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Flight o' Time

Medford and Jackson County History
from the files of the Mail
Tribune 10, 20, 30 and 40 years
ago.

10 YEARS AGO
July 7, 1942

(It was Wednesday)

Maj. Gen. Charles H. Gerhardt arrives here to take charge of the 91st infantry division at Camp White.

From Arthur Perry's Ye Smudge Pot column: It looks like the heat wave has subsided, at least until the stores start advertising the annual August blanket sales.

20 YEARS AGO
July 7, 1922

(It was Thursday)

Jackson county circuit court announces September 1 has been set for the dedication of the new county courthouse at Main and Oakdale avenue.

State tax board appraisal of Medford business buildings gives their total replacement value as \$2,733,220.

30 YEARS AGO
July 7, 1922

(It was Friday)

Medford Citizens committee organized to fight recall election for Jackson county sheriff after Gov. Ben Olcott instructs attorney general to proceed with prosecution of "outrages" committed in Jackson county" during the past four months.

Chief of Medford fire department requests authority to combat any large fire which might occur in the city with dynamite.

40 YEARS AGO
July 7, 1912

(It was Sunday)

Circuit Judge Frank M. Calkins upholds injunction sought by Ashland men against construction of new Main street bridge across Bear creek in Medford.

Passengers and crew escape injury as Southern Pacific railroad's Shasta limited train is wrecked near Rogue River; clearing of track expected to take 12 hours.

3-Wheel Motorcycle Unveiled by Makers

Springfield, Mass. (U.P.)—A new, three-wheel motorcycle that features a self-starter, a reverse gear and hydraulic brakes has been unveiled by the Indian Motorcycle Co.

The Indian "Patrol," designed to operate easily in congested traffic areas, can carry two passengers in addition to the driver.

The "push-button" starter—first self-starter in any motorcycle—will eliminate the need for the driver to "kick over" the motor with his right foot to get it running.

With the reverse gear, cyclists no longer will be forced to lift and twist from their vehicles to extricate them from tight spots.

Shaft drive has replaced the old chain drive. It permits the use of the standard shift.

Hydraulic brakes, to insure the operator's safety and provide for smooth, quick stops, are standard equipment on the "Patrol."

A large back seat is set between the rear wheels behind the driver. It can accommodate two persons comfortably or can be used as a storage or luggage compartment.

Editorial Correspondence

Worcester, Mass., July 4.—(En route to Chicago via the Boston and Albany)—This old New England town on the edge of the Berkshires has a beautiful natural setting. It is about four times as large as it was on our last visit. Not that it has grown so sensationally but our former visit was in January 1902!

We visited at that time a young man by the name of Hutchins whose father was with the Knowles Loom Works. We have been busy with the phone book ever since our arrival but have yet to find a Knowles or a Hutchins who ever heard of our former friends. Coming in on the New Haven train via Springfield, however, we passed the Knowles Loom Works just as we passed it coming in from Boston so many years ago—but there was no sign of life within.

"O tempora O mores!" Also "Sic transit gloria—" SWANSON!

The law of compensation always works when one gets out of New York and into the "provinces." In the U.S.A.—and the world for that matter—there is only ONE New York, it is undoubtedly the Cosmopolis Supreme in the western hemisphere. BUT—when you get out of it's clutches you find, with a certain surprise and a sense of satisfaction that you are no longer treated as merely a stray human nonentity, an odd molecule in a billion other molecules, but as an individual with as many rights and privileges as any other member of the genus homo enjoys on this harassed ball-of-dirt—alias one of the minor planets. That's a grand and glorious feeling.

The courteous, considerate treatment we have received since our arrival here is almost unbelievable. The taxi-man at the station, for example, actually apologized for the delay in getting a suitcase that had been checked, and he did a red-cap's job and never put out his hand for a tip—or apparently expected one.

Imagine anything like that happening in New York. Any taxi-man with that consideration for his "fare" would have been kicked out of the union and into the Harlem river before he got up to 69th street!

It is equally surprising and pleasing at this hotel, and on the local buses to and from the Olympic rowing trials on Lake Quinsigamond. These trials are something like the famous Henley regatta in England with all sorts of races between all sorts of boats—singles, duos, quarts with coxswains and 8-oared shells, ditto. The aquatic field-day yesterday had more photo-finishes than could be seen at Santa Anita in a year. The most exciting one was between the Washington Huskies and Wisconsin. The Huskies led all the way until the last 100 yards, when Wisconsin by Herculean effort nosed them out by inches, which seemed to please the crowd, but not your correspondent, who naturally was rooting for the Pacific Coast.

In fact this has been a terrible year for the MT Sportswriter Emeritus—only one bright spot and that the Dodgers our favorite club—have actually seen them win SIX TIMES. Left New York yesterday so missed seeing them get a beating—as usual—from the N.Y. Giants. That's an odd thing about baseball—teams have definite allergies apparently. The Dodgers just CAN'T beat the Giants and the Cardinals just CAN'T beat the Dodgers. At this stage it would be a fairly safe gamble, however, to wager on the Yankees and Giants meeting in the World Series. (How about it Mr. Morgan?)

As this is written, the best time by the college 8's has been made by Cornell in nosing out California. The slowest time was made by Wisconsin as noted above. In fact both Harvard and Yale who came in close thirds were timed faster than the Badgers, which some might figure would make them favorites if they had to race the Wisconsin crew.

But they would be wrong. For there is nothing less accurate as a guide than time in crew racing. The reason? Time is so vitally affected by conditions—conditions of tide—if any—and more important, wind and waves. The lake was choppy when Wisconsin won, and smooth as glass when Cornell conquered. Might make a difference of 15 or 20 seconds—perhaps more.

The most surprising thing about the trials are the babies who are participating. One of the prep school crews has a coxswain only 11 years old and weighing less than 100 lbs.—he had to put on a pair of iron pants to qualify.

Another one, with more of an eye for comfort, filled and properly adjusted a hot-water bag with sand and ate half a dozen bananas just before weighing in.

At this hotel these midgets make a great hit, eating together—and HOW they eat!—but with their adoring parents not far away to see they don't break training. The talk is entirely aquatic—apparently these moppets were reared on oars instead of teething rings.

Rowing, even more than golf, depends upon rhythm—perfect timing—and therefore success depends more upon the coaching than is true with other sports.

Take the Exeter Academy "four" for example that defeated Harvard and California yesterday in the "four"-with-coxswain struggle. In a tug-of-war these boys would have been pulled all over the lot by their older and more muscular opponents. But on the water their perfect timing, the result of expert coaching, put them easily out ahead. A couple of teen-age Detroit lads did the same thing in the double-sculls and for the same reason—one of them Walter Hoover Jr., the son of a famous champion sculler of long ago—but NOT related to Herbert.

In the attractive wooded "common" in front of the hotel is a monument to the "Minute Men of 1776" who formed there before they marched to Lexington and Concord some 45 miles away. And from the bridge near the finish line at Lake Quinsigamond, one can see thickly-wooded Wigwam Hill where the true "100% Americans" sold their fertile acres to the then 100% Britishers for a mess of pottage—and a few pre-revolution Woolworth trinkets. Those Britishers' descendants are now Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution, priding themselves on their purity, rectitude and super patriotism—while the descendants of the ORIGINAL "100% Americans" have completely disappeared—victims of one of the "gypiest" business deals in all human history!

Of course there were extenuating circumstances.

The Indians got what they WANTED at the time and so did the early settlers. The former, who practiced communism hundreds of years before Karl Marx wrote about it, simply did not realize that holding-land-in-common would disappear and private property and the capitalist system would take its place. The supply of land THEN so exceeded the demand; and the demand for pretty highly-colored glass beads so exceeded the prevailing supply, that the poor deluded redskins, also devoted to the sacred primeval law of "Supply and Demand," may have thought they were getting much the best of it! (We would like to get Pravda's views on this.)—R.W.R.

Editorial Comment

ANOTHER OFFICER SLAIN

We sometimes wonder if the people of Oregon sufficiently appreciate the fine, devoted type of service they are receiving day in and day out, from our Oregon state police. Attention is directed to the subject again, most regrettably, by the murder of another officer in line of duty.

This makes a total of nine state police officers killed on the job in the 21 years since Governor Julius Meier started the organization, under Superintendent Charles P. Pray, in 1931. That is a high percentage which one considers that aside from clerical employees the department includes only 325 officers and has averaged much smaller through the years.

Answering our own implied question, we believe the people are proud of the organization

headed by Superintendent H. G. Maison. Courage is taken for granted in these men who protect society from dangerous, lawless characters. Philip B. Lowd gave his life for the people of Oregon. That supreme sacrifice is a possibility every time an officer takes an assignment. As a matter of fact, the killer who took his life is still at large as a very real threat to brother officers who are still seeking to capture him. Officer Lowd's associates in the service recognized him as a brave man, who put the safety of the people far ahead of his own. We pay tribute to the memory of such a man, whose service can not actually be compensated in money. And we hope the people of Oregon will never nigardly with this grand organization. — Albany Democrat-Herald.

Crosstown

By Roland Coe



"If I'd had the money I saved on these bargains, I'd have bought something else."

Matter of Fact

By Joseph and Stewart Alsop

STOP-AT-NOTHINGISM

Chicago.—The first hot blast of this embittered Republican convention leaves you both startled and puzzled. The venom engendered between the Taft and Eisenhower forces has to be seen to be believed. And you find yourself wondering how on earth the wounds are ever to be bound up, and how the party is ever to carry the November election, if the candidate who wins here has got to march to victory through rivers of fraternal blood.

The basic trouble, of course, is the split which has plagued the Republican party in all its efforts to regain its former greatness. In certain states, notably in the Midwest, the Party's Old Guard survived the 1932 debacle and still controls the local party organizations. In other states, notably on the East and West coasts, the Old Guard went down forever with Herbert Hoover, and new style Republicans have cropped up, as a sort of second growth.

AS IN 1940, 1944 and 1948, the present struggle is between Old Guardsmen and the new style Republicans. The Old Guard backs Taft. Eisenhower is the choice of the moderns, the compromisers and the anti-isolationists.

But this convention differs in one vital particular from the conventions which nominated Wendell Willkie and Thomas E. Dewey. There is a stop-at-nothing spirit, a willingness to go to any lengths to put Sen. Taft over, which was lacking in the Old Guards' rather feeble comeback bid in other years.

So far as one can judge, this spirit has several sources. Gov. Dewey's surprise defeat in 1948, and Sen. Taft's 1950 victory in Ohio, have inspired the Old Guard with a new self-confidence, for one thing.

FOR another, there is the personality of Sen. Taft himself. Never forgiving, always ambitious, never inclined to write down his own chances, Taft has now come close to tasting victory in his many months of hard campaigning. And this foretaste of triumph has filled him with a grim determination to get his own way, a scorn and suspicion of his opponent, which he does not trouble to conceal.

Then too, there is the peculiar and unpleasant development symbolized by the Taft-controlled National Committee's choice of Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy as one of the convention speakers. Every Republican moderate has been excluded from the platform, but McCarthy has been invited to orate.

The meaning is only too plain. Even the Old Guardsmen do not argue that their basic political program has widespread popular appeal. But a majority of them believe there is a lot of vote-getting power in the peculiar brand of right wing demagoguery which was first perfected by Sen. McCarthy. "McCarthyism," which most moderate Republicans abhor, is thought of as a great source of strength by many leaders of the Taft forces. And the feeling that they have of this new way of getting through to the electorate, is an important factor in the psychology of the Taft camp.

FINALLY, there is the simple fact that this convention is the Republican Old Guards' last chance. The great majority of the key figures, both organization chieftains and financial backers, are actually unlikely to be able to fight again in 1956. In years, as in other ways, these are the older Republicans. And they are all the more furious, they set on getting their party back on what they think is the right track, while there is still time.

The Taft steam-roller tactics, the bold adoption of the strategy that won a worthless nomina-

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

A suggestion (this is written on Fourth of July): If you can find a quiet 15 minutes, sit down and read the Declaration of Independence. When you've finished, you'll have a better understanding of your country. You will realize more deeply why it is worth fighting for if we have to fight again for its preservation.

DWELL particularly on this paragraph of its preamble: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Up to then, almost without exception, government had been looked upon as a privilege to be enjoyed by the favored few who were strong enough or shrewd enough to seize and hold the reins of power.

It was our forefathers who laid down in simple, beautiful, appealing, direct language this fundamental principle that individual man and women, created equal, possess inalienable rights and that it is the business of governments to secure these rights for ALL the people.

IT IS upon this foundation that America was built. It is because of this foundation that America has become the greatest nation on earth. That is a good thing to remember in these days when over more than half the area of the earth poisoned, lying propaganda is being directed at us in an effort to destroy us so that the old, cynical doctrine that power belongs to the few who are strong enough and smart enough to seize and hold it may be restored.

IF YOU read the Declaration of Independence, don't skip this final sentence: "And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor."

THEY meant business, these Founding Fathers of ours. When Jefferson wrote those deathless words, it must be remembered, the shooting had already begun. Men had already died at Lexington, at Concord and at Breed's (Bunker) Hill. The chips were down.

In his ringing, final sentence, Jefferson told the world that EVERYTHING WE HAD, our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor, were in this fight for human liberty.

They were, too. When we laid the chips on the table back there in 1776, we PUT THEM ALL DOWN. It was all or nothing. When we came out, we had little left but our liberty and our sacred honor.

But that was enough to build America on.

AGAIN we face grim days.

Again we face a powerful foe. Again the principle of individual human liberty is at stake. If communism wins in the world struggle that is shaping up and sharpening up there will be no more individual human liberty on this earth.

But if we approach it in the spirit in which our forefathers approached the writing and the signing and the BACKING UP with blood and treasure of the Declaration of Independence, which was the statement of our reasons for entering upon the War of the Revolution, we will WIN and human liberty will be saved again.

LET'S not forget this: If we're to win again, we've got to put all the chips down, as we did in 1776.

So far, we're not doing it.

Lyon, France.—(U.P.)—Maryse Bastie, famous French aviatrix, was killed Sunday night along with six or seven other persons when a secret French military plane crashed during a demonstration at an air show.



READY FOR FRAY—With both arms thrust in the air, Gen. Dwight Eisenhower grins at the crowd that welcomes to Chicago. Mrs. Eisenhower is at left.

Voters Don't Elect President; Electoral College Members Do

(Editor's note: Following is the fourth in a series of articles prepared by Congressional Quarterly regarding the way in which the American people choose a president every four years.)

Washington.—(CQ.—You may cast a ballot for president November 4, but you won't be electing a president. A group of citizens called Electors will do the official job December 15.

The framers of the constitution decided that presidents should be chosen by the most distinguished men in each state. These men were to be picked "in such manner as the legislature may direct." Each state was permitted one elector for each senator and one for each representative.

The constitution permitted the electors to vote for any presidential candidate they liked.

The electors still are the only persons to vote officially for a president. But national elections have been added so the people can tell the electors who to vote for. The advice from the people is binding in only California, Massachusetts and Oregon, but seldom have any state's electors failed to name the man who won in their state.

Only once in recent years has an elector failed to follow the choice of his state. One Tennessee elector voted for Dixiecrat Candidate J. Strom Thurmond instead of the Tennessee winner, Harry S. Truman, in 1943.

When the electors get together

er to cast their ballots, they are called the electoral college, a name reported to be copied from the Roman Catholic college of Cardinals which elects the pope.

The electoral college votes are opened and counted at a joint session of Congress January 6. The winner, known to all the voters back in November, is solemnly announced.

There have been many suggestions for direct popular election of presidents, but no plan has won approval. Several direct election bills are now pending in the present Congress. One was passed by the senate in 1950, but was pigeon-holed in the house and died at the close of the 81st Congress.

(Copyright 1952, Congressional Quarterly.)

Professor Believes In Seeing Justice

Champaign, Ill.—(U.P.)—President George Stoddard of the University of Illinois is a man who believes in seeing justice done.

Stoddard received a ticket for a campus parking violation. He sent his secretary to Champaign police court to plead guilty for him.

The magistrate said he thought the president could park anywhere on the campus.

The secretary said that President Stoddard had violated a regulation and felt he should pay the penalty. The fine was \$3.

Jailer Trembled

Geo. N. Taylor
Hard-boiled was the jailer at Philippi, a Roman city of the olden days. Only God could ever shake its heavy-walled jail, but

at midnight and with a great earthquake, God did it. At last the jailer knew there was one and true God and Judgment Day also.

So it was the jailer threw himself at the feet of the Apostle Paul with—"What must I do to be saved?" The Apostle told him—"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved."

—Acts 16:31.
Only when we know we are hell-bound sinners and lost, do we answer to God's love. Then we are ready to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and be saved.

May you also know the peace that God alone can give, so says a family that sponsors this space.

—Adv.

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