

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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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.

Telstar and Language

Space shots and satellites have gotten to be almost ho-hum in their burgeoning numbers these days, but Telstar is something else.

Watching live television from Europe, even on an experimental basis, was an exciting experience the other night. It is, of course, a technical marvel and triumph.

Who can tell exactly what will be the reactions of the people of the world when they can both see and hear what their near neighbors across the oceans really are like, right there in the living room?

ONE major problem comes immediately to the fore, with greater impact than ever before. This is the language barrier.

Somehow, in some way, an international language will have to be devised or adopted, if any significant fraction of the potential of world-wide television is to be realized.

More people now speak English than any other single tongue in the world, and perhaps it may eventually become the means of all talking to all, but there is no assurance that is the best or only means to this end.

In a few years, world-wide TV will be a daily occurrence. If it is to be truly effective as an international force, all must be able to understand it.—E.A.

America the Ambivalent

There is a curious ambivalence today in Americans' attitudes toward themselves.

On one hand, we find many folk deploring the morals and behavior of many fellow Americans. Billy Graham scolds us as Godless and decadent; Jenkins Lloyd Jones lashes out at the "tampering" going on with "the Soul of America"; others deplore the seeming apathy of the Congress in coming to grips with problems of urban blight, sprawling megapolises, civil rights, unemployment, and medical care.

On the other hand, we take to our hearts as national heroes such wholesome characters as a John Glenn; we support our charities and our churches and our schools; we conduct clean-up and beautification drives, and to an increasing degree turn to cultural events for our entertainment.

ON ONE hand, again, we tut-tut about today's materialism, the rush for pleasure, the high rate of alcohol and tobacco consumption, the rush to buy gadgets and appliances.

But on the other, we talk approvingly about a tax cut so we can buy more things to keep the economy rolling; we see that the greatest growth in the recreation field has been in the wholesome and constructive developments in camping, boating and other outdoor entertainment; and we boast of our high and rising standard of living.

We moan about the high and rising crime rate, and increases in juvenile delinquency. Yet also we praise our young people, and are proud of their constructive work in the schools, both academically and extra-curricularly, and encourage the boom in camps, in foreign exchange programs, and youth organizational work.

WE CUT down beautiful old trees to widen streets and provide more parking places; then we take pride in planting pretty little trees in pots along our main thoroughfares.

We scream about high taxes for schools, police, fire protection and road improvement; yet spend more for luxuries than ever before.

We brag about being the first "affluent society," where all are now able to reap benefits from the new industrial and technical age; yet somewhere between 30 and 50 million of our neighbors do not earn enough to provide decent housing, food and clothing.

WE PAY lip-service to our democratic ideals and equality of opportunity for all; yet deny one-tenth of our people the right to equal housing and equal employment chances.

We pay for beauty—in our parks and museums and galleries, in new architectural achievements, in splendid civic centers; yet we do little or nothing to prevent the creeping ugliness of seas of asphalt, honky-tonk fringe sprawl, and jungles of telephone and power poles and wires.

We gladly spend billions for new freeways; yet we begrudge adequate appropriations for our colleges. We spend annually more for cosmetics than for teachers' salaries. We honor our scientists and teachers and authors, yet pay them less in a year than an adulterous movie star with the morals of an alley cat makes in a week.

SO WHAT'S the moral?

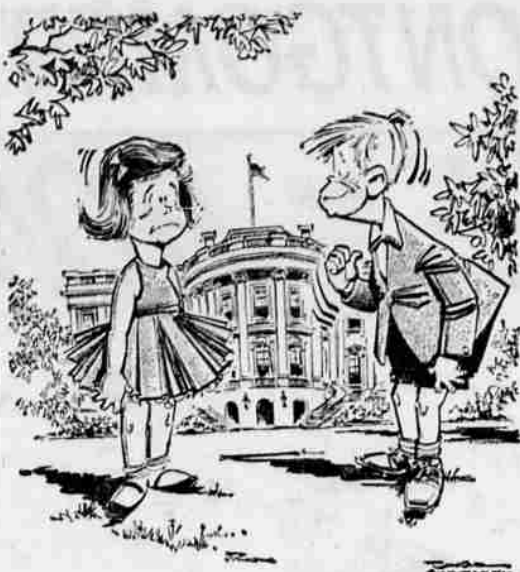
It is that we are a diverse people, with diverse ideals and diverse ways of achieving them. It is that all generalizations about what America is, and what Americans are, are a compound of truth and falsity.

It is that there is bad in the best of us, and good in the worst, and that trying to untangle the two leads to unending misunderstandings.

What Billy Graham says about Americans is true about some Americans, and wholly false about others. We have good kids and bad, decent people and amoral people, rich and poor, black and white, Christian and nonbeliever, Republicans and Democrats and non-voters.

All this is what makes America so difficult to explain in any simple fashion. It is also what makes it so utterly fascinating to observe, and so much fun to live in, and to love.—E.A.

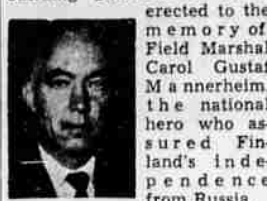
"My Old Man Can Lick Your Old Man!— Mine's A Doctor!"



Youth Festival Embarrassing To Finns; Their Political Neutrality Offended

By PHIL NEWSOM

UPI Foreign News Analyst—Helsinki—(UPI)—Just across from Finland's Parliament building stands a statue erected to the memory of Field Marshal Carol Gustaf Mannerheim, the national hero who assured Finland's independence from Russia.



A street and museum have been named after him. The state-owned Marski Hotel takes its name from the affectionate nickname grateful Finns bestowed upon him.

of the imposing buildings of Europe.

Together, the cathedral and the memory of Mannerheim may be taken as symbols of today's Finland which is religious, conservative and with a fierce pride in independence.

To these qualities harsh reality also has dictated the necessity of firm neutrality.

It is ironic, then, that in the last days, by ship and by plane, have been arriving delegates to a festival which most Finns heartily wish were being held somewhere else and which many feel is a violation not only of Finnish hospitality but also of Finnish neutrality.

Although some of the delegates are remarkably elderly this is to be the 8th international youth festival which last was held in Vienna, also a neutral capital, and which is another of those fronts common to the infiltration tactics of world communism.

The Finnish National Union of Students served notice in advance that its 12,000 members would refuse to participate.

ers, is another Pentecost!

What we need is altars that glow with holy flame.

What we need is vessels brimming to the glory of His name.

What we need is full surrender to the wonder of His grace.

When God sees His church reflecting the full image of His face!

"Outdoor Pictures," of Escondido, Calif., is the publisher of the volume from which the above was taken.

Henry Johnson Jr., 2315 Highway 68, Ashland, Ore.

Bless the Players To the Editor: When the sun sets on the Rogue Valley Hills, Breath taking beauty combines with the thrills Of watching the "Maid's" and "The Medford Colts" too, Take on all comers in that Indigo Blue.

You're so grateful and happy, you think you've struck radium, Sitting out there at Memorial Stadium, Abner Doubleday invented the game, And Henry Chadwick brought fame to the same.

So the future "greats" of our national pastime Are playing ball at Camp White's last time, The patches of snow from McLoughlin are gone, But late into August they're chanting that song.

"Take me out to the ball game," To yell for those potential stars, Their careers are unlimited, They may wind up on Venus or Mars.

So bless all the players that shoot for the moon, Their prayers will be answered and they'll be there soon, To play with whatever is up there on high, And win all the games in that Aqua-blue sky.

Fred A. Babcock, V. A. Domiciliary, White City, Ore.

What Is Needed To the Editor: The following lines, titled "What the Church Needs" were adapted by L. A. Wilcox in his new book entitled "Now Is the Time." Mr. Wilcox has granted me permission for use of these thought provoking lines. Many of you readers I'm sure would appreciate the sentiments expressed in them.

A city full of churches, fine speakers, learned men, Grand music, choirs and organs—if all these fail, what then?

Good workers, busy, earnest, who labor by the hour— But where, oh where, my brothers, is God's almighty power?

Of talent and equipment we have the very best, The programs extra special by any kind of test; "Our features are unusual; we offer crowds the most!"— But what we need, my brothers, is God, the Holy Ghost!

Our organization's humming, our methods have appeal, Glad hands, good press relations, our modern reach reveal.

Our sermons, pictures, prizes—the crowds must surely win— But what we need, my brothers is victory over sin!

Where is the Holy Spirit that wakes the slumbering soul? Where are the troubled waters in which sinners are made whole?

No modern innovation, no skill or earthly art, Can really stir the hidden depths, or change the human heart!

Large congregations nightly—but where, my brothers, pray, Is the holy breath of Heaven that was promised for today?

The crowds may come for eloquence, the seats may all be filled— But where are those upon their knees, self emptied, Spirit-filled?

Where are the people tarrying for cleansing and for power? Where are the intercessors for a pentecostal shower?

Where is the old repentance? Where are the wrongs confessed? Where is the living witness of lives transformed and blessed?

Baptisms, some-of-water-but what of faith and love? "New members added to the church"—but whom to Christ above?

Where are the men and women in travail for the lost? Oh, when will my broth-

The Finnish government also made it clear it had no wish to host an event of solely political orientation, organized principally by foreign authorities.

So it was with obvious contempt of Finnish students, that the Iron Curtain organizers of the festival formally announced that it would be held in Helsinki.

The advance program advertises sporting events, concerts and discussion groups, the latter being most important to the organizers who push a line ranging from peaceful coexistence to "better Red than dead."

Finland authorities hope fervently that the next week will pass peacefully and then go with as little notice as possible into history.

But with turbulent events of the Vienna festival in mind, they also have cancelled all police leaves.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

Monday's big event was the first exchange since the world began of LIVING PICTURES between the Old World and the New World.

THE SHOW was presented in two halves—like a football game.

Europeans watched President Kennedy in action at a news conference in Washington. During the second half of the show, North American viewers could watch the program put on for us on the other side of the world.

WHY two halves? The answer is quite simple. The first half was presented on Telstar's orbit which crosses the Eastern part of the United States during the time when President Kennedy's news conference was being held.

The second half, in which we watched what was presented from the other side of the world, occurred some three hours later, on Telstar's next orbit. In the interval between the two shows, Telstar went clear around the earth.

As of now, there is only ONE Telstar. At some time in the future, there will be many Telstars, so that programs can be presented more or less continuously.

ON THIS side of the big water, four networks presented the show—NBC, CBS and ABC, in the U.S., and the Canadian Broadcasting corporation in Canada.

On the other side, the show was transmitted by Eurovision, the network which ties 18 European nations together.

QUESTION: Was the program carried by Intersat, the chief network for the Communist bloc?

Presumably not. Russia takes no chances in the way of letting her people see how the people in the FREE parts of the world live. There is a possibility that certain areas in Communist East Germany can pick up West German transmissions, but listeners will do so at their own risk. They may be arrested and thrown in jail for watching.

Such is communism.

ANOTHER question: Can TV be jammed? The answer is that it can be. Presumably it will be—just as radio is jammed. The communist rulers of Russia will probably reason that if the Russian people can look in every day on the doings of common, everyday Americans they may start in asking why they can't have the things that Americans have and do the things that Americans do.

That would be bad for communism.

Obviously, it takes time for a feature to catch on, to find its proper niche, to build a cohesive and responsive audience. This is true for any medium—and especially true for a medium as elusive, as evanescent, as television, in which viewers have not yet built up any patterns of loyalty or rhythmic habits of watching.

And the more the networks shuffle around their programs every 13 weeks, the more difficult will it become to instill these patterns and habits in the audience. The constant search for novelty is self-defeating; and, ultimately, it becomes a game of follow the leader—if one Western is successful, ten others imitate its formula slavishly; if one medical drama makes a hit, a dozen others become gross caricatures of it.

Part of the trouble, of course, lies in the insatiable appetite for material in television; the medium devours talent by the ton, simply in order to keep a picture on the screen 18 hours a day, seven days a week. With such volume, most of it has to be trash; but the non-trash must be given a chance to compete over the long haul, or television will be buried alive under the avalanche of its own debris.

As a general agent, Holmes will offer complete insurance service. Before joining the company, he was with Mutual Benefit Life Insurance company and the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance company.

He is president of Theodore E. Holmes and Associates, a member of the National Association of Life Underwriters and the E.I.K.s.

Strictly Personal

By Sydney J. Harris (c) Field Enterprises Inc.

TV'S DEBRIS

This spring I began my 18th year of writing a daily column. In that time, its readership has increased slowly but steadily throughout the country.

Suppose, however, that I had begun a similar venture on television.

The chances are overwhelming that within one season it would have been knocked off and replaced by something else.

This is the main grievance that performers and writers have against the television medium. In its mad scramble for "numbers," for large and immediate audiences, it hysterically lops off many programs before they have a chance to grow and develop, to win loyal and regular audiences.

A television show must be an immediate success, or perish. It must show a high rating and must pull in additional business for the sponsor. There is no room, no time, for cultivating a program, for allowing it to find its own audience and to become a steady habit.

Television today is a mad game of musical chairs; every time the music stops, somebody is squeezed out. Programs come and go with startling rapidity; and talent withers and dies under such summary treatment.

Suppose my publisher had said to me after my first year, "I'm sorry but we have to discontinue your column—it's not drawing as many readers as the comic strips or the crossword puzzle or the sports pages. We're going to have to try somebody else."

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

EDITOR TOM DREIER tells about a Missouri school superintendent who chose this method to present a picture of the world his students could understand.

Where is the Holy Spirit that wakes the slumbering soul? Where are the troubled waters in which sinners are made whole?

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What's Your I.Q.?

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

1. In the average human being, one leg is longer and stronger than the other; true or false?

2. Mary Dodge made a name for herself by writing what book about Dutch children?

3. A much larger portion of the dog's than man's brain is devoted to what?

4. Which President of the United States had three Vice Presidents?

5. Pierre is the capital of which state?

6. Are sugar beets and sugar cane both grown in the United States?

7. Supply the line which precedes "Whence all but him he fled."

8. In what city was W. M. Tweed a political boss?

9. Correct the following: "He spoke to my wife and myself about going."

10. Euthanasia is a new wonder drug, a form of amnesia, or a mercy killing of an incurable person?

Answers: 1. True. 2. Hans Brinker; or The Silver Skates. 3. Smell. 4. Franklin D. Roosevelt. 5. South Dakota. 6. Yes. 7. "The boy stood on the burning deck." 8. New York City. 9. "He spoke to my wife and me . . ." 10. Mercy killing.

... 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 initial 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.

Why He's for Morse

To the Editor: Some of my friends have asked me why I have come out so much in favor of Senator Wayne Morse. I realize that, because I believe him to be one of the great Senators of our time, may not be a satisfactory answer to them.

They ask why did he change parties? I do not believe that our Senator changed without giving it considerable thought. Possibly when he was deep in thought on the matter, something came to him that said: "I have given you a heart to feel with, eyes to see with, ears to hear with, a voice to speak with, and a mind of your own. Use them well. Not for just the rich or the poor, the white or the black, the intelligent or the not so smart, the Catholic or Protestant, or those of other beliefs, but for all people!"

We are all here, and when it may not always be possible to get along harmoniously, we can try, can't we? That is why I believe our Senator became an Independent.

Then they ask, but why did he become a Democrat? There can only be one answer. You can't win elections on good intentions. He was faced with choosing between the lesser of two evils, and he felt that the most good would be accomplished by working with the Democratic party.

I do not profess to be overly intelligent, nor have I read every book with good in it. I have to call on inner intelligence to reach the conclusions I believe to be nearest correct. That is the kind of man I believe and feel Senator Wayne Morse is, and that is the kind of man I want to represent me in the Senate.

Think for yourself, and vote for yourself, but do both, and America will continue to be the greatest country on this Earth.

Ray C. Crantford, 7708 S.E. 57th st., Portland 6, Ore.

Work Horse or Tiger

To the Editor: Except for the Judge Lusk Interlude it has been years since we have had a leaderly man from Oregon in the U.S. Senate: a bred and born Oregonian, that is, who has held public life in this state; who has gone into uniform in wartime; who doesn't duck a necessary fight but is yet not quarrelsome; who is anxious to do— not just talk— assistance for our embattled lumber industry and economy; who is concerned for our nation's solvency; who is dignified yet approachable; who respects the motives of all decent citizens and not merely those in his own camp; who is very loyal in friendship but wears nobody's halter; who has had honors, but keeps a sense of proportion and a saving grace for life's humor—and who can be believed rather than, as the union biggest said of his opponent, only "loved for the enemies he makes."

Mr. Unander comfortably fills the bill, and to spare. We and our friends will support him gladly, not to say with a great sense of relief. This time that proud Oregon has a representative man there in the Senate, instead of mere spokesmen-for-groups (i.e. a statesman, Or, to put in zoologically, we can certainly do with a work horse for a change in place of a tiger.

Yours, with a hail to Charlie McNary.

Lincoln S. Ferris, 811 S.W. Sixth ave., Portland, Ore.

Lost Track

To the Editor: I have completely lost track of happenings in the Arab World: Iraq, Jordan and Egypt. Did Iraq and Egypt consolidate? Or did Nasser take it over? There are immense oil fields there, in Iraq.

This Capt. Ali Diu of Iraq

A Modest Proposal

To the Editor: I have sent the following letter to the Jackson County Court: Gentlemen: As you all know, I have, over the past four years, worked real hard to get the Butte Falls to Fish Lake road improved. Now that this road is in decent condition and to commemorate my efforts I think it only fitting, that this Butte Falls-Fish Lake road should be officially designated as the "McCabe Freeway."

You guys named a bridge for Paul Rynning, didn't you? Well, I do think my proposal has merit, debatable though it may be.

When the Navy names a ship for some individual, they generally choose the name of some fellow long since dead. Trouble is, he can't get any benefit from it.

Floyd R. McCabe, Mt. Pitt Star route, Butte Falls, Ore.

Speed for Pups

To the Editor: On my porch, I sit and spy The boys as they go racing by On Bikes of any age or kind While chase their pups at a block behind. The little curs, all out of breath, Might even run themselves to death. And so the boys should cease to go At such a clip, but travel slow Enough so any common pup Should have no trouble keeping up.

Quietus (Name on file) Medford

The Difference

To the Editor: In attempts to justify Governor Hatfield's use of his administrative assistant, Travis Cross, as his political campaign mastermind, the Hatfield forces around the state are comparing Cross with Tom Wright, who was administrative assistant to Governor Holmes.

Since Tom is now out of the state on Army duty, I am grateful for the privilege of setting the record straight. There is a vast difference between the personalities and goals of Wright and Cross, and in their service in the Executive Department. The key to the contrast is in the governors themselves. For Holmes the governorship was the climax of his political career; for Hatfield the governorship may be the stepping stone to the U.S. Senate or the White House.

Cross is a press agent, a pitchman of truly extraordinary talents. He is motivated by the personal political ambitions of his idol, and his personal devotion to Hatfield is unquestioned. His job is to make Hatfield look good, and his success in promoting Hatfield as a glamorous national figure is obvious. National publications, such as USA-1, pay tribute to Cross's political craftsmanship.

Tom Wright, on the other hand, is a working newsman. He is the cool, dispassionate detachment of a professional reporter, which drives politicians into frenzies of frustration. He is not given to hero-worship, and his motivation

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