

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: Dec. 25, 1953 (Friday) Mr. and Mrs. Paul Struck expect sons Vern and Kenneth, who are both in the Navy, home for Christmas.

20 YEARS AGO: Dec. 25, 1943 (Saturday) Hiram Andrew Hooten, 89, veteran of Civil War and long-time resident of Brownsboro, Sams Valley and other Rogue valley areas, dies after brief illness.

30 YEARS AGO: Dec. 25, 1933 (Monday) Bill Straus, Sams Valley rancher, severely burned in an explosion caused by escaping gas.

40 YEARS AGO: Dec. 25, 1923 (Tuesday) Medford City Recorder M. L. Alford announces proposed city budget totals \$70,112.

50 YEARS AGO: Dec. 25, 1913 (Thursday) Medford City Recorder E. T. Foss requests opinion from Oregon attorney general on recall petitions against two city councilmen.

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

1. Give the next line: 'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house...

2. Who wrote the story in which Ebenezer Scrooge is a principal character?

3. What great German-American contralto singer was famed for her Christmas eve rendition of 'Silent Night' some years ago?

4. If you get the furculum of the fowl at Christmas dinner, would you get the wing, neck, or wishbone?

5. Name the eight reindeer in the poem, 'A Visit from St. Nicholas.'

6. Did the decorated Christmas tree originate in Germany, France, or Holland?

Happy Holiday, You All

Another year is almost done, Old Father Time is on the run. It's Christmas, time of sheer delight, When trees of green are all alight, And families all gather 'round To make a joyous Yuletide sound.

The heartsick days a month ago Begin to fade, although it's slow; We cannot truly yet forget A nation's grief and shame — and yet, The gentle, healing hand of time Makes possible a wish in rhyme.

In this season, without remorse, We have good thoughts of Wayne L. Morse. Mark O. Hatfield, Clarence Barton, Earn our greetings, a full carton. Medford's Mayor, rotund Jimmy, May his festive cup be brimmy.

To all the teachers in the schools We wish the best of all the Yules. To each policeman on the beat We wish full comfort for his feet. And firemen — may they remain So warm and dry, not in the rain.

For paperboys and salesmen too We wish a special sky of blue. For car-hops working in the cold We'd wish a greatcoat to enfold. And all who work on Christmas day Are made of very special clay.

Our hat we doff to those who write The letters always free from spite. To those who labor in the field Of charity, we will not yield One jot or tittle less acclaim Than those who give funds to the same.

To Campfire Girls and Brownies, too, And Scouts of every sort of hue, We wish a bag of Christmas treats; To railroad men a box of sweets; To waitresses and maitres de, A special bauble on their tree.

To Masons, Elks and Pythian Ks, We offer up deserved praise. To ministers, men of the cloth, Congregations that do not scoff. Doctors and lawyers, merchant chiefs, Should be confirmed in their beliefs.

The newsmen of the UPI Deserve a special piece of pie. For those who serve us without pay, On boards and councils, day by day, Must needs receive our special thanks Instead of their expected spansks.

And let us give a praiseful yell, And ring the clapper on the bell, For those unsung yet vital folk Who carry mail though rainfalls soak. Oh Santa Claus, bring gadgets gay For soldiers lined up for their pay.

For sailors, too, and for Marines, And airmen — fill them full of beans, We'd all delight to see more praise Of all who work in any phase Of guarding close the nation's health, Especially nurses. Bring them wealth.

Oh, Father Christmas, bring delight To men and women in the fight For peace on earth, good will to men, May they succeed, both now and then. And special kudos — nay, some glory — To those who tell the safety story.

Oh, wave a special sort of banner For those who live within the Manor. To students, home at Christmas-tide, We wish a wondrous sort of ride, And fine reunions with their friends; If needful, let them make amends.

The time grows long, the list grows short, But do not overlook the Court Where justice lives in this good land, And judges mete with even hand. To bailiff, jailor, sheriffs too, Merry Christmas! It is their due.

And even those who happenstance Has placed in jails should have a chance To have a bit of merryness Upon this holiday we bless. To clerk and clerkess in the store, May Yule bring salesmanship of yore.

To boss and underling alike, Whose youngsters always want a trike, We hope the day will surely bring A great big package wrapped in string. A gentle, haunting Christmas tune To those who think it came too soon.

And finally, to all who pine To sing a verse of auld lang syne, We wish a week of blest surcease From problems that our foreheads crease. Our song is done, our task is o'er. So Merry Christmas! one time more.



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Strictly Personal

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

(Reprinted By Request) NO. VIRGINIA. THERE IS NO SANTA CLAUS

No, Virginia, there is no Santa Claus. There is no ruddy fat man with merry eyes and a white beard, who comes down the chimney at night to reward little boys and girls for being good.

Because, you see, Virginia, all over the world there are millions of little boys and girls who have been as good as good can be — but they get no toys, and sometimes they awake on Christmas morning without enough food to eat.

There are fathers and mothers, Virginia, who have been appointed by God to love their children — and they give them love, although they cannot always give them presents.

And these mothers and fathers, Virginia, are more wonderful and magical and mysterious than Santa Claus could ever be.

They bring something infinitely more precious than dolls and trains to their children — they bring the mark of God's love down to every boy and girl.

And, sometimes, even these fathers and mothers are taken away. But there are others in the world, divinely touched, who look after these children and share with them their meager possessions.

Compared with this miracle of care and tenderness, Santa Claus is a pale figure of fantasy. For he, you see, only rewards boys and girls who have been "good." But in the eyes of God, and parents, all boys and girls are truly good at heart.

Present at Christmas are fun, of course, but do you imagine, Virginia, that the children with the most presents are the happiest?

When there is little love in a home, there is little merriment — and without merriment, the doll is dust and the train is tin. All over the world, on Christmas morning, children will be waking up without a visit from Santa Claus — or with a gift you would hardly look at, an orange, an extra slice of bread, a frayed piece of string.

Yet if there is someone who loves them, who frolics with them and heals them, they have a greater gift than any fat man in a tight red suit could possibly bring them.

There are fathers who work for their children, and mothers who sing to their children, and God who gives fathers the strength to work when they are weak, and mothers the spirit to sing when they are sad. No, Virginia, there is no Santa Claus — there does not need to be.

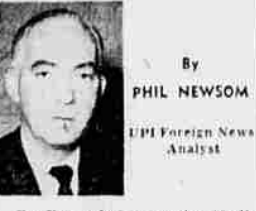
Merry Christmas. All our hearts are filled with love. And it strikes me as the ideal occasion for us as newsmen to pay tribute to our nation's political leaders. Mainly because hardly anybody's going to find time to read the paper today.

So, no matter what anyone who doesn't read this thinks, I wish to say flatly that I like politicians. As a friend said the other day: "I never met a politician I didn't like. Nor an actor I did." And while that may be going a little far (I once met a bit player in an amateur theatrical who talked for several minutes about something other than himself), it's certainly true about politicians.

Of course, some are vain and some are greedy and some are ambitious. But all — at least all I've ever met — are likeable. And if you don't believe me, look at Senator Goldwater.

As you know, half the country loves the Senator with a passion. And the other half hates him with a passion. Half say his brilliance will save us. Half say his stupidity will destroy us. The Senator himself, like most politicians, takes the middle road: "I'm not even sure," he says. "I've got the brains to be President."

Echoing Gunfire on Cyprus Is Reminder Of Unhappy Past and Uncertain Future



By PHIL NEWSOM UPI Foreign News Analyst

Gunfire echoing on the Mediterranean island of Cyprus is a reminder of an unhappy past and an uncertain future.

For three years since Cyprus achieved independence on Aug. 16, 1960, a restless peace has prevailed under a constitution which sought to protect in equal portions the rights of 400,000 Greeks and the 100,000 Turks who form the island's minority.

It is an impossible constitution patched together to escape an impossible situation marked by years of bloody violence and a near-break between Greece and Turkey and an accompanying threat to NATO defenses in the eastern Mediterranean.

The violence began in 1952, when a black-bearded, American educated Orthodox priest became archbishop of Cyprus under the title Makarios III and used his office to press his campaign for "enosis" — union with Greece, and independence from Britain.

It reached its peak in 1955 and 1956 when Eoka, the Greek terrorist organization turned the main street of Nicosia, the capital, into "murder mile" and nearly 1,000 persons were killed or wounded.

With Turkey demanding partition of the island and Greece demanding its union and neither they nor the Cypriots able to agree on a solution, a council of Zurich reached a patchwork agreement later completed in London.

It provided for a republic of Cyprus to be headed by a Greek president and a Turkish vice president, each with a right of veto.

The division of authority extended even down to the community level, and affected all phases of government, including foreign affairs, tax laws and the makeup of the army.

This is the issue which has proved unworkable. The division between Greeks and Turks has led to failure to collect taxes and Turkish Vice President's threatening to become.

It is not an accident that the first NATO meeting since the consequences of the treaty became visible should have showed so much good-natured loss of interest in the old stubborn conundrums of the military bureaucrats.

There are, as we know, supposed to be momentous issues of strategy which divide the alliance. There are unanswered questions of when and how to use nuclear weapons and whether there should be a really significant buildup by the Europeans of their conventional forces.

None of these questions has really been answered. Yet the meetings seemed to go off with no feeling that anyone had been defeated or that the security of the alliance was threatened.

THE wide-reaching and closely-related development — "polycentrism" in both coalitions — is reducing decidedly the tensions which existed when there were two and only two hostile centers of power in the world. Now, be it in Warsaw, Budapest, Bucharest, Prague or in Hanoi, Saigon and Bangkok, there is no longer the simple confrontation of two superpowers. All kinds of new political combinations and permutations are becoming possible.

The small breaches made during the Christmas holidays in the Berlin Wall are a small symptom of what is happening in all sorts of ways between the two halves of Europe. The partition of Germany, which in time be healed by boring holes through the iron curtain which allow an increasing intercourse in human relations.

Today and Tomorrow

By Walter Lippmann (C) 1963 The Washington Post

PEACE ON EARTH. It is not, I hope, frivolous or disrespectful to say that the most telling act of last week's conference of NATO countries was to adjourn in good spirits after two, rather than the customary three, days.

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And so I say we must be careful not to hope too much. And then I say we must be careful not to be afraid to hope at all. For, while there is not nearly enough good will among men, there is a better prospect of peace than we once dared to hope for.

Is there a genuine need of a European nuclear force which can detonate a thermonuclear war without American consent? Examined closely, the notion is absurd in that tricks like that cannot be played with matters of life and death; an independent detonator of thermonuclear war would first of all incinerate the detonator.

Is there, then, a really urgent need for a sacrificial program of European armament? Not unless one supposes that the Soviet Union would contemplate launching a serious invasion of Western Europe in the illusion that the United States would not use nuclear weapons to defend its own troops.

THESE unresolved issues and questions are clouded in a mass which are no longer a serious concern of their statesmen. These questions and issues cannot be settled by a formula of agreement. For that would mean too much loss of face. But nobody is sufficiently interested in them to insist that the discussion about them must continue.

All this has happened because there have been historic changes in world affairs. They can, I believe, now be identified. Though we are not in sight of the end of the cold war, there is an impressive pause in the race of armaments. And in the two worlds of the postwar period — the Communist and the non-Communist — the abnormal unity of each great coalition is giving way to a pluralism of many powers.

The process is known among Communists as "polycentrism." The current issue of Foreign Affairs contains a brilliant description of polycentrism, which is, I believe, most readable for serious students. It is by Ambassador George Kennan.

I DO NOT think it is too early to say that in the perspective of history men will look upon John F. Kennedy as the man who seized the opportunity to bring the race of armaments to a halt.

I believe it will be said that he used American wealth to build up military power that could not be defied, that he succeeded in making this power a quite credible deterrent to war and that he had the magnanimity to convince the Soviet Union that it could live comfortably within the existing balance of power.

In the Day's News

By FRANK JENKINS

From the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Gulf of Mexico this great nation of ours is now quiet, after weeks of being a-bustle with preparations for this greatest holiday of the Christian world.

Troublesome thought: Could it be that these preparations have got just a little out of tune with the REAL meaning of Christmas Day?

SEARCHING question: What IS Christmas Day? THE answer, of course, is that it is the anniversary of the birth of Jesus. And that prompts another question: Why is the anniversary of the birth of Jesus the greatest holiday of the Christian world?

The answer is this: Into a world that had got sadly out of kilter, Jesus brought a new and BETTER way of life.

LET'S take a look at this world of nearly 20 centuries ago. The Golden Age of Greece had come and gone. The Great Days of Rome — the period when Rome was laying the foundations of a new way of life based upon law and order — had come and gone.

POWER was the goal of this world that had come to be SUPREME power. Power without limit. The power to order the death of any man, without trial. The power to decree the death of any nation that got out of line.

Power held in TOO FEW HANDS. Power to be exercised by the few, with no consideration for the rights of the many.

IT WAS into this world that Jesus came. It was Jesus who, in the Sermon on the Mount, laid down the rule that if followed faithfully by all mankind could have changed all this for all time. The Golden Rule. The rule that if followed by all mankind could have made this a perfect world. The rule that is simply expressed in these words: "Do ye unto others as ye would that others shall do unto you."

TO THE extent that this rule has been followed, this world has become a better place to live. To the extent that it has NOT been followed, this world has become a more EVIL place to live.

So — It is little wonder that Christmas Day, which is the anniversary of the birth of Jesus, has been the greatest holiday of the Christian world.

FINAL probing questions: 1. What's wrong with the world today? 2. What's wrong with our nation? I THINK this is the answer: If anything is wrong with us — with our way of living — it is that we have got too far away from the REAL meaning of Christmas Day.



Yuletide Message: "Rah, Humbugs!"

By Arthur Hoppe

Merry Christmas. All our hearts are filled with love. And it strikes me as the ideal occasion for us as newsmen to pay tribute to our nation's political leaders. Mainly because hardly anybody's going to find time to read the paper today.

So, no matter what anyone who doesn't read this thinks, I wish to say flatly that I like politicians. As a friend said the other day: "I never met a politician I didn't like. Nor an actor I did." And while that may be going a little far (I once met a bit player in an amateur theatrical who talked for several minutes about something other than himself), it's certainly true about politicians.

Of course, some are vain and some are greedy and some are ambitious. But all — at least all I've ever met — are likeable. And if you don't believe me, look at Senator Goldwater.

As you know, half the country loves the Senator with a passion. And the other half hates him with a passion. Half say his brilliance will save us. Half say his stupidity will destroy us. The Senator himself, like most politicians, takes the middle road: "I'm not even sure," he says. "I've got the brains to be President."

See? While you may argue with the statement after all, we've had a lot of stupid Presidents, you must admit it's terribly likeable thing to say. It really is. Thus it's no surprise all us ace newsmen like the Senator. Some may love him and some may hate him. But all of us like him. And I think you would too. He's warm and pleasant. It's not that he seems so dedicated to doing what he thinks is right. It's that he can laugh at himself while he's doing it. And all that surprises me is that people who hate him are surprised they like him.



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PEACE ON EARTH... GOODWILL TOWARD MEN.



Behind the Globe — the Christmas Message