

4 A 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: April 8, 1953 (Wednesday). The city superintendent's office was authorized to prepare cost estimates for a minimum survey of off-street parking facilities in Medford

20 YEARS AGO: April 8, 1943 (Thursday). Air Force Maj. Glenn Jackson returns to Medford on six-day leave from Washington, D.C.

30 YEARS AGO: April 8, 1933 (Friday). Walter Olmshead to be sworn in as Jackson county sheriff tomorrow.

40 YEARS AGO: April 8, 1923 (Saturday). Rich gold strike reported from Josephine county.

50 YEARS AGO: April 8, 1913 (Monday). Two prominent Medford attorneys tangle in circuit court room in Jacksonville.

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

1. In what Psalm are these words: 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies'?

Answers: 1. Twenty-third psalm. 2. Uncle Tom's Cabin. 3. Missouri and Tennessee. 4. Senator-30; Representative-25. 5. Speaker of the House of Representatives. 6. Thomas Jefferson in Declaration of Independence. 7. Billy Graham at the President's Prayer Breakfast. 8. Europe. 9. '...daffodils.' 10. Dominican Republic.

A Problem of Adolescence

The Jackson County Democratic Central committee, which seems to take an unusual delight and relish in being a house divided, demonstrated once again last week that many of its members place personality over party welfare.

When the announcement was made at the committee's meeting Tuesday night that Al Bradford had been appointed temporary Medford postmaster—a move which had been anticipated for at least two or three weeks—the group subsequently voted 24 to 14 to send a letter to the Oregon delegation in Washington expressing resentment that the committee's choice, County Clerk Marvin Madden, had not been named.

The obvious target of the letter was Rep. Robert Duncan, whose office released the information that Bradford had been appointed.

A FACTION within the committee which had supported Madden turned on a scapegoat and shouted for the resignation of Committee Chairman Jean A. Mills, a long-time Duncan man. Mills apparently kept his head under the fire and refused to resign, but it's clear the faction will continue its attempts to get his scalp, one way or the other.

By its peevish, sulky action, the faction (by and large the same group which so strenuously opposed the home rule charter last year) has brought flaming discredit to the Democratic party as a whole in Jackson county.

And by extension, they have also cast a shadow on the good name of Bradford, a faithful party worker who probably has more genuine friends and fewer real enemies than nearly any other man in Medford.

What the group hoped to gain with their protest letter is beyond the pale of logic. They can't have imagined for a minute that the decision would be reversed.

NOR could they originally, as practical men, have assumed that their recommendation would have any other force than that of a suggestion, which those who made the decision on the appointment would feel free to accept or reject as they saw fit.

One can only conclude that they, in their anger and disappointment, hoped to bring public embarrassment to Congressman Duncan.

But, clearly, rather the reverse has happened. It is the Democratic Central committee, or at least the majority of it, which has been, or should be, embarrassed.

And we're embarrassed too. It is never a pleasant thing to see adults act like children.—G.H.B.



Those crazy exiles are ready to defy the whole U.S. Navy to carry out their raids on Cuba—the lovable little hotheads!

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.

Do Away With Money: To the Editor: In your editorial, 'Opportunity for Leadership,' should get a few of the labor force that still have jobs away from their TV sets

Automation is one of the best things that ever happened to mankind. If we had any labor leaders, instead of political stooges, they would have the answer, and could demand a peaceful transition.

Labor produces the wealth of any country and should share accordingly. We never think of anything, only in terms of money. Money never produced anything, only trouble, greed, graft, corruption, murders, gangsters, dope peddlers and all the other vices.

Run the money changers from their temple and we will be on the way. No, not the barter system, just a sensible system that we already have a blue print of. There is only one sensible solution to automation.

Leading Christian churchmen now are questioning anew the wisdom of leaving to astronomical observation the annual appointment of Easter. Roman Catholic fathers meeting at the Ecumenical Council in Vatican City last December suggested negotiations with non-Catholic Christian churches to agree on a common, fixed date for Easter.

'The Christian Century', a leading Protestant periodical, had proposed earlier that the Roman Catholic Church initiate a world conference of Christian leaders to fix an annual date for celebration of the resurrection of Christ.

DIFFICULTIES in establishing a universal date for Easter have existed ever since the church first appointed Easter as a holy day. Three hundred years after Christ's crucifixion, Western churches generally celebrated Easter on Sunday (the day of the week the resurrection had occurred), and the Eastern churches observed it on the 14th of Nisan (first month of the Jewish ecclesiastical calendar), regardless of the day of the week upon which it fell.

In A.D. 325, Constantine convoked the historic Council of the Christian Churches at Nicea. By that time, pilgrims were traveling by the thousands to the Holy Land to celebrate the resurrection. So the Council decided that Easter should be fixed at a time when the pilgrims could be guided in safety by the light of the full moon. Easter was set on the first Sunday after the first moon, following the vernal equinox.

But the time of the vernal equinox varied according to longitude, and opinions continued to diverge as to what date was the correct one.

BACK in 1923, the League of Nations called a conference attend by Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox and Anglican church delegates to study the Easter date confusion. A general desire was expressed that the date of Easter be fixed, as the date for celebration of Christ's birth is.

The British Parliament even passed an Easter act in 1928 designating the first Sunday after the second Saturday in April as Easter day, contingent upon its acceptance internationally. The desired acceptance has not been forthcoming. Incidentally, the word Easter is derived from 'Eostre' or 'Eastre,' the Anglo-Saxon name for the goddess of spring. The practice of eating eggs on Easter Sunday and of giving them to children probably arose because, in the earlier days of the church, eggs were forbidden food during Lent. The conception of the egg as a symbol of fertility and of renewed life goes back, of course, to pre-Christian days and readily found acceptance as a symbol of resurrection.—E.R.R.

Foreign News: French Labor Stability Seen; Amnesty Forecast in Viet Nam

By WILLIAM J. FOX, United Press International. Notes from the foreign news cables:

Labor Troubles: Settlement of the current wave of labor unrest in France is expected to be followed by a period of calm and hard work. But there is trouble ahead on the West German labor scene.

Matter of Fact: Brussels — There is something very strange, and one must add, something almost frightening about the spectacle now presented by the European Common Market headquarters here in Brussels.

IT CANNOT be too often emphasized that the exclusion of Britain from Europe was not the most important aspect of this 'no' of the General's. The most important aspect was, rather, de Gaulle's brutal assertion of super-heated, glory-intoxicated French nationalism in the bosom of a European community dedicated to and dependent on the submergence of nationalism.

going through the agony of displacement by automation and our college graduates the frustration of 'no job' — unless they joined one of the armed services. How appalled he would be to learn that such as disease, poverty and crime are rampant in our world!

And when he saw our children playing mock war games, while their fathers were 'playing around' with the hydrogen bomb, I can imagine him exploding:

'No wonder you people want to rocket to another planet! You have outsmarted yourselves in your creations for destruction and are now lost in a labyrinth of social ignorance. I've seen enough! I'm leaving for home — where I can help prepare a new Garden of Eden for Earth's eventual only surviving couple!'

George M. Babcock, 427 Hospital dr., Ashland, Ore.

serve for that all-important vacation spree. Hence, the prediction of stability in West Germany, however, it is different. The president of the Federation of German Industries, Fritz Berg, has urged a freeze on wage increases for the time being.

The South Vietnamese government is expected to announce later this month an extensive amnesty program designed to win back villagers recruited by the Communist Viet Cong rebels. The announcement probably will be made by Ngo Dinh Nhu, President Ngo Dinh Diem's brother and political adviser.

Ball Volcano: Gunung Agung Volcano on the fabled Island of Bali, which erupted March 17 and snuffed out more than 1,600 lives, could blow up again at any time.

Reform in Louisiana and Other Oddities: New Orleans — As you probably know, lovely Louisiana ranks among the very highest states in this great land of ours. In corruption, and few cities can hold a candle to quaint old New Orleans when it comes to crime, vice and sin in general.

Only this time the reformer is the District Attorney himself, Mr. Jim Garrison. And that's pretty unheard of in these parts. Moreover, people are beginning to think he really means it. Because after ten short months on the job the politicians want his scalp, the police chief wants his head, all his investigative funds have been taken away, he's under a jail sentence for questioning the honesty of eight criminal judges and he may get kicked out of office at any minute.

Well, personally, while I'm all for reform, I've found I don't care much for reformers. They're so righteous. So it was with some hesitation that I put on my ace newspaper's hat and dropped by Mr. Garrison's office to pay a duty call. I found him — a huge handsome, slow-speaking man of 41 — sitting in his shirt-sleeves, feet on the desk, talking strategy with his bright, young staff.

'Let's,' said Mr. Garrison as the clock struck 5 p.m., 'all go have a drink.' And right there, I knew I'd found a reformer I was going to like.

So we all wandered along Bourbon street, Mr. Garrison proudly pointing out the clip joints he'd closed. 'It wasn't only that they were running prostitutes,' he said, 'but they'd go for the whole entire wallet. Very greedy. Then the young lady would disappear before delivering. And that,' he said shaking his head wryly, 'is a real crime.'

Over a drink at Pepe's (very respectable), Mr. Garrison told his story. It goes like this: He was elected last May, the only winning candidate in New Orleans history not endorsed by one of the various political machines. He promptly knocked over the historic baillbond racket, began cleaning up Bourbon street and suggested that as the jail was bursting at the seams, perhaps the judges could work a little harder too. Considering they traditionally took off no fewer than 223 days a year.

This didn't make the judges happy. And led by Judge J. Bernard Cocke, a hangover from the old Huey Long regime, the judges cut off Mr. Garrison's funds for investigation, saying New Orleans after all did have a police force. Which is generally considered a laugh.

'This action,' retorted Mr. Garrison cheerfully if brashly, 'raises interesting questions as to racketeer influences on our eight vacation-minded judges.' Great. Mr. Garrison is now appealing a sentence of four months in jail or a \$1,000 fine for defamation of character. Eight characters, actually. 'That's only \$125 a character,' says Mr. Garrison. 'Of course,' he added modestly, 'it was an understatement.'

Well, the only reason I bring the whole thing up is (1) to prove there are such things as likable reformers. And (2) to get you to think I understand Louisiana politics.

Because, as I explained the other day, I'm on my way to South America to bring you an up-to-the-minute report on politics down there. And you know how politics are down there: dynastic, corrupt and absolutely incomprehensible to Americans. Or to put it another way, pretty much like Louisiana's.

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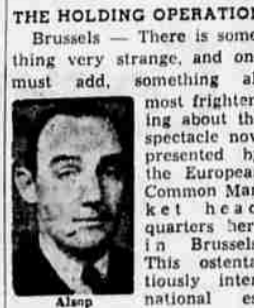
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Altop

Reform in Louisiana and Other Oddities. By Arthur Hoppe. Includes a portrait of Arthur Hoppe.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

The other day, a moderately well-to-do friend said to me: 'It costs me about \$15,000 a year for the privilege of living in the United States.'

'It costs me about \$5,000 a year for the privilege of living in the state of Oregon.' By that, he meant his state income tax.

'It costs me about \$450 a year for the privilege of living in Klamath Falls and Klamath county.' By which he meant his local taxes on his modest but comfortable home.

WELL, that's another way of saying that the CLOSER HOME we can keep the bulk of government the more reasonable the cost of government will be.

QUESTION: Why is REMOTE government so expensive? Let me cite an instance.

THE other day, Congressman Al Ulman, member of the congress of the United States from the Second District of Oregon, of which Klamath county is a part, announced that \$50,000 has been included in the coming fiscal year's federal budget to initiate a study of algae conditions in the Klamath River Basin.

that funds would not be available. He added: 'Budget approval means the passing of a major hurdle. However, the legislative process, especially for money bills, can be long and difficult. I shall do everything I can to insure that the \$50,000 amount is included in full at the appropriations bill for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.'

WHAT shall we do about it? The problem of algae in Upper Klamath Lake and the Klamath River Basin has been surveyed and resurveyed and then surveyed some more. Speaking with brutal candor, surveys of the algae problem in this part of the world are running out of our ears.

Another survey might hit the jackpot. BESIDES: The making of this additional survey would add \$50,000 to the economy of the Klamath Basin — which is a condition not wholly to be ignored. It might provide some additional jobs — which certainly wouldn't be anything to kick up a fuss about.

AND: There's this thought: IF WE DON'T GET THE MONEY, SOMEBODY ELSE WILL.

SO: You see — The money will be spent anyway, and we will have to pay our share of the resulting taxes just the same as if the money had been spent here. That's the way it stacks up.

IN CONCLUSION: All this may give you some idea of why REMOTE government is more expensive than government that is close at hand.

Strictly Personal

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

I was given a fountain pen for my twelfth birthday. It was a handsome, substantial instrument which I kept and used for more than a dozen years, and felt a keen sense of loss when it disappeared one day. Now a full generation later, I own no fountain pen. Instead, I buy most of us, I am forever buying cheap ball-point pens. They write poorly, they have no character, and they seem to vanish from sight overnight.

The case of the ball-point pen is almost the prototype of our modern social order. We have more of everything, but less of anything. A dozen ball-point pens, scattered about the house, with half of them inkless, do not somehow add up to one good fountain pen.

It is a trivial example, but not without significance. The old-fashioned fountain pen did not really become obsolete; good pens of this sort today are even better than they were 30 years ago — but we have got out of the habit of buying them and keeping them.

It seems easier and cheaper to pick up a dozen ball-points; but it is, in reality, neither easier nor cheaper. For the pens don't work when you want them to, and over a period of a year they add up to more than the price of a decent pen

that might last a decade. It is too easy to blame the manufacturers, or the marketing process, or the advertising agencies, for this sad decline in our habits and practices. What is harder to do is accept the fact that permanence, continuity, excellence of workmanship, are no longer the standards we live up to in our own lives.

And perhaps it must be so in our 'affluent society.' Perhaps our rise in the material standard of living demands that we purchase inferior objects, discard them speedily, and buy new ones just as inferior. To keep a pen, or any object, for a long time, is to limit our 'productive capacity.' Perhaps, as some economists argue, waste makes wealth.

Each people develop their own national style. Our style, as the 20th century proceeds, seems to be more and more in the direction of change, novelty, temporariness, the annual model turnover, and 'planned obsolescence.' It used to be considered a Yankee virtue to buy something that would last a long time; now it seems a sin against our economic deities.

A ball-point pen is a peculiarly American phenomenon, along with the frozen dinner, the instant coffee, the plastic dish, the paper-bound book. In each case there is some advantage; but we have not yet come to ask ourselves whether our ideas and ideals are becoming as temporary and disposable as our objects.