

March of the Billboards

May we hasten to commend the Medford city council for its action in stopping—belatedly—the march of the billboards down the freeway viaduct?

We are not, critics to the contrary, against economic activity and business. Nor, God wot, are we against advertising as such. But we ARE against the kind of garish, tasteless, intrusive, blatant and offensive type of advertising represented by these multiple-story billboards.

The city council did no more than its sworn duty to uphold the rights and interests of ALL the citizens of the city in calling a halt.

WE CAN understand—though we disagree—the council's reluctance to make the ordinance retroactive, even to those boards which have only received building permits.

In our view, no billboards at all should be allowed to poke their huge and demanding faces into the sub-stratosphere to attract the attention of passers by.

Their attention would be diverted, surely. But it is a large question whether this would lead them to turn off the freeway and wend their way back into town to deposit the gentle fall of green dollar bills so devoutly wished.

AS FOR US—and for a lot of our friends and acquaintances—a billboard repels; it does not attract.

How much better to concentrate on civic beauty and true attractiveness, rather than a garish display of wares and services which are available in virtually any town.

Billboards, indeed, have their place. But for our money, that place is not in a long, cluttered row, 50 feet in the air, right through the middle of town.

Shall we become the town noted for its elevated billboard alley? Or shall we become the town known for its inherent attractiveness and tastefulness?

There hardly seems to be any choice at all.

PERHAPS this is a good time, once again, to quote Ogden Nash:

I think that I shall never see
A billboard lovely as a tree.
Perhaps, unless the billboards fall
I'll never see a tree at all.

— E. A.

The Legs of America

Somewhere, from the vague recollections of childhood, we dredge up the reply to an adult criticism of a child not using fork, knife and spoon. It was, "Fingers were made before forks."

The reply never seemed to get anywhere. Nor, we suppose, will the admonition that legs were made before automobiles.

Nonetheless, the waking craze instituted by the Kennedys may, if it doesn't die overnight (as it well could), bring walking back to the respectable status it once held.

Perhaps, 50-mile-hikes aside, America might once again discover that it has legs, and that legs, properly employed, are a means of transportation, either for utility or pleasure.

IF THIS HAPPENS, it will be a real reversal of a trend now well established. Sidewalks are disappearing, and new residential streets usually don't have them at all any more. Freeways were designed for motor vehicles alone, and a pedestrian or cyclist who ventures on to one takes his life into his hands—to say nothing of a possible policeman who, quite naturally, is suspect of anyone not comfortably seated in a mechanical conveyance.

All this was forcibly reemphasized on the other day by a press release from the state department of motor vehicles, traffic safety division, which warned hikers of the dangers of using main traveled portions of highways and said, if they must, walk facing oncoming traffic. One hiker was killed last week end, it pointed out ominously. And it added:

"Special danger for walkers exists along freeways, such as Interstate 5. Some states prohibit pedestrians and slow-moving vehicles from freeway access."

IT WILL take something more than a fad to reverse this discrimination.

Still, if hiking (or even cycling, so popular in Europe) ever becomes truly popular, changes could take place. We can even envision (in our dreams, of course) pedestrian and bicycle paths paralleling the highways, and put to good use by a generation of sturdy, healthy youths.

This could, in turn, lead to a popularization of the Youth Hostel movement, which has many adherents in the eastern United States and in Europe.

Maybe it's too late. Maybe American legs eventually will simply atrophy away. But, maybe...

Obit

For more than decade, the upper right-hand corner of the Sunday Mail Tribune editorial page, with a few exceptions, contained a column entitled Potluck. Some weeks ago we received a note which said:

"Too bad about Potluck, which died during 1962 without even a death notice, let alone an obituary."

Well, it could be said:

"Potluck, a column, aged about 10, died a lingering death early in 1963, the victim of malnutrition, fatigue and lack of inspiration."

As Potluck editor, resigned and emeritus, we are delighted to introduce its successor, at right above.—E.A.

"Oh, Anti-Negro, Eh?"

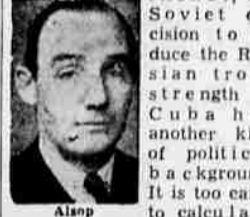


Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

KHRUSHCHEV, CASTRO, AND MAO

Washington—Besides President Kennedy's pen-pal relationship with Nikita S. Khrushchev, the Soviet decision to reduce the Russian troop strength in Cuba has another kind of political background. It is too early to calculate just how the Kremlin's Cuba policy is being affected by the increasingly visible triangular tensions between Khrushchev, Fidel Castro, and Mao Tse-tung. But it is time to search for effects, since the Khrushchev attitude to Castro must certainly be influenced rather sharply by Castro's attitude to the Chinese.



The point is that a struggle is now in progress, between the Chinese and the Soviets, for control of the Communist movement in Central and South America. And in this crucial struggle for a really great prize, Castro is now aiding the Chinese rather than the Soviets.

DOCUMENTS captured from the Communist guerrillas now operating in north-east Brazil place the pattern of the struggle, as well as Castro's role in it, beyond much doubt. The rather inefficient Brazilian guerrillas are, first of all, activists with Chinese sympathies who have split with the main Brazilian Communist party, whose leaders are at least formally loyal to Moscow.

Furthermore, these Chinese-sympathizing guerrillas who are defying the Moscowite-leaning Brazilian party leadership, also claim to be following the brave example of Cuba's maximal leader. And they have received both encouragement and covert aid from the Castro government.

In Venezuela the pattern is equally clear, but in the Venezuelan Communist party, the pro-Chinese activists now appear to enjoy a majority. This majority faction, which has launched the terrorist campaign against President Betancourt's government, are bitterly at odds with the pro-Moscow minority.

AS in Brazil, moreover, the Chinese-leaning Venezuelan activists boast of imitating Castro, and they are receiving money and other support, by secret channels, from the Castro government. Large transfers of funds from Havana to Ecuador have also been made rather recently. And this money, intended to start another campaign of Communist terrorism, is believed to have been supplied to Castro by his Chinese friends.

If the Brazilian documents were not quite enough to reveal the peculiarity of the Khrushchev-Castro-Mao triangle, it could well be deduced by what happened at the Afro-Asian Conference at Moshi, in Tanganyika. Here an able-led Chinese Communist delegation scored two major successes.

The Chinese first of all humiliated the Indians, causing the Indian resolution censuring Chinese aggression to be rejected out-of-hand, in such a manner that the Indian delegation briefly left the conference. Most important still, the Chinese secured the appointment of a planning committee, to prepare an Asian-African-Latin American conference, on the Bandung model, to be held in Havana at a rather early date.

We are offered Bobby, the track shoe and the uncoiled figure of the Theodore Roosevelt with his "strenuous life" or Jack, the rocking chair and the father figure of Winston Churchill with his "tolerance, variety and calm."

SOMETHING of the danger of such a conference to the Soviets may be judged from the events at the East German Communist party congress in Berlin in December. Here the Chilean and Cuban delegates were the only Latin Americans permitted to take the floor.

All the others were asked, like the overtly pro-Chinese delegates from Asian countries, simply to hand in their observations in writing. The suggestion is clear that the Latin American party leaders are not trusted, even though pro-Soviets are still thought to command majorities in all the Latin American parties except in Venezuela. Meanwhile the Cubans made the only pro-Chinese address delivered at Berlin without storms of booing.

At the projected Asian-African-Latin American conference in Havana, the Soviets, as Russians, would be excluded by the terms of the program. As at Moshi, Khrushchev would have to get into the act by the backdoor, by sending one of the Soviet Central Asian party functionaries.

AS at Moshi, once again Khrushchev's pseudo-Asian would surely be run rings around by the Chinese delegation. At Havana, moreover, the Chinese delegation would most probably be extremely high-powered. To this high-powered and persuasive Chinese group, all representatives of the Latin American Communist parties attending the meeting would be insidiously and continuously exposed.

In sum, if the Chinese success at Moshi really produces the planned result at Havana, this Asian-African-Latin American rally could be a major turning point, very damaging for Moscow, in the tense struggle for leadership of the Latin American Communist movement. And once again, Fidel Castro, as proud host and partial inspirer of the rally, would be playing Peking's game.

Altogether, it can be seen from these facts that the Cuban problem is a bit more complicated than some of the Cuba-obsessed members of Congress seem to think.

THE new reality has been in the making for about 10 years. Into it have gone the great changes in the military balance of power between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. . . . the brilliant recovery of Western Europe . . . the depletion of the United States' gold reserves and the decline of the United States

from its financial pre-eminence . . . the failure of the United States under two Presidents to cope successfully with a chronic sluggishness which contrasts so vividly with the exuberant expansion of Western Europe . . . the recognition in Moscow that the balance of military power is so favorable to the West that the cold war cannot be waged aggressively in Europe.

The net sum of these contributing factors is that in relation not only to the protecting power of the United States, but also to the unfriendly power of the Soviet Union, Western Europe is in the ascendant.

Its economic and political power is increasing; the military threat to its security is declining. And so, except in the event of an improbable military explosion, Western Europe is much less dependent on the United States than it has been for nearly 50 years.

IF WHAT has changed is the relation of the world powers, then the question is how to draw the right practical conclusions from the changed situation. Our discussions with General de Gaulle will have to turn upon whether he or we can draw the right conclusions from the new reality.

The best way, indeed the only way, for us to test the question is to relax and to let it become the problem of our European friends to decide the basic question.

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

Washington, which is stunned and dazed by General de Gaulle's actions, is still reacting instinctively rather than deliberately.

The first reaction to this radical strike against ideas and policies which had come to be regarded as part of the nature of things was to deny that General de Gaulle had changed anything—or to avow that he could change anything because history and destiny were working for our ideas and our policies—or to try to improvise in a hurry some project which would tempt and seduce the wayward general or, failing that, would circumvent him.

Nothing much is likely, it seems to be, to come of these instinctive reactions. There is to be sure some truth in each of them. Thus in the long run the Atlantic Community, which has been a controlling fact for three centuries, will reassert its influence on national purposes. The geography and the history which unites the peoples on the two sides of the Atlantic will prevail over all other considerations in the long run. There is also truth in the feeling that, since Europe and America cannot go their separate ways, they will eventually devise, because they have to, some kind of working partnership.

NONE of this should close our eyes to the momentous fact that the partnership which we have assumed to be existing has in fact been struck a shattering blow.

For us in these historic circumstances, the great rule of conduct is Talleyrand's famous injunction, "Not too much zeal," or as H. G. Wells once said, not to be "gawdsackers" who beat their breasts and cry, "For gawdsake, let's do something." There is no positive action, I venture to think, that our government can take just now which goes anywhere near the heart of the situation.

THESE are difficult questions. It may be that they are theoretically insoluble questions. But there is no pressing need to solve them, because, for quite other reasons, there is for the time being no serious danger of thermonuclear war.

It is not tidy to do nothing to settle the questions. But it is, I think, wiser to do nothing than to spend a lot of energy on gimmicks—such as a NATO nuclear force—which seek to bypass and disguise the insoluble issue of how to combine the exhilaration of national independence with the security of a great alliance.

This is, I realize, an ungenerous attitude for most of our people. We believe that for every problem there must be a solution, and it irks us badly when we find—as all powers in history have had at one time another to find—that there are problems which cannot be solved and have to be lived with.

THESE are difficult questions. It may be that they are theoretically insoluble questions. But there is no pressing need to solve them, because, for quite other reasons, there is for the time being no serious danger of thermonuclear war.

It is not tidy to do nothing to settle the questions. But it is, I think, wiser to do nothing than to spend a lot of energy on gimmicks—such as a NATO nuclear force—which seek to bypass and disguise the insoluble issue of how to combine the exhilaration of national independence with the security of a great alliance.

This is, I realize, an ungenerous attitude for most of our people. We believe that for every problem there must be a solution, and it irks us badly when we find—as all powers in history have had at one time another to find—that there are problems which cannot be solved and have to be lived with.

THESE are difficult questions. It may be that they are theoretically insoluble questions. But there is no pressing need to solve them, because, for quite other reasons, there is for the time being no serious danger of thermonuclear war.

It is not tidy to do nothing to settle the questions. But it is, I think, wiser to do nothing than to spend a lot of energy on gimmicks—such as a NATO nuclear force—which seek to bypass and disguise the insoluble issue of how to combine the exhilaration of national independence with the security of a great alliance.

This is, I realize, an ungenerous attitude for most of our people. We believe that for every problem there must be a solution, and it irks us badly when we find—as all powers in history have had at one time another to find—that there are problems which cannot be solved and have to be lived with.



From a birthplace on the present site of the Central Point City Hall to a senior vice-presidency of one of the world's great airlines . . . That's Seely Hall.

From a literary-struck kid on Park street to the very top of the best-seller list . . . That's Edison Marshall.

From the Medford High graduating class of 1931 to the pages of Reader's Digest and on to authoring Jack Paar's two books, "I Kid You Not," and "My Sabre Is Bent" . . . That's John Reddy.

While driving early day 90 mile per hour plane flying with envy for the occasional stages to Crater Lake, Seely above. A stint in the Signal Hall used to look skyward put him in the sky that was Corps during World War I to become his life.

Returning after the war, Seely established the Medford Aircraft Company. Flying a "Jenny," he barnstormed through Oregon and Eastern Washington and had the distinction of being the first non-military aviator to fly over the Siskiyouos.

Helping to organize the Pacific Coast Air Mail Line in 1925, Seely Hall was manager of the Medford Station for four years. He next became a division superintendent for Pacific Air Transport, which was later to become United Air Lines.

Elected to a vice-presidency of United in 1940, he was to become responsible for the full management of United's vast military operations for the Air Transport Command across the Pacific and to Alaska. During this assignment, he touched down on practically every island in the Pacific big enough to support a landing strip.

In 1947, Seely Hall was named general manager of all ground services for United Air Lines. On retirement, he and Mrs. Hall returned to Medford to build a new home. Where is Seely Hall right this minute? He's far, far away in the area of Tahiti and it's our guess that he's looking for an island that he possibly overlooked during World War II.

Edison Marshall came to the Rogue Valley with his parents when he was 13. This was 1907 and it appeared as though just about everybody in the world was headed for Medford and the growing pears.

Commenting on his father's brief experience as a fruit grower, Edison Marshall says, "Frost, hail, wind, blight, moth (all terms of horror to me in this day) and the tantrums of the market brought the sheriff on to our front porch. He did not actually get inside, but the cold wind of poverty rattled the windows and gave us the scare of our lives. I resolved that whatever I did in life, first and foremost it must make us a bountiful living."

At 17, he was convinced that he could write and in his first year at college sold a story to "Argosy." With only a slight delay for military service (serving as a

lieutenant) Edison Marshall continued to sell his stories to the better magazines.

In 1921, he won the O. Henry Memorial Prize for a story called "The Heart of Little Shikara." He became obsessed by the outdoors and began to write short stories, novelettes and novels with wilderness settings.

Big game hunting held a great attraction for him and he followed it to Africa, French Indo-China, Alaska, Burma and India. Augusta, Georgia became his home to return to from his quest for excitement.

Hollywood discovered his greatness in 1941 and his novel "Benjamin Blake" became the dashing movie, "Son of Fury."

"Caravan to Xanadu," and "Tiger," "Yankee Pasha," many, many other books have given reading enjoyment to millions. You'll find many Edison Marshall books in the library and you'll find them an exciting but safe way to have endless adventures.

When John F. Reddy graduated from Medford High in 1931, he stepped out into a depression-wide world just waiting to knock the friendly and ever-ready grin from his school boy face.

Son of a former mayor, brilliant high school journalist, better-than-average tennis player, John Reddy swung first and the world let him keep his grin and welcomed him as one of the brighter of the new crop of bright young men.

John Reddy found success in writing and producing major radio and TV shows and has been a frequent contributor to Esquire, Reader's Digest and other major publications.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

In Washington, the superintendent of schools has asked the District of Columbia Board of Education for permission to PADDLE young trouble makers in the public schools of the nation's capital if they refuse to behave themselves.

THIS padding business? It's VERY old.

For example: "He that spareth the rod hateth his child." That is from Proverbs, XIII, 24.

And this one: "They spare the rod and spoil the child." That was written back in the 1600's by Ralph Venning in his Mysteries and Revelations. Along about the same time, Samuel Butler, early English poet, put the same thought in the same words, merely changing them from indicative to the imperative: "SPARE the rod and SPOIL the child."

PADDLING is a very ancient institution.

It has never, so far as one can determine by reading and by conversation, been very popular among the PADDLEES—especially at the time when paddled. But some mighty good men, who were paddled at the right time and in the proper spirit of it, this hurts me worse than it hurts you," have emerged from the paddling ordeal.

The verdict of history seems to be that there is a time to paddle and a time not to paddle—and almost superhuman wisdom is required to make the right decisions as to the timing of it.

Medford Tribune advertisement listing staff members: Robert W. Ruhl, Editor; Herb Grey, Advertising Manager; Gerald F. Lattin, Bus. Mgr.; Eric W. Allen, Jr., Mng. Editor; Earl H. Adams, City Editor; Harry Chapman, Sports Editor; Richard Jewett, Sports Editor; Olive Stancher, Women's Editor; Dale Erickson, Circulation Mgr.

Advertisement for Newspaper Publishers Association.

Advertisement for National Editorial Association.

Advertisement for Flight o' Time, Medford and Jackson County History from the files of The Mail Tribune 10, 20, 30, 40 and 50 years ago.

Advertisement for 10 Years Ago, Feb. 24, 1953 (Sunday), post office department official has said it probably will be 30 days before the successful bidder on construction of a new post office building or rental of new quarters in Ashland can be announced.

Advertisement for 20 Years Ago, Feb. 24, 1943 (Friday), number of ration books issued shows Medford population as 16,281.

Advertisement for 30 Years Ago, Feb. 24, 1933 (Sunday), warrants signed by city police officer Tom Robinson under arrest of president of "Good Government Congress."

Advertisement for 40 Years Ago, Feb. 24, 1923 (Monday), visitor from Portland recommends construction of golf course in Medford; states "you could play golf 265 days of the year."

Advertisement for 50 Years Ago, Feb. 24, 1913 (Tuesday), local trappers report unusually good success because of heavy snowfall in higher elevations which has forced animals down into the valley.

Advertisement for What's Your I.Q., nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.

Advertisement for What's Your I.Q. with 10 questions and answers: 1. Cast into fiery furnace. 2. Repel; attract. 3. France. 4. Cede, cede, cede, cede. 5. Pumpkin. 6. Demography. 7. Calcite, corundum. 8. Indonesia and Australia. 9. Florenz Zeigfeld. 10. Jason.