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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
August 5, 1953 (Wednesday)
The consolidation of two Jackson county school districts, Derby and Butte Falls, becomes effective.

20 YEARS AGO
August 5, 1943 (Thursday)
Seven infant puppies left on Glenn H. Utz doorstep.

30 YEARS AGO
August 5, 1933 (Saturday)
Fate of county judge charged with ballot theft in hands of Klamath county jury; state charges in final argument accused was "master mind" in theft of ballots on eve of recount by court.

40 YEARS AGO
August 5, 1923 (Sunday)
Tourist travel here continues to break record.

50 YEARS AGO
August 5, 1913 (Tuesday)
Petitions circulated calling for approval of road bond election.

What's Your I.Q.?

- 1. Name the Battleship aboard which the Japanese signed the surrender ending WWII.
2. Which river in the U. S. is sometimes referred to as the "Father of Waters"?
3. There are eight states whose names begin with the letter N; can you name them?
4. Would a person suffering from herpetophobia fear snake eyes, reptiles, or snake plants?
5. Is an erudite person a rude, learned, or uneducated individual?
6. Hoop snakes actually curve themselves into hoops, taking the tail into the teeth and rolling along; true or false?
7. Complete the Biblical quotation: "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle..."
8. What is the modern birthstone for September?
9. Was the first diplomat to represent the U. S. abroad John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, or John Jay?
10. Name the author who wrote "Rip Van Winkle," and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow."
Answers: 1. Missouri. 2. The Mississippi. 3. Neb., Nev., N.H., N.J., N.M., N.Y., N.C., N.D. 4. Reptiles. 5. Learned. 6. False. 7. ... than for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God. 8. Sapphire. 9. Benj. Franklin. 10. Washington Irving.

Oregon's Economy

Oregon is going about its economic development in the wrong way, and it hasn't much more time to straighten itself out, is the message which Howard Morgan brings back to Oregon.

The former Oregon public utility commissioner has concluded a two-year portion of a term as a federal power commissioner. This has given him the opportunity both to see first-hand how industrialization and population growth are affecting other parts of America, and to study industrial trends; and he has taken some time to correlate these to the State of Oregon.

He has seen a New England river into which a firm employing a few hundred persons has been allowed to dump industrial wastes with a bacteria count comparable to raw sewage from a city of 185,000 persons. And he has seen towns in the East, not many years ago aptly described as charming, in which the sun is no longer visible at any time because of the overcast of pollutants.

MORGAN has also seen unemployment and squalor and slums (one has but to look around Washington, D.C., to see the worst as well as the best of the United States).

And all of this is coming our way, Morgan says, unless we do something now to head it off.

We don't have to, and shouldn't, give away land, precious natural resources, and tax advantages—as we're now doing—to entice new industry and to encourage the expansion of existing industry, says Morgan.

In the first place, this encourages industries which are poor neighbors rather than good neighbors who share the tax responsibility to help build new schools, streets, sewage disposal plants, water systems, and so on. In the second place, industry has been coming to Oregon and will continue to come in ever-increasing proportion compared with other areas of the country, whether we dispense incidental favors or not, for we have in ample supply the ingredient which most other parts of the country are running out of—fresh water.

THE MAIN thing Morgan would have us do with regard to Oregon's economy, then, is to prepare our state for the invasion sure to hit our children and grandchildren, and even most of us living today. He would have us concentrate on passing protective laws and forming active programs to assure the conservation of our natural resources, their reclamation where necessary, and orderly planning for their future use to fullest advantage for all citizens.

Morgan emphasizes that this is not something to nod our heads about and set aside for some other day. It is a fact that life in Oregon within the next generation will be completely different from what it has ever been before, because of the flow of people and industry sure to come here. We have only a few years in which to plan, to avoid becoming a blighted area like many in the East which had natural blessings despoiled and looted.

The second main thing Morgan would have us do with regard to Oregon's economy is to recognize that we cannot solve all of our own problems without help.

UNEMPLOYMENT, he says, will never be solved in Oregon so long as it remains a national problem. If we attract more jobs to Oregon, we will merely attract more unemployed workers from some other region of the country. But if we work with the other states and the federal government to defeat unemployment nationally, then when we get new jobs in Oregon they will be filled by the unemployed in Oregon, closer to the ideal of one new job per new immigrant or youngster coming into the labor force.

Freight rates to Eastern markets, power inter-ties between the Northwest and the Southwest, and other regional and national matters beyond Oregon's power alone to control, are all areas in which the state should be working, instead of pretending that the federal government and other political subdivisions are the natural enemies of Oregon, says Morgan.

Morgan's message is not a comforting one, but it has the ring of prophecy. His anticipation of the problems to be raised by the new life which will be forced upon this region, and his suggestions for heading them off, are logical. We hear a warning voice; now, will we do anything about it?—Capital Press, Salem.

Summer Arts Blend

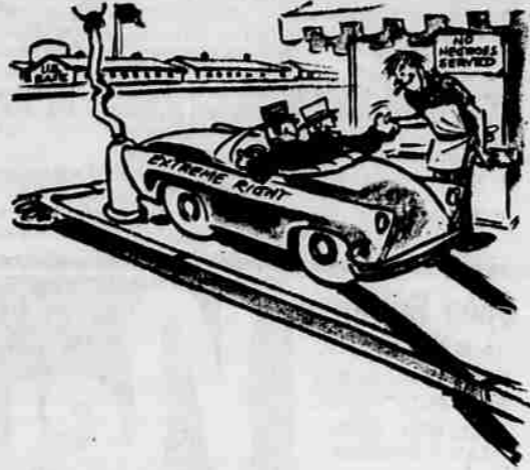
Southern Oregon is building an enviable reputation as a summer cultural center.

The Oregon Shakespearean Festival at Ashland, the oldest of America's summer Shakespearean theaters, has inspired emulation all over the nation. Ashland's nightly repertory will be complemented this month by a promising new venture, the twilight and starlight concert of the Peter Britt Gardens Music and Arts Festival Assn. Concerts, under the direction of John Trudeau, conductor of the Portland Pops orchestra, will be in the historic open-air amphitheater of the Peter Britt Gardens in Jacksonville, a community of charm and redolence of Oregon's past.

Both Ashland and Jacksonville exploit the region's pleasant summer climate in blending the arts under open skies. The Peter Britt Gardens concerts, which begin Aug. 11, are a welcome enhancement of a tradition worthy of the pride of all Oregonians.—The Oregonian, Portland.

"We know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality."—Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay 1800-1859.

"We Off-Limits Boys, Have To Stick Together"



Communications

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

Mark on the Moon

To the Editor: I've always been under the impression that according to a state law all candidates must file an account of all campaign expenses. Have read the papers very carefully but, to date, haven't seen where our Governor has filed such a statement covering his many political trips at the taxpayers' expense: Olympia, San Francisco, Illinois, Washington, D. C., Massachusetts, New York and Miami, to say nothing of the regular tri-weekly state journeys.

After putting his many speeches together, cross-word like, I have come up with a humdinger of an idea. Save the taxpayers the \$20 billion estimated cost of placing a man on the moon by sending him up there free. How? Very simple, just take three of Mark's political tri balloons, put two side by side on the ground, cover with a fire-proof tarp, enshrine the astronaut snugly atop the third and place it on top, point him in the right direction and then touch a match to those underneath. BANG!!! WHOOM, and he will be up there before the gas and smoke is cleared away. Bring him back? No need to, as all he has to do is release the gas from the ascension balloon and, presto! the snow and ice the moon is supposed to be covered with will be melted and in short time the entire planet will be covered with a green, luscious growth. As the supply of balloons will be inexhaustible, others can go up in the same manner and in a short time the planet will be modernized to the extent of drive-ins and snack bars.

Reward? No thanks. Being of a very modest nature I couldn't accept, but willing to do a small task, the privilege of lighting those to send Mark up there.

Claude M. Hall
2860 Placer rd.
Sunny Valley, Ore.

We ARE Proud

To the Editor: Just a word of appreciation for the very fine reviews done by Olive Starcher, George Bell and Eva Hamilton on the Shakespeare plays.

The insight, perception and sensitivity displayed should make you very proud to have them on your staff. The reviews were equal to anything appearing in any metropolitan daily. Viva la Tribune.

R. D. Werner
531 Pennsylvania ave.
Medford

New Image

To the Editor: Your recent editorial, "Sundown No More," reporting the "new" treatment racial minorities are receiving in Medford, was superb!

Since it was developed in part from inquiries I had made for a report I am preparing for the next meeting of the Medford Human Rights Council, I think your readers should know a few additional facts that you shyly chose to leave out.

I can hear some of your readers now: "Eric Allen shy!" And I can hear their laughter.

The Human Rights Council is trying to determine its accomplishments and explore future responsibilities. What other towns are doing or have done is of interest to our officers and members in evaluating our activities.

The question I had posed to Mr. Mark Smith, director of the Civil Rights Division of the Oregon Bureau of Labor, was, "In the area of civil liberties, how does Medford stand in comparison to other communities in Oregon?"

Mr. Smith answered that he considered Medford one of the most progressive communities in the state and he went on to say:

Mark on the Moon

Mr. Smith answered that he considered Medford one of the most progressive communities in the state and he went on to say:

1. That probably the Medford people did not realize how the Medford "reputation" had changed in Portland and San Francisco.

2. That Medford's progress was important because the community had not wasted time explaining or apologizing for circumstances that had created the earlier, well-deserved, "bad" reputation.

Many Incidents

To the Editor: In answer to Mrs. R. S. Ashenbner's letter published in your paper July 28, 1963.

She refers to an incident involving a child struck by a car, driven by teenagers, and the apparent disinterest shown by the police upon their arrival. The lady asks for an explanation. Here is one. Incompetence!

This word covers a great deal of the goings-on around this valley. The teenage punks do as they please, and the city police are unable to do anything about it. Either unable or unwilling.

I've witnessed many kids 16 and under, out at 2 or 3 in the morning, smoking, drinking beer and hot rodding around one of the local truck stop cafes, and other all night establishments in Medford and vicinity. Curfew? This is the biggest farce of all.

In the last Sunday paper an account was given involving the arrest of two teenage boys arrested by the Central Point police for violation of curfew. This was supposed to have solved a rash of prowling in and around Central Point. This is really a joke.

In mid April of this year a 10-year-old boy was struck in a cross walk by a teenager driving a car. The boy wasn't seriously injured, and was back in school in a couple of days.

No one was punished for this incident either.

The driver of the car said he did nothing wrong, so for the most part this satisfied the local law. Two witnesses gave halfhearted accounts of the incident, and two others weren't allowed to say anything.

Foreign News: Summit Meet Possible; Berlin Threat Dims; China Hinting

By WILLIAM J. FOX
United Press International
Notes from the foreign news cables:

Possible Summit
The gathering of high-powered statesmen in Moscow this week could well lead to a summit meeting at the United Nations in New York this fall. With the signing of the partial nuclear test ban agreement out of the way, the diplomats now go to work in

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

From Washington:
The big nuclear powers plan to sign (at Moscow) the test ban treaty almost exactly on the 18th anniversary of the bomb at Hiroshima that signalled the age of nuclear weapons. The signing has been set for today, the eve of the anniversary.

It was at 9:15 a.m., Hiroshima time, on Aug. 6, 1945, that crewmen of the U. S. bomber Enola Gay watched the parachute-bomb burst into the fireball that killed the city of Hiroshima. Three days later, at 11:02 a.m. Aug. 9, in Nagasaki, the second atom bomb in history fell. The Hiroshima bomb was the starter's gun for the nuclear arms race.

Discourt Threats
Western officials are discounting threats made against Berlin traffic by East German Communist Leader Walter Ulbricht. They expect no trouble in the immediate future. They feel that Soviet Premier Khrushchev, in line with his new co-existence campaign, will keep a tight rein on the East Germans.

American Satellite
Nationalist China is quietly trying to tell Premier Khrushchev that if Chiang Kai-shek gets back to the mainland, a capitalist China won't necessarily be an American satellite. The Nationalists fear that the Russians would rather deal with Communist boss Mao Tse-tung, no matter how difficult he gets, rather than have an American client government running China. The Russians are not anxious to have American rocket bases looking down

What would the present world be like if we had resisted the temptation to drop The Bomb on a Japan that was already facing defeat?

WHAT IS COMMUNISM?
Well, THIS is communism:

AT THE East German town of Hoheggs, two persons, a man and a woman, presumably man and wife, reached the point where they could take it no longer. So they made a break for liberty across the plowed strip of land that lies to the east of the twin barbed wire fences that constitute the boundary between Communist East Germany and the Free West.

When they were well out into the cleared strip, two communist East German border guards opened fire on them. The women fell with a bullet in her leg. The man was hit but not killed. He threw away his scythe and managed to scramble over the first fence. He was hit again, and dived into a clump of brush between the two rows of barbed wire.

A WATCHING tourist - Hoheggs is a resort town, and hundreds of tourists were in the vicinity - described to the correspondents what happened.

"The man and the woman were running across the bare plowed strip. The woman was shot in the leg and fell. Then, suddenly, I saw a soldier in an East German (communist) uniform come out of the bushes at the edge of the bare strip. He was a sergeant, I think. He stood behind the first fence, took a dead aim at the wounded man and fired.

"The poor refugee crumpled under the fire of the guard's submachine gun and fell. He was dead. Shortly afterward, about 25 East German soldiers and a communist armored car rolled up. They led the limping, bleeding woman away. The blood-covered body of the slain man was picked up and removed later."

That's communism.

A FINAL question:
Can anything as FOUL as communism continue to exist in a world that is increasingly concerned with civil liberties and the rights of man?

There is no such thing as civil liberty under communism.

Isn't the only one of its kind locally. There are many, and will continue to be, until the right people open their eyes.

G. L. Murray,
P. O. Box 904,
Central Point, Ore.

Illusions
To the Editor: The new test ban treaty sounds good to both sides because we can continue to enjoy our illusions, while the Russians can keep right on supplying them.

This latest promise to be the most successful since Barnum. Now that they have fallen out with their former Chinese Comrades, what more perfect illusion could be contrived than for the Russians to blame the latter for their own future infractions?

When fallout comes out of Asia, as it shall, it should be as suspect as the recent political one, so opportunely manufactured.

Harvey Robertson
103 North Central ave.
Medford

Strictly Personal

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

PSYCHIC PAIN
I was spending the week end with a friend whose character and outlook on life I much admire. On Saturday morning, I accompanied him to his barber in the little town where he spends his summers. The barber was a sullen and un-

responsive man, and when we left I asked my friend why he put up so equably with such surly treatment. "I wouldn't care to have my hair cut by such an unpleasant fellow," I said.

"He's in pain," replied my friend, "and I have a great sympathy with pain—especially the kind that can't be seen with the eye."

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"I mean that people like him are suffering from intense psychic pain," he explained. "Most of us can sympathize with someone suffering from cancer or a broken leg, or any physical ailment. We make allowances for them, if they are cranky or withdrawn.

"Yet the really awful pain of the human animal is psychic pain, of which the person himself may be unaware. It's my belief that men and women like my barber are suffering acutely, almost all the time, and I feel sorry for them. I don't say I'll go out of my way to be with them—but I won't go out of my way to avoid them, either."

"A lot of people suffer but aren't that unpleasant," I demurred.

"That's true," he said. "but each personality copes with its problems in the best way it can—sometimes in the only way it can. Some people drink, some lie, some are cruel, and the really unhappy ones simply retreat into a private world of their own. My barber has a personality we call 'miserable'—because he's in misery much of the time."

"It doesn't make him any more likeable for me to know that," I said.

"No, it doesn't," he agreed. "But, then, a leper isn't likeable. A leper isn't attractive. Unfortunately people shouldn't have to be winning in order to win our sympathy. In fact, the less winning they are, the more we should feel sorry for them."

"It seems to me," he continued, "that all of us could handle people like that much better if we understood that they are in pain. Not physical pain, which we can easily identify with, but mental pain of some sort, which began at an early age. Once we grasp this fact, we no longer resent them, or react unpleasantly toward their unpleasantness. They are, as it were, 'patients' in life, not people, and they carry their sickness around with them everywhere they go."

"I'd still rather get my hair cut by a friendly barber," I said.

"So would I," he smiled. "But even though my going to him doesn't make him any better, in some way I like to think that it makes me better. It gives me a greater tolerance for people of his sort, and it helps me to subdue my own dissatisfactions. When I see his unexpressed and unknown pain at being what he has become, I feel renewed gratitude that I don't have to live inside that shell. Probably that's why I always tip him more than I should."

I asked what all these qualities had to do with leadership. "With what?" said Dr. Livingstone.

Well, I know it will come as a shock to all boyhood readers to learn that the heirs of noble Tarzan have descended to an unbelievably weird culture rife with corruption, demagoguery, and oligarchical tendencies. But we must manfully do our duty as representatives of our high Western civilization and reluctantly rule that these poor, backward Ape are far from ready for self-government.

So, oh, how my heart leapt up when my sturdy native samsa rounded a bend in the tortuous Lumbumba and there at long last lay the Lost City of The Greystoke Tribe—several hundred ranchstyle homes with patios and picture windows plus a large billboard reading: "Welcome to New Tarzana Acres, Restricted Lots, Low Dn. Payment to Vets."

Stepping cautiously ashore, my trusty .0006 Mouser at the ready, I was greeted by a distinguished-looking Ape in Bermuda shorts, a Hawaiian sport shirt and dark glasses.

"You are unbelievable!" I cried. "My name," said the Ape coldly, "is Dr. Billie Sol Livingstone. And you presume."

I apologized, and Dr. Livingstone, after selling me a split-level ranch house and 12 tons of non-existent fertilizer scientifically designed for my non-existent lawn, seemed mollified. Indeed, he kindly explained the weird system of government these White Protestant Middle Class Ape have somehow evolved. As you might suspect, it's unbelievable.

"We have," he began, "two deities: Gop, the great white elephant, and Dem, the bray-

Tropical Storm Becomes Squalls
Miami—UPI—Tropical storm Arlene, a deflated hurricane, "fell apart" early today and became an easterly wave of squalls east of Puerto Rico.

Another moderate easterly wave moved through south Florida bringing rain and scattered squalls. Small craft warnings were raised along the southeast coast.

The weather bureau at San Juan, P. R., in its final advisory on what had been the year's first hurricane, said Arlene was completely disorganized and winds were not expected to exceed 25 to 30 miles per hour.

"Perhaps this will put an end to that poetic nonsense which says, 'All the world loves a lover'."

Me Tarzan, You Un-Self-Governable

By Arthur Hoppe

Honestly, you won't believe where I've been. But I've been trekking through the heart of Darkest Africa, driven onward by the inner certainty that somewhere in the primordial vastnesses must thrive a tribe of fabled White Apes. Not ordinary run-of-the-mill fabled White Apes, mind you, but White Protestant Middle-Class Apes.

No boyhood reader of Mr. Edgar Rice Burroughs could believe otherwise. What else, we boyhood readers ask, could have transpired in these many decades since last we left Tarzan all alone in the jungle with Jane? And Cheeta?

And yet many burning questions remained to be answered—the most burning of all being the one we Western visitors to Africa always ask: Would these indigenous natives prove ready for self-government?

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THE STORY THAT SHOOKS ENGLAND "THE KEELER-PROFUMO SCANDAL" EXCLUSIVE IN THIS MONTH'S ISSUE

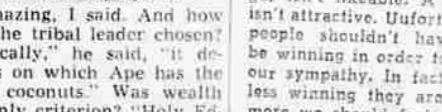


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