

Medford Mail Tribune
 "Everyone in Southern Oregon Reads The Mail Tribune"
 Published Daily except Saturday by MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE CO., 22 North Fir St., Ph. 372-2141
 ROBERT W. BURL, Editor
 GERALD T. THAM, Bus Manager
 ERIC W. ALLEN, Jr., News Editor
 EARL H. ADAMS, City Editor
 RICHARD J. WELLS, Sports Editor
 OLIVE STANFORD, Women's Editor
 ALAN BRICKSON, Circulation Manager
 An Independent Newspaper Entered as second class matter at Medford, Oregon under Act of March 3, 1879
SUBSCRIPTION RATES
 By Mail - In Advance
 Daily and Sunday - 1 year \$18.00
 Daily and Sunday - 6 mos. 10.00
 Daily and Sunday - 3 mos. 5.00
 Sunday Only - 1 year \$5.00
 Single Copy (Mailed) 30c
 By Carrier - Add Motor Route
 Daily and Sunday - 1 year \$18.00
 Daily and Sunday - 6 mos. 10.00
 Daily and Sunday - 3 mos. 5.00
 Sunday Only - 1 year \$5.00
 Carrier and Vendors - Copy 10c
 Official Paper of City of Medford
 Official Paper of Jackson County
 United Press International Full Leased Wire
 U. P. 1 Telephone Newspapers MEMBER OF ADVERTISING BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS
 Advertising Representative: NELSON ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Denver.
NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION
NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION
 Member California Newspaper Publishers Association

Our Festival and Stanford

Stanford University, which calls itself with some justification "the greatest private university of the west," is in the middle of a strong drive toward enlargement, improvement, and general excellence.

As part of this, it is inaugurating a series of annual summer festivals of the arts.

It is of no little interest and significance that they have called upon the Oregon Shakespearean Festival to inaugurate the series next summer.

For this great educational institution to look to the Rogue Valley for its first cultural attraction is compliment and kudos of real magnitude.

THE announcement of this plan was made at a "press luncheon" in San Francisco on Thursday, and was announced in Ashland simultaneously. Stanford spokesmen did some wholly justified bragging at the luncheon, and their plans were of interest to an outsider.

But to us the important point was the realization of the true stature that "our own" festival has achieved.

Dr. Virgil Whitaker, associate dean of the School of Humanities and Sciences, director of the upcoming festival, himself a Shakespearean scholar of repute, made a point of praising the Ashland event, and in particular its founder and producing director, Angus Bowmer.

DR. WHITAKER pointed out that the performance of Shakespearean drama, as it was written and as it was performed, was pioneered by Bowmer and his associates. He also called attention to the fact that this is a West Coast phenomenon. And, a bit wryly, he declared that he had never seen an Ashland production which violated the motivations and intentions of Shakespeare in the manner he had seen them violated in certain productions in Stratford-on-Avon, England.

The gist of Dr. Whitaker's remarks was that the West Coast has no reason to hang its head for cultural lacks, that Stanford is determined that this progress shall continue on all fronts, and that Ashland (in conjunction with the Globe Theater of San Diego and the Actors Workshop of San Francisco) will have a leading and prominent role in this movement.

His enthusiasm, and the backing that Stanford, through a major financial grant from an alumnus, is giving it, made his remarks believable.

WHAT does this mean for the Oregon Shakespearean Festival?

No one knows for sure. There are potentialities for both bad and good. The Festival board, with some misgivings, decided that the potential for good outweighed the potential for bad.

First, the fact that the Festival will open the 1964 season in a major metropolitan area, with built-in facilities for both widespread exposure and widespread notice, will inevitably tend to attract more future attention.

Second, appearing, as it will, under the auspices of a first-ranking educational institution with which it has long had close ties, the Festival may augment its already-substantial reputation as an academically-oriented organization which puts its greatest emphasis on showmanship—in the best meaning of the word.

A POSSIBLE danger foreseen by some members of the board is that, by opening away from home in a different environment, and even in a different atmosphere, it might tend to lose its essential characteristics, those which have stood it in good stead for so many years.

Some fear an increase in "professionalism," as opposed to the academic orientation it has so successfully achieved.

Others see a possibility that by extending the length of season it may overreach itself, or produce a lack-luster season, or even come to a point where it is evident it no longer has anywhere to go.

WHETHER the hopes or the fears will be borne out, only time will tell.

But it is safe to say that the Festival, by contracting with Stanford and entering into its "Plan of Action for a Challenging Era," is in itself accepting a major challenge.

It could mean that it will go on to greater excellence in the mold it has developed for itself. It may mean a change in its own character and methods. But the chances are that it will never be quite the same again.

Whether this is good or bad will be seen.

NEXT year's festival will commemorate the 400th anniversary of the birth of William Shakespeare. This was the principal reason why his works were chosen as the theme of the first of the annual events.

And the Oregon Festival, as the first and still most authentic of all the burgeoning Shakespearean Festivals, was logically chosen to lead the way.

It is a tribute, not only to the genius of Angus Bowmer, and to all the talented and dedicated colleagues who have assisted him over the years, but also to the fact that "culture" is not parochial, is not limited to the great cities and universities, and that it can flourish when intellectual climate and remarkable leadership combine with hard work.

While we acknowledged the risks of this sharp change in direction for the 1964 season, we wish the Festival well for then and all the ensuing years.—E.A.

Boarding House



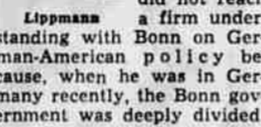
Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann
 (c) 1963, The Washington Post

DR. ADENAUER'S MANEUVER

The reaction in Bonn to the test ban treaty is a reminder on two points that are easily forgotten.

First, the thorny question of the succession to Dr. Adenauer is not thoroughly settled. Second, President Kennedy did not reach a firm understanding with Bonn on German-American policy because, when he was in Germany recently, the Bonn government was deeply divided.



Lippmann standing with Bonn on German-American policy because, when he was in Germany recently, the Bonn government was deeply divided.

When the first news came from Moscow that an agreement would be reached, the West German foreign minister, Dr. Gerhard Schroeder, welcomed it cordially and announced so it was thought, Bonn's prompt adherence to the treaty. In doing this, Dr. Schroeder was speaking for the post-Adenauer German leaders. But, when General De Gaulle decided that France would abstain, Dr. Adenauer and the old guard among the Christian Democrats took steps to overrule the foreign minister. Since Dr. Adenauer is still the chancellor, he is able to re-direct West German policy away from the Atlantic partnership and along a line which, while not identical with General De Gaulle's, is parallel to it. Dr. Adenauer will use what political influence he can exercise in the United States to exact a political price before the treaty is ratified.

The maximum gain would be to kill the treaty by inducing the Senate to attach a destructive rider to it. The minimum gain would be to demonstrate that, whether or not he retires in October, he is still the master of German foreign policy.

WE have to remember that Dr. Adenauer's maneuver is concerned with internal and external West German politics and has nothing to do with nuclear tests.

Whether the Federal Republic does or does not sign the test ban treaty, the fact is that the Federal Republic has already signed a test ban treaty—a solemn treaty not to do anything whatever about nuclear weapons. If Bonn now decides to abstain from signing the treaty, it will make no difference to the nuclear situation.

In this, West Germany differs from the two other principal abstainers, France and Red China. For them, all testing will remain lawful, because they will not have signed the treaty. The case of East Germany is theoretically, though not practically, an interesting and even an amusing one. If East Germany were not allowed to sign, this unrecognized piece of territory would be free, indeed would have a license, to test; if West Germany refuses to sign, it will still be forbidden to test. This, I hate to say, is the kind of anomaly which is of interest only to the professional nit-pickers.

ONLY on the surface is Dr. Adenauer's maneuver concerned with the nit-picking dilemma: If East Germany adheres to a treaty, is the partition of Germany recognized in international life?

The East German government has adhered, so I have been told, to about 11 international conventions, and that fact has not altered the situation. East Germany is not recognized by the three principal allied powers—France, Britain and the United States—which have authority in regard to the solution of the German question. The President of the United States has, moreover, declared publicly that East Germany's adherence to this treaty will not bring United States' recognition. And if the President says it will not bring recognition, it will not bring recognition.

For this reason, we must not treat the nit-picking as the real thing. The real thing is the Gaullist drive. In this drive, Dr. Adenauer is collaborating while his successors are not. The object of the drive is to take into French and German hands the political leadership of Europe and to do this by diminishing the influence of the United States. That is the reason why the West German foreign minister has been rebuffed and why the next chancellor, Dr. Erhard, has so long been ignored. The object of the maneuver is to see how many stumbling blocks can be put in President Kennedy's path during the long process of ratification.

It remains to be seen whether any substantial number of senators will lend themselves to a maneuver which is not concerned with the vital interests of the United States, but only with continental European politics.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Much of last week's news didn't shake any world foundations, but it had its interesting facets.

For example: **IN NASHVILLE, Tennessee,** two radio stations and a TV station suddenly went off the air. The traffic lights went dead, leaving motorists to wangle their way through street intersections as best they could. Elevators hung up between floors in the office buildings.

AND THE RESTAURANTS RAN OUT OF HOT WATER AT THE PEAK OF THE COFFEE BREAK. Imagine that—if you can! It was catastrophe, compounded.

AN ATOMIC attack by our enemies? Nope, a pigeon alighted on a high voltage wire—causing the news wires tell us, "a short circuit of considerable magnitude."

THE pigeon? It's gone where you and I would be if we were hit by a nuclear bomb.

BIG news from Oroville: There's a new GOLD STRIKE in the Feather river!

HOW come—after all these years? Well, as everyone knows, they're building a huge dam at Oroville which the Feather's surplus waters can be impounded and sent down below the Tehachapi to relieve the perennial drought down that way.

SOME time ago, they turned the river from its old channel into a new one made by man and crews started clearing gravel from the river's

natural bed in order to pour the concrete footings for the huge new dam.

THEY FOUND BITS OF GOLD in the old channel, and off-duty workers are washing out as much as several ounces in gold dust, chips and tiny nuggets. At \$35 an ounce, that isn't to be sneezed at.

The dispatches report that the old river bed is crowded with amateur argonauts working like beavers.

THAT brings up an ancient tale. Back in the days of old, the days of gold, somebody got the idea of short-cutting the river at a huge bend back up in the mountains where the river described almost a complete circle. So they drove a tunnel through a ridge at the narrowest point, the objective being to divert the river through the tunnel and thus uncover the riffles in the stretch left bare by the diversion.

AS THE legend goes, they dug the tunnel, at huge expenditure of labor and cash. When it was finished, they turned the river's waters through it and laid bare a long stretch of promising riffles.

But—**They made the shocking discovery that in STILL EARLIER years** someone had beaten them to the idea, had in some manner diverted the river's waters and had TAKEN OUT ALL THE GOLD. They found the old works—wing-dams and such—that had been used to do the trick. But the gold was gone.

THIS thought in conclusion: In the days of the Argonauts, only gold had value. Now WATER IS GOLD.

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop
 (c) New York Herald Tribune Syndicate

(Joseph Alsop will be on vacation this month—and gathering material both in this country and abroad for future columns. During his absence, top members of the staff of the New York Herald Tribune will substitute for him.)
 By RICHARD L. MADDEN

THE HARRIMAN BALLOON

New York—The recently signed treaty to stop nuclear testing in the atmosphere has already started some fallout in New York politics.

The trial balloons are going up, all carrying the banner of Averell Harriman, the man who led the American treaty negotiating team, for United States Senator.

Mr. Harriman, a former New York Governor who now wears the title of Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs, has not exactly gone out of his way to deflate the balloons.

In fact, the tall, lean, sometimes sad-faced Mr. Harriman has been having some fun over the idea. He is not known for his levity in public speeches, but in talking about the possibility of running for the Senate, he says: "The only people who are worrying about whether I'm going to run are the Republicans."

OF COURSE, he disclaims any "immediate plans" to run for elective office, but that's standard procedure for anyone who might have such plans.

There are many reasons why President Kennedy might like to have Mr. Harriman campaigning in New York state for the Senate next year at the same time a President would be running for re-election.

The White House undoubtedly would enjoy seeing Republican allied powers—France, Britain and the United States—which have authority in regard to the solution of the German question. The President of the United States has, moreover, declared publicly that East Germany's adherence to this treaty will not bring United States' recognition. And if the President says it will not bring recognition, it will not bring recognition.

For this reason, we must not treat the nit-picking as the real thing. The real thing is the Gaullist drive. In this drive, Dr. Adenauer is collaborating while his successors are not. The object of the drive is to take into French and German hands the political leadership of Europe and to do this by diminishing the influence of the United States. That is the reason why the West German foreign minister has been rebuffed and why the next chancellor, Dr. Erhard, has so long been ignored. The object of the maneuver is to see how many stumbling blocks can be put in President Kennedy's path during the long process of ratification.

It remains to be seen whether any substantial number of senators will lend themselves to a maneuver which is not concerned with the vital interests of the United States, but only with continental European politics.

publican Sen. Kenneth B. Keating, who faces reelection again next year, move back to Rochester from Washington.

The Kennedy administration hasn't forgotten the wounds inflicted during the Cuban crisis by Senator Keating, who blossomed into national prominence as an expert on Cuba.

Mr. Harriman armed with the credentials of a man who helped negotiate a treaty which could lead to an easing in cold war tensions, could be a potent antidote against Senator Keating—whom the Democrats have accused of fanning cold war flames over Cuba.

MR. KENNEDY picked up New York's prize 45 electoral votes in 1960 by the relatively slim margin of 383,666 votes out of nearly 7.2 million cast. He naturally would want the strongest possible help on the Democratic state ticket in 1964, particularly if Governor Rockefeller somehow should be his Republican rival for the Presidency.

To be sure, Mr. Rockefeller beat Mr. Harriman and won New York's Governorship in 1958 by a margin of 573,000 votes. But since then, Mr. Harriman's star seems to have risen while Governor Rockefeller's has waned.

Mr. Harriman might also be the happy solution for the not-always-united New York Democrats who will be faced with the problem of nominating someone for the Senate. The logical candidates at the moment—or at least the ones mentioned most often—are New York City's Mayor Wagner and Samuel Stratton, a Schenectady Congressman.

Mr. Stratton, who seems to have the knack of winning in normally Republican areas, clearly has his eyes on the Senatorial nomination. Mr. Wagner hasn't said yes, but he hasn't said no either, on whether he would like to go to the Senate where his father, the late Sen. Robert Wagner, served.

BUT each has some liabilities. Mr. Stratton, for example, is not too well known in New York City. Mr. Wagner's strongest support is in the city and not upstate. Mr. Harriman seems to have statewide support.

At 71 and an adept hand in the field of diplomacy, which he appears to enjoy, Mr. Harriman may not want to get back into New York's political wars.

But in the meantime, he is basking in the national limelight generated by the test ban treaty. He is a willing candidate for interviews and has scheduled a number of stops on the chicken-and-peas dinner speaking circuit. Mr. Harriman may not speculate on future plans, but others are.

And the white-haired Sen. Keating may have been a little too prophetic back in April when he introduced Mr. Harriman before a Senate committee. With an assist from Shakespeare, the Senator turned to Mr. Harriman and said: "Age cannot wither him nor custom stale His infinite variety."

GREAT IDEAS...

From the Great Books
 By Mortimer J. Adler



(c) 1963, Publishers Newspaper Syndicate

WORLD GOVERNMENT

Dear Dr. Adler: In our century we are becoming conscious of the necessity of some kind of an international society, such as the League of Nations or the United Nations, as an institution of control for the preservation of peace in the world. What did the great writers of the past think about a world-wide community, and in what way did they believe such a community could function effectively for the good of mankind?

Flowered Joseph A. Zube 1711 W. Antoinette Street Peoria, Illinois (Saint John's Rectory)

Dear Mr. Zube: We can find advocates of world government as far back as the 4th century B.C. At that time, the ancient Stoic philosophers argued that since all men share in a common nature and reason, they should be united in a world-wide political community—a "cosmopolis." All men, in this view, are citizens of the world, of the City of Man, as well as of their local communities.

Another important expression of the thesis that men should be under the administration of a world government came in the 14th century from the pen of the great poet Dante. Only a world state, he held, could bring the blessings of justice, order, and liberty to the human race, and thereby enable it to fulfill its cultural and intellectual tasks. In Dante's view, the expected result of world government is not merely peace, but the cultural development and productivity which peace makes possible.

At the end of the 18th century, the German philosopher Kant wrote a little work called "Perpetual Peace." In it he condemned international warfare as irrational and saw the means of preserving peace in a federation of nations united in an alliance against war. Actually, Kant proposed not a world government, but an agreement among sovereign states to keep the peace.

Since Kant's time, the great cataclysmic wars involving whole continents, and accompanied by the increasing destructiveness of armaments, again aroused the call for a supreme government above the nations to secure peace and order in the world. The League of Nations and the United Nations, approaching the type of "compact" envisioned by Kant, were steps in that direction. After World War II, however, as mankind confronted the imminent danger of nuclear destruction in a third World War, the call came for world government with real legislative and executive powers, involving some surrender of national sovereignty by the member nations.

You can win a 34-volume set of the Great Books of the Western World by writing a letter, not to exceed 150 words, incorporating a question of general interest for Dr. Adler. In consideration for inclusion in this column, each week he will select as first prize winners the letters of the three best letters. He will use ONE of these letters as a basis for a future column and will answer it in terms of the intellectual heritage of the Great Books—43 works by 74 authors, spanning 20 centuries of thought. Address the letters to Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, in care of this newspaper.

Such an agreement, he contends, is a real possibility in our present urgent situation. It appeals both to the peoples and to their governors, who realize that a nation may give up the right to make war without losing its independence and sovereignty in a world in which war has been outlawed.

It is a tribute, not only to the genius of Angus Bowmer, and to all the talented and dedicated colleagues who have assisted him over the years, but also to the fact that "culture" is not parochial, is not limited to the great cities and universities, and that it can flourish when intellectual climate and remarkable leadership combine with hard work.

While we acknowledged the risks of this sharp change in direction for the 1964 season, we wish the Festival well for then and all the ensuing years.—E.A.

It is a tribute, not only to the genius of Angus Bowmer, and to all the talented and dedicated colleagues who have assisted him over the years, but also to the fact that "culture" is not parochial, is not limited to the great cities and universities, and that it can flourish when intellectual climate and remarkable leadership combine with hard work.

While we acknowledged the risks of this sharp change in direction for the 1964 season, we wish the Festival well for then and all the ensuing years.—E.A.

A Visit to Imperishable New England

By ERIC SEVAERD

Bretton Woods, N.H.—A leisurely drive from Manhattan up through the Berkshires and on through the mountains called Green in Vermont and White in New Hampshire is, like a confession, good for the soul, even though the car's rear may require a little adjustment. My soul ought to be improved twice-fold, obliged as I am to confess that it is still possible to drive a car for pure pleasure in parts of the corroding but still magnificent American landscape, that the oldest settled region of the country is still largely green and young—fresher in visage than much of the dissipated young West—and that not all American communities have buried their heritage of beauty under a neonlighted headstone.



Granitic, clean and sober-sided New Hampshire, now celebrating its bicentennial in a flurry of statistical "firsts"—first state constitution, cog railway, steamboat, public library—remembers on state occasions that its motto is "Live Free or Die," is but obviously having a struggle with its famous Yankee conscience, and here and there is winning the struggle. Certain forms of gambling are now state approved, and the thrilling geologic explosion known as Franconia Notch, frozen in eternal stone, is all but obscured in a ghastly forest of billboards.

If New Hampshire still owns its own soul, it doesn't quite own its body, anymore. After all, un-granitic foreigners in orange colored slacks from such alien ports as New York and Boston have established some 32,000 seasonal residences in this sparsely settled state, with more added at the rate of a thousand a year. An annex is only home, sweet-and-sour home.

Still, the fish are jumpin' and the travelin' is easy, and for this voyageur, unburdened save for one suitcase and two fly-rods, New England, including this state, remains astonishingly new and unspoiled. Maybe it's the English inheritance—the English know how to care for their countryside—and gratitude is in order and hereby deposited.

A sentimental traveler, absent from these parts since wartime, finds much altered by time and affluence. The Mount Washington hotel, setting for Secretary Morgenthau's famous monetary conference of 1945 (after which the United States became chief trustee for half the world and after which the local help found dozens of rusting typewriters in the surrounding woods for reasons unrecorded by history) still spreads across half a mountain, mastodontic, turn of the century elegance.

Once upon a time a local chambermaid rose to wifehood with an American mil-

lionaire, then to the status of a European princess. She imported Italian craftsmen to decorate this castle, and the rich with their silk hats and ostrich feathers came by train and carriage. The area lost the train service not long ago, then the air service; but the middle classes now come in droves, the remaining note of elegance and romance concentrated in the names of their shining carriages—Impala, Galaxie, Falcon, Fury, Belair, Vallant—affixed by those reckless romantics, the automotive vice presidents of Detroit.

The people of the very grow more affluent. The government of the country grows poorer. Be it noted by history that 18 years after Washington spent nearly a million to bring the foreign financial delegations here (and to install most of the modern furniture still gracing these corridors of football field proportions) the American government finds itself obliged to ask for some of its bait back from the institutions of world finance it conceived and subsidized in these corridors.

A few miles away at Franconia lies another symbol of aristocratic elegance gone to middle class efficiency. The "New Mittersill," a wartime memento to the old Austria castle, is now replete with pool, snow-making machinery and the prix fixe meal, and operated by chain hotel management, though still owned by Baron von Pantz, now plain Mr. Pantz. Neither he nor his place was so plain

15 years ago, on my first visit. Then Count Haugewitz-Reventloy lounged on the ski terrace; then the Archduke Otto (or was it Francis?) commanded the chairlift to halt in mid-ascend and gave me a baleful glance as I sprawled, protesting, into the drifts; then the Baron's great Dane dogs freely romped the ski runs in disdainful disregard of human life and limb.

I like to think that the transformation to democracy began with an ex-GI of my acquaintance. He figured this was what he had fought the war for. So one evening, after four martinis, he flung open the door of the lounge, banged on the floor with his alpenstock and shouted, "Vere is mine old friend, Pantz? Cold looks received him. He spied the former Madame Patino, niece of King Alfonso's, beautiful and haughty beyond compare. The GI flung himself onto the sofa beside her, gave her a penetrating stare and demanded, "Baby, didn't you and I once take ukelele lessons together in Schenectady?"

Thus, I suspect, did the new democracy of affluence come to the New Mittersill, or vice versa. What precise word or deed did the same for the Mount Washington I have no idea. New England absorbs the changes in its stolid stride. The trout still jump; the winter snows still fall. I'd give the place another 300 years, at the least reckoning.

(Distributed 1963, by The Hall Syndicate, Inc.) (All Rights Reserved)

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 11, 1953 (Tuesday)
 Construction of a primary standards highway connecting Medford and Klamath Falls by way of Lake of the Woods has been proposed to the state highway commission by State Representative Robert Root.

Everything possible is being done by the city council and mayor to alleviate Phoenix's water troubles, according to Mrs. Kathryn Stancliffe, mayor.

20 YEARS AGO

August 11, 1943 (Wednesday)
 Four Camp White soldiers killed in auto accident near Red Bluff.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "The Older Girls are having a time cooking cabbage. They are disgusted with the rugged scent it sends forth, smelling four blocks in all directions. They would just as soon be caught eating green onions as cooking cabbage. The gladioli is a member of the cabbage family. But it has no vitamins when cooked and can't be sliced into shreds and called cold slaw."

30 YEARS AGO

August 11, 1933 (Friday)
 Medford application for \$100,000 for sewer improvements recommended. Price of alfalfa rises as shortage prospect looms.

40 YEARS AGO

August 11, 1923 (Saturday)
 Brush fire raging on Roxy Ann.

Vern Van Dyke catches seven pound salmon near Bybee bridge.

50 YEARS AGO

August 11, 1913 (Monday)
 Three miles of grade finished on Grants Pass-Crescent City railroad. Famous scientists to visit Crater Lake.

What's Your I.Q.?

Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.

- Honolulu is on which island of the Hawaiian group?
 - What is the largest carnivorous animal on earth today?
 - Unscramble the name of this great classic: VONIHAE.
 - From Seattle, Wash., would it take longer to fly in like airplanes to Alaska or Hawaii?
 - Is Cleveland the 3rd, 6th, 8th or 15th largest city in the U. S.?
 - Victor Herbert was the composer of the famous "Merry Widow Waltz": true or false?
 - A William Scranton, who would probably like to be Republican candidate for President is Governor of which state?
 - Can alien residents of the U.S. receive retirement benefits under Social Security?
 - Pliny the Elder was killed during the fall of what city?
 - The birthstone for October is the —?
- Answers: 1. Oahu. 2. Ko? 3. Elephant. 4. Hawaii. 5. Eighth. 6. False. 7. Pennsylvania. 8. Yes. 9. Pompeii. 10. Opal.