

Three Deaths

Three men died this week, and the loss of each is a loss to people who knew them, or of them, or who had enjoyed or profited by their work.

They lived and worked in entirely unrelated fields, and only by the fact that their deaths were all reported within two days is it possible to comment on them together.

One was Oscar Hammerstein II, 65, the giant of the entertainment world, whose musical comedies and songs have had Americans whistling for years.

Another was Oswald West, 87, governor of Oregon from 1911 to 1915.

The third was E. B. MacNaughton, 79, one of Oregon's most distinguished businessmen and men of affairs.

HOW many brighter hours has Hammerstein furnished for music-loving America? "Oklahoma!" "South Pacific." "The Sound of Music." And a dozen others, older than these but still beloved, and played and replayed, sung and re-sung.

His was a touch of genius, and, in the sense that great artists are truly immortal, Hammerstein has achieved immortality through his songs.

Music is magic, and those who create it are entitled to our humble gratitude.

OS WEST made no music. But his work in one short term of office wrought benefits to the people of Oregon which will be enjoyed for decades, or centuries, yet to come.

Best-known of his achievements was the Oregon law, which he pushed and bullied through the legislature, which placed in public ownership forever almost all of Oregon's 400 miles of magnificent Ocean beaches.

His, too, was the idea for the law which brought to public ownership the streambeds of most of Oregon's rivers.

And the list of his other lasting accomplishments goes on and on—miraculous for a one-term governor contending with a legislature of another party.

At Os West State Park, just north of the Neah-Kah-Nie headland, a sign reads:

"If Sight of Sand and Sky and Sea has Given Respite From Your Daily Cares—Then Pause to Thank Oswald West."

WHENEVER we visit the coast we do so.

And we recall with joy our few personal contacts with the man. On one occasion in 1946 or 1947, we drove the car which took him to the races at the State Fair in Salem.

Years later we dropped him a note and recalled that incident, saying we didn't suppose he would remember it. His reply was typical. He said:

"I never forgot anyone that drove me to the races."

ERNEST Boyd MacNaughton was never a public figure in the same sense as were the other men. But he played a big role in the development of Oregon over the past half-century.

A builder, banker, newspaperman, educator, philanthropist, churchman, leader in civic projects—the list of his achievements and activities goes on and on.

Every area of human activity engaged his interest. And when he started something, his unique combination of talents took him to the top.

He was president and later board chairman of the First National Bank, president of the Oregonian Publishing company for some years, president of Reed College for a difficult interim period, head of the Blue Cross in Oregon, moderator of the Unitarian church in the United States. And a list of his lesser-known activities would fill columns of type.

THESE three men—musician, public official, and businessman and civic servant of many talents—will be missed.

Their honors came to them, not through notoriety nor money nor flashy short-lived achievement, but through honesty of purpose.

Each was touched by a genius of a different sort, and backed it up by hard work, courage, and integrity.

The world is much richer because they lived. And that is the most that can be said of any man.—E.A.

Powers Condemned

Francis Gary Powers, the hard-luck pilot of the U2 plane shot down by Russia last May, has come in for considerable criticism lately.

"Why did he have to go and plead guilty?" is one question heard.

The answer is, he had no other choice. He had already been pleaded guilty, and by his own government, no less.

ON MONDAY, May 16, the Mail Tribune carried a story by Lyle Wilson, United Press International writer and vice president, which gave a good thumb-nail sketch of the events of the "incident." Wilson said:

"The first (U.S.) policy was to deny that such espionage had taken place. The second policy was to admit it and to insist that it was essential for national defense, and therefore, might be continued.

"The third policy... is that espionage flights over the Soviet Union have been suspended and will not be resumed."

With this sorry record of confusion, what else could Pilot Powers do? He was already condemned.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"I'M GONNA GET A JOB CLEANIN' SWIMMIN' POOLS... WHEN I LEARN HOW TO SWIM."

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 initials 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.

Agriculture and Prayer

To the Editor: In 1934, Secretary of Agriculture Henry Agard Wallace expressed his philosophy regarding agriculture in his published book, entitled "The New Frontiers."

Secretary Wallace was interested primarily in agricultural experimentation, such as hybrid corn, rather than economics.

News reporters remember the Chicago convention in 1944, when the "Reds" were in the Chicago stadium pledged to Mr. Wallace for the second term as vice president. However, the "voice of the sewers" began to holler, "We want Truman, and Senator Harry Truman was nominated in place of Mr. Wallace."

On March 1, 1945, Mr. Wallace was named Secretary of Commerce by President Roosevelt. Speaking in New York, on Sept. 12, 1946, Secretary Wallace castigated President Truman's foreign policy, urging a contrary policy of "appeasing Russia." President Truman requested and accepted Mr. Wallace's resignation.

In July, 1948, Mr. Wallace was nominated by the new third party, the Progressive party, receiving only 1,116,379 votes in the November election.

The "farm problem" has not been solved by either party. Many "constitutional lawyers" believe the "farm problem" will not be solved until Congress returns agriculture—the "farm problem"—to the states where it constitutionally belongs.

The 13 original sovereign states, in granting the "expressed powers" to Congress in Article I, section 8, listed 18 "expressed powers" surrendered to Congress.

The Tenth Amendment of the Bill of Rights expressly reads: "The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the states, are reserved to the states respectively, or to the people."

The late Will Rogers offered a solution to the "farm problem": "Plow under every other farm politician."

Domestic and world problems may be solved when we acknowledge the Supreme Absolute, such as:

"Lord make me an instrument of Thy peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy."

"O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood as to understand; to be loved as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

(—Francis of Assisi, 1273) Stephen E. Gillis, White City, Ore.

Welfare Drug Plan

To the Editor: It was with considerable surprise that I read in your paper of Aug. 7, 1950, the statements by Mr. Gordon Hudson regarding the list of basic drugs recently adopted for welfare use.

This drug plan was developed in close cooperation with representatives of the Oregon State Pharmaceutical Association, the Oregon State Medical Society, the University of Oregon Medical School, the Oregon State College of Pharmacy, and members of the prac-

The Devil's Tools

To the Editor: I want to share with you and your readers a few helpful paragraphs that a very dear friend has had put down in print. This well known radio pastor has put out a little booklet entitled, "Be Not Afraid." Here are a few lines that have been especially helpful to me.

"You say you are discouraged? Has somebody disappointed you? Have you had reverses in business? Has your health failed? Has your dearest earthly tie been severed by the cruel hand of death? Have you tried and failed in living the victorious life? Have the cares of life seemed to overwhelm you? Does everything seem to go wrong? Discouragement is one of the Devil's most successful methods of keeping men and women from the joys of fellowship with God. There is an old story that tells of an announcement that

Red China Wooing Japan With Cultural Exchanges; Trade Proposals Said Lagging

By PETER CRAIGMOE appeal largely to big business. Tokyo—(UPI)—Communist China is vigorously trying to capture the China is vigorously trying to capture the Japanese woo Japan away from her ties with the West, particularly appeals: travel and cultural the United States. Already exchange. Peiping has offered some The new trend, in sharp contrast to the days when Peiping still has not made Nobusuke Kishi was premier. any concrete economic or has been interpreted here as trade proposals—which would an attempt to gain willing

friends for China and capital on anti-American propaganda in recent months.

An agreement signed in Peiping last week between the Japanese and Communist Chinese cultural exchange associations received major billing over Radio Peiping. Red Chinese Premier Chou En-lai even welcomed Japanese cultural delegate Kenzo Nakajima at a luncheon, a relatively rare tribute to a non-diplomatic official.

The exchange provides for a Japanese chorus to give performances and for exhibitions of Japanese arts, photography and calligraphy (artistic writing) in Red China.

Peiping's price for this is a series of exhibitions in Japan of Red Chinese workers and peasants, Communist Chinese cartoons and graphic arts, children's paintings and photography and calligraphy.

These exhibits will likely be undisguised propaganda. This was admitted in a meeting of Red Chinese writers and artists earlier this month when Peiping emphasized that art and literature were to be expressions of the Communist party line.

Observers here feel the Peiping propaganda campaign will have little immediate effect. Until Red China comes quoting letters to the Editor.

Of course, there must be a devil, imps and all, because who else could be responsible for such foolishness?

Without the Bible to quote from, you all would be tongue-tied and helpless, because you can't think for yourselves at all.

With your preacher's itch, and for the want of a church, you use the Mail Tribune to do your preaching by quoting from the Bible in letters to the Editor.

No, we don't have to read it. But it takes up good space that could be used for letters that belong in that part of the paper.

You are in the right paper, but the wrong page. There's a special page in the paper for religious news.

So, whatever church you belong to, stay in your seat where you belong, and do the listening, not the preaching.

You amateur preachers do more harm than good. Why don't you let your pastors do the preaching?

William Helpher c/o Addie D. Train Route 2, Box 312-A Gold Hill, Ore.

Gold Tales To the Editor: Perseverance was rewarded by finding excerpts and numerous personal records of the successful early day miner and prospector in southern Oregon, dating around 60 to 70 years ago.

His way of living was not always a customary, easy one. Sometimes before striking "pay dirt" his food supply would almost become nil. One old timer we knew personally said he and his brother had cooked the last pot of beans only minutes before they uncovered a \$10,000 pocket near the Applegate river divide.

Another old placer miner subsisted on grey squirrels before he could make the first rifle "clean up."

One pocket hunter told me all he had for a week was canned tomatoes to eat before he made a strike in five figures. That was in comparatively recent years.

Here is a true one about a Josephine county prospector. After making a fabulous gold pocket strike, he breezed into Grants Pass, to a high toned restaurant, and ordered a dozen chicken gizzards fried in the best style of a connoisseur, 70 years ago.

An old recluse miner in Fiddlers gulch, or Joe gulch, collected live rattlesnakes and kept them in a box under his bunk in a cabin near Woodville, Ore., one time.

Bert Kissinger 320 Boardman st. Medford.

And, for a brief time, me. The tall, shadowy stands of trees are the same here as there.

Only here (in Oregon) they're called fir and pine, instead of palm and scrub oak.

And what a grand view of the mountains from each valley floor. Here on the Rogue you clearly see the glaciated Cascades many, many miles away.

There (at home) it's the same. As far away as Sierra Madre is from the valley, if you stand on the northern edge and wipe your eyes you can see a firebreak.

Even culture. Here in the pleasant little town of Ashland one of America's great Shakespearean festivals is in progress.

Here one finds a whole summerful of fine Elizabethan acting. There in the San Gabriel Valley...

Well, I'll think of something. Why, then, if these two valleys are so similar, did I come here, instead of staying home for vacation?

Are you kidding?

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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 Aug. 24, 1950 (Thursday) Final arrangements were being completed this afternoon for tonight's fall opening event in Medford's business district.

A threatened nation-wide railroad strike set for Monday would do untold damage to the Rogue valley's pear, apple and peach crops which are just now starting to be harvested.

20 YEARS AGO Aug. 24, 1940 (Saturday) Senator Charles McNary (R-Ore.), candidate for vice president, said he will leave the major campaigning to his running mate, Wendell L. Willkie.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "A party headed by H. Flewher, the demon baker, journeyed to the top of the Cascades over the week-end. Dock Durno went along."

30 YEARS AGO Aug. 24, 1930 (Monday) The entire town of Prospect was threatened for a while by an early morning fire that destroyed a sawmill.

The new Holly theater will hold its grand opening next Friday.

40 YEARS AGO Aug. 24, 1920 (Wednesday) Ten Army planes were on hand yesterday at the dedication of the fairgrounds field.

Governor Olcott has named a committee to investigate conditions at Crater Lake lodge.

50 YEARS AGO Aug. 24, 1910 (Wednesday) The winds suddenly changed their direction and increased in velocity yesterday and are now driving a raging forest fire towards Ashland.

Hikers yesterday discovered a caved-in gold mine near Gold Ray and it is thought to contain the body of a missing miner.

What's Your I.Q.? Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.

1. Was Solomon's throne made of gold, ivory, or silver?

2. Is Louisville or Lexington the capital of Kentucky?

3. Name the Indian princess who married John Rolfe

4. Name the five senses.

5. Name the strings on a violin.

6. Is asphalt insoluble in water, or gasoline?

7. Rabbits belong to the rodent family; true or false?

8. Genuine Roquefort cheese is made principally from the milk of cows, ewes, or goats?

9. Which U.S. President issued the emancipation proclamation?

10. Name the author of the novel, "Oliver Twist"?

Answers: 1. Ivory. 2. Neither. 3. Pocahontas. 4. Sight, smell, hearing, taste, touch. 5. E. A. D. C. E. Water. 7. True. 8. Ewes. 9. Abraham Lincoln. 10. Charles Dickens.

Editorial Comment

Os West — Never Another Like Him

Once in a century, perhaps, comes a man so colorful, so courageous, so wise in the ways of his fellows and so mindful of their welfare that the memory of his deeds and wit-spiced sayings stands out like a beacon in the history of his state.

Such a man was Os West, whose turbulent yet productive career ended quietly—ironically so—in his bed with his boots off—Monday morning. He was 87.

So much has been written and said about Os West, so many adjectives have been used to describe his characteristics and accomplishments, that one hardly knows where to begin in paying tribute to this man. Inimitable. Indomitable. Bizarre. Tragical. Heroic. Lovable. Great friend of the people. They all fit Os West and the Os West saga.

But to describe him adequately, his purple prose, his crusty exterior which partly concealed his abiding faith in his state and the eternal verities to which he clung, you have to judge him by his pet hates. They represented in reverse the things and people he admired and loved and fought for all his life.

For Os West, you see, devoted almost all of his career to fighting the stuffed shirts, the spoilers, the fakery, the racketeers, the hypocrites and the all-around bums of his era.

Largely self-educated, from grammar school to his bar exams, he never forgot the tribulations of his youth, poverty, hardships, a drunken father, nor the inspiration of his sainted mother.

This accounts for his abiding hatred of liquor and the two promises he made his mother—never to drink, and some day to become governor of Oregon.

These promises he kept. But the other promise he made in his youth, half serious, half jest—to shoot a bartender—he did not live to fulfill.

Oregon will remember Os West for the history-making term he served as Democratic governor—four hectic years in which he jammed widespread reforms through an unwilling Republican legislature.

And while Gov. West always derided "the do-gooders" of his time, he became one of the really great do-gooders of Oregon history—prison reform, improvement of state institutions, saving Oregon's beaches for the people for all time, protection of women and children in industry, creation of the state board of control, the state game commission and the office of state printer, to name a few.

And no one will forget his single-handed expose of the school land grabbers and the recovery for his state of almost a million acres of valuable timber land.

But we shall remember Os West as a friend who made history live, whose worldly wise advice and pithy comment inspired and enlivened our days. Like thousands of others, we are proud to have known Os West, the incomparable. There will never be another.

—Oregon Journal, Portland

The devil was going out of business, and would offer all his tools for sale to whosoever would pay his price.

"On the night of the sale they were all attractively displayed, and a bad looking lot they were. Malice, hatred, envy, jealousy, sensuality, and deceit, and all the other implements of evil were spread out, each marked with its price. Apart from the rest lay a harmless looking, wedge shaped tool, much worn, and priced higher than any of them.

"Some one asked the devil what it was. That's discouragement," was the reply.

"Why do you have it priced so high?"

"Because," replied the devil, "it is more useful to me than any of the others. I can pry open and get inside a man's consciousness with that when I would not get near him with any of the others; and when once inside, I can use him in whatever way suits me best. It is much worn because I use it with nearly everybody, since few persons yet know it belongs to me."

"It hardly need be added that the devil's price for discouragement was so high that it was never sold. He still owns it, and is still using it."

Well, I thought these lines would be appreciated by some of you readers. If any desire a free copy of the complete little booklet, a non-sectarian compilation, you can secure it by calling me or writing direct to Pastor Tucker, Box 323, Redlands, Calif.

Henry Johnson Jr. 2400 Highway 66 Ashland, Ore.

Social Production

To the Editor: Who furnishes the food for the poor, the helpless, the blind, the aged, even the criminals? How much, what kind? Their clothing, the bedding, their care, etc.? Does the county, state, or the federal government? No doubt all contribute a portion, but in what proportion?

It doesn't matter too much, but it's all paid by the tax.

John P. Wirth, 3022 Butte st. Klamath Falls, Ore. (Formerly 120 Laurel st., Medford)

Amateur Preachers To the Editor: To the few would-be preachers, who babble on about the existence of a devil, and religion, we do have too many devil-explaining, devil-blaming and Bible

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