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MAIL TRIBUNE

Personnel in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune... MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 11 North First St. Phone 772-5141

Subscription Rates: Daily and Sunday—1 year \$18.00... Single Copy (Mailed) 25c

Advertising Representatives: NELSON ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES... Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Denver.

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Just Hang Up

As with many other of man's modern inventions, the telephone is — paradoxically — both a curse and a blessing.

When it is used well, it can be an instrument of incalculable convenience and benefit, and one wonders how man ever got along or accomplished anything without it.

But when it is used badly, by people of diseased minds and characters for unhealthy or selfish purposes, one is tempted, at least momentarily, to rip the blasted thing out of the wall and hurl it through the nearest window.

THERE is of course the petty nuisance of the person who calls in the middle of the night, only to discover after you have dragged yourself out of a sound sleep that his finger has slipped and he has dialed the wrong number.

One puts up with that sort of thing, though, as an inevitable consequence of human frailty and mischance.

The most vicious of all, perhaps, is the obscene phone call, where some sexually maladjusted person, secure in his anonymity, can whisper indecent proposals to any woman unfortunate enough to have been dialed.

SOMEWHERE between these two examples, in terms of seriousness, is the matter of telephone solicitations by fly-by-night businesses.

The established firms have no need for that sort of gimmick to gain customers; standard promotions and reputations for long service stimulate their allotted share of the consumer's dollar.

But the sharpies, the outfits who move into a community for a blitz campaign of fleecing the gullible, are the ones who employ the telephone technique — we hope the only ones.

We got two such calls last week, one at 10 o'clock Sunday morning. A barely articulate female voice invited us to sign up for a family insurance program, and we wish devoutly we could remember the name of the outfit so we could advise and implore you to blacklist it.

The other call came from some hired hack representative of a magazine agency who offered us Argosy, Mechanics Illustrated and some other periodical we couldn't care less about, all for the incredible bargain price of 69 cents a week—or some such figure.

IT'S nearly unimaginable that any sales are actually made with such irritating telephone pitches, but apparently there are just enough naive people in the country that such an approach is profitable.

At least they seem to continue and even, unfortunately, increase. And every time such a sale is made, a Medford businessman, who has made an investment in the community and paid local taxes, is undercut by unfair competition.

Since at present there are no legal means to control this blatant invasion of privacy, we would urge you to take the most effective action we can think of to squelch the telephone solicitor.

Just hang up—hard.—G.H.B.

Searching for News

Driving northward through the Willamette valley the other day, we underwent an exercise in frustration.

Attuned, professionally, to the news, we kept attempting, via the car radio, to find out what was going on.

We wanted to know the condition of the Pope, the status of the racial disturbances in the South—all the things that are of immediate importance to everyone, Americans and others.

There were plenty of stations on the air. There were radio broadcasts from Cottage Grove, Eugene, Albany, Corvallis, Salem and Portland.

WE KEPT tuned to one station (which shall be nameless) for a time. At the hour break, news was announced. It turned out to be a local news broadcast, concerned with local city council doings, local minor accidents—and so on.

We switched quickly to another station (after passing, on the dial, a half dozen which had nothing but rather raucous music) and got in on the tail end of a national news broadcast. We had missed the first part, and thus the "top of the news."

FINALLY we concluded that the best system is to find a station that has music a bit less offensively than the others, and stick with it. After an hour or so, one gets the pattern of the news broadcast—either on the hour or half-hour, and either emphasizing local or national and international news. At least one knows what to expect.

But, just about the time that the pattern is evident, the darn station goes out of range, and the search for an intelligible pattern of news broadcasting begins all over again.

Then is the time to gripe—when a newscaster comes on, gives a one sentence (or, in some cases, even a TWO sentence) description of a news happening, and then triumphantly proclaims, "That is ALL the news." Oh my.

It was a real relief to stop along the way and buy a newspaper again. It may be a few hours behind the radio. But it tells you what's happening (unlike the newscaster who gives you a one-minute broadcast of quick headlines, and claims "That's the news—IN DEPTH.") Once again—Oh my.—E.A.

"Faster! . . . Here It Takes All The Running You Can Do, To Keep In The Same Place"



Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann (c) 1963, The Washington Post

NO LUNCH IN PARIS

Now that it is virtually certain that President Kennedy will not be able to see President de Gaulle in Europe, his trip presents problems which did not exist when it was first planned.

Originally, it was to have been a good visit to Italy. This led to the feeling that the President could not go to Rome unless he went also to Bonn. He had been in Paris year before last. He had been in London. He had never been in Germany.

But except for a sentimental visit to Ireland, he was to confine himself to Italy and Germany. The President was to bypass London in order not to offend General de Gaulle. Then, unless President de Gaulle chose to be gracious about inviting the President to lunch in Paris, that was to be all. When instead President de Gaulle chose to feel that there was no point in making Franco-American relations look better than they are, the prospect began to brighten that the President might after all see Mr. Macmillan.

Without its having been planned that way, the trip, which was to show good will to the Fanfani government in Italy, has transformed itself into a big affair in politics. For nobody of any sophistication will believe that the President's rather elaborate tour in German cities is no more than what it professes to be—a gesture of solidarity within the Atlantic Community.

IT MAY well be accidental and unplanned, but the visit to West Germany turned into a big affair shortly after General de Gaulle's January press conference. Unless the President does something to prevent it, he will find himself in the position of trying to woo the Germany away from the French and of trying to demonstrate that he can draw larger crowds of Germans than did General de Gaulle.

Such a contest for German favor, or the appearance of such a contest, would be not only unseemly but most unwise. For it will be taken in Europe to mean that the United States regards West Germany as its principal ally and as the leader of Europe. This interpretation, which is in fact already widely held, has been much confirmed in European eyes by our misguided president.

sure on the Germans to take a leading part in nuclear affairs.

THOUGH it has only minor influence on the administration, there is a school of opinion in this country which does in fact believe exactly what the Europeans think we believe. This school is hopeless about France, it distrusts Great Britain, it puts no high value on Italy and it is impatient with the smaller countries.

It insists that the core of a sound American policy is a special German-American relationship.

That is very heady wine to offer the Germans. Fortunately, so I believe, the ponderant mass of German opinion has learned enough from the experience of this century to know that the wine is poisoned. It would alienate Germany from its European neighbors. It would make Germany and Eastern Europe irreconcilable. And it would revive that very nationalism, jingoism and militarism which caused the two dreadful wars.

The Americans who want to make West Germany our principal ally in Europe are not inspired by friendship for the German nation. They are tough guys looking for tough auxiliaries.

THERE is then a dangerous pitfall on the road that the President intends to travel next month. There is no need to fall into it if we beforehand know where the pitfall is. I assume that the President himself is well aware of it and that he will find ways to deflate the appearance of playing high politics with our European allies.

The more serious risk lies in the way we, as newspapermen, report the trip, whether we are able to resist the temptation to treat it as a shouting match and a beauty contest between the French president and the American.

Public Defender Bill Sent To Gov. Hatfield

Salem—UPI—Oregon took the first step today toward a public defender system.

A bill creating a state-level public defender cleared the legislature and went to the governor. Since he requested it, he was sure to sign it.

The defender's main job would be to assist prisoners in post-conviction and appeals cases. He also would study the need for a broader public defender system in Oregon.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

(c) New York Herald Tribune Syndicate

THE HALF-HEARTED INITIATIVE

Washington—in the back rooms of the White House, preparations are already being made for the President's European tour.

In the usual Kennedy way every sort of person imaginable is being asked what the President should say and how he ought to say it, in order to achieve the best results in Italy and Germany.

The central problem is what to do about the scheme for the multi-lateral nuclear deterrent. By proposing this mixed sea-borne force armed with American nuclear missiles, the President sought to recapture the European initiative after the jarring setback of Gen. de Gaulle's veto on British entry into the European Common Market.

The subject is so thorny that it is not much discussed. Yet it is so important that it has got to be discussed. The question is whether the American initiative will or will not fail from half-heartedness.

To recapitulate briefly: after making his public proposal, the President sent Special Ambassador Livingston Merchant to explain the multi-lateral deterrent to the Europeans, and especially the Germans. Will the Germans really want to spend something like \$200 million a year on a force over which Harold Wilson will probably have a veto?

For fear of seeming to demand nuclear weapons for themselves, the Germans have not again posed the question von Hassel asked Merchant in Bonn. The German Defense Minister was silent on the subject in his talks with Americans in Ottawa, and so was Minister Heinrich Krone on his exploration trip to Washington.

Rather complacently, therefore, the Kennedy policymakers are saying the Germans have changed their minds. Yet they have done nothing of the sort, as was indicated in an interview given to a German journalist in

tive, has also placed the main emphasis on avoiding Congressional trouble arising from excessive tampering with the McMahon Act.

Finally, Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara is a high and dry non-proliferationist (the new word of art for those who wish to retain the U.S. nuclear monopoly at all costs). He therefore wants the U.S. veto kept in the scheme. The wrestling has therefore produced a compromise.

Somewhere along the line in Europe, and almost certainly in Germany, the President will do a re-take of his remarkable Philadelphia speech, on the theme that the U.S. wants Europe as a fully equal partner. He will point to the multi-lateral deterrent as the germ of a European deterrent, as it would be if majority control were adopted. But he will only commit himself to alterations of the control arrangements when Europe is "truly united," rather than when the force is operational.

GIVEN the hard fact of Gen. de Gaulle, Europe is not likely to be truly united while President Kennedy is in office.

The question therefore is whether this high-sounding compromise will satisfy the Europeans, and especially the Germans. Will the Germans really want to spend something like \$200 million a year on a force over which Harold Wilson will probably have a veto?

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

THE TOWN TIGHTWAD amazed his neighbors by suddenly taking unto himself a wife. When the minister concluded the ceremony, the groom said, "I suppose there's a charge for this. What'll it be?"

"Let your conscience be your guide," said the minister gallantly. "I'm usually paid in accordance with the beauty of the bride." The tightwad handed the minister a dollar. The minister gave him seventy-five cents change.

Fletcher Knebel is the latest of innumerable writers to assail the "alien accent" of native New Yorkers. Their language, he says—"tree" the number between two and four; "Jeintz" the name of the local football team; a "fit" a bottle measuring seven ounces less than a quart—"is only slightly less difficult to master than Urdu."

The original titles of four of the biggest musical hits in Broadway history, recall Dick Lewine and Alfred Simon in their definitive "Encyclopedia of Theater Music," were: 1. Lady Fair; 2. Smarty; 3. All's Fair; and 4. Away We Go! Do you know what they were called when they opened in New York? (Answers: 1. The Desert Song; 2. Funny Face; 3. By Jupiter; 4. Oklahoma.)

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THINGS YOU WOULDN'T KNOW IF YOU HADN'T "HAD THEM HERE

Most bullfighters can't stand the sight of blood, especially their own. . . . Pancho Villa choked to death on a tamale husk. . . . Shirley Temple was a very successful midget. . . . Roy Rogers is scared to death of horses. . . . A local funeral director has two cars, one marked "His" and the other "Hearse."

BEWARE OF THE KANINCH NTECHEL

We don't know when you were last bitten by a Kaninchentechel in Portland but it happened to us last Monday. We got into a friend's car and his Kaninchentechel made a savage lunge for our wrist. We don't mind someone trailing their dog to steal wrist watches but we do object to being told that our particular blood type upsets their dog's stomach. Beware of Gen. Rossman's miniature of a ch-s-hund the next time you're in Portland, please.

WORDS TO FIGHT BY

This dialogue happens in almost every western and you just know that some real gun slinging is sure to follow. "Them your calves?" "Yeah, who wants to know?" "Double bang!"

THE REAL SHADEY WAKE-FIELD

We don't know why people like to assume the names of characters who were famous in history but it happens all the time. We've done some research on the original Shadey Wakefield and have discovered that he was mighty big in the making of the west. Back in 1860, he lived in Jacksonville and was one of the few men brave enough to walk the wrong way on a one way street. He carried a 7 gun (the just had to have more of everything than anyone else) and rode a horse that had never been broken. We were curious as to how a rough, tough pioneer got a nickname like this and we found out. He sold patented window shades to the Indians for their teepees.

DIG THOSE CRAZY SEWERS

Perhaps you've noticed that all the downtown streets have been torn up and you've probably wondered why. It's nice to be able to report to you that when all the old sewer lines are dug up and placed on the elevated standards, Medford will have the most modern overhead sewer system in the country.

HORSEY SET

We saw a real estate sign the other day advertising the fact that a place was ideal for the "horsey set." We jumped to the easy conclusion that this must mean regularly employed people with stable incomes.

Silly Seasons Not Confined to America

By ERIC SEVAREID

Political silly seasons are not confined to North America and the way of the aggrandizer is hard, as Nkrumah, like De Gaulle of Europe, is discovering. The quality of political common sense is not promiscuously distributed in the new African states because of sheer lack of experience, but the majority of their prime and foreign ministers can tell a can of fish-hooks from a pot of gold, as they have just demonstrated at the Addis Ababa gathering of 31 independent African nations.

They have politely told Nkrumah to save his oratorical pleas for "union now" for his own political clam-bakes back home in Ghana and have departed Addis Ababa showing no signs of whatever of a stricken conscience over Nkrumah's threat that Africa's 250 million people would never forgive them if they did not unify Africa under "a strong central government."

It may be argued whether two, three or five per cent of that quarter billion population is even aware that the meeting and argument took place, but it is an unarguable proposition that a politically unified African continent is an impossibility, as unarguable as the proposition that Nkrumah himself dwells in a never-never land of paranoid fantasies more completely than his Western detractors supposed.

A love of steaming hot oratory has been a common characteristic of African politicians; with them, the word spoken was the deed done. How much of this came from a background of belief in magic and how much from the simple fact that they had never held practical political power would be hard to say; in any case, this psychic condition is altering as more of them struggle with the stubborn facts of governance.

It is not surprising that the chief exponent of realism at Addis Ababa was the Prime Minister of Nigeria, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa. He is a Moslem from the Northern Region of Nigeria where, under the "indirect rule" system to which the British consented that area some 60 years ago, strong and able men like Sir Abubakar continued unbroken the art and tradition of governing their own people. They did not come fresh and starry-eyed to

self-rule, like the Nkrumahs; in a real degree they had had it all the time.

The threads of unity that cross African national frontiers are emotional in nature, the remnants of the common desire to see the end of European rule. This is unity against something and there is still something to be against since areas of European rule remain. But it is not unity for something, as is the feeling and the effort in Europe, for example.

The new African states are a long, long way from the coalescing stage of their history. Indeed, it is probably true that they are approaching the fragmenting stage. The potential tribal and territorial disputes within national boundaries are many, and at the best there is bound to be a period of pure nationalism with its concomitant international disputes and wars. Some will have to learn they can't lick each other if there is ever to be realistic thought of joining each other.

The psychology of political power is the same in Africa as anywhere else. It is hard enough to diminish the scope and authority of any government bureau, let alone a sovereign government, in the name of a larger whole. No African prime minister could tolerate diminution of his

own power; if Nkrumah is the exception it can only be because he sees himself, in his dreams, as leader of the "union," as prime among all prime ministers.

But there is much that can be done to arrest the Balkanization of Africa, which has gone far enough. Regional groupings for specified, limited purposes ought to be and perhaps can be brought about. There ought to be customs, unions, common currencies, common visa procedures, common rules, and standards of education, ground rules for private investments, mutuality in the promotion of airlines, highways, river traffic and electric power; intellectual and cultural exchanges of all kinds can be encouraged.

Sooner or later, most embattled Africans will have to settle down to the prosaic and ordinary business of daily living under self-rule, and the rest of the world will regard Africa through clearer lenses. It will see that this is not going to be the "Century of Africa," in spite of the late Dag Hammarskjold's prophecy, because Africa contains no real power centers. Africa is simply producing more history than it is yet able to consume locally. (Distributed 1963, by The Hall Syndicate, Inc. (All Rights Reserved)



NAILED TO MANKIND'S DOOR!