

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 Oct. 28, 1953 (Wednesday) Medford's Mayor D. L. Flynn today was elected vice president of the League of Oregon Cities at the organization's annual meeting in Portland.

20 YEARS AGO Oct. 28, 1943 (Thursday) Medford City Superintendent Frank Rogers discusses post-war planning for city at meeting of Medford Lions.

30 YEARS AGO Oct. 28, 1933 (Saturday) Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, NRA administrator, invited visit Medford on tour of Pacific coast.

40 YEARS AGO Oct. 28, 1923 (Sunday) Andrew Jeldness, Blue Lodge, reports he is certain he saw Siskiyou railroad tunnel robbery suspects in this area.

50 YEARS AGO Oct. 28, 1913 (Tuesday) Don Rader, Medford youth who signed contract to play baseball with Chicago White Sox, writes owner of team asking permission to accompany squad in round the world tour.

What's Your I.Q.?

- 1. Did the Green Mountain Boys fight in the Revolutionary War, Indian Wars, or World War I? 2. "On The Road to Mandalay" refers to the city of Mandalay in which country? 3. Which nation fought Russia behind its Mannerheim line? 4. For a 15th wedding anniversary, should suitable gifts be of china, crystal, or wood? 5. Herman Melville's "Moby Dick" is a story about what mammal? 6. On what empire has it been said the sun never sets? 7. Is mocha an Arabian town on the Red Sea, a coffee or a color? 8. Wolverine State is a nickname for Michigan, Minnesota, or Montana? 9. Vibration of the uvula and the soft palate will cause one to do what? 10. Is Tibet to the North or South of Nepal? Answers: 1. Revolution. 2. Burma. 3. Finland. 4. Crystal. 5. Whale. 6. British. 7. All three. 8. Michigan. 9. Snore. 10. North.

Why Leave Oregon?

At the recent convention of the Oregon State Bar Association, the lawyers decided to hold next year's meeting in British Columbia. A few days later, the Oregon State Bankers association followed suit and scheduled their next annual meeting in Victoria, B.C.

THE letter, which was addressed to Portland Lawyer Phil Roth, said in part: "Most of us in Chamber of Commerce work have taken it for granted that pride in Oregon on the part of its citizens is not an unusual circumstance. It just never occurred to us, Mr. Roth, that any responsible state group would entertain the notion of staging its annual convention outside the boundaries of our state."

THE Chamber group was further incensed by Roth's rather airy justification for choosing the Canadian convention site. Roth was quoted as saying that the majority of attorneys in the association were from Portland and the Willamette Valley, and it was easier for them to get to Vancouver, B.C., than it was to such places as Klamath Falls or Coos Bay.

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Individually, on their vacations, let them travel to Timbuktu if they like, but when Oregon lawyers meet in official convention, let them meet somewhere in Oregon.

(As a matter of fact, how long has it been since the association met in Medford?)—G.H.B.

TV News Contest

The decision of the National Broadcasting company to come on with their news program a half hour ahead of the competing Columbia Broadcasting company's program probably seemed a smart move on paper.

Six o'clock is a good time slot, one when the man of the house is home after his day's labors and is in a mood to sit back and relax and find out what has happened in the world while he has been at work.

The idea probably looked good, too, from the standpoint that a half hour's news is enough, and if popular programs could be scheduled to follow the news, maybe there would be a minimum of dial switching to CBS afterwards.

The final clincher was that the news tandem of Chet Huntley and David Brinkley has been winning prizes and awards with monotonous regularity over the last few years for its 15 minute program.

To the NBC executives it probably looked like cold turkey. WE haven't seen any polls to confirm or refute us, but we'd bet that exactly the opposite has happened.

We'll bet that Walter Cronkite is clobbering Huntley-Brinkley. And if he hasn't yet, he will shortly.

CBS is clearly putting on the superior program. We've been fans of "Chet and Dave" for years now, particularly when they had the 15 minute format and were opposed by the colorless Doug Edwards.

Huntley always seemed the perfect image of the veteran, unflappable newsmen, and Brinkley's personality somehow managed to give a wry, satiric twist to the events of the great and mighty.

This fall, when both networks expanded to a half hour, and NBC came on 30 minutes before CBS, we made a special point of watching both programs to compare them.

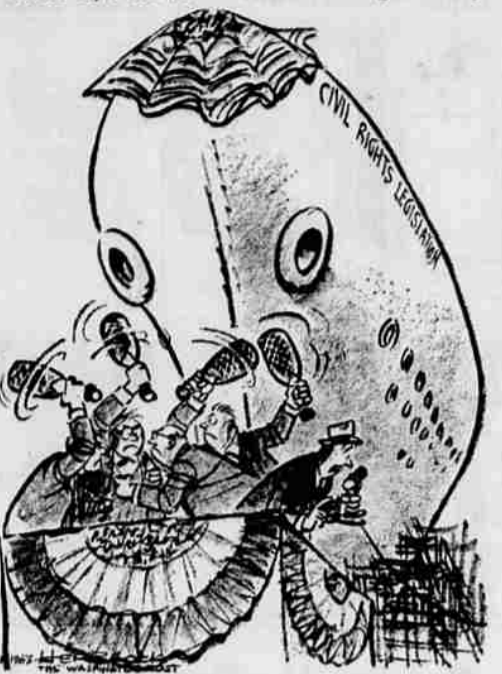
The difference is amazing. IN the first place — and most importantly, considering it's a news program — CBS is much sharper with its reporting, its news is "later," and its film clips usually seem better edited and more illustrative of the news story they support.

Perhaps it's that 30 extra minutes that gives CBS the opportunity to hold off longer, and hence get the very latest news, before the show is put together.

NBC has attempted to counteract that by giving a brief spot to its Los Angeles studio in the middle of the program. The LA reporter breaks in rather clumsily and skims through three or four West Coast items, or delivers a spot bulletin on some late-breaking story. Somehow, it just isn't satisfactory.

But the clincher is that Huntley and Brinkley seem to have lost their grip. Huntley now just seems tired, as though he couldn't care less, and Brinkley's humor has palled badly into something resembling "cuteness," which doesn't fit a news program. Unless there is a big change, this year's Emmy award should go hands down to Cronkite and CBS.—G.H.B.

"Hold It, Fellows — There's A Sight Delay"



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. 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.

Power of Prayer To the Editor: To any who have never realized what the power of prayer does to change one's life from that of mere existence to one of hope, purpose, and fulfillment, these words are dedicated: "Prayer is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend. Our heavenly Father waits to bestow upon us the fullness of His blessing. It is our privilege to drink largely at the fountain of boundless love. What a wonder that we pray so little! God is ready and willing to hear the sincere prayer of the humblest of His children and yet there is much manifest reluctance on our part to make known our wants to God. His heart of infinite love years toward us, ready to give us more than we ask or think, and yet we pray so little and have such little faith." (E. White.)

Many feel they are out of harmony and know not how to pray, but God says to come as we are. Surely this prayer from the same author is fitting: "Lord take my heart, for I cannot give it. It is Thy property. Keep it pure for I cannot keep it. Save me in spite of myself, my weak unChristlike self. Mold me, fashion me, raise me into a pure and holy atmosphere where the rich current of Thy love may flow through my soul." Jeremiah 29:13 says, "And ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." God has promised the "peace that passeth understanding," and life eternal to those who put their trust in Him. This is the only answer for the troubled times in which we live. (Name on File) Medford.

Women To the Editor: I'm sticking my neck out for sure this time, and I know it. Could a former vice president of our country repeat his famous remark today that, "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke?" Women nowadays drive trucks and buses, fly planes and serve as judges, senators and representatives. The Dairy Maids Softball Team beats men's teams without too much effort. Behave yourself or a policeman will arrest you. Despite all this they still retain their femininity. I was only kidding. David Frisch P. O. Box 292 White City, Ore.

Freedom of Religion To the Editor: Mrs. Santo's letter, published Oct. 25 and entitled by you "Atheist Go Home," is not, I am glad to say, concurred in by the three local ministers who participated on KMED in a recent round table discussion of the Supreme Court decisions criticized by her. All understood those decisions and expressed approval. Robert Ingersoll, before the turn of the century, and before Communism had become a serious world factor, stated the reason for separation of church and state in a clear, concise and convincing manner, as follows: "No honest court ever did, or ever will, decide that our Constitution is Christian. The Declaration of Independence announces the sublime truth, that all power comes from the people. To Paine, Jefferson, and Franklin, are we indebted, more than to all others, for a human government, and for a Constitution in which no God is recognized superior to the legally expressed will of the people. They knew that to put God in the Constitution was to put man out. They knew that the recognition of a Deity would be seized upon by fanatics and zealots as a pretext for destroying the liberty of thought. They knew the terrible history of the

church too well to place in her keeping, or in the keeping of her God, the sacred rights of man. They intended that all should have the right to worship or not to worship; that our laws should make no distinction on account of creed. They intended to found and frame a government for man, and for man alone. They wished to preserve the individuality and liberty of all; to prevent the few from governing the many, and the many from persecuting and destroying the few. "Give the church a place in the Constitution, let her touch once more the sword of power, and the priceless fruit of all the ages will turn to ashes on the lips of men. "Surely it is worth something to feel that there are no priests, no popes, no parties, no governments, no kings, no gods, to whom your intellect can be compelled to pay a reluctant homage."

I wonder if Mrs. Santo or anyone else ever heard of an atheist, an agnostic, a skeptic or a humanist conducting a heresy trial, or otherwise attempting to force his religious beliefs on others. Clarence M. Crews 4706 N. Pacific Highway Medford.

Telephone Solicitors To the Editor: Telephone subscribers! How many of you are just as annoyed and angry as I am about telephone solicitors? We pay for our telephone and to have our name listed in the local directory, so friends, relatives, and business contacts may telephone us. Not for solicitors to annoy us. Yesterday afternoon, in the midst of caring for my four boys ages 4, 5, 6 years and 7 months, all of them with sore throats and colds, one just out of the hospital after having pneumonia, I had three calls in 15 minutes, a very rude woman who said she "represented Reserve Life Ins. Co." The first time she called, I inquired if she had a license for this telephoning soliciting. She said yes she did, so I told her when I saw her license I would talk to her. (This has kept them from bothering me before.) In a few minutes she called back and wanted to know what I meant. I told her I meant I didn't like telephoning soliciting, and put the receiver down quite loudly that time. In a very short time she called back and told me to get listed number? My husband has a roofing business, and what good would an unlisted number do this business? How would our out of town friends, and relatives contact us if they lost such an unlisted number?

This morning, I called the Better Business Bureau, and they told me that no license was required for such soliciting. All of you daily newspaper readers and telephone subscribers that are as annoyed as I am WHAT can we do? Let's write our legislators, congressman and the governor. Maybe they can put a law to the voters that would prohibit such abuse of our private lives. If not a prohibitive law, one that requires a \$100 license fee for such companies that feel they have to annoy people on the phone, to sell their products and "insurance." Mrs. Jim R. (Annie M.) Westhouse P. O. Box 222 Jacksonsville, Ore.

Jefferson and Goldwater To the Editor: For all persons of liberal persuasion I quote the following: "The way to have good and safe government is not to trust it all to one; but to divide it among the many, distributing to every one exactly the functions he is competent to. Let the national government be entrusted with the defense of the nation,

Foreign News: 'Big Lift' May Cause Embarrassment; U.S. and British Ties

By PHIL NEWSOM UPI Foreign News Analyst

Notes from the foreign news cables: Too Good: Mechanically, Operation "Big Lift," the job of flying a complete U.S. division to Germany in little more than 60 hours,

was a total success but der the new leadership of Sir Alexander Douglas-Home. The new prime minister, even more than Harold Macmillan, has been a staunch supporter of an Atlantic policy in firm alignment with the United States. Douglas-Home has been the driving force behind Britain's decision to join the United States in talks with other allies on the possible creation of a multi-nation nuclear naval force. He held out against strong opposition in the cabinet when he was the foreign minister in Macmillan's set up.

Strictly Personal

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



APPROACH In New York, some time ago, I was invited by a friend to play bridge with him one afternoon at the Cavendish Club, where the masters make their home between tournaments. Afterward, there was the customary gossip about various experts, their habits and peculiarities.

What interested me was the discussion about one particular master, who invariably wins at rubber bridge, even with the most mediocre partners. Other experts play just as well as he, but he knows best how to adjust himself to the flaws and deficiencies of his partner of the moment.

Most of his colleagues, I was told, do exactly the opposite. If they find themselves in a serious game partnered by a duffer, they make the partner "pay" for his ignorance and ineptitude. They punish him for being a poor player — even though he is their partner, and they suffer the same bad score for their behavior.

They make bids he cannot understand, place burdens upon him that he cannot fulfill, and then hear withering scorn upon him for falling down on the hand—which

scorn only makes him play worse, and adversely affects their own score as well. This self-defeating attitude reminded me of marriages I have known, in which one of the partners is always excoriating the faults of the other, and would rather see the partnership become a dismal failure than forgo the bleak pleasures of criticism.

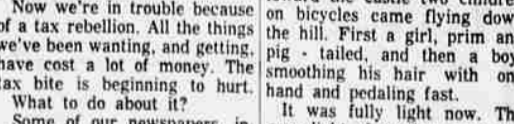
Cutting off one's nose to spite one's face is a much more common attitude than we realize. This attitude says, in effect, "If you're not going to fulfill my expectations, if I am to be saddled with your shortcomings, then I'll strain you to the limit and test you to the breaking-point, as much as it may hurt me; because the satisfaction I get from feeling superior to you is greater than the cost of disaster."

But the winning player in bridge — where all the masters have about the same level of technical skill — is the one with the most flexible and adaptable temperament, the one who can bring out the best in his partner, the one who knows that the noose he draws around his partner's neck also hangs him.

When one reaches a certain high level of aptitude in any pursuit, the decisive differences are not emotional; the line that really separates winners and losers is not a technical or strategic superiority, but a psychological approach. In bridge, in tennis, in most other competitions, games are not so much won as lost — lost by those who are not in full command of their inmost natures.

The Bomb And the Village

By Arthur Hoppe



WILTON PARK, England — We sat up late in the paneled study of the old castle, talking about the Bomb. There were three Germans, two Austrians, a Frenchman, an Englishman and three Americans.

All were intelligent, highly informed people here for an international conference. Words and phrases like "escalation," "proliferation" and "multilateral NATO nuclear force" flew back and forth across the room like shuttlecocks.

For two hours we talked. If the Russians attacked Western Europe with conventional weapons, could the Europeans rely on the Americans to come to their defense with nuclear weapons? Thereby probably destroying civilization? Or should the Europeans build their own nuclear force? The problem was inordinately complex. Argument built on argument. It was like a game of three-dimensional chess. Most of us were leaning forward, elbows on knees, tremendously stimulated. For it was exciting.

This morning, I awoke an hour before dawn. Unable to sleep, I dressed, left the ancient castle and walked down the narrow lane toward the village of Steyning, perhaps a mile or so away. Night still clung in the treetops and the hedgerows. When I reached the village, the street lights were paling. The stores along the narrow main street were dark except for a yellow glow coming through the open door of the stationer's shop where newsboys were picking up their morning papers. I turned left onto a side street.

Steyning is an old village, centuries old. It is quiet, neat, charming, and very real. As the light grew, I watched it wake. I watched it wake as it has each morning for centuries. I saw a light go on in a cottage and heard a man cough. I saw a tradesman unlock the door of his shop and pause for a moment to rub the back of his neck. I saw two workmen in caps and rubber boots, lunch-pails in hand, walking unhurriedly across the street, each wrapped in silence. Through a lighted window I saw a baker kneading dough and I smelled his bread.

I paused for a moment by the 11th Century Norman church to watch a young man in a tweed jacket take a shortcut through the graveyard over a well-worn path which would be between tombstones so weathered that wind and rain had long since erased the inscriptions they once bore.

As I started back up the lane toward the castle two children on bicycles came flying down toward the castle two children on bicycles came flying down the hill. First a girl, prim and pig-tailed, and then a boy, smoothing his hair with one hand and pedaling fast.

It was fully light now. The gray light of another gray day in the South of England. Now I could see the downs stretching away on either side of the lane, green and lush and park-like. I could see the grazing cows and the darting crows and the farmer already plowing, the rich black loam unfolding behind him. I could see all of this, just as it has been for centuries.

I know we at this conference will talk again about the Bomb. I know the intellectual challenge of all its corollary problems will again stimulate us. I know that those who talk are intelligent, highly informed people. Yet I have never felt as strongly that when we talk about the Bomb, we don't know what the hell we're talking about.

Acress Carolyn Jones, Husband Separate

HOLLYWOOD (UPI)—Actress Carolyn Jones and her husband, television producer Aaron Spelling, have separated, it was disclosed over the weekend. The Spellings wed in 1953. It was the second marriage for each.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

The news? It's a mess—any way you look at it. Example: Kroosh and his farm problem.

THERE was a time when the Russian people had a reasonable abundance of grain. But they got tired of an all-out bread diet. They wanted milk and meat. So—Kroosh subsidized milk and meat. Whereupon the Russian farmers turned in and produced so many cattle that they ate up all the grain and now Kroosh is having to buy grain from the wicked free enterprisers here in the U. S. He's having to buy so much of it that it's taking most of his hoarded gold to pay for it.

WHAT about US? Well, during the war, we subsidized farm production in order to insure food enough to meet our needs and the needs of our allies. It worked. With guaranteed high prices, our farmers turned in and produced food as food had never been produced before. We kept everybody fed.

THERE came eventually the end of the war—and with it the end of our obligation to feed our allies. The obvious thing to do was to end the subsidies. But our politicians were afraid that if the war subsidies were dropped they'd lose the farm vote. So the subsidies were continued. The result was a food surplus that was breaking our backs to provide storage for it.

HERE in Oregon, for more years than one can easily remember, a sales tax has been regarded as just one step short of SIN. Now we're in trouble because of a tax rebellion. All the things we've been wanting, and getting, have cost a lot of money. The tax bite is beginning to hurt.

WHAT to do about it? Some of our newspapers, including this one, are taking straw votes on what the people want in the way of NEW taxes to raise the money we apparently must have unless we give up a lot of things. You guessed it. HEAVILY in all the returns so far in.

WHAT to do about it all? Here's a thought: The Liberals (with other people's money) have been running things for a long, long time. Maybe it's getting about time to get some power back into the hands of some good, old hard-boiled conservatives who refuse to believe in Santa Claus.

SO MUCH for the world. Let's get closer home. "If you want my opinion, he hasn't got a chance!"

