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Flight o' Time

19 YEARS AGO Nov. 26, 1944 (Thursday)

26 YEARS AGO Nov. 26, 1937 (Friday)

30 YEARS AGO Nov. 26, 1933 (Sunday)

40 YEARS AGO Nov. 26, 1923 (Monday)

50 YEARS AGO Nov. 26, 1913 (Wednesday)

What's Your I.Q.?

1. What name is applied to female warriors?

Answer: 1. Amazons. 2. Plural husbands. 3. Yellowstone. 4. 1966. 5. St. Helena. 6. The Lady from Banbury. 7. Hitler. 8. Japan. 9. Die. 10. Mural or fresco.

The Goals Remain

Still stunned, still only half believing the awful truth, the nation has buried its President with full and fitting honors, and now turns again to the mundane facts of life continuing.

MANY HAVE deplored, as have we, the unmistakable evidence that civilization and an ordered society are but a thin veneer over savagery.

But the other side of the coin shows us that, while the veneer may be thin, it is widespread. The almost universal shock and grief and sense of outrage show us that most of us have progressed a little way from savagery, long though it may linger in some.

The race may have originated in brutality and savagery, but it has gradually grown away from them in its everyday living, and they have come to be abhorrent to our hearts.

CHIEFLY in the act of war we still revert to the mentality of the caveman. Man has, in many ways, learned to live with man — although there is still a far journey to go. Among nations, the goal is even more distant.

But it was that goal which President Kennedy had set himself to lead us toward — the goal of peace on earth, good will toward men. He had sought it among the nations and had sought it among his own people, black and white, north and south. He had sought a lessening of international tensions while at the same time realizing the continuing need for strength in the jungle world of the 20th Century.

HE HAD sought a land wherein no man was less worthy than another because his face was black. He had sought a land wherein no one would go hungry or live in frustrated idleness. He had sought a land prosperous and at peace.

He had sought a land wherein the intellect was respected, and wherein the artist, the musician, the author, the poet, were honored and made welcome.

He had sought a land wherein knowledge and science were the servants of mankind, and not ends in themselves. And he had sought a land where every man, no matter what his origins, would have an opportunity to achieve the knowledge and the skills to make himself a better man and the nation a better nation.

THESE ARE lofty and noble goals, but the search for them has been long, and often frustrated by smaller men.

It may be that the death of the young President who so valiantly sought to "get the country moving" toward these goals will somehow make further progress possible. It may be that the reactionaries and frustrationists will be shocked into a realization that the world is, after all, improvable, provided we set out to improve it.

If that is to be the case it would be the most fitting memorial possible to the memory of John Fitzgerald Kennedy. — E. A.

Mrs. Kennedy's Courage

Over the past three years, many have openly or covertly belittled Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy as a giddy butterfly, too much concerned with her own pleasures; beautiful, perhaps, but probably having little real character.

Others — and we are pleased to be numbered among them — have felt that, beneath the surface gloss, here is a woman to command respect. Her behavior during the hideous events of the hours ending late yesterday confirms one thing: She is a tremendously determined woman with unbelievable self-control and courage.

HERS HAS been no easy life, nor a "sheltered" one, as Mme. Nhu ungraciously wired her. She came from a broken home. She has had illnesses. She lost several babies through miscarriages, and one two days after he was born. She has gone through all the rigors of campaigning with her husband, and through the tremendously demanding routine of being First Lady and mistress of the White House.

She has renewed and stirred interest in the arts, in architecture, in music and drama. She has brought a renewed glory to the Executive Mansion, and taken the whole nation through it, via television, thus providing a broadened understanding of our national heritage.

AND THEN at last, having to share her grief with the whole world, and before the eyes of the world, she set an example of courage which would put almost anyone else to shame.

At all times she was meticulously correct in her behavior, but still retained her sense of individuality (as in her startling late-night visit to the bier in the Capitol rotunda). She was, indeed, more comforting than comforted, not only to her two children — bewildered little John-John and half-comprehending Caroline — but to the great and near-great who surrounded her.

At the risk of sounding maudlin, we would declare her to be a worthy object of the nation's homage. — E. A.

"I Still Can't Believe It"



Alone on a Darkling Plain

By Arthur Hoppe

EN ROUTE TO WASHINGTON — It is night. Below the airliner the towns of America creep past, spidery pools of light in the blackness. The initial shock and grief at the assassination have eased. And I cannot look down on these sleeping communities without feeling a new emotion: an uneasiness. Almost a naked fear. In the privacy of how many homes down there — in the secrecy of how many minds — is it shared?

I feel it. I know one of my daughters feels it. She came home from school crying. "It was awful. They told us at recess and one boy said he was glad and the other boys hit him with a rock and we stood on the bench screaming and a plane came over and I thought it was going to drop a bomb." And she cried, not so much in grief as in fear.

So I held her on my lap, the way you do, and rocked her and said everything would be all right. But I don't know that it will. I don't know.

What we have lost, my daughter and I, is not so much a great leader. Maybe Mr. Kennedy was a great leader. Maybe not. I'm not wise enough to know.

No, what we have lost, she and I, is a focusing point, the banister off the stairs, the block on our pile. And if hatred and violence can snuff out the life of the most powerful and protected man in our world — just like that — what of us? What of us?

If I died, she would, I know, feel the same about me. As her father, I am a certitude in her life, a known quality in the sea of unreason through which children must find their way. That was what Mr. Kennedy was to both of us. Whether we admired much of what he did

(which I did) or disliked some of what he did (which I did), he was a known quantity, part of the fabric of our routine. The assassin's bullet had torn a great hole in the tenuous web of our security.

And now we have President Johnson. Perhaps the Presidency will bestow greatness on him as it has on others. "Will it?" I asked the cab driver on the way to the airport. "Do you think it will?"

"I don't know much about him, but I think he'll do all right," he said. "I hope." He hopes, I hope. You hope. But I don't know. That's what it is, I don't know.

Did they feel this way when President Garfield was killed? President McKinley? Even President Lincoln? I don't know. I doubt it. I deeply believe my unease — my fears — are reflections of the perils of our times.

For the world sits balanced on the razor's edge. A wrong decision would kill not a thousand nor a million, but 200 million or 400 million. You, me and my daughter. Never has the sea of unreason appeared so deep, so turbulent. Never has peace, nor ease, nor certitude appeared so precious.

It is what my child feels. It is what I feel. We feel it in different ways, perhaps, but we feel the same thing. And as I watch each tangle of light crawl by below in the blackness, I believe that many down there feel it, too. For the leader we knew — the leader we know so well — is gone. We are left alone and for this moment, we are all but frightened children on "a darkling plain, swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight, where ignorant armies clash by night."

WAR AND SHAME "We ought to rewrite ancient history for children," a woman remarked to me recently. "So that conflict and combat aren't glorified. When they read about the Greeks fighting all the time, and the 10 years of the Trojan War, they think that war, if not noble, is at least normal."

I suggested that this was a misreading of history — especially by among the ancient Greeks. Rather than glorifying war, they recognized it as an evil, bitterly necessary though it sometimes might be.

Memo to World Leaders: President's Foreign Policy Views Are Well Known

You recall a visit Johnson made to Formosa and to Southeast Asia. In Formosa, Johnson told Chiang Kai-shek that the United States "has no intention of recognizing the Peking regime" and opposes "seating the Peking regime in the United Nations."

And you also must remember what Johnson said in the Philippines. He said there that "we will continue to honor our obligations and will proceed either alone or with our free world friends to preserve our position in Asia."

Many of you already have met this tall Texan who as vice president travelled about the world on missions in behalf of President Kennedy.

First: Nikita Khrushchev: There were reports from high Communist diplomats in London over the weekend that you were deeply disturbed that a change now may be made in U. S. strategy. You first met Johnson in Washington a couple of years ago and it's probable you didn't make a good impression. Your greeting to Johnson was recalled thusly:

"I do not know you, but I have read all your speeches and I do not like any of them." In that case, you surely recall a speech Johnson made before the West Berlin Parliament in August, 1961, just after erection of the Berlin Wall. He said:

"To the survival and to the creative future of this city, we Americans have pledged, in effect, what your ancestors pledged in forming the United States: 'Our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.'"

That means there will be no lack of U. S. determination to continue to defend allied rights in West Berlin.

Mao Tse-tung of Red China: To the Editor: The brain weighs about three pounds. It is largely composed of living cells. In these cells, 500 of which extend but one inch, the experience, education, and the mental skill of a lifetime are stored.

From the billion nerve cells of the brain and spinal cord little silken fingers extend to all parts of the body. By this miracle telegraph system the movements of head, hands and feet are coordinated. All move in harmony with the commands of the specified nerve centers that govern each part and function; even during sleep the heart beats, the lungs breathe, and the glands function; in obedience to these vigilant, sleepless keepers of the living temple. (1 Cor. 6:19, 20).

The lungs are lined with a delicate membrane which if unfolded would cover 2,000 square feet. Beneath this membrane an amount of blood equal

to the entire bodily supply passes each minute for purification. Each tiny red corpuscle, 3,500 of them to the inch, carries with it a load of life-giving oxygen larger than the corpuscle itself. "He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things" (Acts 17:25).

Speech, if possible, is the most mysterious. In the larynx are two vocal cords, each less than an inch in length and exactly alike. Yet of the three billion persons, no two voices are precisely the same; yet each normal person can produce thousands of variations in tone and expression.

The power and influence of speech is an even greater miracle than the organ by which it is produced. It can pour forth the sweetest music, and stir the deepest emotions of the soul. It may arouse millions to face peril and death undaunted, or it may soothe the timid babe to rest, and to the troubled heart whisper, "Peace, be still."

And how did mankind acquire so priceless a talent, so marvelous a gift? "Who hath made man's mouth? . . . have not I the Lord?" "The answer of the tongue, is from the Lord." (Ex. 4:11; Prov. 15:1). The Creator who made these delicate organs out of the dust and breathed into them the breath of life. (Gen. 2:7) is the creator of all nature. Nature declares his glory and showeth his handiwork.

F. E. Beverly 112 Geneva St. Medford

Remember Noah and how he was ridiculed when he tried to warn the people to turn to God? What happened? I wouldn't call him as having a "misguided zeal" because he was on the extreme right and proving the facts were "too ridiculous" for anyone to take seriously" (as AEJ 11-10-63 said regarding a letter to the Editor). If the Hargis, Smoots, Schwartz, Tom Andersons and other rightists are just "stating falsehoods," then why has not it been proven? Have you ever heard of any of them taking the fifth amendment? They are not afraid to stand up and be counted, they know what they are talking about and trying to awaken the American people out of their stupor.

With all the smears that the spineless liberals are handing out proves they are being frightened, because of the rapid increase of the Americans who are hearing the "Voices in the Wilderness" as to the conditions our country is in. As one commander said a few days ago, "The invisible government is beginning to be visible."

When Anti-Communist Mme. Nhu came to the U.S. she was given a cold shoulder. But Red Dictator Tito came for a hand-out he was given the red carpet. Likewise some years ago Pro-American Mme. Chiang Kai-shek was treated coldly. But old Kruosh was given a hearty welcome.

Who is to blame? Some in the State Department have been there too long. It's time we are getting rid of them.

Mrs. Ernest Lane 204 Lozier Lane Medford

Dedicated Woman To the Editor: Mary Hittson Ward (of Talent, who was killed in an automobile accident Sunday afternoon north of Grants Pass) was a very dedicated

woman. She spent her entire life helping others. She organized and was president of the "Workers of Wake, Guam and Cavite." Originally called "The Women of Wake Island," it was formed in Los Angeles for the sole purpose of helping the families and widows of the construction men who were captured or killed on the now famous Wake Island.

It is truly unbelievable that this one lone person could and did accomplish such feats during the four years between 1941 and 1945, while her husband and some 1,250 other construction workers were either killed or captured and prisoners of war of the Japanese.

And all this was only the beginning for Mary Ward. After the war and the release of these men who were still alive, and their eventual return to the United States, her work really started.

She wanted proper compensation and medical care for these men or the widows. She spent as much as 10 months out of a year in Washington, D.C., battling, lobbying, making connections to help these men. She out-manuevered such a renowned attorney as Harold Keele of Chicago, Ill., who later, through admiration of this intelligent woman and her humanitarian causes, became one of her best friends and valuable allies.

This same story is true with such prominent men as Harry Morrison, president of Morrison-Knudson Construction Co.; George Farria, Raymond Concrete and Pile; the heads of Bureau of Compensation in Washington, D.C.; congressmen and senators; government officials of all offices she visited so many times, began to love and admire this wonderful, dedicated person.

She never lost a battle in Washington, D.C., whether it was for the group as a whole or an individual on a medical case. The men of "The Workers of Wake, Guam and Cavite" called her their "Guardian Angel." The congressmen, attorneys, Pacific Naval Air bases, U.S. Government officials and the construction companies involved, called her "The Smallest Organization With the Mightiest Results."

Even the taxpayers could not complain of the numerous bills and benefits and compensations that she derived for these men — because she slyly learned of a jack-pot in Washington, D.C., that no one as yet had been able to get his fingers into and was a natural for her. This was the confiscation of land and property during the war of all Japanese and German assets in America. When these people were deported and the lands sold, it left millions of dollars in the U.S. Treasury that no one really knew what to do with.

Mary Ward knew what to do with a very small part of it and she felt great satisfaction in winning from the countries that had caused these men so much suffering and loss of life. A book could and should be written on Mary Hittson Ward — and she would have been a natural for "This Is Your Life."

Bus Sporer, 842 W. Fairhaven Roseburg, Ore.

UNICEF Thanks To the Editor: Allow us to express our heartfelt gratitude for your generous cooperation with our efforts on behalf of the world's needy children and mothers this year.

We fully appreciate the extent to which your outstanding support has contributed to strengthening UNICEF's assistance to over 500 long-range programs in 116 countries by making our own projects more successful.

Please believe that your generosity is not taken for granted. We wish we could thank you in as many languages as are spoken by the young beneficiaries of UNICEF's aid.

Victor de Keyserling Director of Information Services U. S. Committee for UNICEF United Nations New York, N.Y.

.. 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.

The Creator To the Editor: The brain weighs about three pounds. It is largely composed of living cells. In these cells, 500 of which extend but one inch, the experience, education, and the mental skill of a lifetime are stored.

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Victor de Keyserling Director of Information Services U. S. Committee for UNICEF United Nations New York, N.Y.



Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

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"GO, STRANGER!" WASHINGTON — Of all the men in public life in his time, John Fitzgerald Kennedy was the most ideally formed to lead the United States of America.

Such, at any rate, is this reporter's judgment, perhaps biased, but at any rate based on long experience and observation, and no longer possible to suspect as self-serving. To be sure, judging Kennedy was never easy, for he was no common man, to be judged by common standards.

Courage, intelligence, and practicality; a passion for excellence and a longing to excel; above all, a deep love of this country, a burning pride in its past, and unremitting confidence in the American future — these were the qualities which acted, so to say, as the mainsprings of Kennedy the President.

KENNEDY the man, Kennedy the private face, was half the enemy and half the reinforcement of Kennedy the President. He had an enviable grace of manner and person. He enjoyed pleasure. After Theodore Roosevelt, he was the first American President to care for learning for its own sake. After Abraham Lincoln, he was the first American President with a rich vein of personal humor — which is a very different thing from the capacity to make jokes.

This strange, dry detached, self-mocking humor no doubt aided him to assess men and events; but in his public role, it was a handicap. Certainly it was not the same sort of handicap as Lincoln's humor, which actually prevented great numbers of otherwise intelligent persons from taking Lincoln seriously.

Kennedy's humor instead inhibited him from showing the depth of his feelings. Any public exhibition of emotion gave him gooseflesh. So foolish people said he was a cold, unfeeling man, although few men in our time have had stronger feelings about those things that mattered to him.

After his country, what mattered most to him was to live intensely, with purpose and effect. He was in some sense the ultimate personification of the observation of Justice Holmes: "Man is born to act; to act is to affirm the worth of an end; and to affirm the worth of an end is to create an ideal."

The ideal that Kennedy affirmed in action was singularly simple: for no man was ever more contemptuous of the theological complexities of ideology. (It was hard to know, indeed, whether he held a more sovereign contempt for the doctrinaire hate-preachings of the

Strictly Personal

By Sidney J. Harris

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service only by the trick of throwing his little boy into the path of his plough, and went off to war most unwillingly.

Among the Trojans, Hector (the most sensible, mature and many of the lot) openly opposed continuing the conflict, which was bound to end in disaster for both sides. Even though he was vanquished, in Greek literature he remains the only "moral hero" of the tragic decade.

In the centuries following, the great Greek plays, far from glorifying combat deplored and attacked it. Aristophanes mercilessly flayed the countrymen for their aggressions; and the serious playwrights of that time condemned the "hubris," or pride, of the Greeks in trying to settle human disagreements by subhuman means — and prophesied that the gods would punish them for these arrogant and bestial acts.

What the lady meant was that most history, beginning with the earliest, is a record of wars and conquests, of military leaders and campaigns. History does not need to be rewritten, or softened; it needs to be taught with intelligence and discrimination and a sense of permanent values. Most of all, we need to be told that those few nations which did "glorify" war (and the Greeks were not among them) left nothing to the future but a sense of shame among their miserable remnants.

Ares was the Greek god of war, and he is the most unpleasant character in the entire pantheon. Nothing good is ever ascribed to him — he was surly, belligerent, covetous, quarrelsome, ugly, underhanded, and above all envious of the other gods.

Next, consider the outstanding heroes among the Greeks. They were Achilles and Odysseus, the decisive men in the Trojan War. Yet Achilles was sent to a far away island, where he disguised himself as a woman, in order to avoid military service.

Odysseus, the boldest and most cunning of Greek warriors, pretended to be a deaf idiot when summoned for the army. He was "drafted" into