

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: Aug. 9, 1953 (Sunday) Public Utilities Commission...

20 YEARS AGO: Aug. 9, 1943 (Monday) Dr. A. E. Merkel, county health officer...

30 YEARS AGO: Aug. 9, 1933 (Wednesday) Funds for construction of Diamond lake highway...

40 YEARS AGO: Aug. 9, 1923 (Thursday) Eastern railroad men shown through local plants.

50 YEARS AGO: Aug. 9, 1913 (Saturday) Pears selling for \$1.90 a box...

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

- 1. Was Elias Howe the inventor of the reaper, sewing machine, or typewriter? 2. What does the name Pennsylvania mean? 3. Is the earth a perfect sphere? 4. Is the distance between the sun and the earth approximately 96,000, 960,000 or 96 million miles? 5. In what month in 1945 did President F. D. Roosevelt die? 6. Name the heavyweight boxing champion of the world. 7. The bodies of four Presidents of the U.S. are buried on the shores of the Hudson River; three are Van Buren, Roosevelt and Grant; name the fourth. 8. Are there more, fewer, or the same number of days in the first six months of a calendar year than in the second six months? 9. What is the name of the Maryland town in which race riots have recently occurred? 10. California's Senator, Republican Thomas Kuchel, is a strong supporter of Barry Goldwater for President; true or false? Answers: 1. Sewing machine. 2. Penn's Woods. 3. No-ble state. 4. 96 million. 5. April. 6. Charles (Sonny) Lister. 7. Chester A. Arthur. 8. Fewer. 9. Cambridge. 10. False.

Political Postmasterships

We endorse, without much real hope for success, the proposal of Oregon's three Democratic representatives in Congress that Postmaster appointments be divorced from the spoils system and put under the Civil Service merit system.

In a recent joint statement, the three—Reps. Bob Duncan, Edith Green and Al Ullman—said the present system calls for this procedure:

"... A patronage committee makes a recommendation (for a specific person) to a central committee which makes a recommendation to the congressman who makes a recommendation to the postmaster general who makes a recommendation to the President who makes an appointment to which, in most instances, the Senate must give its advice and consent."

They added that their bill would: "... properly place the appointment of postmasters in the Civil Service and away from the political influences of the past, and in addition, would eliminate a time-consuming job for members of Congress."

THE present system is, at best, cumbersome and uncertain. At worst, it can cause unsavory political influences to be exercised, intra-party fights, or naming of an unqualified individual.

How much better would be the promotion of career men, based on their competence.

Whether, however, Congress could be persuaded to give up this last vestige of the political spoils system, is debatable.—E.A.

Forest Information

One of the state's editorial writers—an outdoor type—has recently complained about the lack of information available to travelers in the area's national forests. Good maps are not readily available, he gripes, and the lack of signs on forest roads is confusing and frustrating to would-be forest travelers and campers.

His complaints may be justified. But if so, we invite him to travel around the Rogue River National Forest. Maps of various sizes and descriptions, ranging from a large, moderately detailed map of the entire forest to smaller and detailed maps of the various districts, are available at forest headquarters and at the five ranger stations.

TOO, marked strides have been made in signing the forest roads so that even those generally unfamiliar with the terrain are not apt to find much difficulty.

It is not yet a perfect situation, by any means. But it is a rare spot in the forest where even a careless driver can get lost for very long.

We invite our colleague to visit the Rogue River National Forest. He might carry the word back north with him.—E.A.

The Number of the Name

Memorandum to: Pacific Northwest Bell (All Number Calling; Direct Digit Dialing); Social Security Administration (Social Security Numbers); U.S. Armed Forces (serial numbers, military occupational specialty numbers, and others without end); U.S. Post Office (ZIP code numbers); Oil companies (credit card numbers); U.S. Internal Revenue Service (tax file numbers); Oregon Motor Vehicle Division (license numbers); Banks, insurance companies, savings and loan associations, (and all others who have converted individuals into a series of digits);

GENTLEMEN: May we call your attention to the 13th Chapter of Revelation, 16th, 17th and 18th verses, which, in discussing the arrival of the beast, says:

"Also it causes all, both small and great, both rich and poor, both free and slave, to be marked on the right hand or the forehead, so that no one can buy or sell unless he has the mark, that is the name of the beast or the number of the name. This calls for wisdom: let him who has understanding reckon the number of the beast, for it is a human number, its number is six hundred and sixty-six." (RSV)

We're not quite sure what interpretation to put on this passage, but it sounds sinister and ominous in connection with the operations of the organizations addressed.—E.A.

Good Sage, Bad Sage

In Tuesday's issue of the Mail Tribune, Frank Jenkins' column dealt with the fact that a particular insect was killing off large areas of sagebrush in central and eastern Oregon.

This was hailed as an important discovery, and of possible help in the war to eradicate this pest-shrub which has taken up so much of the rangeland essential to livestock raising.

It was, in short, a variety of good news. In the same issue of the paper, on the sports page, was an article quoting game officials as being alarmed by the threat to the sagebrush, which offers fodder to the deer and cover for birds.

It was, in short, a variety of bad news. Well, Beaumont and Fletcher said it in the 17th Century: "What's one man's poison, signor, Is another's meat or drink" — E. A.

"In This Boat We're All Integrated"



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.

Unbelief: To the Editor: I have studied Oscar Jacobson's article, "What Happened to Sin?" in the Tribune 7-26-53. Like Lydia Burnham's article on cigarettes of 5-7-53, they are both masterpieces in their line. Lydia sets forth the facts about cigarettes and their destructive effect on the human body, yet millions, because of unbelief in what Lydia says, and the good doctors she quotes - keep on smoking. Their unbelief does not prevent the destruction of their bodies, neither will it save them. From ditch digger to king, tobacco and liquor will destroy their bodies alike.

Oscar says: "Unbelief is the worst sin today." Why? As tobacco and liquor bring certain destruction to the body, unbelief brings certain destruction to the soul. Salvation is not based upon goodness, greatness or rank. "Salvation is the gift of God, through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Rom. 6:23) Since salvation is a gift, to obtain it we must believe in God the giver, we must believe in the gift and desire it enough to accept it by faith or we just don't have it. (Eph. 2:8) Faith is the condition upon which God has seen fit to pardon sinners, not that there is any virtue in faith itself, whereby salvation is merited. The virtue is all in Christ. He is the remedy provided for sin. Faith is the act by which the helpless ruined sinner lays hold of the remedy (Christ). Unbelief is the worst sin because it destroys every connecting link between man and his Saviour, it breaks and destroys not only the ten commandments, but the first and great commandment on which the rest hang. (Matt. 22:34-40.) None can love God whom they do not know or believe in.

Then too if there is no God, there is no law of God, therefore no sin or sinners, or so I reasoned in many years of unbelief. Sounds stupid now, after knowing the Lord these past 45 years.

No Lydia, just because a man is great in the eyes of the world or has a big job, that will not prevent liquor and tobacco from destroying his body, neither will it prevent unbelief from destroying his soul. Christ is our only hope. He is the resurrection and the life. F. E. Beverly 112 Geneva st. Medford

Arnold Eugene Jenney Rogue Valley Manor Medford.

Rebuttal: To the Editor: Rebuttal: To G. L. Murray (Comm. 5 Aug. MT) and other non-thinkers; Letters like "Many Incidents" indicate the possession of more "gall" than knowledge. Upon what basis do you sit your fat laurels and charge our police with "incompetence"? Inadequacy is possible, but when a total police force of only 47 persons, chief and office help included, can do the job they DO accomplish in a town the size of Medford, nobody with the brains to pound sand in a rat-hole can call them incompetent, not in my book. Do you realize that on a shift basis Medford has only one active patrolling officer at a time for approximately 5,000 persons?

That with only 4 cars, sometimes 5, they have to patrol over 100 miles of city streets? This allows one car about every 20 miles. It is impossible for the patrolmen to be eye-witnesses to every incident in town. That is where the so-called common citizen comes in.

Under the law (devised by the people, not the police) a police officer is not allowed to arrest on a misdemeanor unless: 1. He is an actual witness to the act, 2. He is in possession of a duly sworn warrant issued by competent judicial authority, or 3. He is a part of a group of officers in possession of such a warrant.

You claim to have witnessed many "kids, 16 and under, out at 2 or 3 in the morning smoking, drinking beer, and hot-rodging around one of the local cafes" etc. Just what have you done about it besides exercise your bawzee screaming "incompetence"? Have you ascertained the identity of any of these violators, then sworn a warrant or complaint which would enable a police officer to act? I'll bet not. That would require you to get up and take positive action. Much easier to emit wails of "incompetence," force (curfew), etc. I'm sorry, I'll have to quit now and lean over the lavatory.

Glyndon O. Loomer, 1037 Court st. Medford. (Not a member of any police and name NOT on file).

Macmillan, Like Arnold Palmer, Has Knack of Coming From Behind To Win

By GREGORY JENSEN United Press International London—There is a golfer named Arnold Palmer who makes a career of trailing the pack until all hope seems gone, then staging an amazing comeback to win. There is a part-time golfer here who does the same thing.

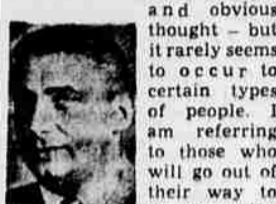
He is the Rt. Hon. Harold Macmillan, P.C., F.R.S., M.P., Sunday duffer, leader of the Conservative party, first lord of the treasury and prime minister of Great Britain.

Less than two months ago, Macmillan trailed back from a holiday spent playing golf, an apparently beaten man. War Minister John Profumo, his personal friend and close cabinet associate, had admitted he lied to the sacred House of Commons about his affair with a flashy young trollop named Christine Keeler. The sex and security scandal which followed shook Britain like an earthquake.

Strictly Personal

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

DOING GOOD NICELY: If you're going to do something nice, be nice about it or don't do it. This is a simple and obvious thought—but it rarely seems to occur to certain types of people. I am referring to those who will go out of their way to do something nice—a favor, a chore, an extra kindness—and then silently demand repayment in terms of gratitude or appreciation.



These are what Dr. Edmund Bergler, the late psychiatrist, called "the injustice collectors." They go around in life collecting injustices. They do nice things to prove to themselves that other people do not appreciate them as much as they should.

Then they sulk, or adopt a martyred pose, or take to their beds with some real or fancied ailment. And, in one way or another, they exact a high retribution for their "niceness." Finally, those around them begin to realize that it's not worth the price.

Many acts of generosity and self-sacrifice are not at all what they seem to be on the surface. Rather, they are techniques employed for neurotic ends; these "tyrants of goodness" would be better off—and so would their families—if they acted a little more selfishly (that is, a little more naturally) much of the time.

Self-pity is the leitmotif in the lives of such personalities. They enjoy demonstrating, over and over again, that others do not appreciate them, that they are victims of the world's injustice, that the bread they cast on the waters is never served up to them as toast on a trap in bed on Sunday mornings.

What they utterly fail to understand is that nice things are done for our own sake, not for the sake of others. The pleasure must reside in the performance, not in the applause. Good deeds are, in a deeper psychological sense, a favor to oneself. If this is not grasped, then our whole sense of personal relationships becomes warped.

A kind act, a piece of generosity or self-sacrifice, must be its own reason for being, an end in itself, not part of a barter system. It must not be used later to reprove someone else with, or as a lever to pry up ancient grievances under a rock. Yet this is what the self-sacrificers tend to do.

They pile up their good deeds like misers stuffing bills in a mattress; hoard them, count them over at night, and recite their complaints. Eventually, with this hoard they try to purchase affection and admiration and gratitude—but it does not work that way. The injustice collectors only collect more injustices.

There are many people who should try to be a little better; but there are almost as many who should stop trying to be better than they can be. If their hidden feelings (hidden to themselves, if not to others) do not correspond to their generous acts, there can be nothing but bitter fruit in the end, for themselves and for those they are so "nice" to.

Public and political opinion was virtually unanimous that Macmillan was finished. Few thought he could stand while the shock waves of scandal upon scandal jolted his foundation of power.

Yet today, Macmillan is talking and acting like a man who intends to be prime minister forever. Much of the press again depicts him as a leader in confident command.

Talk of Conservative party revolts has melted like the leads of Palmer's opponents. The outcry over security aspects of the Profumo affair has stilled, partly because Lord Denning's judicial inquiry into these aspects continues, partly because of increased indication that any security risks were potential rather than real.

As July ended Macmillan came into fresh trouble over the defection to Russia of former intelligence agent H. A. R. (Kim) Philby. But his opponents were concentrating attack on his handling of this one case. Six weeks ago the attacks were on the whole question of his capacity to govern.

Probably never before has "Unflappable Mac" showed his unflappability more than in this summer of 1963.

What happened? How did Macmillan survive? The answers seem to lie in a series of three.

Three men, political observers are agreed, could have toppled Macmillan in the sordid wake of the Profumo scandal—Vice Premier R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer Reginald Maudling and minister-of-all-work Viscount Hailsham.

Had any of these three mounted an open challenge to Macmillan's leadership, rallying the disaffected elements in their own Conservative party, few experts doubt that Macmillan would have fallen.

But there were three accepted reasons why these

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

From Washington: The United States took steps yesterday to RETALIATE against the European Common Market for its sharp increase last year in tariffs on U.S. poultry products. The European Common Market, composed of France, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands and Luxembourg, raised its tariffs on our poultry products from 4.9 cents per pound to 13.43 cents.

That's quite a bounce. The result of it, according to Christian Herter, chief U.S. trade negotiator, has been an unreasonable restriction on U.S. poultry. He estimates the loss to our poultry producers at \$46 million a year.

SO—He says—Something will have to be done about it.

WHAT to do? Well, Mr. Herter says, the U.S. has no choice but to retaliate. So he has picked out a list of our imports from the Common Market countries, and on the items in the list we will RAISE OUR TARIFFS on the principle of tit for tat.

THE items? One of them is wine. Last year, Mr. Herter says, we imported from the Common Market countries wine worth \$22.4 million, and brandy worth \$12.1 million. Other imported items were trucks and buses worth \$14.8 million, film except motion pictures worth \$13.6 million, and a wide range of miscellaneous items such as gelatin, theobromine, dextrine, potato starch, cigarette papers, stainless steel cloth scissors and shoes, Roquefort cheese and electric razors.

OUR Mr. Herter estimates the loss to American poultrymen from the higher Common Market tariffs at \$46 million a year. He estimates that the retaliation tariffs that he proposes will cost Common Market exporters to the United States the tidy sum of \$111.5 million.

It's at least interesting to learn that there's ONE American who believes that when we do something we ought to do it in a way to SHOW A PROFIT.

In recent years, it has seemed to a lot of us, too many Americans in high office have tended to look upon a profit as something SINFUL.

three men did not act—their loyalty to Macmillan and their party; the fact that an election must be held within 15 months; and their uncertainty of success in uniting the party and the nation behind any of them.

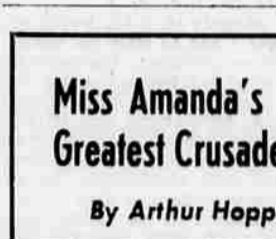
Macmillan himself held three powerful weapons in his come-from-behind struggle. According to all indications, he used all three with telling effect.

One was a threat to dissolve parliament and call a new election immediately. He is legally empowered to give the queen advice to this effect, which she is nominally bound to follow. And with the Labor party leading in every public opinion poll and trouncing all comers in every by-election, the thought of an immediate general poll gave Tories cold shudders.

The second was the circumstances under which Macmillan, if he went, would have been forced out. His argument that no government should be toppled by so unsavory a mess was a powerful one.

The third was a Macmillan weapon in the international field—the prospect of a successful nuclear test ban treaty. Macmillan already was corresponding with Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev and President Kennedy about the possibility of negotiations. He argued that this was too valuable an asset to up-set.

But these three tactical advantages only satisfied one of Macmillan's three needs.



Miss Amanda's Greatest Crusade

By Arthur Hoppe

"Stamp out civil rights!" It was my good friend, Miss Amanda, national commander of "I, the superpatriotic stamping out society." "Preserve our glorious American heritage!"

I said Miss Amanda looked particularly fetching today, what with a feather boa to match her tennis shoes. But why did she wish to stamp out civil rights?

"Civil rights," she announced with an ominous glare through her bifocals, "are a Communist plot!"

No! "Yes!" she snapped, clutching the cameo brooch of Senator Goldwater over her heart. "Our alert Southern Governors and Congressmen have exposed the whole nefarious Kremlin-directed scheme of these civil rights agitators! Puppets of Moscow, that's what they are!"

They are? "They are! Witnesses at the Congressional civil rights hearings have presented incontrovertible evidence to prove it! From an unimpeachable source!" Unimpeachable? "Right!" cried Miss Amanda triumphantly. "The Communist Daily Worker!"

Very unimpeachable, I agreed. "Absolutely!" she said. "The evidence shows The Daily Worker is backing this civil rights agitation to the hilt! Therefore, anyone who is for civil rights is swallowing the Commie party line! Hook and sinker! Stamp out civil rights! Keep America free!"

A marvelous crusade, I said, and one that opened all sorts of new vistas. "It does!" exclaimed Miss Amanda, highly pleased. Right, I said. For example, here was a Daily Worker editorial in favor of more housing and schools. Should we not alert American to—"Stamp out housing!" cried

They, and his three potential rivals' failure to act, gave him time.

Besides time, Macmillan needed a diversion and a triumph. The diversion had to take the heat off Macmillan himself and his politically shaky position long enough for his defensive weapons to be useful.

Ironically, the diversion was provided by the very thing which threatened him in the first place—the Profumo scandal. The tremors which spread from the first shock to Dr. Stephen Ward and his playmates were so sensational Macmillan found himself virtually ignored.

The triumph came in Moscow, with the initialing of the test ban treaty. In a country where nuclear disarmament is so vocal and vital an issue as here, the treaty was a triumph indeed. Macmillan, exploited it as such.

Thus Macmillan, with a "Palmer rush," again leads the field. Public opinion polls show his own, and even his party's, stock improving.

But the game is not over yet. A considerable body of opinion believes Macmillan is still on the way out. He himself has indicated he wants to lead his party through the next election. But Macmillan will be 70 in February, and many observers are convinced Britain will have a new prime minister by then.

Macmillan, as of now, has ended his political tournament in a tie. And even Arnold Palmer has been known to lose a playoff.



Stamp out civil rights!

Wait a minute, I said, coming up with a yellowed clipping from The Workers World. Here was one that would launch Miss Amanda on the most dramatic crusade of her career. The crusade that would prove her superpatriotism beyond shred of doubt, the crusade that...

"What's it say? What's it say?" cried Miss Amanda, clapping her fingerless lace gloves together excitedly. It says, I said somberly, that plight of single, elderly females in our society was awful and something must be done for them.

"You mean...?" she said suspiciously. Yes, I said. It was now up to her alone to save America. But she could count on my heartfelt support in this, her greatest crusade. Indeed, here was a placard for her to bear aloft into battle, a placard with a touchingly simple message: "STAMP OUT ME!"

It certainly touched Miss Amanda. "What are you, some kind of nut?" she yelled. And after breaking up the crusade—over my head—she stomped militantly out.

Well, I guess I never will understand these superpatriots. Do they want to help the country or don't they?



"Is there no end to the deviousness of the Western mind? Now they're comparing Barry Goldwater to us!"