

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

"Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune" Published Daily except Saturday by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 33 North Fir St., Ph. 772-6141

10 YEARS AGO Nov. 30, 1952 (Saturday) Stormy weather continued over southern Oregon last night and today, tying up mountain traffic and bringing heavy rain and snow to much of the area.

20 YEARS AGO Nov. 30, 1942 (Sunday) Total of 8.82 inches of rainfall reported in Medford during November; highest total for one month in history of local weather bureau.

30 YEARS AGO Nov. 30, 1932 (Tuesday) Three Medford players expected to turn out for basketball at Southern Oregon college include Estill Phillips, George Harrington and Jack Hughes.

40 YEARS AGO Nov. 30, 1922 (Wednesday) Medford school census shows 2,216 children of school age in Medford district, increase of 56 over 1921 total.

50 YEARS AGO Nov. 30, 1912 (Friday) Fred Strang and V. D. "Pinto" Colvig, Medford students at Oregon Agricultural college, appear with OAC band as concert season opens in Corvallis.

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

1. Did George Washington sign the Declaration of Independence? 2. The trail a ship leaves behind it is called what? 3. What was the greatest amount of home runs Babe Ruth hit in one season?

Cross-Country Visit

The hospitality of New Englanders and mid-westerns with whom local school board members and educators came in contact on a two-week trip recently can best be described as an "open door" policy.

Busy people took time out of crowded schedules to talk with members of the Southern Oregon group; they rearranged their schedules at the schools to fit the group's needs and desires, as a group or for individual members; and they even took precious time to entertain the Oregonians at dinners.

The traditional reserve of the New Englander certainly wasn't present, and the mid-western friendliness was certainly that in the Chicago and McPherson, Kans., areas.

WHEREVER the party went, the group was expected, someone was waiting to meet them, and the reception was marvelous, despite the fact the group of Oregonians had expanded from a visitation party to what Dr. Leonard B. Mayfield at one time referred to as an "invasion party." (Twenty-three people were in the east visiting schools.)

The Salina, Kans., Elks club opened its doors when the group returned from McPherson. There, on a Saturday morning, school officials were waiting, they conducted guided tours of the partially completed building of unusual construction, and took time out to review the history and program of the new school.

In Salina, the group did, somewhat democratically, vote against eating in an establishment recommended by a local citizen. The Elks club turned out to be a pleasant experience of dining and relaxation.

MEDILL BAIR, superintendent of Lexington, Mass., schools, had the party out to his house the evening of arrival for one of his "specialty dinners." We didn't attend because of a previous family dinner engagement, but we understand it was a most entertaining evening.

In Norwalk, prior to a dinner at the Silvermine Tavern, hors d'oeuvres were served at the home of Dr. Harry Becker, where Oregonians mingled with school board members and administrators from Norwalk.

It was here we had a charming chat with Mrs. Justin Glickson, wife of a school board member. We reminisced about the Smith college campus, discussed education, past, present and future, and how a New Englander gets transplanted in Oregon.

THE Silvermine Tavern is a large, rambling colonial inn. It has several nooks, crannies and gift shops, and overlooks a mill pond. Some of its floors are wood, some are brick; some of its nooks and crannies are open-partitioned type rooms, giving the impression that separate dining areas have been added as needed.

It is the kind of a place where historically minded people could melt into the annals of the past and relive the days of the early New Englander.

It was in one of these crannies, with the warmth of a good blaze in the fireplace, that educators enjoyed a delicious smorgasbord dinner.

AND it was here too, that in the midst of this fine Connecticut prepared dinner, a pleasant little touch of the deep south, Mrs. Sadye Hahn of Winfield, La., talked about southern fried chicken, hominy grits, other delicacies found chiefly in the southern states, and specialty dishes of the many New Orleans eating establishments.

Mrs. Hahn spent most of the month visiting east coast schools to obtain ideas for use in Winfield. She was an added spark to the group as it toured schools and discussed educational programs. She had one of the most interesting southern accents we've heard in many a year, and it was indeed a pleasure talking to her.

In the Chicago area, the party picked up a "temporary leader" en route to Evanston, a leader of fine stature, who was proudly cooperative in assisting the party to its destination.

In Chicago Heights, a larger-than-expected number arrived to visit Bloom Township High school. Undaunted by numbers, the superintendent, who approached the party just as the group's regular "leader" was ready to send up smoke signals, called the school for another car.

THIS was typical of the hospitality encountered by the local group. It was encouraging, and it brought out the fact that people, after all, are interested in other people, their ideas, their beliefs and their problems.

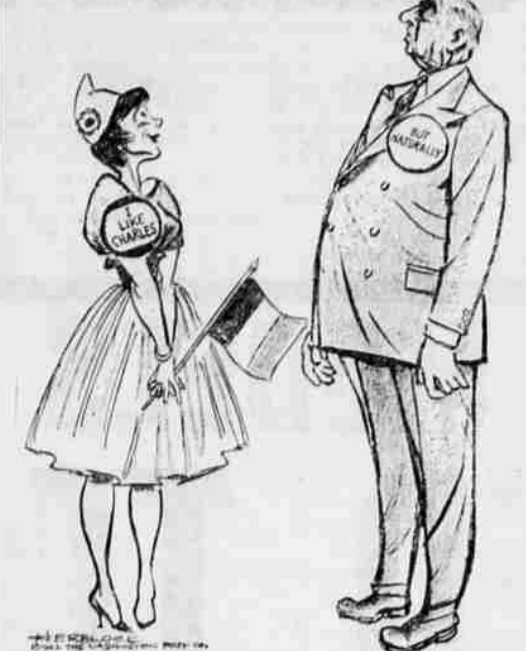
Educators in Massachusetts, Connecticut, Illinois and Kansas went out of their way to provide information for the visitors; they gave directions, provided transportation, and wanted to share what they knew, and learn what they could.

They were impressed with the Oregon delegation, with the calibre of individual who made up the group, with the cross-section of people involved or interested in education, and with the enthusiastic approach of the visitors.

It was an experience of meeting long-time friends whom you had never met before.

The second group of educators, board members, representatives of Southern Oregon college, and the state department of education will leave on Sunday for another visitation trip to the San Francisco area. Indications are that the group will be met with the same kind of hospitality and interest found in the east and mid-west. We hope so, for a warm reception makes a tight, strenuous schedule easier to follow.—E.H.A.

Majority Of One



Washington Report

By William S. White (c) United Feature Syndicate

WELL DONE Washington—There are increasing signs that the American military man is heading for the best Christmas, in terms of his self-respect and self-awareness that he is an honored as well as an honorable profession, that he has known since World War II.

White Before the Cuban crisis, some of the principal molders of attitudes, in and out of the administration, had put the professional bearer of arms on a "diet" of public respect. He was represented usually as something of a fool. He was represented always as a grateful "right-winger."

And he was represented sometimes, moreover, as a fellow solely occupied with witless resistance to the designs of his betters, the civilian intellectuals, for that world concord which could only be brought about through wise negotiations from which "the military mind" would, of course, be excluded.

HE WAS a poor caricature of a Kipling poem—a Tommy Atkins who was always outthought and outminded, and also often out of mind. But in the aftermath of that Cuban crisis it has become clear beyond dispute that the ultimate factor in bringing this count, through with both safety and honor intact was not "negotiation," however able or determined. It was the iron fact that the military power of the "nited States was too great, too skilled and too devoted for Soviet challenge.

THIS in brief and terrible episode, we have found that we owe to our armed forces—including a patient Pentagon chivver and driven but also molded and strengthened by a nonpolitical defense secretary, Robert McNamara—perhaps more than any people has owed since the dust in-curred by so many to so few in the battle of Britain.

THE very author of the Cuban letterhead, President Kennedy, has just published in grateful talks to the men of Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps in the south whose joint and memorable service to country exposed and neutralized the Soviet offensive judgments in Cuba.

THE President—who as an ever-fighting man himself has never joined the automatic critics of military men and "the military mind"—put the truth in two sentences which are both an accolade to the armed services and perhaps their highest holiday gift.

Regardless of how persistent our diplomacy may be in activities stretching all around the globe, in the final analysis it (all) rests upon the power of the United States. The reason we are able to maintain the guarantee of freedom . . . is because of your and your comrades-in-arms of a dozen forts and posts, on ships at sea, planes in air, all of you."

THE more one reflects upon it, the more it is clear that this extraordinary, existential tribute can be read as more than a deserved "well done" to the forces of the country. It can also be read as a warning that the supercilious view of "the military" held by some in his "administration" is not and he or she was the view of their head man.

For this is surely the sense of an old verse, attributed to a long-forgotten British troop at Gibraltar, with which the President saluted the American fighting man:

"God and the soldier, all men adore In time of danger and not before. When the danger is past and all things righted, God is forgotten and the old soldier slighted."

ONE more question: How did they get the figures? It wasn't by counting noses. The estimates were reached by taking the 1960 census totals and figuring the births, deaths and migration in and out of the areas that have taken place since 1960.

AREN'T statistics wonderful? MORE figures: According to the American Medical Association, America's 17 million old people are far, far better off than they or anyone else may think. The A.M.A. adds, after a recent year study:

The aged over 65 are just about as healthy as any other age group, and it's false to think there are any unique diseases of aging. The aged are better off financially in many ways than younger people. The aged don't need special diets and they don't need special housing.

WHAT does worry the oldsters? The A.M.A. says: "Compulsory retirement from their jobs is what really hurts old people. It contributes measurably to ill health resulting from lack of work, exercise and RESPONSIBILITY."

Germany's Free Press Finds Its Voice In 'Der Spiegel' Affair; Premier Hit

By PHIL NEWCOM UPI Foreign News Analyst

London—Neither international nor internal pressures are new to "Der Alte," West Germany's aging Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. For more than a year, members of his party, the Christian Democrats, and his coalition partners, the Free Democrats of Erich Mende, had been demanding he set a date for his retirement and to name his successor.

But it is safe to say that not even the shrewd Adenauer anticipated the latest storm that almost blew his government out of office, nor the direction from which it would come. This was the "Der Spiegel" case.

In four visits to Germany since 1958, this correspondent never has seen the West German republic torn by such a wave of national emotionalism.

Der Spiegel (The Mirror) is a national news magazine whose hard-hitting columns frequently have irked both the chancellor and his controversial defense minister, Franz-Josef Strauss.

The attitude of "let the chips fall where they may" has at various times led the magazine to be critical of both East and West. Lawsuits against the magazine had been brought by both Adenauer and Strauss, unsuccessfully.

Before his own part in the midnight arrests of Der Spiegel's editors became known, Strauss made no attempt to hide his pleasure that charges of suspicion of treason against them appeared likely finally to bring the publication to heel.

German readers made no attempt to prejudice the case of treason. But they objected strenuously to the midnight knock-on-the-door manner in which the arrests were carried out.

Hamburg newspapers with no special reason to love Der Spiegel offered the magazine use of their printing presses and office space.

Adenauer's television explanation that the arrests were made on "urgent suspicion of a crime" failed to satisfy ei-

ther readers or editors. A free press is comparatively new to Germany. Men primarily responsible for it were the American occupation commanders who took over right after the war. Among them

was Gen. Lucius Clay who recalls that he had to urge German reporters to ask questions. Now that the Germans have it, their latest reaction shows they won't give it up easily.

The program says it's the festival of Bacchus—that's a strange theme for college students to select for half-time ceremonies . . . !"

Letters to the Editor must bear the name and address of the writer, although under certain circumstances the use of a pen name or initials 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.

Civilization's Decay To the Editor: If men maliciously take another's horses they're horse thieves, society disgraced, criminals—often hung by the neck until dead.

If men burn their own or another's barn they're arsonists, punishable by law. If men acquire millions of acres of public forest lands by bribing U. S. Congressional lawmakers, U. S. Land Office appointees, courts, they're shrewd businessmen, citizen leaders—by statute of limitations, immune from prosecution.

If they decide not to pay timber taxes, decide all by themselves that "it won't be worth anything 20 years hence," decide to cut a few best logs from a few best trees, burn all else as slashing—that's legal.

That's what they did: Millions of "God's Temples," millions of birds, animals, fish and other life perished; streams and lakes dried up; floods, droughts, deserts, famines, followed. Timber tycoons squeezed, are squeezing smaller operators out. More than 200 reported closed the past few months. At Bradford, Ore., one of several operations by one company, joined in September the thousands of lumber ghost towns from the Great Lake states' shambled forests and scorched earth to the Pacific.

The tycoons own and control the largest lumber operations in both U. S. and Canada. They're enjoying the extra Canada profits along with Canada while smaller U. S. operators wither on the vine. That's their "free enterprise"—free plunder by the most powerful to others. They insist that federally owned timber be thrown on the market at bargain prices. That is the people's heritage. But for Gifford Pinchot, Teddy Roosevelt and other public-spirited, forward-looking citizens, in-operators would have it. Some of them and their like are named in "Looters of the Public Domain," and their practices, as those that lead to the downfall of the Roman Empire.

The tycoon thievery, evasion of justice, oppression of competitors, destruction of U. S. forests, have led to the present lumber industry's dilemma. Now, with the same greed and gain, they want the land they robbed to help in their ruthless strangulation of competitors, get rid of the people's heritage at bargain prices so they may the sooner control the world's forest products, prices, labor. Their way leads to civilization's decay.

John E. Gribble 139 Kenwood Ave. Medford.

God's In His Heaven To the Editor and Dear Readers: This time I am lying face up because of a broken back. Ward 331, Sacred Heart hospital.

I guess many of you knew the old painter, John Spackman. He fell off the bed with a stroke when he passed away. I tried to lift him and crushed a vertebrae in my back, so here I am.

John was one of the kindest, most honest people I've ever known and I have had four years of wonderful memories of happy evenings together—playing dominoes, checkers or canasta, or just playing old tunes on our har-

monics. We'd usually end by taking turns reading the Tribune or watching T.V. The last time I was able to be with the Senior Activity Center Orchestra, we played "There's a Long, Long Trail a Winding." Well, Friends, I am finding it out.

The nurses are lovely here, the food beautiful, my roommates about as Irish as I—so, "God's in His Heaven. All's right with the world."

I've never been much for going visiting, but we were good back fence speakers. Now I find that all this time we had the best neighbors in the whole wide world.

I want to thank them and all who sent these hundreds of cards, letters, plants and other tokens of friendship and good will. I love you sincerely.

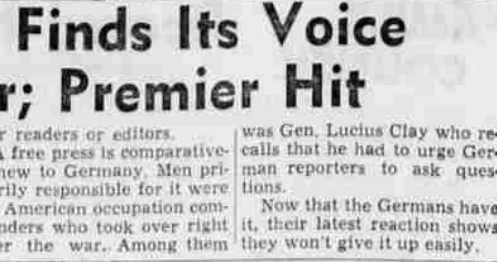
I can't cry for John. He has been ill for three years, but too gritty to give up. He had a sincere faith in God, and is now having a well earned rest after 40 years of painting in and around Medford.

I haven't decided yet what I shall do. I've had several offers of rides, but I think I'd rather carry on among my flowers if I get so I can walk.

I've been using Dr. Frank Roberts' book of poems for an overhead table, and now I am going to finish reading it before I hear "Lights out."

I shall read 'em all over again tomorrow for they hold such beautiful thoughts of just everything in life worthwhile.

I still can say "God's will be done." I am not giving up. Pearl Spackman, Box 33, Jacksonville, Ore.



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Two flies nest on top of a huckleberry cake. "How's the world treating you, Mrs. Buzz?" asked one. "Not so good," was the reply. "Junior's been in such a pet I've had to walk the ceiling with him all week."