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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 April 15, 1953 (Wednesday) Medford's city council approves nine Class "C" liquor-by-the-drink dispensing licenses.

James Roosevelt, eldest son of the late president, warned against an "atmosphere of fear" in this country at last night's annual Jackson County Democratic dinner in honor of his father.

20 YEARS AGO April 15, 1943 (Thursday) Historic victory bell, bond auction, jeep rides and martial music to highlight opening of new Medford Victory Center on Main st.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "Pace Institute will begin a short course in accounting for women." (N.Y. World-Telegram) -It can't be done."

30 YEARS AGO April 15, 1933 (Friday) Medford area residents start outcry for "more and cheaper beer."

Local World War I veterans announce they will join in "bonus march" on Washington.

40 YEARS AGO April 15, 1923 (Saturday) Southern Oregon residents warned against danger of early season fires in area's forests.

Fishing season opens with few fish being caught.

50 YEARS AGO April 15, 1913 (Monday) Medford school board reelects U. S. Collins as city superintendent of schools.

E. G. Brown, Medford, collects 52 children from his neighborhood and at fairgrounds and takes them to the circus.

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

1. You say it every day, but do you know the meaning of the prefix "tele-?" 2. Of what country is Karachi the capital? 3. Whose army invaded what country on March 12, 1938? 4. If you wanted to visit the Silver State, where would you go? 5. Give the general location of the islands of Langerhans.

Jogging

Sanity (with a large assist from sore feet, we expect) has at last prevailed, and the 50-mile hike—that wildfire fad which threatened to engulf us all—seems to have died down.

It's been weeks now since we've had a call in the newsroom from some incipient publicity chairman who wanted to tell us all about her group's plans to hoof it from here to there in a one-shot attempt to prove that American youth really is full of vim and vigor after all.

Now that the bunions and blisters have pretty well healed, we wonder what it all came to. Perhaps it is good to know that imaginations can still be seized by an off-beat idea, that we haven't all grown so sophisticated and complacent as to smirk at the notion of self improvement.

BUT there was a flash-in-the-pan, build-Rome-in-one-day quality to the 50-mile hike craze, together with an unhappy desire for publicity on the part of many of the participants, that seemed to make the whole flap increasingly distasteful.

A sounder, and perhaps more sincere approach to the problem of physical deterioration caused by the sedentary life many of us lead has come to our attention in the current issue of Old Oregon, the University of Oregon Alumni association publication.

Its cover picture, as well as two and a half pages on the inside, is devoted to a description of a new activity brought to the campus by Track Coach Bill Bowerman upon his return to Eugene from a one-month's stay in New Zealand.

It's called jogging, and its proponents claim big things for it. It seems premised, praise be, on the notion that physical improvement should be undertaken gradually, not accomplished in some quixotic, herculean effort at long distance endurance.

IN A little folder entitled "the Joggers Manual," Bowerman sets forth the simple directions for becoming a jogger:

"Jogging is a bit more than a walk. Start with a short distance (50-100-150 yards), then increase as you improve. Jog until you are puffing, then walk until your breathing is normal again. Repeat until you have covered a mile or two, or three. If you do not like to think of distances, make it a time jog of five, ten, fifteen or perhaps thirty minutes to start."

The author of the Old Oregon article, Dick Leutzinger, says that the effect of jogging is "amazing." He reports that pulse rates drop, the cholesterol content of the blood is "greatly reduced," and respiration is "improved slightly."

BOWERMAN is quoted as emphasizing that jogging is "not a weight reducing activity. Unless a person is just terribly fat, there isn't going to be much loss of weight."

(Judging from the pictures of coeys of generously endowed coeds jogging across campus, pictures that had to be taken with wide angle lenses, perhaps Bowerman's point on that score hasn't been completely understood.)

Competition is advised against; joggers wanting companionship are counseled to find someone of equal ability. Too, jogging should be done regularly, perhaps a minimum of five days a week, the article says.

While all of that was mildly appealing, the real clincher was another piece of Bowerman advice: "Just use moderation as a guide. Eat what you like, have a drink if you will, smoke if you like..."

Ah, at last—a way to continue to grow healthy without surrendering cherished old bad habits. Jogging anyone?—G.H.B.

A View From Roxy Ann

Motivated by a need for solitude, we drove up to Roxy Ann butte one afternoon last week and parked on the rim road to watch the sun go down.

It is a source of constant wonder how, when one is unable to achieve perspective on something in his own mind, he can, by putting himself in a position so that his eye has a geographical perspective to contemplate, frequently discover order and clarity in the midst of confusion.

The view from Roxy Ann of the valley below and the hills beyond is pleasant and soothing. Medford—a growing, problem-beset community—lies, an irregularly shaped smudge, in the center of the scene, parts of it trailing off in thin, purposeful lines along highways.

Fringing the city here and there are slanted orchards in odd geometric patters, colorfully pastel in chartreuse and white with early blossoms and buds.

A DOZEN or so columns of white smoke can be seen rising into the air from mill burners. At such a moment, one forgets about pollution, and is struck by how much they resemble randomly placed sticks of incense.

The Manor, which seems so imposing from the valley floor, lies off to the left, and so blends into the background (like a fawn sleeping in a thicket) that one has to look hard to see it. But all sights and colors fade as soft dusk gradually replaces the dimming light, and as the brilliance of neon and mercury lights bejewel the city.

It is time to go, time to resume an identity with responsibilities. One must always return. It is easier now, somehow.—G.H.B.

"We Are Not A Muse"



In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

From Washington: The Navy gave up the nuclear-powered submarine Thresher and the 129 men who rode her down into a mile and a half of water 220 miles off Boston Wednesday.

Admiral George W. Anderson, chief of naval operations, made the announcement more than 25 hours after contact was lost during a deep diving test of the recently overhauled vessel. He said:

"Very reluctantly, I have come to the conclusion that the Thresher has indeed been lost."

FROM Palm Beach: President Kennedy ordered flags flown at half staff from all government buildings until sunset Monday in tribute to the 129 lost aboard the Thresher.

The President, a former naval officer, issued an executive order calling for the nationwide gesture as a mark of respect for those who gave their lives aboard the vessel in performance of their duty.

WHAT happened out there a mile and a half under the stormy Atlantic is a grim tragedy.

It is an ancient tragedy. Ever since the first men, hundreds of centuries ago, fashioned the first crude ship and paddled it out into the Great Unknown that was the sea, women have waited on shore for them to come back and have mourned when they didn't come back.

MORE than a century ago, William Whiting put into

immortal verse their fears and their hopes when he wrote: Eternal Father, strong to save,

Whose arm hath bound the restless wave, Who bidst the might ocean deep

Its own appointed limits keep; O, hear us when we cry to Thee

For those in peril on the sea!

FOR countless generations, the wives and the families of fishermen have stood on the shores, watching the red skies with their message of hope and comfort as expressed in the sailor's weather creed: "Red at night, sailor's delight."

THE perils of the sea! They are VERY old. They are grim and terrible.

AND yet— Over these vast stretches of time, unfaillingly there have been men willing to face these perils of the sea—both to win a living for their families and to satisfy their own driving curiosity to find out what was on the other side of those tossing waves.

And there have been women with the stamina and the courage to send their men forth to risk their lives on the sea—in the performance of their duty.

THERE are STILL that kind of men and that kind of women. Mankind isn't as bad as it sometimes seems to be.

Communications

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

Stamps for Hospital To the Editor: The Sisters of Charity of Sacred Heart hospital wish to express their sincere appreciation to the many people in the community who have so generously donated their trading stamps and books toward the new Sacred Heart hospital. More trading stamps will be needed to help furnish the new hospital. If enough stamps are collected, such useful items as hospital beds will be obtained.

Anyone wishing to donate stamps to help furnish the new Sacred Heart hospital may send them to Sacred Heart hospital, 124 Florence Ave., Medford, Oregon. Edith Campagna Secretary Providence Guild Sacred Heart Hospital Medford, Ore.

What Women Can Do To the Editor: Will any women who are sincerely interested in preserving peace in the future world read the article and study the chart in the April issue of Harper's magazine titled, "What Women Can Do for Peace?" Whether or not you will agree, you cannot help but find it interesting—indeed, provocative.

Thelma Carson Star Route Box 60 Prospect, Ore.

A Christian Defined To the Editor: You titled Mr. P. G. Pederson's letter of 4/2, "Who's a Christian?" A very good question, indeed. Probably many another has asked it after reading some of the conflicting opinions in these columns, from persons of varied religious affiliations but all of whom, presumably, would regard themselves as Christians.

Mr. Pederson said that my letter of 3/31 "leaves the impression that the Russians that are here, and the people that

sponsor them, are Christians." True, I did so testify. Some of the American hosts are personal friends of mine whom I have known for decades as devout Christians and distinguished churchmen and who, in turn, have had similar personal knowledge of the visiting Russian brethren.

These visitors represented six churches: Russian and Georgian Orthodox, Armenian, Evangelical Lutheran of Estonia and Latvia, and the All-Union Council of the Evangelical Christian (Baptists). They came in response to an invitation from leaders of our National Council of Churches who had visited churches and church leaders in Russia last year.

Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, Stated Clerk (chief administrative officer) of the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. and one of the hosts, has said: "This is not a cultural exchange. The difference between these men and other Russian delegations is that these men, like ourselves, are practicing Christians."

As to Mr. Pederson's unidentified quotes about heaven (presumably attributed to some of our visiting Russian friends), I would regard them as of only marginal interest, not pertinent to any basic answer to the question, "Who is a Christian?"

John Wesley furnishes us a good definition of a Christian, if we substitute that word for "Methodist" in his statement: "He is one who loves the Lord with all his heart, who prays without ceasing and in everything gives thanks. His heart is full of love to all mankind, and is purified from envy, malice, wrath, and every unkind affection..." He does not speak evil of his neighbor any more than he can lie. He does good unto all men, neighbors, friends, and enemies...

These are the marks of a true Methodist.

That Wesleyan definition

Foreign News: Khrushchev's Birthday; British N-Force Commander; Tokyo View

By WILLIAM J. FOX United Press International

Notes from the foreign news cables: Khrushchev's Birthday Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev will be 69 years old this Wednesday (April 17), and normally such an event for a leading figure of a country should be a major

news event. But throughout the Soviet Union, it probably will go almost unnoticed. Soviet custom is to mark decade birthdays, but not those in between for Moscow's leaders. Furthermore, although he is infected with more than the

usual quota of egoism, Khrushchev has been hitting away at the old "cult of the personality" theme which predominated in Stalin's day and cannot very well become the center of such sycophancy himself. At 69, so far as is

known, he still is in good health and quite capable of handling Kremlin affairs in the foreseeable future.

British Commander Britain wants the post of commander of the projected inter-allied nuclear force to go to a British general. The blueprint for the force is to be completed in time for approval by the NATO council of ministers when it meets in Ottawa May 21. But whether the Western allies will agree to give Britain the commander's post is not clear at present. The force is to be made up of British V-bombers, three to five American Polaris firing submarines, and Air Force contributions from West Germany, the Netherlands, Belgium and Italy.

Japanese View Japanese diplomat Koichiro Asaki is now back in Tokyo after a six-year stint as his country's ambassador to Washington, and what he is telling government leaders could have a profound effect. He is saying that Americans are impressed with Japan as a trading partner but uneasy about it politically. Asaki says U.S. misgivings stem from Japan's habit of street demonstrations and parliamentary brawls, Japan's reservations about dispatch of American troops to Thailand last year and entry of U.S. nuclear-powered submarines into Japanese ports this year. The government could become more accommodating to American needs. But it will be another thing to change the street demonstrations and fist-swinging legislators.

Matter of Fact By Joseph Alsop

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THE MAIN CONCERN

Vienna—Officially, this city is not one of the capitals of the Western Alliance, by reason of the Austrians' commitment to a neutral policy in their peace treaty with the Soviets. Yet Vienna is not a bad place to try to sum up the results of a long European tour, for it has its own lesson. The Soviets relaxed their grip on Vienna and on most of Austria for only two reasons: because the Austrian people were courageous and united, and because the Western Alliance was united and strong.

The facts are all the more important to remember because the Western Alliance today is most certainly not united, and in some respects it has almost ceased to be an alliance. In Paris, where this reporter stopped briefly on the way here, all the allied foreign ministers were making the familiar allied noises, but they had a very hollow ring.

Thus, the word "government" to them exists in separate air-tight compartments. When they are FOR something, they want no government interference with it; when they are AGAINST something, they promptly demand that we pass another and stricter law to cope with it.

We can see the same process operating, on a broader scale, in the area of government spending. Those who protest most loudly about government expenditures in the civilian sector do not make a murmur of protest about the massive government spending in the military sector.

Yet it is the plain fact that 75 per cent of our federal spending goes to pay for past, present and future military needs. We could spend twice as much on the domestic front without feeling it, if the military budget were made up in a rational way.

Moreover, it is historically accurate to point out that if we are really worried about "government control," the way most governments take over is by maintaining a state of military emergency until it becomes an accepted way of life. Most of our extra taxes are hangers from World War II, which have never been repealed.

What we may or may not need for "defense" is a matter of speculation and controversy. But hardly any of the vocal opponents of government spending dare to question our military appropriations; the government has virtually a blank check on this, and its authority is unquestioned.

We cannot have more laws and fewer laws at the same time. We cannot impose restraints upon the government's domestic spending while at the same time acquiescing in its astronomical arms budget. We cannot do this without contradicting ourselves and become ineffectual. To keep one's ideas in such air-tight compartments is eventually to die from psychic suffocation.

IN THE present instance, the danger is particularly acute because the strongest figure in Europe, Gen. de Gaulle, can reasonably be described as anti-Alliance. He keeps saying he is not. He means it. Yet what he says is untrue.

The apparent contradiction vanishes when you grasp the simple fact that what Gen. de Gaulle means by an alliance is quite different from what anyone else means. At most, he means the kind of loose agreement to fight on the same side in case of need that France and Czarist Russia had before World War I.

In the H-bomb age and the era of the cold war, this kind of alliance which Gen. de Gaulle favors would be quite useless. Meanwhile he is against the kind of alliance the cold war demands—an alliance in which all the allies continuously coordinate their views and policies by a continuous process of compromise and mutual consideration, as the Western allies formerly did.

DESPITE the allied noises everyone made in Paris, there are in fact very few major problems of foreign policy, and almost no problems of defense policy, on which the Western allies are now fully agreed.

The machine functions in a kind of way because the machinery is there. Even so, no one can say what will happen to NATO in 1968-69, when Gen. de Gaulle will have to consent to the renewal of the NATO treaty.

By the same token, no one can say what the effect on the Western Alliance will be if Harold Wilson is Britain's next Prime Minister. His election is less certain than Washington seems to believe. But if elected, he is also less certain to be a helpful ally than Washington now supposes.

Arnold Eugene Jenny Rogue Valley Manor Medford

Strictly Personal

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

AIR-TIGHT BRAINS

Mentioning the man who wanted to suppress certain "dangerous" books, as I did the other day, reminded me of the curious way in which people live in intellectually air-tight compartments. What I mean by that cumbersome phrase is easily seen in the people who want to "crack down" on what they consider to be offensive literature: they want the laws sharpened in this area.

But, in other areas, they complain that there are already too many laws. They're worried about expanding governmental power. They insist that citizens should be left alone to pursue their own pleasures and profits.

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Arnold Eugene Jenny Rogue Valley Manor Medford

The Ant Culture of The Pentagonians

By Arthur Hoppe



Washington—Work is going apace on my book, "Strange Native Customs in Washington and Other Savage Lands." I've got a new chapter ready on one of the largest indigenous tribes, the Pentagonians. Or, as they're usually called by the other natives, "The Dambass."

The Pentagonians dwell in a strange hivelike edifice called "The Pentagon," where they've evolved a weird culture comparable only to that of the soldier ants of northeast Mozambique. Within their fortress the Pentagonians are virtually self-sufficient. Except for one staple of their life process, this is called "Appropriations."

For a proper appreciation, the Pentagonians depend upon another native tribe, "The Solons," who dwell on nearby Capitol Hill. This parasitic relationship duplicates that between the ant and the aphid. Which the ant, as you know, milks regularly.

Like the aphid, the Solons appear to enjoy being milked by the Pentagonians. And the more they're milked, the more they give. But the Solons bellow with outrage and alarm on being approached by even the most skilled milker of any other tribe.

The milking process is in the hands of the most feared of all The Pentagonians, who are called "The Generals." And seeing them scurrying to and fro on Capitol Hill with more and more appropriations is a sight to behold.

The nominal ruler of this strange colony is known as "The Secretary of Defense." Or, in Pentagonese, "The SecDef." The current SecDef is known to his subjects as "That Dambassman." But not to his name.

Oddly enough, the Pentagonians invariably hate their war.

SecDef. This appears due to the ritual of choosing the SecDef from the very lowest and despised rank of Pentagonian: "The Civilians." (While Civilians abound in the Pentagon, they are, like drones, assigned only the most menial tasks.) The reason for this ritual is unclear. It appears to have something to do with an old dogma called "Civilian Control of the Military." But no Pentagonian believes in it.

That Dambassman is hated even more bitterly by The Pentagonians than his predecessor. This is due to his efforts to curtail appropriation hunting. On the grounds The Pentagonians have more than they need. Such interference with the Pentagonian life process has naturally stirred up the ant nest and confusion now abounds. With Generals dithering, and thither, feelers quivering, pincers poised.

The Solons, who love to be milked, are, of course, aiding the Generals. And they keep heaping more appropriations than he wants on That Dambassman. Which is apparently a horrible kind of punishment.

However, more and more appropriations are desperately needed as The Pentagonians are the fastest growing tribe in Washington. Indeed, some experts fear they may outgrow their appropriation supply and attempt to conquer the other native tribes.

I consider this most doubtful. Firstly, the all-consuming interest of The Pentagonian is in milking The Solons, a pastoral pursuit. Secondly, even a cursory tour of the hivelike Pentagon would convince any anthropologist that whatever The Pentagonians are fit for, they aren't fit for war.



Picture of a man with "man's best friend" keeping other men from exercising man's most cherished right!