

Entertainment Seen No Longer Diversion But Goal for Pleasure-Loving Americans

Fire Truck Crash Fatal to Captain

Denver—A fire captain was killed and seven persons were injured Sunday when a speeding fire truck, responding to a false alarm, collided with an automobile near downtown Denver.

Capt. Robert W. Parrahm, 39, was killed when he was pinned between the car and the overturned fire truck.

RECORD AMOUNT
Salem—The state public welfare recovery division last month took in \$23,810, the largest amount collected in the history of the program.

Our Glut of Pleasure

"Let's live it up!" has become the password of our time. And we might possibly do just that. When any nation has become overly pleasure-seeking, history has already begun its epitaph. "Eat, drink and be merry," shouted the Romans, "for tomorrow you may die." And on the morrow Rome died.

Entertainment has become one of our basic goals; not just a diversion, a momentary relaxation, so that we can recharge our batteries for the important goals of living. Entertainment has become a goal

New Frontiers In Living

by Howard Whitman

in itself. Some of our best television programs die because they're not "entertaining enough," while entertainment drivel of the tinniest quality keeps a nation mesmerized for hours every evening.

"What are you trying to do — entertain yourself to death?" a visiting European sociologist asked a colleague over here.

"No, I'm afraid it's just our passion for escape," the colleague answered.

"Escape? That's a good one!" the European rejoined. "You have the richest, most bountiful civilization in all of history, and you have the most satisfying way of life in the world — to hear you talk of it — and yet all you want to do is escape!"

Tempted by Pleasure?
Think of it a moment. What do we have here, a Siberia, that so many of us spend so much time "escaping"?

Or have we, like errant civilizations before us, been tempted into a glut of pleasure simply because so much is so easily available? Have we just kept sopping it up? While over our shoulder looms the lengthening shadow of a rival culture which sternly hews to its labors, with little time for pleasure-seeking, aspiring to topple us.

We made a name for ourselves in the past through the sweat of many brows. We

earned the plaudits of the world. Now that we're on top it may be time to heed John Ruskin's warning: "The greatest efforts of the race have always been traceable to the love of praise, as its greatest catastrophes to the love of pleasure."

Our pursuit of kicks, sensation, and the soft, indulgent life has produced in many, as it must, an inner emptiness. We have the highest level of living in the world and probably also the highest level of neurosis.

We offer every form of pleasure-producing escapism, and when the jag of it wears off we offer a bottle of happiness pills. When these wear off, those who can afford it go to psychiatrists.

We Avoid Work
"What can I do? I've tried all the things that are supposed to make me happy — and I'm miserable," says the patient.

"Have you tried accomplishing something? If you did something worth while you might like yourself better. Then you'd feel happier," says the doctor.

How we have perfected the art of avoiding work and exertion! We have turned the genius of our drawing boards and factories to the creation of labor-saving devices of every kind; we have put our economic brains to the task of producing leisure, leisure, and more leisure; we have shortened the day, cut down the work, and made it a sin of the first sociological magnitude to require any individual to take the slightest overdose of that horrible potion known as toil.

The venerable Albert Schweitzer made this own comment recently on our passion for avoiding exertion — a comment without words. In Brussels last November to receive an award for humanitarianism, Schweitzer saw ahead of him both a staircase and a moving stairway in the building where the award was to be conferred. He, at age 85, chose the staircase.

Dignitaries who were escorting him quickly got the message and followed Schweitzer up the stairs — all but a few officials who had gone ahead and were already, somewhat abashed, gliding upward at their ease.

Far Enough
Schweitzer was not making a case against moving stairways (they're wonderful in department stores and big buildings). He was merely saying to fellow humans, in his inimitable, unpredictable way, "Haven't we gone far enough in this worship of ease? Let's not be afraid of a little effort and exertion."

We have succeeded so well in our production of ease that in some instances we have overshot the mark and developed a breed of people who get mired down emotionally in the leisure of it all. We have to give them "occupational therapy" — work medicine.

Samuel Johnson wrote in the 18th century, "Labor, if it were not necessary to the existence, would be indispensable to the happiness of man."

Modern psychiatry recognizes this every time an emotionally mixed up patient is put to work doing something productive. Worthwhile accomplishment is the greatest happiness pill there is.

Why so? Here one can literally answer, "Only God knows." For this is one of the mysteries He built into us. We see the results. We see, repeatedly, the jaded emptiness of people who get too much and give too little. We know the playboy idler is unhappy. We're familiar with the nightclub neurotic, the painful pleasure-seeker. We are aware of the coddled woman who is given everything she

asks for but is strangely unable to discover any joy in life.

A 'Personal Evaluator'

It is as though God has built into us a "personal evaluator" just as He built in a conscience. It sums us up, inside ourselves. If it decides that we have worked hard, accomplished something worthwhile (or at least tried hard), and thus earned our pleasure — it lets us have that pleasure. But if this mystical force within us sees that we have earned nothing it will give nothing. We can go to fancy places, spend gobs of money, gorge ourselves with entertainment — and still be unhappy. It is a verdict we pass upon ourselves.

"I force my son to work hard, even though he kicks like a steer and tries to get out of it," a wise father said to me. "You see, I know that after the work's done he'll feel all good inside at having done it. If I let him loaf, he'd enjoy the loafing while it lasted but feel miserable afterward."

A golfer I know remarked, "It's a funny thing, but if I take a day off to play golf and don't feel I've really earned it, I just can't enjoy the game. But, on the other hand, when I've been working like blazes and feel very good about what I've accomplished, I can knock off a day for golf and enjoy every minute of it."

A metropolitan newspaper recently carried a classified ad by a man who had retired with a \$20,000-a-year income for the rest of his life. He was looking for work.

Wasn't Happy
"I've tried a dozen ways of being happy — some of the finest pleasures I know: hunting, sailing, travel, marvelous restaurants, theater, ball games, races — the works. But they're nothing. I feel like a free loader," the man explained. "I'll never get a kick out of those pleasures until I get back to doing some work, earning my keep."

The man got a job in the trust department of a bank. Six months later he told a friend, "I get more pleasure now out of sailing, or just loafing on Saturdays than I used to when I could go pleasure-seeking seven days a week."

The very satisfaction a man feels when he has worked and worked well is the living indication that work is good for the human species. Conversely, the gnawing inner feeling of worthlessness, amounting often to neurosis, which besets the loafer and free-loader is another indication that God intended man to pull his weight.

Must Earn Happiness
"Work is given to men not only because the world needs it, but because the workman needs it," wrote the Scottish philosopher, Henry Drummond.

Work has been slighted in our time. It's been regarded as a necessary evil, to be ducked as skillfully as possible, whenever possible. Like naive children, we haven't wanted to enter the contest; all we wanted were the prizes.

There is a very big contest going on in the world right now. Not just a materialistic competition to "catch up," stay ahead, or outstrip. But a more important contest to find man's best way of living. Thomas Carlyle gave us one clue to it: "Even the meanest sort of labor, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the instant he sets himself to work."

He's earning his happiness. **Tomorrow — Let's Find God** (Distributed by The Register and Tribune Syndicate)

Great-Great-Grandpa Never Spanks Kids
Dallas, Tex. — Grant Lund, 96, said he has seven children, 36 grandchildren, 164 great-grandchildren and 19 great-great-grandchildren.

"I never spanked a child in my life," he volunteered.

Cop's Ear for Music Catches a Burglar

Essex Center, Vt. — A policeman's ear for music helped catch a burglar. The officer heard a radio playing in the coat of a young man and asked him where he got it.

The youth said he took the radio as security for a loan to a friend.

The friend admitted that he had obtained the radio when he broke into a house the previous night.

FREE OF PESTS

Hamilton—Bermuda is a land free of snakes, poisonous spiders and rabbits.

Make Your Own



7168

by Alice Brooks

Does your room need a new look? Rejuvenate your chairs, sofas with fresh slipcovers that you have made.

Easy to make with these clear step-by-step directions. Instructions 7168: directions for slipcovers for chairs, sofas.

Send THIRTY-FIVE cents (coins) for this pattern — add 5 cents for each pattern for 1st-class mailing. Send to Medford Mail Tribune, Household Arts Dept., P.O. Box 168, Old Chelsea Station, New York 11, N. Y. Print plainly NAME, ADDRESS, PATTERN NUMBER.

JUST OUT! Our New 1960 Alice Brooks Needlecraft Book contains THREE FREE Patterns. Plus ideas galore for home furnishings, fashions, gifts, toys, bazaar sellers — exciting, unusual designs to crochet, knit, sew, embroider, huck weave, quilt. Be first with the newest—send 25 cents now!

University Alumni To Elect Officers

Eugene — Joe A. McKeown, University of Oregon graduate of the class of 1929 and a member of the executive committee of the Alumni association since 1957, has been nominated for the position of president of the University of Oregon Alumni association.

McKeown is an attorney in Coos Bay and one of three state commissioners on uniform state laws. Nominated as vice president of the association is Judge A. T. Goodwin, former circuit judge of Lane county who recently was named to the supreme court bench of Oregon.

A mail ballot will be held during spring term for election of the officers.

ROBS PRAYING WOMAN

Richmond, Va. —(UPI)—John James Neeman, 21, pleaded guilty Monday to charges he beat and robbed Mrs. Francis Solari as she knelt in prayer at the altar of a Roman Catholic Church. Sentence was not passed immediately.

Car Wouldn't Start For Logical Reason

Omaha, Neb. — There was one good reason why Norma Briller's car wouldn't start, he told police. Someone had stolen the fuel injection system.

NEED 220-100 AMP SERVICE
LET SEARS ARRANGE INSTALLATION
AS LOW AS
\$85.00
Nothing Down, 3 Years To Pay On Sears Modernizing Credit Plan
Includes: Service for Range, Dryer and Hot Water Tank
Up to 30 Feet Each. Plus 8 Circuits.
PHONE SP 3-6661 FOR FREE ESTIMATES

REVIVAL
Continues This Week,
Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, 8 P.M.
(No Meeting Friday Night)
Evangelist
ALLEN L. CRABTREE

Special Music
Every Meeting,
Vocal and
Instrumental

APOSTOLIC FAITH CHURCH
N. Central at 3rd, Medford-Loyce C. Carver, Pastor
Phone SP 2-2757



Giant corkscrews help speed new phone lines into service

It often used to take a phone crew a full day to put up five or six telephone poles. But today, with the help of huge power augers, a crew can easily dig holes and set 15 poles in a day. This is an example of the tools we develop to do the job better and faster. For saving time on the job helps us give you the most value for your telephone dollar.

Pacific Telephone—Northwest
PART OF THE NATION-WIDE BELL SYSTEM

Edmund E. Hass
Vice-President
PACIFIC NORTHWEST COMPANY
Investment Securities
Since 1903

SUITE 303, FLUHRER BLDG. • PHONE SP 3-7319
5 SOUTH CENTRAL AVENUE

Consult With Mr. Hass on
Investment and Retirement Programs

Using the Securities of . . .
Utilities • Banks • Insurance • Industrial
Mutual Fund Shares

Other offices in Portland, Salem, Eugene, Seattle, Spokane, Tacoma, Aberdeen, Bellingham, Yakima, Wenatchee and Walla Walla.



The SURE satisfaction of 7 Crown strikes just the right note...after the strains of the day!
Tonight...SAY SEAGRAM'S AND BE SURE
SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

THINKS BIG

THE LARK IS THE COMPACTEST, BUT LOADS BIG. It's the truest compact, 3 to 15 inches shorter than all other compacts—bar none—but bigger inside! Larger-car head-shoulder-hip-leg room combine to make it a true six-passengers-in-comfort car.

THE LARK HAS BIG PERFORMANCE. Take your pick: hustling Six or 180 hp. V-8. Both famous for combining zip with outstanding gas economy.

THE LARK GIVES YOU BIG SAVINGS. The Lark has been proven to save up to 33% on fuel bills and up to 23% on maintenance (loads of saving facts on request).

THE LARK HAS BIG PROOF. More than a billion owner-driven miles. Proven also in over 1000 business and governmental fleets.

THE LARK HAS BIG VALUE. Official used car guides prove that The Lark consistently holds its value better than the average low-priced car.

THE LARK HAS THE BIGGEST SELECTION... unquestionably. Six stunning styles: 2- and 4-door sedans, 2- and 4-door station wagons, hardtop, convertible; two proven engines (V-8 or Six); three transmissions; seven axle ratios; optionals like Twin Tracdrion, Hill-Holder, head rests, reclining seats—a list as long as your arm.

Visit your Studebaker Dealer—and see the biggest values in town.

The Compact Without Compromise... **THE LARK** BY STUDEBAKER

'DE' LEIGH MOTORS 134 SOUTH RIVERSIDE
SEE THE NEW STUDEBAKER CHAMP PICKUPS — HANDSOME, HUSKY, LOWEST-PRICED TOO!