

Medford Mail Tribune
Published Daily except Saturdays by MEDFORD PRINTING CO.
33 North E St., Ph. 773-4141
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Profumo and Britain

Queen Victoria, were she alive today, would not be amused by the Profumo scandals. But, in the opinion of an Englishman writing in the New York Times Magazine, equally nasty scandals were not unknown in the time of Victoria—they were just handled differently.

In such a case, Bernard Hollowood says, "the mandarins of government, press, church and business would have closed their ranks and shut their mouths."

Today, however, scandal-mongers, the sensational press, television, columnists and an avid public delight in every dirty facet of the affair.

IT'S not that today's Briton is any looser in his morals than was his grandfather; it's just that he's franker about sex, the writer contends. The old tabus have gone; the sex and scandal of an earlier day was just as prevalent, but was not discussed openly.

Still, the Profumo affair is, in many quarters, seen as the beginning of the end of Macmillan's Tory government. And this could well be, for there is mounting dissatisfaction toward the present government. The scandal, revealing moral turpitude in high places, could be the final straw.

But Hollowood says it is his view that, paradoxically, under certain circumstances Christine Keeler might be the saving of the government.

HE MAKES his point this way: Mounting dissatisfaction with the government has been based on a variety of matters. Despite general prosperity, the government has bumbled and fumbled on such matters as the Common Market, Commonwealth problems, education, unemployment, national security, economic progress, central African affairs, and defense.

But the Profumo scandal has obscured all these things. If an election were to be held today, the votes might well be cast with it in mind more than the matters of greater import. And, Hollowood argues, this might work to the advantage of the government.

HE CITES the hypothetical thinking of a hypothetical voter thus:

"A nasty business, that. But human nature's human nature. We're none of us perfect, eh? Well I know I'm not. There but for the grace of God... anyway, it's not Mac's fault. Can't expect him to go around blowing the noses of his Ministers, can you? There's nothing seriously wrong with P. having his bit of fluff. Mistake was getting caught. Rotten liar, though; don't hold with that. Still, I'm not going to be a sanctimonious scallywag and blame Mac. Knowing what I do, it would be hypocritical to vote for Wilson merely because... Right then, I'll prove that I'm broad-minded — and generous. I'll give the Tories another chance."

Does this speak for the theory that Britain is becoming degenerate? Not necessarily, Hollowood says:

"The proof, surely, of Britain's underlying decency is that it has been deeply shocked and wounded by the Profumo revelations. The time to start worrying about a nation's decline and fall is when the public conscience has been anesthetized into apathy by repeated doses of scandal. One Profumo would not have inspired Gibbon."

True, perhaps. But it doesn't inspire admiration, either.—E.A.

Medical Investigators

When Dr. Russell C. Henry assumed his duties as chief medical investigator for the state of Oregon last month, the state went full-scale on to the medical investigator system—the only one west of the Mississippi, and one of the less than 10 in the nation.

Elsewhere, the coroner system still is in use. Oregon, again, is one of the pioneers in adopting a method of public service which promises far better results. While the coroner system is almost as old as civilization itself, it has become outmoded. Now men trained in both medicine and criminal law will be responsible for investigating non-natural deaths, rather than men elected and often without adequate training.

THE medical investigator is a practitioner of "forensic pathology"—forensic meaning pertaining to judicial administration or discussion, pathology meaning the study of abnormal physical conditions.

Among other things, it will be the duty of the medical investigators to distinguish between the cause of death—what a person died from, such as drowning, bullet wound, etc.—and the manner of death—accident or suicide, natural or unnatural, murder or disease.

And, as Dr. Henry pointed out in a recent interview, it will be just as much the job of the investigator to protect the innocent as to find the guilty.

MEDICAL investigators thus will work closely with both the courts and the police agencies. He will bring his training in medicine, his knowledge of the law and of police techniques, into play in each case of death he is called upon to investigate.

There have been many good and sincere men who have served their communities as coroners. At one time it was an office of great trust and responsibility and prestige.

But it seems simple common sense to employ a man with technical and specialized training to do a specialized and technical job.—E.A.



It's encouraging to see young people take an interest in world affairs!

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.

Look Unto Me
To the Editor: I read Lydia Burnham's two Tribune letters on man's use of God's Atomic Fire, and the futility of man trying to escape it. She and the Government are so right, there is only one defense, "peace", peace with God and our fellow man, or destruction is sure and with atomic fire.

Nine-hundred years before Christ, Elijah asked God to manifest His divine power before ancient Israel. His prayer was answered by fire that burned not only the sacrifice and the fuel, but the altar of stone and the soil around it, water-soaked though it was. The wicked king sent 103 soldiers to seize Elijah, they were consumed by a like fire.

The Creator of the atom is the source and origin of divine energy. He who laid the cornerstone of matter (the lowly atom) gave it its power. "Our God is a consuming fire." (Heb. 12:29) Sodom and Gomorrah and the wicked cities near them were destroyed by God's atomic fire. Today the waters of the Dead Sea wash the burnt earth where these wicked cities once lay in the lush, fertile valley that supported their thousands of people. God's Word tells us: Angry nations will be engaged in the destruction of the earth, when God brings to a halt the conflict of the ages, revealing Himself in atomic fire. "The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; The streams shall be turned into pitch, and the dust into brimstone, and the land shall become burning pitch."

When this earth is engulfed with God's atomic fire what will it be like? "A lake of fire burning with brimstone." (Rev. 19:20) The only people who will escape this fire are those who have made their peace with God, their names are recorded in the Lamb's book of life. All others, even death and hell (the grave) were cast into the lake of fire. "They shall be as though they had not been." "This is the second death."

Yes, Lydia, your letters are wonderful as far as they go, you point out the ailments in detail, even part of the remedy. Millions have accepted Him, the real remedy, who stands today in the Heavenly sanctuary with outstretched, nail-pierced hands pleading, "Look unto me, and be ye saved all the ends of the earth."

F. E. Beverly, 112 Geneva St., Medford

Zip Code
To the Editor: After reading your editorial on "Zip Code Fallacies", I felt it necessary to relate to you my experience with the new system.

I am employed by a Medford firm, and before sending out my statements this month, I called the Medford Post Office to learn the zip codes for the outlying areas of our county, Central Point, Jacksonville, Eagle Point, etc., so I could include them on my statements. The woman to whom I talked, although she was very polite, seemed to consider me some kind of crack-pot for having such an idea. She told me "it really wasn't necessary to go to all that trouble, as the numbers are read by a machine and we don't have one of these machines here anyway." She advised me to just put the Medford code on our envelopes and then copy each of the other numbers from the payments as they come in. During the whole conversation she continued to laugh

and appeared to be very amused by the whole thing. If this is to be the attitude of the Post Office Department itself, I feel I must agree with you as to the probability of the "Zip Code System" becoming a dreary failure. They certainly don't seem to mind spending the taxpayers' money to advertise in the newspapers and on television, so I wonder if it might not be wise for them to spend a little time educating their employees on telephone etiquette regarding this matter. By the way, I never did get the list of codes. (Name on File) Medford.

Old Time Dances
To the Editor: In Sunday's Mail Tribune, announcing the 100th anniversary of Henry Ford, it is stated: "The mind of Henry Ford is going down 20 tracks at a time." One of these tracks which isn't generally known by the public today is his organizing of an "Old Time Dance" orchestra to re-popularize the "classics" of dancing which have been handed down through the years and perhaps will never die out.

After World War I the dance fad was the Charleston, the Black Bottom, the Turkey Trot and others. When that fad died out, public dancing died out, too, because the younger generation had not learned the old dances like the Waltz, One-step, Two-step, Three-step and many other folk dances, and not many orchestras knew how to play for these dances.

Now, again, the fad for the "Twist" and "Swing" is dying out and our public dance halls are closing up or playing to small crowds and the younger folks do not know how to dance waltzes and two-steps, etc., because they haven't had a chance to learn.

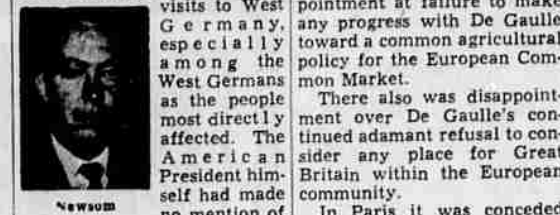
Older people can't stomach the "Tom-Tum, To-Tom" music and loud singing now blared at them in this valley and our dance halls no longer attract dancers. To my knowledge, there is only one orchestra in this valley that is playing real dance music and they are playing to benefit dances at Central Point on Saturday nights and on Wednesday afternoons from 2 until 4 o'clock at the Knights of Pythias hall in Medford.

Ford also made phonograph recordings of these old time dances so people could dance to them in their homes or grange halls, etc. I, personally, have some of these records.

Henry Corbin, Box 195, Rogue River, Ore.

Kennedy's German Visit Tops De Gaulle's, But Doubts About U.S. Persist There

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign News Analyst
It was inevitable that comparisons be drawn between the Kennedy and De Gaulle visits to West Germany, especially among the West Germans as the people most directly affected. The American President himself had made no mention of the West Germans as the people most directly affected. The American President himself had made no mention of the West Germans as the people most directly affected.



De Gaulle during his trip and De Gaulle had gone to some lengths to avoid making it appear a popularity contest. But in the end there was no doubt that Kennedy had made by far the greatest impact and that De Gaulle's visit had been a disappointment both to Bonn and Paris.

Today & Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann
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A DOOR IS OPENED
On July 2 in East Berlin, Mr. Khrushchev took a position on the nuclear test ban which is of very special interest. For it agrees with a proposal made by President Eisenhower on Apr. 13, 1959, and by President Kennedy a d Prime Minister Macmillan on Aug. 27, 1962.

The essence of the U. K. - U. S. A. proposal was stated by President Eisenhower in a letter to Chairman Khrushchev: "Could we not, Mr. Chairman, put the agreement into effect in phases beginning with a prohibition of nuclear tests in the atmosphere?" The U. K. - U. S. A. proposal arose from the fact that the on-site inspection, which the Soviets object to, is unnecessary to detect nuclear explosions in the atmosphere. The purpose of inspection is entirely that of distinguishing underground explosions from natural earthquakes.

As long as four years ago, therefore, the Americans and the British began urging the Soviets to agree to a partial test ban, one which would forbid explosions anywhere except underground. For a long time, the Soviet government rejected the Anglo-American proposal and insisted that underground testing should also be prohibited by a gentleman's agreement. The negotiations were deadlocked until Chairman Khrushchev spoke a week ago in East Berlin.

THIS speech reflected a major decision made in Moscow. There is reason for thinking that it had been made more than a month ago—before Mr. Harold Wilson's visit to Moscow and before the President's remarkable speech at American University on June 10. Speaking that same day to the newspaper reporters after he had seen Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Wilson dropped the hint that an agreement banning tests that can be detected without inspections within the Soviet Union was possible. At the same time, I thought this was too good to be true and too sensible to be practical. Presumably, when the President made his daring speech at American University, he had had better information.

The reason for doubting that the Soviets would sign a partial agreement was that Mr. Khrushchev, as anyone who has talked to him knows, regards underground testing for small nuclear weapons as expensive and of little military interest.

other responsible Americans who have borne the honored title of conservative. And never call the extreme right wing fearless. It is afraid of its own shadow! It spies a Communist under every bed and a subversive plot at every turn. What the extreme right fails to realize is that if this country were in half as bad a shape as the right wing claims, America would have gone Communist 15 years ago.

No, we are not faced with any subversive plot in our own government to betray us. We ARE faced with a world-wide challenge by communism. As long as we believe in those old simple things: the equality of all men, the inate worth of a single human being as opposed to all the powers of the state, the right of all men to believe as they wish providing they do not attempt to force their beliefs on others, we shall be forced to oppose both the tyranny and mind control of communism and the bigotry, ignorance, fear, and attempted mind control of the American far right.

In reply to Herman Wood I say this: Please, sir, do not insult the memory of Calvin Coolidge, Robert Taft, and Glenn Gratzinger. Route 1, Box 395, Eagle Point, Ore.

In fact, some said that the French-German accord which De Gaulle had seen as the foundation stone for his own grand design for Europe, now had been reduced to a statement of good intentions.

West Berliners' cheers for Kennedy were echoed in German newspapers. "Neither we nor the world can quibble or doubt the determination of the American President," said Die Welt of Hamburg.

Said the Rhein-Zeitung of Coblenz: "This week the course was unmistakably set for the Atlantic route. It can no longer be set back to that of a small Europe... It is plain that freedom and the future will emerge not from a French Europe, but from a united Europe."

But amid the chorus of praise there also were notes of doubt. It was noted that the U.S. President strives to consult his allies on major moves, especially as they deal with

Anglo-Saxon Words Are Un-American

By Arthur Hoppe

"Stamp out dash, dash, dash, dash!" It was my good friend, Miss Amanda, National Commander of "!", the superpatriotic stamping-out society. And she looked in fine fettle. "Dash, dash, dash, dash!" I inquired blankly.

"Right!" snapped Miss Amanda, stomping a tennis-shoed foot. "It stands for a four letter word I am too much of a lady to utter. We patriots must stamp out all four-letter words! They're a Commie plot to subvert our youth!"

They are? "Right!" she said. "Our loyal youth read these words in books or on men's room walls and they join the Commie Party! Everybody knows that! Be a real American! Burn a book tonight!"

And tear down our men's room walls? "Absolu..." Miss Amanda stopped in mid-gesture, consternation welling behind her bi-focals. "Holy Betsy Ross" she said. "We've got a problem!"

I said it certainly seemed that way. But perhaps it wasn't insoluble. Let's ask ourselves, I said, why we are offended by a four-letter word like... "Don't say it!" cried Miss Amanda, clapping her lace-gloved hands over her ears. "I don't want to be subverted!"

Well, I said, I figure one reason we're offended is that we know what these words mean. Now a Hottentot or an Eskimo, I said, wouldn't blush if I shouted... "Don't shout it!" said Miss Amanda, blushing. "I know what it means!"

Therefore, I said, what we need is a whole new set of four-letter words. "We do!" said Miss Amanda suspiciously. Right, I said. Now take good, solid four letter words like "bnxl" or "smrl" or even "gnph." Would they be offensive? "Hmmm," said Miss Amanda, eyeing me querulously. "What do they mean?"

I said I couldn't tell her that because the value of these new four letter words depends entirely on nobody knowing what they meant. Thus nobody would be offended by them. Right?

"What's so good about that?" asked Miss Amanda, tapping her walking stick on my shoulder impatiently. Well, I said, warming to the subject, if we had 10 or 12 four letter words of this nature, we could print them in our books and scratch them on our men's room walls. This would satisfy those who enjoy four letter words. But at the same time people like Miss Amanda wouldn't have to ground patriotically tearing down our men's room walls.

"And our youth won't be subverted!" cried Miss Amanda happily. "I shall start a crusade to spread the word!" Great, I said. And I helped out by giving her a new placard to carry. It said: "Build Superpatriots—Use Bnxt!"

She took one look at the sign, whacked me with her reticule, shouted, "You're a dirty old man!" and stomped out. Which just proves that it isn't the word, it's the thought that counts. Or, to put it another way, obscenity's all in your head.

This is the illusion that has, falsely, nourished mankind since the invention of

Strictly Personal

By Sydney J. Harris
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WEAPONS AND MORALITY
In a periodical called "Hogg's Weekly Instructor," published in Edinburgh, Scotland, one of the issues in March 1845, contained an article on "Steam—Its Influence on Society." Reflecting the widespread view held at the time of the introduction of steam power, the article proclaimed:

"It is not difficult to see how railroads and steam navigation will promote the peace of the world. Sovereigns will avail themselves of it, as well as the people. The rulers and ruled of different nations will meet face to face; and instead of believing, as hitherto, that they are natural enemies, they will soon discover that they are sworn friends. But for steam, it is not likely these visits would be made!"

"But there is another way," the article continued, "in which steam power will promote peace. We know that the more destructive the weapons of warfare, the less likely will the nations be to proclaim war, and the more speedily will their disputes be settled when they do. Consider the changes necessarily produced in the art of war by use of steamships! Think of their facility of access to any shore! Think of their fearful accuracy of aim and their destructive power, and we shall have fewer national quarrels."

There is no record of a nation piling up arms and not using them; indeed, the very existence of arms acts as an incentive to hostile action. The physical fear of retaliation by enemies with equally formidable arms has never been a deterrent for very long. To say that armaments "prevent" conflict is to say that germs prevent disease.

Toward the end of his life, Napoleon himself admitted that "the more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of brute force to create anything durable."

Moral power is the only force that can prevent war, not physical power. The profound appeal of a man like Pope John XXIII is worth more than a hundred divisions of fighting men—if we but permit his wisdom and compassion to awaken our stunted consciences.

This is the illusion that has, falsely, nourished mankind since the invention of