happy to include our state in this category, too. I hear the complaint that we cannot elect capable people to fill our offices. We have done so always in the past. I find our county offices operating in an efficient, courteous manner. The staffs of the many departments are always ready to render capable, friendly service.

And the electe officials are dedicated men. The late Ray Schumacher proves my point. The weight of responsibilities of the assessor's office surely led him to an early grave. Ray was dedicated to improving the efficiency of the assessor's office. If we are going to find it difficult to find capable people to fill the offices, I would say it is our own fault. The paltry salaries that go with the positions are ridiculous. Where but in Jackson county can you hire top executives for \$7,000 per year? Let's pay what these positions should be paid, and we will continue to attract good leaders.

Home Rule is nothing new. It has been tried all over the country. One of my clients, arriving from Florida, was alarmed at reading about our plan to try it here. He informed me that the cost of government went up as soon as it was put into effect, and that it was rising continuously as more and more appointments are added to the bureaucracy. Let's keep our government under our control. Every four years comes around pretty often, and if we want to change officials we can do it. Americans don't like one man rule. Let's everybody go to the polls and vote.

Ken Callison, 518 South Riverside ave. Medford.

Never Mind The Weather
To the Editor: As always, I find the radio a very valuable asset for bringing ideas, political and otherwise to the people. In Sunday's political broadcast, I particularly noted that Home Rule, whether adopted or not, is not essential to one candidate's confidence of "success in office, if elected."

I refer to John Gregory's pledge that, if elected to the office of county judge, he will provide the leadership needed to attaining a successful administration in that field.

In a case where an issue is not, and cannot be, solved in advance of the election, to wit home rule, it does seem fitting that the voter would rather choose a man whose planning is equal to victory, come what may. To vote otherwise, would be to discard common sense. Mr. Gregory should win the north.

The Answer
To the Editor: Oregon Republicans who complain about waste in federal government and about Washington meddling in local affairs can do something about it. They can nominate Edwin R. Durno for U.S. Senator. He is now a Congressman.

We people around Florence know him well. Two years ago when the so-called dunes seashore (which would reach inland five miles and take in some 400 homes) was a big issue, Dr. Durno came here, made a thorough investigation and said, "No." He saw that the dunes region is already publicly owned by the U.S. Forest Service which is making it a fine recreational area. He said that the national park project would be a needless waste of money.

Durno stands pat against big government. He states, "We must stop the growing centralization of power in Washington which would destroy freedoms and liberties under our Constitution."

As a doctor, he knows the problems of older people and is for relief but under a free enterprise system, maintaining that government program would mean staggering costs. He declares that public schools must remain in local hands for federal aid means federal control.

"Eddie" Durno has shown the Americanism he advocates. Born on a farm near Albany, he worked his way through U. of O. and Harvard Medical School. He was an All-American athlete. During the last war he was a major in the Medical Corps, earning three campaign ribbons in combat areas besides a Purple Heart for being wounded.

Durno doesn't fence straddle. He doesn't seek the position of Senator because he needs a job. He is retired. He wants to serve because he has convictions. He is obligated to no one, big government nor big business.

If the people of Oregon want a Senator who is not a slick, professional politician but a straightforward individual they'll vote for Durno on May 18.

Jack Parker, Box 1033, Florence, Ore.

on Formosa to receive and resettle 100,000 refugees immigrating during 1962-63.

It also has proposed that countries with vast open spaces, such as Canada and Australia, amend their immigration laws to absorb at least a few thousand each year.

Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a terrible, terrible week when Jackie Gleason didn't touch a single drop of liquor. Gleason's friend Toots Shor took this as a personal affront, but Gleason blamed it all on his doctor. "He's put me off the stuff for life," he explained sadly. "Foolish and foolish," scoffed Shor. "I'll send you to my doctor. He'll tell you to drink all you want."

The next day Gleason still was in the wagon. "Didn't you go to see my doctor?" demanded Toots Shor. "I went," nodded Gleason, "but I couldn't get in. The office was too crowded."

Salvador Dali, the eccentric artist, can come right down to earth when occasion warrants. At the Stork Club recently, for example, he was heard earnestly assuring a beautiful young hat-check girl, "Never take a fur coat from an amorous customer, my dear. A fur coat is like a painting by me: you have to explain both to your mother."

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Strictly Personal

By Sydney J. Harris
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LOVE IS NOT STOLEN
A reader in Florida, apparently bruised by some personal experience, writes in to complain, "If I steal a nickel's worth of merchandise, I am a thief and punished; but if I steal the love of another's wife, I am free." This is a prevalent misconception in many people's minds—that love, like merchandise, can be "stolen." Numerous states, in fact, have enacted laws allowing damages for "alienation of affections."

But love is not a commodity; the real thing cannot be bought, sold, traded or stolen. It is an act of the will, a turning of the emotions, a change in the climate of the personality.

When a husband or wife is "stolen" by another person, that husband or wife was already ripe for the stealing, was already predisposed toward a new partner. The "love-bandit" was only taking what was waiting to be taken, what wanted to be taken.

We tend to treat persons like goods. We even speak of children "belonging" to their parents. But nobody "belongs" to anyone else. Each person belongs to himself, and to God. Children are entrusted to their parents, and if their parents do not treat them properly, the state has a right to remove them from the parents' trusteeship.

Most of us, when young, had the experience of a sweetheart being taken from us by somebody more attractive and more appealing. At the time, we may have resented this intruder—but as we grew older, we recognized that the sweetheart had never been ours to begin with. It was not the intruder that "caused" the break, but the lack of a real relationship.

On the surface, many marriages seem to break up because of a "third party." This is, however, a psychological illusion. The other woman or the other man merely serves as a pretext for dissolving a marriage that had already lost its essential integrity.

Nothing is more futile and more self-defeating than the bitterness of spurned love, the vengeful feeling that someone has "come between" oneself and a beloved. This is always a distortion of reality, for people are not the captives or victims of others—they are free agents, working out their own destinies for good or for ill.

But the rejected lover or mate cannot afford to believe that his beloved has freely turned away from him—and so he ascribes sinister or magical properties to the interloper. He calls him a hypnotist, or a thief, or a homebreaker. In the vast majority of cases, however, when a home is broken, the breaking has begun long before any "third party" has appeared on the scene.

In who could ignore the people's wishes. Is this what we want to happen?

During the last two weeks the proponents of the Home Rule Charter have been grasping at straws by saying that under a charter system taxes could not go uncollected. Under the present system the sheriff must keep a comparatively clean house as he must stand for reelection every two years. Under the charter system the finance official would answer to the commission which in turn would answer to the people. But only two every two years leaving a majority vote of five older heads

George E. Smith, 1408 So. Columbus Ave., Medford