

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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10 YEARS AGO
Aug. 14, 1952 (Thursday)
Sheldon Sackett, publisher of the Coos Bay Times and owner of three radio stations, announces he plans to file for television outlet in Medford.

20 YEARS AGO
Aug. 14, 1942 (Friday)
Estimated 10,000 civilians attend reactivation ceremonies for 81st division at Camp Wheeler, division selects "Powder River Let 'er Buck" as battle cry.

30 YEARS AGO
Aug. 14, 1932 (Sunday)
John Douglas Ferry, Rogue River, is chosen by the Medical Research Council of Great Britain to conduct special research at the National Institute for Medical Research.

40 YEARS AGO
Aug. 14, 1922 (Monday)
President Harding angered, lifts embargo on Southern Pacific freight shipments; local fruit men again allowed to ship to canneries in Salem and California.

50 YEARS AGO
Aug. 14, 1912 (Wednesday)
Ashland men object to the building of a new Bear Creek bridge in Medford and announce that they may sue the contractor for removing the old bridge without approval.

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

1. Is Fretz-Moon a method of making steel pipe, concrete, chisel or fencing?
2. Is the use of private automobiles prohibited in Bermuda?

3. Wellington is most famous for his victory where?
4. Beaufort's scale indicates the temperature of the atmosphere, weight of precious stones, or strength of wind?

5. What is the name for the great vein in the neck?
6. What is Theophrastus significant of?

7. How do Manx cats differ from other cats?
8. The motto, "mountainers are always free" belongs to which state, known as the "Coal Bin of the World"?

9. What is the plural of cupful?
10. Is the Amazon river in Africa, South America, Europe, or Asia?

Answers: 1. Pipe. 2. No. 3. Waterloo. 4. Strength of wind. 5. Jugular vein. 6. Actors. 7. They have no tails. 8. West Virginia. 9. Cupfuls. 10. South America.

Moore Hamilton

In every community there are men who put more of themselves into public service than any one needs to expect.

These are the ones who give of themselves for the public welfare, expecting in return only the reward that comes with knowing one has done one's part—and a good bit more.

Such a man was Moore Hamilton, who died Saturday at the untimely age of 58. Newsman, legislator, postmaster, civic worker, father, friend; Moore Hamilton was all of these—and a good bit more.

THE work done, usually quietly and without fanfare, by men such as Moore Hamilton, is often too little noted, but it is what makes a community more than just an assembly of people.

Both by public service and by example, the Moore Hamiltons of the world provide the cement that holds society together—men of good will whose unassuming friendliness is the leaven in a world far too often bleak and humorless.

Medford has lost a citizen, friend, and public servant of the first rank.—E.A.

How High Is Up?

How high is up? The old children's riddle takes on new meaning in these early days of space exploration.

Actually, for centuries the common law, based on Roman and medieval precedent, has held that a man's ownership of property extends into the space above it without limit.

That was fine, in the days when the only disputes to arise out of this theory would involve such things as the ownership of apples on branches bending over a property line.

TODAY, with space hardware whirling around the earth in increasing numbers, "ownership" of space takes on a different aspect.

Maritime law has held, variously, that a three-mile limit, or a twelve-mile limit, are the boundaries of national sovereignty. But no one has yet established a three-mile, or 100-mile, or whatever, limit in the ocean of space.

As a matter of fact, mankind is still muddled in his thinking as to space age nomenclature. We refer glibly to "outer space," when in reality what we are talking about is barely the edge of earth's atmosphere. We have not yet stretched our minds sufficiently to grasp the immensity of space within our own solar system, let alone interstellar or inter-galactic space.—E.A.

Coast vs. Billboards

Would you travel a couple of hundred miles to see some of the most spectacular coastline in the world? Yes.

Would you travel a couple of hundred miles to see a highway lined with billboards? No.

That in essence is the crux of a dispute down along the Oregon coast, where the new Scenic Area Commission has proposed to establish scenic strips to preserve some of Oregon's most beautiful views from billboard encroachment.

Some of the area's businessmen, however, are opposed to such an order, and are protesting that it would wreck them commercially.

THEIR opposition is, to us, not only against the best interests of the travelling public—you and me and the tourists—but also against their own best interests.

When we go to the coast it is to enjoy Nature's handiwork, not that of Foster and Kleiser. Beside, the regulations still permit sufficient advertising billboards to publicize the area's attractions and the tourist service enterprises.

It sounds to us as though the pro-billboard advocates along the coast are simply begging to have their noses cut off to spite their faces. The Scenic Area Commission should be given encouragement to establish the protected strips and save the scenery.—E.A.

El Cid

A motion picture entitled "El Cid" will be shown in Medford starting this week. It was our mixed pleasure and pain to have seen it a month ago in Portland.

It is one of the finest films we have ever seen. It is one of the worst films we have ever seen. The pageantry, the costuming, the musical sound track, the scenery, the battles, the color—all these are outstanding, and are as stimulating as anything you are apt to see in many a long hour of Hollywood-produced dreaminess.

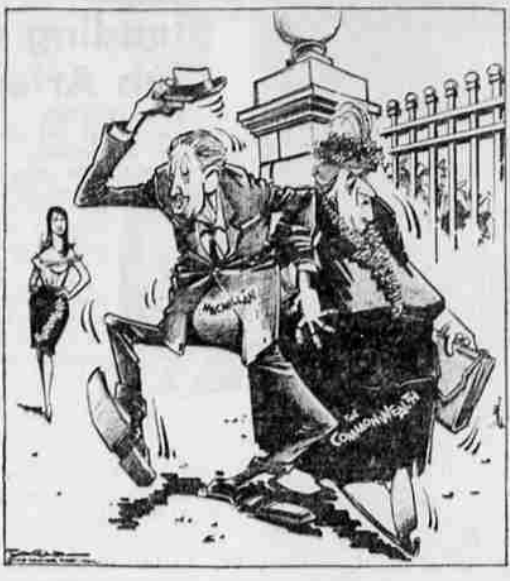
THE plot, however, and the acting, and particularly the dialogue, and most particularly the final scene, are not only in excruciatingly bad taste, but are so corny as to be laughable, so unreal as to be outrageous, and so contrived as to be grotesque.

If your mental screening equipment is up to the task of filtering out the eyewash while absorbing the breathtaking spectacle, it may be that you will enjoy the film.

But be cautioned about the final scene, where a dead-as-a-doomed Cid, propped up and strapped to a horse, single-handedly routes the enemy hordes and then gallops back to the castle where his dewey-eyed wife awaits. The dawning sun casts over him an aura—a glistening mantle of light, a halo of sanctity, a spiritual promise of immortality.

We almost lost our dinner.—E.A.

"I Love My Wife, But, Oh You Kid!"



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.

Making a Choice

To the Editor: As I flipped the switch of the radio yesterday morning a syrupy sweet female voice that would curdle your morning coffee greeted me on the Sherri Finkbein abortion case. The female went on to say she would take the chance thus proving beyond a doubt the brain and voice went together.

Much has been said on the topic both by the supposedly learned psychologist and by the religious fanatic who is always willing to jump on the bandwagon, no doubt the same ones that objected to the use of sedation in childbirth. Those who have walked in the shadows and have had children born blind, crippled or retarded, know the answer deep within their own hearts.

I know for I have walked in the land of shadows with them as they made their heart-breaking decisions to place their child in that so-called home for retarded children. I have gone to surgery nine times with a little boy who was fighting for his sight, only to lose the battle after all. I know a woman who is unfortunate enough to have a fungus infection on her face, hands and feet and I have watched people stare and whisper as she passed, for you see civilization is a thin veneer and a very thin one at that.

Nothing is as beautiful in all this world as a baby with ten tiny little fingers that hold so tightly, and ten tiny toes. This tiny bundle from heaven is a never ceasing miracle. Nothing on earth is harder to bear than the sight of a tiny baby deformed and destined to go through life without sight, brain or hands and feet, helpless. Yes, I know Steinmetz was a hunchback, but Steinmetz had hands, feet, and a brain, and I don't think he would have chosen this if he had a choice to make.

The religious fanatic claims that the fetus has life. Then, pray tell me, why a still-born perfect baby has its own little plot in every cemetery and is never buried near a child or adult that has lived? For those who have had the misfortune to have children who are blind, retarded or malformed, the sun will never be quite as bright for them. Trite pat answers, but each in his own heart would face the fact if he had to make the choice, knowingly to bear such a child. The answer would be no, that is, unless you are planning on opening a freak show.

(Name on File)

Cats and Dogs
To the Editor: What has happened to the time when a dog was man's best friend? Nowadays dogs are the nearest neighbor's worst enemy. A dog is a fine animal if you'll keep him home where he belongs.

The woes I've suffered from cats and dogs no tongue can tell—my blood pressure boils every time I think of these many curs. I can't stop thinking about them as the people won't keep them home.

Although I am not an amateur, these public nuisances a person has to put up with on one's own property, makes me swear fearfully.

Cats and dogs have caused a poisonous hate filling my heart with revenge when I see them coming toward my house, their tongues hanging out and panting like they had come miles just to reach my property. I hope they bring along with them their federal contractors for I have a thundering temper when I see them arriving.

The dogs come just to do dirty work and scratch up my flower beds. The cats come at night and do their courting under my windows.

Makes me sick to see people manning all over these menacing public nuisances with idyllic love, baby talking, rubbing noses and kissing behind their ears all the while they are breathing the stenchy, seamy, breath of these flea carrying animals.

Some of these nice people even eat at the same table with their beautiful flabby cat, or their little tap dancing dog, spending precious hours watching every move they make with ooh's and aah's. What do they hope to accomplish?

I'm with Pearl of Jacksonville. I'd rather collect horse manure. It at least serves some purpose.

E. Dykes, P. O. Box 58, Eagle Point, Ore.

Aladdin's Magical Lamp
To the Editor: We wish to call attention to the Sovereign Brochure of the Jacksonville Gold Rush Jubilee sponsored by the Lions Club. Appearing on the back cover is an outline map showing leading highways marked with cities and towns of the county. What appeared to us was the gold pan as a receptacle at Jacksonville, the large circle as the handle at Medford, top center outline at Central Point, with a long pointed shaped spot for Gold Hill. The four cities represent the entire outline of the ancient's antique oil lamp with three by-roads all leading to buried treasure at the base of Aladdin's magical

European Unification Plans Suffer Bad Setback, But Have Not Been Abandoned

By K. C. THALER

United Press International
London (UPI)—The ambitious plan for sweeping European unification has suffered a severe setback. But it has not been abandoned.

Britain, rebuked by her European allies earlier this month, has swallowed her pride. The Conservative government of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan has decided to resume negotiations for entry into the Common Market next fall.

Her intention remains to secure membership in the six-member European alignment of France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg, while still maintaining her special ties with the commonwealth. The United States strongly favors an integrated Europe, with Britain as a part of it.

If the plan comes off, Europe would represent a unified market of more than 200 million people—an incomparably better match for Russia than in her divided state and together with the United States, a powerful barrier against the Reds.

But whether the plan will come off now remains a bigger question mark than ever. France is the chief opponent, ostensibly for economic reasons, fearing that once the door is opened to Commonwealth produce her own European agricultural markets would be swamped.

But political considerations seem an equally powerful reason behind France's toughening stand. President Charles de Gaulle to all appearances dreams of a Europe led by a revitalized France, strong enough to stand on its own feet independent of the United States.

He is believed to consider Britain a dangerous challenger to French leadership, once she is a member of the European club.

With Britain in Europe he

apparently feels the United States also would retain its influence on the continent. Britain is a firm backer of NATO and of the Atlantic alignment with the United States.

This is why some diplomatic observers fear Britain's chances for entry into the Common Market remain slender.

The pause may help to clarify and smooth things. But there are those who fear that existing divisions may in fact become deeper, with France trying to sway the other members and to raise the price for British membership beyond what Britain can afford to pay.

THE BELL OF HIROSHIMA
Washington—In Hiroshima, a few days ago, a girl named Junko Matsuoka tolled the "peace bell" during ceremonies reminding the world of another day in August 17 summers ago.

The atomic age is the only one Miss Matsuoka has known, for she was but a few months old when the flames and horror came and took the lives of her parents and 78,000 others. During the recent ceremonies at Hiroshima, the names of those who have died in the past year from the effects of that blast 17 years ago were placed inside a stone memorial arch. There were 125 names on the list.

Not unrelated to the tolling of the bell in Hiroshima was the explosion by the Soviet Union of an atomic weapon on the island of Novaya Zemlya, the start of a new test series. The first blast was estimated at equal to 40 million tons of TNT. The bomb that exploded in Hiroshima was equal to 20 thousand tons.

In Geneva, this August, the test-ban negotiators for East and West are sparring again, as they have since 1958. They have not made much progress. On Johnston Island, the United States is repairing a launching pad that may be used to set off a high-altitude nuclear blast.

AGAINST this background, it might be an appropriate time to discuss missiles, for there much progress has been made. The bomb that killed Miss Matsuoka's parents was dropped by a lumbering plane called the "Enola Gay." Today, both sides have missiles.

Yet, a missile in the abstract does not mean much. It must be seen to be believed. A TV screen fails to convey its awesomeness. But how many people have ever actually SEEN an intercontinental ballistic missile?

Last spring, on a trip to California, those of us who cover the White House had a chance to see the latest and best in United States missiles, during a tour by President Kennedy of Vandenberg Air Force base.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived, and the sun was hanging low over the Pacific. The sky was clear, and the sparkling water lapped against the shore. There, by the peaceful sea, Vandenberg sprawls for thousands of acres.

IT DOES NOT, at first, look like a missile base. The undulating green hills roll gently upward from the sea, almost barren of trees. It might be a golf course, or an English heath—except for, here and there, a glimpse of a strange-looking blockhouse, a slab of concrete, or a gantry which give the place an unearthly feeling, as if an outsider had suddenly landed on the moon.

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For, somewhere in the vast Russian heartland, east of the Aral sea at Tyura Tam, we know, and elsewhere, there are Soviet bases with similar missiles poised to destroy New York, Chicago and Detroit, and its men, women and children.

That is the measure of how far man has progressed in the year of our Lord, 1962. Therefore, ask not for whom the bell tolls in August at Hiroshima.

Strictly Personal

By Sydney J. Harris

Field Enterprises, Inc.

MOTIVES
Why do people enter certain professions or occupations? Sometimes because of love—but sometimes, I am forced to think, for less worthy motives.

I remember an intern in a hospital some years ago told me that he nearly flunked his oral exams. One of the standard questions the board asked him was, "Why did you decide to become a doctor?"

He knew that the official answer had something to do with "service toward humanity" and all that sort of cant; but, drawing a deep breath, he decided to be perfectly candid, and replied: "Because I'm short, and I want people to look up to me."

It was a close thing, he told me, the examiners were puzzled, hurt and shocked—and he squashed by only after reassuring them that his motives included loftier ones as well. Yet there can be no doubt that the desire to play God is a strong factor in making such a decision.

I am convinced that a dislike and contempt of women prompts a certain type of man to become a dress designer. Much of women's fashions seem almost a conspiracy against their femininity, a way of humiliating them and making them pay through the nose for the experience.

And it seems evident that a lot of what passes for "style" is a ruthless and purposeful exploitation of the woman's masochistic desires; else why would so many women rush to don ridiculous and unflattering costumes? It is impossible to threaten or bludgeon a man into wearing clothes he deems either uncomfortable or unfitting to his masculinity.

With a few exceptions, however, male designers of women's clothes seem to be expressing their repugnance for the female shape. And the fashion models employed by them are scarcely any caricatures of women, with no hips, no breasts, no buttocks. They are simply animated wire hangers.

Looking through a magazine the other day, in fact, I was struck by an advertisement for the telephone company, showing a young woman coveting on the beach with her children. What stopped me was just the naturalness of the woman—she was half-turned toward us, and she actually had a broad rear end, like most women who have borne children. This was the first model I had seen in years who resembled a real person.

In my own profession, also, it seems clear to me that the people who become critics are the most critical-minded; they seek the job not so much because they love the art as because they have an analytic and destructive turn of mind, and enjoy playing judge, jury and executioner. Having been a drama critic for 15 years, I do not exempt myself from this harsh judgment, but, knowing it, I try to temper it in practice.

We wonder whether by sheer imagination others have observed the same features? Anyway, it represents a picturesque design.

Bert Kissinger, 322 South Riverfront, Medford.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Soviet Russia has put its third and fourth man into space.

A Moscow dispatch says: "Some experts here have indicated that they might step up for a WEEK OR MORE if all goes well."

We're all hoping, I'm sure, that all will go well. Not only are we concerned with the welfare of the cosmonauts. If men can stay out in space for a week and come back safe and sound, it will go a long way toward proving that men can stay out in space LONGER—perhaps long enough to reach other planets and COME BACK to tell the tale.

THE first launching had a curious accompaniment. A few hours after the Russian cosmonaut had taken off on his momentous journey, the Soviet government issued an OFFICIAL appeal to the United States "not to jeopardize the safety" of the Russian spaceman by any high altitude nuclear tests.

The U. S. government had already announced, some time ago, that it would make no high altitude nuclear tests without giving the world a warning at least four days in advance of the test. It is apparent to anyone that the United States could make no worse blunder than to fire off a high altitude nuclear missile while the Russian cosmonaut was in orbit.

A blooper like that would lose us the sympathy of the ENTIRE WORLD. The Kremlin must know that under no circumstances could we afford to do such a thing.

SO—Why the appeal? I suppose the answer is that nobody knows why communists do the things they do.

SPEAKING of weird proposals to Moscow. Consider this one, for example—as described in a UPI dispatch from Washington.

The United States has bought a thousand portable television sets—which, it hopes, will help to bring education to under developed countries. The originator of the project is the Agency for International Development, which signed a contract in June for the sets.

Last week, Dr. Gerald F. Winfield, chief of the organization's communications resources division, described the project to a house of representatives subcommittee. He told the committee's members that in 80 countries now receiving U. S. foreign aid there are 250 million children not in schools and 300 million adults.

The objective of the educational television plan, he explained, is to teach these people agricultural methods, home-making and other subjects designed to raise their standard of living. They would learn all this, he said, by watching their TV sets.

THE members of the subcommittee took a dim view of the project. One of them pointed out that in these countries there is an acute shortage of electricity. Without electricity, he asked, how would these people be able to make use of their television sets?

Dr. Winfield had an answer. The sets, he suggested, COULD BE POWERED BY LITTLE CHILDREN PLAYING ON MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

AT THIS POINT, Rep. Porter Hardy, chairman of the subcommittee, broke in to say: "That's the biggest piece of foolishness I've seen in my time."

I'm sure we can all agree with him.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

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By DAVID WISE
Joseph Alsop is on vacation. During his absence his column will be written by reporters expert in national and international affairs.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A TYPEWRITER concern received this unusual complaint recently: "Gentlemen: Several boys ago I bought one of your portable typewriters. As you can see, the 'B' and the 'D' are interchangeable; it was very calm about this at first, but the longer I tried to type with it, the madder I got. If you won't be something about this damn machine quick, I am going to bring it to your headquarters, dash down your President's door, and bump it on his confounded desk!"

A Broadway producer who has a genius for fooling with us critics, eight stars, and eleven authors and directors at the same time, insisted that one number in a new musical, tried out in Boston be eliminated forthwith. "It's awful," he cried. The author and composer disagreed. "We think," they dared say, "it's the funniest number in the show." Finally, the producer allowed them to leave the number in when the show moved on to Philadelphia. "It's just to shut you up," he explained. "The audience won't laugh once."

But the audience DID laugh. In fact, it all but fell on the author. The author rushed triumphantly to the producer and demanded, "Do you hear them howling?" The producer came up with the stopper of the month. He grumbled, "They don't mean it."

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