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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**  
 Oct. 23, 1950 (Monday)  
 After a meeting with leaders of 10 local industries yesterday, a member of the interstate commerce commission said here that the boxcar shortage in the Rogue valley next year should be less than it was this past summer.

Jackson county selective service officials report that next month's draft calls will include men 19 years of age.

**20 YEARS AGO**  
 Oct. 23, 1940 (Wednesday)  
 The annual Medford-Ashland high school football classic will be played in Medford this year as the feature of the American Legion Armistice day celebration Nov. 11.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "An auto accident was narrowly averted on Sixth st. late yesterday due to a car going faster than the driver was thinking."

**30 YEARS AGO**  
 Oct. 23, 1930 (Thursday)  
 Yesterday was the quietest day in history here in police circles without a single arrest or complaint.

A check shows that 10,085 students are now enrolled in Jackson county schools.

**40 YEARS AGO**  
 Oct. 23, 1920 (Saturday)  
 A new cement sidewalk on Sixth st., between Central ave. and Bartlett st., was opened to traffic today.

Republicans will hold a rally here on Oct. 27.

**50 YEARS AGO**  
 Oct. 23, 1910 (Sunday)  
 The value of property in Jackson county increased \$10 million over last year to a 1910 high of \$36 million.

Oswald West, state railroad commissioner and Democratic candidate for Governor, will arrive in Medford today for two or three days of campaigning.

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

1. What do the Italians call Naples?
2. What President of the United States preceded Lincoln?
3. What would this be in Arabic numerals - MMCCXXXIV?
4. What animal is the mascot of the Naval Academy football team?
5. Who is the hero in the "Merchant of Venice"?
6. What colors are contained in the French flag?
7. What is the number of the Psalm beginning, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want"?
8. Did the Roman Empire ever include Holland?
9. Who was the eldest son of Adam?
10. Name the author of Ivanhoe.

Answers: 1. Napoli. 2. James Buchanan. 3. 2234. 4. Goat. 5. Antonio. 6. Red, white and blue. 7. Twenty-third. 8. Yes. 9. Cain. 10. Sir Walter Scott.

**RECEIVES AEC GIFT**  
 Tokyo - The U.S. Atomic Energy Commission presented two collections of books and documents on atomic energy to the Japanese Diet library Thursday. Each collection contains about 50,000 documents compiled during more than five years of research and development by the U.S. commission.

### A Tribute

In the midst of the mounting excitement and furore of the election campaign, let us pause for a moment and change the subject—to the recent death of a woman widely known and respected in this area, Mrs. Callie Palm.

We were not acquainted with her, and thus do not feel qualified to pay her a fitting tribute. But one of our readers who did know her wrote a few words, and we are glad to pass them along.

They follow:  
 "Callie Palm was not only a gracious lady, a devoted and sincere churchwoman, but as a true Christian, her religion embraced the animal kingdom.  
 "In 1928, Mrs. Palm became a charter member of the Southern Oregon Humane Society. She served as director and vice president continuously for many years. Later she became president and served until the dissolution of the Humane Society.  
 "Mrs. Palm responded generously whenever the need arose. However, her greatest contribution was the atmosphere of love, mercy, kindness, gentleness and goodness she generated toward the lower orders of God's creation.  
 "Both Mrs. Palm and her husband were fond of dogs and for many years their car, with the well-cared-for and well-trained Cocker, attracted much attention when parked along Main street.  
 "Attesting to her kindness is the fountain in the city park, with a watering place for dogs.  
 "Rowland Hill wrote:  
 "I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very cat and dog are not better for it."  
 "So, with the many good deeds she sent before her, we know Callie Palm believed this, too."

—E.A.

### Two Good Men

It is a happy circumstance that, no matter who wins the election for state treasurer, the state of Oregon is assured of a high-caliber, well-prepared, universally respected official.

The contestants are:  
 Ward Cook, Democrat, a state senator from Multnomah county, about whom we have heard absolutely nothing bad and much that is good.

Howard Belton, Republican, now serving as treasurer by appointment. A Canby farmer and businessman, Belton served many years in the legislature, as senate president, and on occasion, as acting governor. He also has run, unsuccessfully, for the treasurer's post in the past.

**BOTH** men, we are certain, are completely honest, entirely dedicated to doing their best for the state, and are sincere in their desire to be of service.

As far as we have been able to ascertain, only one real issue, and it is a relatively minor one, separates them.

Belton reports that, by judicious use of his investment powers, he has substantially increased the state's income from interest.

Cook declares that, while this may be true, the investments were made out-of-state; that if they had been made in Oregon they would have helped stimulate the limping economy, and that any loss in income might well have been more than recouped by a resulting higher tax "take."

**COOK** is a moderate liberal; Belton a moderate conservative.

Each is a sincere humanitarian (important when it comes to the operation of the state's institutions, handled by the board of control, of which the treasurer is a member); yet each is also a realist and a hard man with the public's dollar.

Either would do credit to the state in its third-highest office, and therefore we make no recommendation in this race.

We will only add that, for largely personal reasons of respect, admiration and affection, our own vote will go to Belton.—E.A.

### Too Arbitrary--Vote "No"

Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. retired in 1932 after serving 30 years on the United States Supreme Court. He was 91.

The World Book Encyclopedia declares that he came to be regarded as one of the great justices of American history, and his being called "The Great Dissenter" gives evidence of this.

George Rossman is generally regarded as one of the finest minds on the Oregon Supreme Court. He was reelected two years ago, after long and distinguished service. He is 75.

**THESE** are only two samples of the reasons we are opposed strongly to Ballot Measure No. 9 on the general election ballot—"Compulsory retirement for Judges." The age limit would be 75, but the legislature could lower that to 70.

A judicial office is not like others. It gains as the incumbent gains in maturity and experience and judgment and wisdom. And on these there is no arbitrary age limit.

The proposed constitutional amendment includes a paragraph which also would authorize or require the retirement of judges for physical or mental disability, or any other cause rendering judges incapable of performing their judicial duties.

**SUCH** a provision we could support, but not when it is tied in to an arbitrary, compulsory age-retirement provision.

As it is now, the measure is the rankest age discrimination, and could well deprive us of some of the finest judicial minds in the state.

We hope the voters snuff this one under. We recommend a "no" vote on Measure No. 9.—E.A.

### Dennis the Menace



MOM! I FINALLY LEARNED TO USE HIS DUKES!

### Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann

#### INFIGHTING

The late John Foster Dulles used constantly to preach that the cardinal rule in diplomacy was, as he put it, to seek "to prevent war by preventing miscalculation by a potential aggressor."

This, he said, meant a "policy of making clear our position in advance.... We have learned by hard experience that failure to make our position known in advance makes war more likely because then an aggressor was thinking of course, of the Kaiser in the first World War, Hitler in the second, and of the Soviet and its North Korean satellite in the Korean war.

Why is it then that during this campaign we are being told by Mr. Nixon's supporters that the opposite is true, that it is often better not to draw the line at which you intend to fight, that it is often better to keep the adversary guessing? This is the thesis which Mr. Lodge is propounding and this is the position taken by "Life" magazine in discussing the lamentable Quemy-Matsu issue. Was Mr. Dulles wrong when he called upon the country "to make clear our position in advance" of a potential aggression? What has happened to make it a virtue to keep the adversary guessing about whether you will or whether you will not defend a particular territory?

**THERE** is a strong case to be made that John Foster Dulles was wrong in his doctrine. But that is not what has brought about this reversal of the Republican doctrine.

What has happened is that Mr. Nixon has chosen to "exploit" the words from "Life" magazine—the very uncomfortable predicament in which, against our will and judgment, we are trapped. In 1955, when we made the treaty guaranteeing Formosa and the Pescadores, President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles refused to include Quemy and Matsu. They tried to persuade Chiang Kai-shek to evacuate these islands, and when he refused, being supported by powerful figures both inside the Administration and in the Senate, President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles refused to include Quemy and Matsu. They tried to persuade Chiang Kai-shek to evacuate these islands, and when he refused, being supported by powerful figures both inside the Administration and in the Senate, President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles refused to include Quemy and Matsu. They tried to persuade Chiang Kai-shek to evacuate these islands, and when he refused, being supported by powerful figures both inside the Administration and in the Senate, President Eisenhower and Secretary Dulles refused to include Quemy and Matsu.

The formula was to satisfy Chiang and his friends who wanted a guarantee of the offshore islands, and it was to satisfy a majority of the Senate who did not wish to guarantee the offshore islands.

This formula, however, violated the most cherished doctrine and principle of John Foster Dulles. He had to give in because Chiang Kai-shek and his American supporters were too strong for him.

**THE WHOLE** thing is a monument to the failure of the Eisenhower administration to carry through its own policy, and to define candidly and openly the commitments of the United States.

The truth of the matter is that for five years we have been stuck with these islands. We have been entangled with Chiang and unable to do what we believe in. All that Senator Kennedy has said about this is that he would try once again to negotiate with Chiang in order to disentangle us, and he would try to do what the President himself wanted to do, to do what Mr. Herter has said plainly he would like to do, to do what the principles and convictions of John Foster Dulles called for.

He would like, if he can induce Chiang to agree, "to make clear our position in advance" of hostilities. It is ludicrous to call this appeasement and surrender.

**ALONG** this line of campaigning there is something more to be said about Mr. Nixon's many references to "regrets" about the U-2. To hear Mr. Nixon talk, one would suppose Senator Kennedy had said that the President should don sackcloth and ashes, and go barefoot and on his knees up the steps of the Kremlin. To hear Mr. Nixon talk, one would suppose that the formal expression of diplomatic regrets about the violation of another country's territory was something that no loyal American and no genuine anti-Communist would ever dream of.

Mr. Nixon does not have much diplomatic experience and he has very little knowledge of the history and practices of diplomacy and no accurate knowledge of the diplomatic record of the Administration to which he belongs.

For in 1958, according to the "New York Times" of Feb. 2, the United States sent apologies to the Soviet Union because a United States Air Force jet made an accidental flight over East German territory. In June 1958, when the Soviet Union shot down an unarmed American transport over Soviet Armenia, the United States in a note to the Soviet government, denied that the transport had deliberately violated Soviet territory. But it added, "If, in fact, the aircraft... inadvertently... crossed the Soviet frontier, the government of the United States regrets that fact."

Mr. Nixon talks as if, by not expressing regrets, we had avoided an "intelligence gap," had protected ourselves against a Pearl Harbor. But have we? The U-2 flights have been suspended and, moreover, now that the whole affair has been blown up to an unforgettable importance, they can never be resumed.

In the spy business, the Administration, including Mr. Nixon, who was never at the center of things, acted like amateurs in a panic. Had the President disavowed personal responsibility, as in espionage all heads of government always do, and had he tried to close the incident with conventional diplomatic regrets, our standing in the world would be better than it is today, and our intelligence operations would be no more constrained than they now are.

With Berlin in terms of the search for world safety. A spectacle of volley and counter-volley in which neither man concedes a single point or admits a single error, past or present, by himself or his party, is merely an exercise in point scoring, a travesty on the debating institution in its academic or parliamentary sense. Truth is neither turgid nor neatly packageable; it is elusive, many-sided, a harvest gathered only with patience, humility and largesse.

On and off television the hallooms of selected facts and claims, exaggerations, lies both little white and big black, is lashing the crop, filling eyes, ears and nose with dust and chaff.

No doubt a desperate plaintiff or defendant (to complete this mixed grill of metaphors) testifying from a witness chair perched on a soap box in a shouting courtroom canister not be regarded as full possession of his faculties, so a mistrial is not apt to be called after Nov. 8 on grounds of perjury. But, in the absence of the recording angel, let us perform the functions of the court reporter, and jot down a few of the non-truths so far loosed upon the jury.

Considering first those of an apocalyptic nature, reason whimpers in pain at Mr. Kennedy's accusation that Mr. Nixon is trigger-happy, as it does at Nixon's solemn assertion that loss of the rocky ridges of Quemy and Matsu would lead us into world war three. It was Ike, not Dick, who cut his palm showing Mamie how to fa-la six-gun, and Khrushchev's game is blackjack, not dominoes, falling or otherwise.

And if Nixon's observation

### Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

#### THE CHURNING POINT

St. Paul, Minn.—With only three weeks to go, the Presidential campaign seems to be as far as ever from the turning point—one would expect.

Instead the campaign appears to have reached what may be called a churning point.

This was the impression conveyed, at any rate, by a long, intensive day of door-bell ringing in the Twin Cities by Eugene Newhall and Gene Malott, of "The St. Paul Pioneer Press" and "Dispatch," and this reporter. We talked, altogether, with 105 voters in two quiet lower middle-to-middle income districts, number 8 in Ward 11 of Minneapolis, and number 10 of Ward 11 in St. Paul.

The striking feature was the total absence of strongly crystallized, widely held opinions. There was nothing even remotely resembling the set patterns of response that prevailed in the Eisenhower-Stevenson campaigns. Almost from the start of those campaigns, almost all Eisenhower voters emphasized the President's niceness and goodness, while all Stevenson voters either took their stand as loyal Democrats, or admiringly spoke of Adlai Stevenson as a "high-type" intellectual fellow.

United States regrets that fact.

This year, moreover, the Eisenhower-Nixon administration expressed its "sincere regrets" to Castro's government because a private plane of Castro's Cuban enemies had taken off from American territory, eluding our airport patrols.

**SO WHAT** is the point of making such a fuss about Senator Kennedy's point that he would have liked to settle the U-2 affair by expressing the regrets which are normal diplomatic practice?

Mr. Nixon talks as if, by not expressing regrets, we had avoided an "intelligence gap," had protected ourselves against a Pearl Harbor. But have we? The U-2 flights have been suspended and, moreover, now that the whole affair has been blown up to an unforgettable importance, they can never be resumed.

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AT THIS late stage in this campaign, in contrast, only the rock-ribbed Republicans continue to speak of Vice President Nixon as "more experienced" and Senator Kennedy as "immature." If the television debates have done anything, they have blunted the "experience" issue. But only the rock-ribbed Democrats speak of Nixon with distaste and welcome Kennedy as the "man to get the country moving again."

In between, you may run into anything at all, from a conservative Catholic small businessman who "no longer leans to Kennedy" because he "promises too much," to a Republican Lutheran school teacher who has concluded that Nixon is "wishy washy and insincere." On the issues the candidates have tried to make, and on the personalities of the candidates themselves, opinion is now churning almost aimlessly and quite unpredictably.

Only two phenomena are really well marked. Senator Kennedy is certainly gaining former Republican votes among the Catholics, but even in big, relatively cosmopolitan cities like these, Kennedy is also losing votes because of anti-Catholic prejudice among industrial workers and others who might be expected to support the Democrats. Close to one person in ten in our sample was influenced by anti-Catholic feeling.

As to the second well-marked phenomenon, it is Vice President Nixon's continuing inability to command anything like the support that was given to President Eisenhower. This Nixon failure is illustrated by the detailed breakdown of our Twin Cities sample.

**THE QUESTION** is, quite simply, whether the Republican fall-off in the urban areas will be enough to overcome the Eisenhower majority in 1956. It is a particularly acute question, here in this state, because the so-called religious issue seems to be producing a kind of stand-off in the Protestant rural areas, despite bitter farm discontent.

The outcome in Minnesota is anyone's guess, because the Eisenhower majority here was far from gigantic.

But in this reporter's opinion, the primary reason why the outcome is unpredictable is the central fact already noted, the strange fact that the campaign has only reached a churning point.

The churning is bound to stop. The turning point is bound to come, either because of the next television debate, or because of the vast, last minute campaign of religious prejudice which is reportedly planned, or because of Kennedy's success in meeting the campaign, or for some other reason.

One can be sure opinion will crystallize before Election day, but one cannot be sure, alas, exactly how this will happen.

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# POTLUCK

(By M-T Staff and Contributors)

**WHOOO-EEEE!**  
 What a week! The politicians were on the march, in force, and when politicians start marching, the work-load of the newspaper staff goes up, too.

The politicians march led most of them, among other places, into the newsroom, to renew acquaintances of two, or four, or even six years ago; some of them to ask for editorial support, others to hint they'd like it; others just coming in to say hello.

By actual count, 14 office-seekers, at the state, district or local level, dropped in (the bulk of them on Thursday), and several others called what they say for what they aren't.

We were glad to see them. We like politicians. We believe that politicians (as a group) are unduly maligned, and that the vast majority of them (with a few exceptions) are sincerely seeking to serve their community, county, district or state to the best of their ability.

And my! what a beating they take! Not only do they take it from each other, but also from constituents and voters (not to mention newspaper editorial writers) for their acts of commission and omission, for what they say, for what they don't say, for what they are and for what they aren't.

A hardy breed, politicians. Our hat is off to them—ALL of them, whether we happen to agree with them or not.

A lady campaigner (not herself, an actual politician) from Roseburg was here to make a speech on behalf of a candidate the other day. A woman we know attended, and when she got home her husband asked, "And did she make her usual Geddes burg address?"

The following contribution may, perhaps, be recognized by the distinctive style of the writer. Try it:

And there were the mighty hunters from Eagle Point way who went after some winter-time provender in the high Lake Creek country. Some four of 'em, each with annual notches on their shooting irons, more or less, took off for the higher places. No luck; no buck. Getting back—bushed and beaten, they found the one little woman teetering nervously against the car fender, not sure what to do next, for to one side lay a fat buck deer. Seems like she had decided it wasn't the thing to do to go scrambling up the mountains, when lo, or even more'n that, here comes a band of deer traipsing down from where the mighty hunters had gone. She dimly remembers lifting her rifle onto a likely-looking antlered one, pressing the trigger, and whomp, she had one.

All of which is remindful of:

A hundred years or so ago there came to forests here, A man with powder in a gun To get himself a deer. But how such things have changed about. The male does best he can, The "dear" puts powder on her face And gets herself a man.

While in poetic mood, here's one we swiped from the Klamath Falls Herald and News:  
 A boy who swims may say he swum,  
 But milk is skimmed and never skum.  
 And nails you trim, they are not trim,  
 A nose is twanked, and can't be twoken.  
 And what you seek is never soken.  
 If we forget, then we've forgotten.  
 But things we wet are never wotten.  
 And houses let cannot be lotten.  
 The goods we sell are always sold,  
 But fears dispelled are never dispold.  
 And what you smell is ne'er dispold.  
 When young a top you oft saw spun  
 But ever was a grin just grun?  
 Or a potato nearly skun?

Last week, there was a story in the good old M-T, part of which went like this: "Each contestant is required to wear a housedress, bandana, flat shoes and her own skillet, nine inches in diameter."  
 (This is the event, if you understand the situation correctly, where Jerry Spennell and his election opponent, Alan Holmes, are to vie in pursuits other than political.)  
 Anyway, the story was clipped out by one of our—er—admirers, shall we say, who said he was intrigued by the quoted portion.

Referring to the housedress, he asked, "Whom... please note—"Whom"—not just plain old "Who"? "... did you expect? Nudists, maybe?"

And after that non sequitur he inquired, "And just where did you expect her to wear the skillet, on her head...?"

Well, now, Roland... No, as you suggested, skip it.

Karla Sanders, in the third grade at Hoover school, writes in the Hoover Hi-Life: "When we came to school our first room was in the gym. We got so we liked it very well. Some of us still wish we were in the gym. But I like our new room most of all. It's got a new smell and that new smell smells very nice. So I think that is why I like our new room."

A friend of ours, who is blessed with a reportorial ability akin to Karla's, recently attended a bull fight in Mexico. He wrote us a description of it, and we are proud to share it:

"Next stop, a bull fight... It was like a football game. I bought a program outside from a small boy ("Senor, you can't tell the bools from the fighters without a program"). When I got inside I discovered I had bought a program a year old. Whole families, handsome people mostly, all living it up with peanuts and beer. A crazy looking band playing beautiful music one connects with bull fights... Then the delay while they waited for the chief judge to arrive...

"The opening was filled with color and everyone jumps up and yells 'Ole' when their favorite torador enters. Then they start yelling for Toro. I felt kind of foolish because I was the only one who stood up and cheered when old Toro came into the ring. As you know he has been speared some to make him angry. In fact, I'd say he looked darned mad.

"The fighters execute some fancy steps and avoid him for a while and then the Picador rides in on a horse... He gouges the bull some more and by this time, the blood is streaming from the bull's back. Then the bull fighter is handed his sword and kids the bull around for a while and then attempts to send the blade into the bull's back and into his heart. When he succeeds, the bull passes with an obvious look of hurt on his face and starts to gush blood from his mouth. Then the crowd roars and the bull is pulled away by three horses.

"I left after the third one. I just couldn't take it."  
 Our friend is no Ernest Hemingway.  
 Which, we think, is a fine and good thing.  
 We'll take football. If we have to choose.

### Manic Campaign Ignores Complex Age

By ERIC SEVEREID

The final, or manic, phase of the political campaign has now seized the candidates and ancillary orators, the phrase in which frenetic politicians regret only those statements that lose them votes, whatever the cost, and in which their own dignity or integrity or the country's flexibility of strategy in a warring world.

This brief period is always dangerous and often damaging for men and for national policy. This goes double for the present campaign in which, as we suggested weeks ago, a single remark could decide the outcome. Only mass euphoria obscures the sheer ghastliness of a condition in which the Presidency of the United States may be decided by statements about the presence of Nationalist soldiers on those two off-shore islands—soldiers kept there by Chiang Kai-shek in a primary hope of ambushing America into war with Red China, weird as this may sound to those ignorant of what Chiang has been living for these past ten years.

In this phase of a Presidential contest, as in a war, truth is hounded down, disfigured and lattered, by half-truths, exaggerations, innuendoes, cut-rate debating points, impossible promises and blatant re-writing of history that the editors of "Pravda" must admire.

In terms of the search for truth, it is as preposterous to compare the oral tennis matches on television with the Lincoln-Douglas debates as it is to compare Quemy

with Berlin in terms of the search for world safety. A spectacle of volley and counter-volley in which neither man concedes a single point or admits a single error, past or present, by himself or his party, is merely an exercise in point scoring, a travesty on the debating institution in its academic or parliamentary sense. Truth is neither turgid nor neatly packageable; it is elusive, many-sided, a harvest gathered only with patience, humility and largesse.

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And if Nixon's observation

Lodge's "pledge" to put a Negro in the Cabinet, Nixon's idea of using a weary, aging, powerless ex-President as world peacemaker, globe-trotting style; both candidates' belief that they can solve the totally unsolvable farm problem; both men's genuflections before that hoary children's crusade—prevention of the rapacious federal government from "telling teachers what to teach." (Fifty major federal acts on education since George Washington have not yet produced that horrendous result and one simple clause in forthcoming legislation could prevent it, in any case.)

The final entry in our little Notebook of Judgement is a large black question mark, a block to arrest for further examination the candidates' most basic pretensions, their implied claims to a mystique which, far more than a nyctemeral "policy," ought to make up the national mind. One is Nixon's theme that he is preeminently and wisely mellowed in the ways of this revolutionary, unprecedented world. The other is Kennedy's implication that he is another F.D.R. ready to loose a repressed floodtide of brilliant ideas and bold actions that will remake America's life and re-grasp America's world leadership.

We do believe that HE believes this and that he would try. Sadly but deeply we doubt that the early sixties will even faintly resemble the early thirties. The great simplicities of Roosevelt's problems are gone; the old elbow room is gone. The Age of Complexity is upon us.