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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

Nov. 26, 1952 (Tuesday)
Dodge bridge across the
Rogue river had been com-
pleted and the route is now
open to traffic.

A total of 534 pints of blood
—166 less than the hoped-for
quota of 700—was collected by
the Bloodmobile during its
visit here.

20 YEARS AGO

Nov. 26, 1942 (Wednesday)
November 1942, precipitation
heaviest in history of local
weather bureau for the month;
total is 7.33 inches of rain.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye
Smudge Pot" column: "The
government has directed that
tails of men's shirts will be six
inches shorter henceforth. The
war gets grimmer and grimmer
as democracy starts putting
the pressure on the axis."

30 YEARS AGO

Nov. 26, 1932 (Friday)
Jackson county tax levy to be
unchanged during coming
year despite heavy cuts in
budget because of decreases in
fees and receipts.

Medford Chamber of Com-
merce invites Jacksonville to
take part in local observance
of Oregon statehood.

40 YEARS AGO

Nov. 26, 1922 (Saturday)
From Local and Personal
column: "The Sexton moun-
tain section of the Pacific
highway is now completed and
the bugaboo of travel, the
Sexton mountain detour, is a
thing of memory only"; new
highway is 18 feet wide.

Ed Andrews, opera comedi-
an and former resident of
Medford, opens in American
Light Opera company per-
formance of "The Bohemian
Girl" in Portland.

50 YEARS AGO

Nov. 26, 1912 (Monday)
Fire destroys barn contain-
ing 30 horsepower 1910 Hayes
automobile owned by W. H.
Humphreys.

Medford man reports his
milk cow has been stolen, or
has untied herself, opened
two doors, moved two car-
riages and climbed a fence.

What's Your I.Q.?

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

1. With what branch of animal or plant life does an ichthyologist deal?
2. What country in the Western Hemisphere is the largest in area?
3. Grindstones are kept wet to keep them cool, to retard the crumbling, or to keep the knife cool?
4. Do ordinary constant speed electric motors use more current when starting or when running at top speed?
5. Can an ordinary man lift a 6 inch cube of gold?
6. What color results from mixing yellow and blue?
7. Whose idea was the wooden horse of Troy?
8. What two rivers meet at Pittsburgh and form another river?
9. In what position do bats sleep?
10. In what garden was Jesus arrested?

Answers: 1. Fish. 2. Brazil. 3. To keep knife cool. 4. Start-
ing. 5. Yes (150 lbs.). 6. Green.
7. Ulysses. 8. Allegheny and
Monongahela form Ohio. 9.
Hanging upside down. 10.
Gethsemane.

East and West

Northampton is a city in the fertile Connecti-
cut river valley of western Massachusetts. It is
a city whose growth is slow—from 29,063 in 1950
to 30,058 in 1960 by the census count.

It has been 11 years since the writer visited
his birthplace; it has been 17 years since he left.
Northampton is a city in which change has
been slow, in which the status quo appears to
draw more weight than a changing society.

THERE have been some changes.

Business and small industry have built up
along a highway north of town; a few residential
areas have grown in a couple suburban areas;
a few changes have been made in the downtown
area, but the major ones can be counted on the
fingers of one hand; a new wing has been added
to the hospital, and new buildings have been
added to the vocational school campus.

Some changes are worth mentioning.
A modern store has replaced a downtown
hotel; Smith college has added a new, con-
temporary-design dormitory; a shopping center, sim-
ilar to those of the west, occupies property where
dairy cattle once fed; and a modern Jewish Syna-
gogue dominates an area of older homes.

BUT perhaps one of the most startling changes
was at the edge of the downtown business
district. An attractive, modern, yellow brick
church has replaced an old red brick one.

It houses the Edwards Congregational church,
named in memory of Jonathan Edwards, scholar
and theologian who started a New England re-
ligious revival in 1750 while at Northampton.

The new church stands out bright among the
surrounding weathered-dull red brick buildings.

These are the few notable changes of the
past 17 years.

RETAIL stores in the downtown area (and in
the smaller communities within Northamp-
ton) are recognizable by their old fronts, and the
interior of many border on being fire hazards;
the streets are the same, many of them still bumpy
and narrow; tall two and three-story crackerbox
houses with weathered paint line most of the
residential streets; and the same large wooden,
gingerbread homes, most of them well-kept,
make up the older residential sections.

Northampton is a city of the past with a
touch of the present and little of the future.

The houses in which the people live, and the
buildings in which they work, reflect the people
themselves. Some of them have changed; many
of them have not. Many of them prefer the status
quo, and it shows in the things they do, and what
they talk about, or don't talk about.

They talk about high taxes, about the de-
plorable school situation, and the location of a
new highway. But they apparently only talk.

IT TOOK close to five years for the city fathers
to decide on a junior high school site, and the
high school from which the writer was graduated
has not changed. Three shifts of students use a
building which has not had an addition in more
than 17 years.

Two relatively new elementary schools were
crowded when they opened. They are built of
brick (as most public buildings in the east are),
and they have expensive frills, such as a cupola
on which a weather vane is placed.

What changes have been made in Northamp-
ton were not as impressive as the lack of change.

The visit to Northampton was rewarding. It
substantiated our belief that we have become
"westernized." We have become accustomed to
the faster growing, faster changing west.—E.H.A.

Change in the West

In contrast to E.H.A.'s observations above
about the town of his birth, this writer has fre-
quently visited his birthplace, Eugene, but not
so frequently that the changes are not noticeable.

When we left there 24 years ago, it was a
sleepy little western town of some 20,000 souls.

Today it is a bustling city of more than 50,000.
Our old elementary school long ago vanished,
and its name and function given to what was our
junior high school, which now is in a new build-
ing. Our high school alma mater is now a junior
high. Two new high schools have been built, and
a third is under way.

THE downtown area boasts a striking new
courthouse. A new city hall is under construc-
tion. The park blocks—once the retreat of whit-
tlers, horse shoe tossers and tale-spinners—has
lost its hitching-posts, and is circled by bright
new store fronts.

Traffic, once unhurried and uncrowded, now
is bustling and often jammed, and confined to
one-way grids. New arterial streets criss-cross
what once were open marshes, now built over.

The hills, once the bailiwick of boys and .22
rifles and laboriously dug caves and roasting pits,
are now covered with homes, many of them out-
standing examples of modern architecture.

THE highway, which once meandered almost
aimlessly through the heart of town, now
speeds by as freeway some miles away. The old
airport is now a housing subdivision, and the new
one is 10 miles to the north.

The University campus, once notable for dig-
nified, vine covered buildings, now bustles with
umbrella-carrying students, many of them from
abroad, and bright new brick, concrete and glass
buildings and dormitories spread for blocks.

We, too, are "westernized" and acclimated
to change. But E.H.A.'s observations about a
town, quiet and almost unchanged, have a ring
of nostalgia to them.—E.A.

"If You Don't Mind Danger, You Can Serve In One Of Our Cities At Home"



Communications

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Hurrah for Flogging

To the Editor: Hurrah for a long overdue man of courage, this judge from Delaware! A good public flogging for these beginners in crime is the best way to make them remember and think twice. In this day when parents no longer use the wood shed or otherwise try to control their young, someone has to take over the task and your "bleeding heart" approach has only made young folks more defiant of the law they know can't touch them.

Parents take the rap, pay the bills and the kids go scott free, and it is time someone brought them up short with a touch of the whip.

Sadistic? I should think not! Did you think your parents were sadistic when you got a well placed hand or did you grow up ruling the roost like youngsters of today?

In the same paper was the report of an official badly beaten. Who would dare to do this if there was respect for authority?

I, for one, highly recommend more of this kind of law enforcement and hope it spreads out west so it will be safe to walk the street or even live in your own home without barricades.

Mrs. Ray Doran
Central Point, Ore.
P.S.: How do Medfordites like the way chlorine is being put in the water against public vote? Pretty clever, but then what has a voter got to say?

Editor's note: Chlorine isn't fluoride.

Why Fewer Deer

To the Editor: I see where the Central Point sportsmen are going to find out why the deer herds are getting extinct. Well, if the game commission would extend a few more hunts they could soon get 'em all. Why in H— can't people hunt in the regular season instead of killing a doe in the late hunt? And it's usually three they kill, as the does are nearly all with fawn or fawns then.

It doesn't take a New York attorney to figure this out. I for one am with Mr. G. Brown of Prospect, we will soon be priced out of our rights. Mr. Game Commissioner, how about \$1 for a pheasant tag, have you forgot that? Or will it come up next season?

The sportsman should put a stop to this (but how). The hunters I have talked to said, well, no more hunting for me, if we would all stick together, and not buy a license for just one season, we would have better hunting and fishing, and maybe no increase in fees. Let's all stick together.

I suppose the game commission needs more money to find out why a stream has to be a certain temperature for a fish to spawn. The poor things years ago sure had a hard time, waiting for game commission men to squeeze the eggs out of them. Or do they need more money to put a few more cars checking on the highways, only four cars and two pickups south of Diamond lake last year. Why couldn't two men do the same thing? Oh yes, they have to spend a few thousand counting the deer, which is really necessary. Why can't they leave the license as it is? Have a season of one deer starting and stopping all the same time?

Nope we got to have a few late seasons to kill more does and figure out why the herds are getting smaller.
(Name on file)
Gold Hill, Ore.

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Slow Learners

To the Editor: That a pupil's low learning capacity is a determining factor in a school's scholastic standing is a must in its study. But it surely is not a determining equation of any 100 per cent. For the great Naturalist Darwin was a teacher's despair more often than a joy. Ever a doubter of book theorizing, he found his dependables in nature's often obscure laws. Denounced though he was, especially by the clergy, his ever ailing remains rest now with England's greatest of greats in old Westminster abbey.

Thomas Edison and plant wizard Burbank were slow learners to the point of being despised. Of Blue-eyed Dr. Carver was much the same, who was most embarrassed when found carrying home a gunny-bag of horse droppings. But from those humble castoffs, he evolved one of our artist's most prized brown-amber pigments.

So, we must not discount the slow-learner too drastically, for the guideposts of history warn that it is not the whiz-kids who lead us to our great goal, happiness. It is much more often the slow enduring plodder who clears away the debris of loose-thinking to our cherished objectives. So like the hunter's cold-trail, muzzle down to the quarry's scent on ground, rock and bush, often to overtake the speedy black specked Walkers or such like in confused frustrated yelping and get them back on the trail.

All of which warns us to depend more on old proven dependables like the test of a puddin' is, er, on the vest, that even the blind, deaf and dumb can know.

My "puddin' on the vest" is our National Educational Association's Ranking of the States, Research Report 1962-R1, that with Congressman Durno's prodding was finally sent me. As has been reported here, it gives positive evidence that our Northwest schools do lead the rest of the nation in scholastic standing. Seems like the why of this could and should be a part in the wealth of educational news so prominent in the press of late.

Could it be that the NEA Report referred to is not available in our libraries or the reference files of the MT? If there's no public appreciation of our school standings, how can there be appreciation of

our worth as a nation? We do seem to appreciate our football winnings to the point of rioting.

F. J. Clifford
Route 2, Box 200F
Central Point, Ore.



"From now on we're doing abstract designs on stamps —it's safer. Like some modern paintings, it won't make any difference if they're printed upside - down or not . . ."

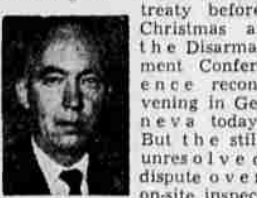
Foreign News: Nuclear Test Ban Pact Sought by Christmas; Doubts Expressed

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign News Analyst

Notes from the foreign news cable:

Nuclear Test Ban Treaty

The United States and Britain are going to spare no effort to get a nuclear test ban treaty before Christmas at the Disarmament Conference reconvening in Geneva today. But the still unresolved dispute over on-site inspection of suspected underground tests still



Newsom expected underground tests still

has to be cleared up. And, at the present time, this looks like the main barrier to any agreement, unless one or the other side makes a major concession.

The United States is cool to the Russian idea of "black boxes" which would contain instruments to monitor suspected blasts and then be examined later by neutral scientists. The idea of the "black box" is likely to be presented shortly as a formal proposal by the Russians. The instruments are not foolproof and easily could be tampered with, and furthermore, Western observers point out that

they are no substitute for first-hand inspection. But they expect the American and British negotiators to listen to the Russian proposal with care to see if it can be amended to meet Western desires.

Yellow Peril

Perhaps the most startling statement made by Red Chinese leader Chou En-lai at a banquet he hosted in Peking recently for a visiting group of Japanese Conservative party politicians was a remark about the venerable Western fear of a "yellow peril"—that is, the grouping of all non-white peoples against the whites. A member of the mission said the essence of Chou's remarks was that the Japanese and Chinese should consider themselves "brothers" and think in

long-range terms of uniting against the "whites" because the "whites" will never give up their efforts to keep down the "yellows" they fear. In effect, what Chou was proposing was a sort of greater East Asia coprosperity sphere headed by Red China, with Russia clearly lumped with the "whites" of the West.

Nationalist Commando Raids

Sources in Tokyo in a position to know say stepped-up Nationalist Chinese commando raids against the Communist-controlled China mainland can be expected soon. As in the past, such raids will not be publicized. But they will be staged to give the Peking regime as much trouble as possible through the use of guerrilla tactics—a favorite of the Reds themselves.

Drummond Reports

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

NEEDED-BERLIN

SUPREME COMMANDER

Berlin—The danger to West Berlin is not past.

It will soon be greater than ever if two things are not done:

1-The buildup of Western conventional forces by the European countries—principally France, Britain, and Italy—which have fallen far behind their NATO commitments.

2-The appointment of a supreme commander of the Allied forces in Berlin to permit prompt decisionmaking in order to deal with the Soviet "salami tactics" of eating away at Western rights in ways which in past months have brought futile protests, not firm counter-action.

That road—the road of hard words and soft action—leads to the steady decay of Western rights and the loss of Berlin itself.

The danger today is that in light of Cuba we are better prepared to defend Berlin from the attack most likely to occur—the continued Soviet elbowing and harassing of Western rights against which we are either too slow or too divided to reply.

That is the danger and if the divided Allied councils in Berlin are not soon united, we face the prospect of yielding by default what we are pledged to preserve.

IT CAN be done.

Obviously, the best way to do it is for Britain, France, and the United States to agree on a supreme commander of the Allied forces here with adequate authority to act.

The best candidate for the job is Gen. Lucius Clay, who has earned the confidence of the Allies, the trust of the Berliners, and the respect of the Soviets. He could do it. His presence and his authority would even be a deterrent to Soviet harassment.

The failure to concert Allied forces in the three sectors of West Berlin is the most inviting weakness in the Allied position here today. Military decision-making by committee means dilatory decision-making. Such delay almost always means abandoning any course of action. It means inaction by default because, unless the West can reply instantly to Soviet intrusion, then the action is either too late or doubly dangerous and doubly difficult.

Remember the opportunity we lost to use the right of Western access to East Berlin when we allowed an East German youth, shot by the East Zone police attempting to escape over the wall, to lie for hours bleeding to death a few yards from the sector line. A

our worth as a nation? We do seem to appreciate our football winnings to the point of rioting.

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Washington Report

By William S. White
(c) United Features Syndicate

CASTRO'S HELPFULNESS

Washington—There are the soundest grounds to hope that Fidel Castro goes right on refusing to permit United Nations verification of the removal of all types of Soviet offensive weapons from Cuba.

The plain fact is that the longer his obstinacy endures the better off the United States will be. For in the absence of Castro's assent to this U.S.-verification part of the bargain struck between President Kennedy and Nikita Khrushchev, the United States will be able to continue, without valid criticism from anyone, its own highly efficient surveillance of any and all weapons systems in Cuba.

NEW rational men would trade this kind of surveillance—which is intense and constant and will so remain so long as Castro continues to point himself into his own corner—for anything the U.N. itself could possibly provide, or one illustration, the storied U-2 reconnaissance plane, which has been notably able to penetrate even the fastnesses of the Soviet Union, has not found Cuba much of a problem—any way one looks at it.

Indeed, some here have long felt that the weakest link in the whole chain of American victory over Khrushchev in this matter has lain in the very fact that the Kennedy-Khrushchev arrangement provided for U.N. inspection as the principal assurance to us that the missiles and the like were really going to be taken out and kept out of Cuba.

This does not imply some dark conspiracy within the U.N. to give only a lick and a promise to the job of inspecting and verifying in Cuba. Nor does it impugn to the U.N. any desire to push the thing under the rug.

In short, Castro has lost his Soviet missiles, is losing his Soviet bombers, has pointlessly annoyed his Soviet masters, and has, thus far, managed to free us even from our conditional promise not to invade him. If he ever was considered by any considerably number of Latin Americans to be the wave of the future, there has been a remarkable lapse of tenses. His future is now strictly in the past.

Strictly Personal

By Sydney J. Harris
(c) Field Enterprises, Inc.

MEMORY

Speaking of those "How To" books, as I was the other day, a publisher recently sent me a copy of a new book called "How to Improve Your Memory in 30 Days," or some such title. I've forgotten exactly what it was called. I

wouldn't mind so much if my memory were merely bad. But it is trivial, irrelevant and mischievous. I store up odd scraps of literary information, discontinued phone numbers, names of mythological creatures, couplets of bad verse—but can't remember three items on a shopping list or the address of a doctor I have to see tomorrow.

The best chess players (like the best bridge players) are endowed with spectacular memories. It was no feat for a man like Alekhine to play a dozen games simultaneously while blindfolded; and the top bridge masters can reconstruct all four hands of a round 28 which they played in a tournament seven years ago.

Pillsbury, the American chess champion for many years, was once subjected to an amazing memory test by two professors at Lehigh University. They read to him a list of 30 words, which he had to repeat immediately afterwards. Here

is the formidable list: Antipholistine, perios-teum, takadiastese, plasmon, ambrosia, Threlkeld, streptococcus, staphylococcus, plasmodium, Mississippi, Freihelt, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, athletics, w.e.r., Eichenberg, American, Russian, philosophy, Piet Pott, Gomer's Root, Salamagundi, Omsillecotti, Bangamvate, Schlechter's Nek, Maninayama, theosophy, catechism, and Madjesoomalops.

Pillsbury promptly repeated the words in the order given—and then gave them in the reverse order! He also repeated them flawlessly the next day.

Symphony conductors are another group who seem to have special photographic equipment imbedded in their cortex. Once, when Toscanini was directing at La Scala, a young and untalented composer submitted the manuscript of an opera which Toscanini rejected.

Many years later, the composer met Toscanini in New York and asked the maestro why he had rejected the opera. "I didn't like it," said Toscanini. The composer insisted that the conductor hadn't even read the score. "I remember it perfectly," Toscanini replied. "It's no good."

And he sat down at the piano and played several passages from the opera he had rejected a dozen years ago. Now what in the world did I do with that shopping list?