

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.

10 YEARS AGO
Sept. 12, 1952 (Sunday)
Total of 49 apprentices receive status of journeymen at special ceremonies.

New municipal airport terminal to be completed in December; big, modern structure planned.

20 YEARS AGO
Sept. 12, 1942 (Monday)
Graduation ceremonies held for first local class of Red Cross nurses aides.

From Arthur Perry's "Ye Smudge Pot" column: "The army made a record-breaking display of pedestrianism here Saturday morning. Never before in Jackson County history have so many people been seen walking, without a p seen walking without a p parked auto as the objective, or leaving a football game."

30 YEARS AGO
Sept. 12, 1932 (Wednesday)
Medford golfer Chandler Egan loses in first round of match play at national amateur golf tournament at Baltimore, Md.

Jackson county rural schools considering general school beautification program.

40 YEARS AGO
Sept. 12, 1922 (Thursday)
Jackson county fairgrounds crowded as 2,000 persons attend opening day of county fair.

Several local young people start packing their trunks for the trip to Corvallis, where they will enroll in Oregon Agricultural college.

50 YEARS AGO
Sept. 12, 1912 (Saturday)
Local sportsmen offer \$200 reward for information leading to the arrest of persons dynamiting fish in Rogue river.

Jackson county Democrats raise \$300 to be used by party in Oregon as campaign fund to back electing of Woodrow Wilson as President.

What's Your I.Q.?

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

1. Who was Aristotle's most famous teacher?
2. In which group of Pacific Islands is Cuba?
3. What is a gherkin?
4. In what bay is Alcatraz Island?
5. Was the late Franklin D. Roosevelt ever a candidate for the office of Vice President?
6. What ship was lost on her maiden voyage when she struck an iceberg?
7. Of what office is the Comptroller General of the United States the head?
8. Knights of Columbus is a fraternal order whose membership is Catholic, or Protestant?
9. Which is smaller in area, Rhode Island, or Delaware?
10. Which of these was born first: Daniel Boone or Buffalo Bill?

Answers: 1. Plato, 2. Philippines, 3. Small pickled cucumber, 4. San Francisco Bay, 5. Yes (1920 ticket with James M. Cox), 6. Titanic, 7. General Accounting Office, 8. Catholic, 9. Rhode Island, 10. Daniel Boone.

ONCE TOO OFTEN
Ipswich, England — Arthur Gray was cleared of careless driving Tuesday after he testified before crashing into three times before crashing into a telephone pole.

How To Do The Job

We have received a letter—a personal one, not intended for publication—concerning recent editorials on Medford's core area, or, as we like to think it may become, Uptown Medford.

Because the letter is from a widely experienced, thoughtful and intelligent person, we print a major portion of it, as follows:

"As I've been away most of the summer I haven't followed your 'Uptown Medford' campaign, but I did get the Sept. 6 issue and I think you are 100 per cent right in your editorial of that date.

"Even though I haven't any financial interest in uptown Medford, I'm vitally interested because Medford is now 'my City' and I want to see it go ahead. Maybe I'm concerned because I have seen cities die of this same 'disease.' Other towns I'm concerned about are dying a slow death—so slow that, apparently, the merchants and the landlords are not aware of the painful ailment which moves too slowly to cause any immediate alarm.

"Having seen the results of 'surgery' in other communities where action was taken in time to save the patient, I'm fully convinced that you are on the right track—in fact, maybe it's later than that.

"Medford seems to be a community that does things. The concerted action which made possible the new high school football section is a good example of what Medford can do when something needs to be done.

"If the same type of aggressive leadership gets behind the Uptown Medford movement, your campaign will be successful and everyone will benefit. But action has been postponed long enough."

THIS is only one of a large number of comments received as a result of prior editorials on the subject. About 90 per cent of them have been favorable. The other 10 per cent have been based on a misapprehension that we were "attacking" downtown Medford, and in some manner not explained were attempting to damage the merchants of the area.

The contrary, of course, is true. All that we have written on the subject has been motivated by a keen concern for the health and future of the UPTOWN area.

If some individuals care to interpret this as something else, that can't be helped, but it does them no credit for perspicacity.

IT IS A FACT that a number of downtown businessmen (and landlords too) are concerned about that area's future. It is a fact that they have formed an organization, and taken a few preliminary steps toward a new approach to the problems of the central business district.

It is a fact that they are "thinking big," and have tentative plans which, if they are successful, will provide the "surgery" which is needed.

It is, unhappily, also a fact that their work has been slowed and hampered by bickering, dissonance, foot dragging and backbiting by a minority, and by an attitude of helplessness and fear on the part of others.

UPTOWN Medford is, as the Mayor put it recently, in a period of transition. It has vast opportunities. But, by the same token, there is still the danger that the creeping illness may become chronic, and that the business area will remain "down" town Medford, instead of working to become Uptown.

Doing something is always more difficult and dangerous than sitting idly by — either complacent or fearful.

Taking imaginative, constructive action is more challenging than whining.

Cooperation takes more intelligence and good will than bickering and back-biting.

And organizing for self-help is tougher than running to the city council for help.

But it is the way to get the job done. — E. A.

Miss America Pageant

Miss Martha Wyatt represented both the Rogue Valley and the state of Oregon with beauty, charm and dignity. We welcome her home and say to her, "Well done."

As nearly could be determined from television and from comments of others closer at hand, much the same could be said for the other lovely and gracious young women who participated in the Miss America beauty pageant.

At this point, however, we run out of nice things to say. The splendid young women aside, we think the show is a crass, objectionable, tasteless exercise in commercialism and exploitation.

THERE'S nothing wrong with the idea of this beauty and talent contest, as such, and the prizes, particularly the scholarships, are worth while.

But for an asinine fathead like Bert Parks to be master of ceremonies in charge of some of the nation's most beautiful and talented young women is an affront to decency.

The affront to decency, the graceless comments of the master of ceremonies, and the witless comedy routines and back-and-forth banter that served to fill in the time between the appearances of the contestants combined to form an outrageous spectacle.

We not only welcome you home, Marty. We're glad you're back. — E. A.

427 Youngsters

On Monday, the first day of school, the total number of youngsters registered in the elementary grades was 427 more than on the same day last year.

Now 427, out of a total registration of more than 8,500, doesn't seem too terribly large—about 5 per cent.

But it can be looked at another way. For 427 students, 15 to 20 additional classrooms are needed, as well as 15 to 20 additional teachers, not to mention books, supplies, buses and all the rest of the educational impedimenta.—E.A.

"Catchy, Aren't They!"



High Drama Seen on Contrast Between De Gaulle, Bidault, at Historic Moment

By PHIL NEWSOM

UPI Foreign News Analyst

In Hamburg, Germany, the cheers of thousands of Germans rolled over Gen. Charles de Gaulle in a great wave. Not since Napoleon, in that capacity, had a French chief of state visited Germany, and certainly never had one been met with such enthusiasm.

In these days of nuclear tests, Geneva conferences and recurring crises, there also are moments of intense human drama, and also tragedy.

In Hamburg, where he pressed his personal campaign to seal a new era in Franco-German friendship after centuries of hostilities, de Gaulle was experiencing a moment of drama.

At almost the same hour and moment, in Italy, another Frenchman who also had served his country well, was experiencing his moment of humiliation.

That man was Georges Bidault, twice France's premier and many times its foreign minister.

A hunted man in France, Bidault was being deported from Italy and delivered by Italian police to the "border of his choice"—presumably either Austria or Switzerland.

In their personal moments of triumph and tragedy not too many hundreds of miles separated these two men whose lives for many years had been intertwined.

In 1944, when de Gaulle moved along Paris' Champs-Elysees on an August day to mark French liberation from Nazi captivity, Bidault was at his right side.

There's another U2 plane incident. The Chinese communists claim to have shot one down over Red China. The Chinese Nationalists admit they bought a couple of them from the U.S. two years ago and have been using them.

The Chinese communists refuse to pay any attention at all to the Nationalists' story that the shot-down spy plane was theirs. They insist the wicked Americans are using the U2s to spy on Red China.

EVER since the U2s were first unmasked (when the Russians shot down one of ours) it has been a mystery to most of us why it is so much worse to send a high-flying plane over an unfriendly country and look down at what is going on in the way of military preparation than to flood a country with human snoops.

I suppose it all depends on who is doing the snooping.

UNCOUNTED centuries ago, King Solomon wrote in his Song: "For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

THAT was spring in the Mediterranean area. It is now autumn in the California area — and the voice of the politician is heard in the land.

INCUMBENT Governor Brown, seeking re-election, opens an intensive two-day campaign this morning in Southern California. He says to the reporters:

"In the weeks ahead, you will hear two voices in the land, expressing themselves on this new era. You will hear the voice of Republicanism, crying doom, yearning for the past, agonizing at change, proposing nothing and carping at the present.

"And then you will hear the Democratic voices. And I can tell you they will not cry doom or carp. They will be filled with optimism and hope."

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CHALLENGER Nixon, opening what he calls a "border-to-border, person-to-person campaign that will cover 2,000 miles this week," launches what he says will be "eight weeks of the most intensive campaigning California has ever seen."

HMMMMM. If what the politicians PERFORM after election were as wonderful as what they PROMISE before election, what a perfect world this would be!

from a church group it will not be long until Revelation 13 will be fulfilled. From the tremendous pressures being applied for position, favors and money, it's lovers of American liberty better awaken. Bible prophecy is rapidly being fulfilled before our eyes and God's tomorrow is just ahead for those who will remain true.

Henry Johnson Jr.
2315 Highway 66
Ashland, Ore.

Bidault served as de Gaulle's foreign minister in the post-war French provisional government.

In Italy, there were rumors that Bidault had come to meet Jacques Soustelle, another figure in the human drama. For Soustelle, like Bidault, had been one of the men closest to de Gaulle, and like Bidault had gone into exile this year because of violent differences with de Gaulle over Algeria.

Bidault became president of the National Council of Resistance, composed of de Gaulle's bitterest enemies and regarded as a successor to the outlawed Secret Army Organization which spread terror throughout Algeria and, in a lesser way, France.

In France, there have been strong official suggestions that Bidault was one of the leaders who ordered the assassination attempt against de Gaulle last Aug. 22.

Both Soustelle and Bidault have called de Gaulle a traitor to France.

Today both men are in exile while de Gaulle pursues his Olympian course — impervious to hatred, unswayed by two assassination attempts, certain of his way.

home because Dad wouldn't let me borrow the family Essex for the Junior Prom.

But what teenagers don't realize is that parents aren't that way only while the children are young—they remain that way no matter how old the children get.

To a mother, a child is a child, whether he's five or 50. I'm in the dim valley of middle-age, and my own mother still treats me like a little boy who doesn't know when to come in out of the rain. The only difference is that being a parent myself, I don't resent it any more. I just shrug and understand it.

My mother is still convinced that I don't eat enough "nourishing" food, that I don't get enough sleep, that I don't wear heavy enough clothes in winter, and that I work too hard—none of which is in the slightest way true.

She is continually giving me advice, chiding me for the error of my ways, warning me not to drive too fast, and in general treating me with more parental solicitude than I treat my own 15-year-old daughter.

Most mothers can't help acting protective any more than fathers can help acting authoritative, or children rebellious. These patterns are as old as mankind.

Of course, some parents are more moderate than others—they know a child has to be given some leeway, and they recognize that growing up is a painful process of emotional adjustment. But, deep inside, every parent unconsciously worries a thousand times a day about the welfare of his offspring.

For instance, I was normally indignant about careless drivers until my first child became old enough to play out in front and to cross streets; then I suddenly acquired a burning hatred for all reckless motorists and would gladly have sliced the heart out of anyone who imperiled a child's life. Before I was a father, such a strong feeling would have seemed absurdly excessive to me.

My only advice to the resentful high schoolers is to grin (however wryly) and bear it. Give in on all those trivial issues that mean so much to parents—then you'll have more bargaining power when the big issues that mean so much to you come up. Most parents aren't unreasonable, they're just over-anxious. So will you be when your little girl starts playing postoffice with the boy next door.

Try and Stop Me
By BENNETT CERF

"THE WORLD'S TWO greatest perf-killers," declares Don Quinn, "as everyone must know, are waiters and telephones. Most of us have experienced that shattering moment, when, lunching with somebody we want to make sure realizes we have a great sense of humor, we've crept up to the punchline of our very best story, only to have the waiter barge upon the scene, demanding, 'Who gets the roast beef hash?'"

Sister Annette writes about the time she took some third-graders in her parish to visit the zoo, then asked them to write a paragraph about the animals that interested them most. Wrote one mopey: "The animal that interested me most was the Warning Stand Back. Every time we looked at it he spit at us."

A resigned wife pointed to her husband stretched out in the garden hammock. "My husband," she explained, "believes that to keep healthy, every man must have a hobby. His is letting the birds watch him."

A 10-year-old girl, described by her doting mother as "temperamental," raised particular tantrums every time she was told it was time to go to bed. "I hate bed," she exclaimed one night. "If I took bed in school it would be my worst subject."

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