

# THE ADA EVENING NEWS

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## City Shows Wisdom In Thinking About New Parks Now

At the most recent council meeting, steps were launched looking toward securing land and funds for development of three new parks.

The first suggested development is a mini-park, only 1 1/2 acres. It is to be located in Hammond Heights and will be chiefly a recreation facility molded along the lines of the Ethel Richardson Kiddie Park at the south edge of Ada. Heaven knows such a facility for the young people in that area is badly needed.

The second suggested park would be a 40-acre tract just north of the main runway at the Ada Municipal Airport. This tract might also be developed as a recreational site, for instance as a field sport complex. The park would serve a dual function. It would also insure "clear space" for the airport to prevent construction of any facilities which could prove hazardous in relation to landing patterns and approaches at the field.

The third area is the largest, 83 acres. It is north across the Frisco tracks in the AIDC area at the northeast edge of the city. Some land to the east could also be included.

Topography in this area almost precludes development of industrial sites. The expense would probably be too great.

This area could be used for camping, bike trails, footpaths, etc. Sewage is also available to aid development. The AIDC has indicated it would donate one-fourth of the land, thus providing the "one-quarter" local share and the remainder would come through HUD where funds are available for open space acquisition.

City officials are to be commended for their action. We do not know if the city will be successful in these projects but at least people are beginning to think about this sort of thing.

It is not likely that the cost of land suitable for these sort of developments will decline.

The city also has another possibility, admittedly long range, but a possibility nevertheless. That is development of a recreational complex on land (approximately 130 acres) the city owns at Byrd's Mill Spring. This area could be especially exciting.

Why is the city concerned about park facilities? At first blush, it would appear the city has enough.

But, the signs are there. Wintersmith Park receives heavy use, especially during warmer months.

It is not too early to look ahead. Ada will continue to grow. We are more than a little suspicious of the traditional "boom" approach and the problems it brings. But, this city will grow and we hope it can be an orderly, healthy growth with proper developments and a real and lasting concern for this town, its beauty and its character.

In the years that lie ahead, it will be difficult for cities to have too many recreational areas and too much open space. These things will be of more and more importance as each year passes.

Aside from their obvious role, parks and similar facilities fill another and important function. They provide "buffer" areas that can separate industrial or commercial property from residential areas. They can serve as "barriers" to certain forms of objectionable development.

Aside from all else, they are a joy and pleasant to look upon. Few scenes are more appealing than youngsters playing on a summer day on slides and swings or a family enjoying a quiet picnic in the summer dusk.

Greenery . . . beauty . . . open and uncluttered space. These commodities will have increasing value for all of us as the years pass.

## Bread of Life

BY THE REV. A. PURNELL BAILEY, D.D.

In the famous Church in the Wildwood a brief ceremony was added to the wedding ritual. As the newlyweds left the sanctuary, the pastor would stop them in the vestibule and instruct the bride that it was the tradition for her to ring the church bell. Invariably, the bride would pull at the bell rope and find herself unable to swing the heavy bell.

The pastor would then motion to the bridegroom to help her. As the bell would ring forth to their combined effort the clergyman would conclude the experience by saying: "Remember, you'll find married life much like the bell rope; it is much easier when you pull together."

Love never fails. (I Cor. 13:18)  
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## 'There He Is - The Killer And His Weapon'

Russell Kirk



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William F. Buckley Jr.

## Merhige's Harvest

I have here, sent to me by an outraged attorney, the Resolution of the School Board of Chesterfield County, dated February 5, the provenance of which is a civic horror story.

On January 10, 1972, Judge Robert R. Merhige, the United States District Judge for Richmond, Virginia, decided that in the interest of racial balance in the schools, he should suspend geographical-political frontiers. First things first. If the adjacent county has a preponderance of whites, and this county has a preponderance of blacks, then says the judge, forget the county lines: merge the school districts. This is quite revolutionary thinking, as everyone has acknowledged, and of course the judge's idiosyncratic ruling has been appealed, on a number of principles, not the least of them being that it is hardly the business of the court to start gerrymandering for its own sociological purpose.

But during the awful period until the higher court strikes

down Judge Merhige or, failing that, invites the Congress Amendment to put an end to judicial effronteries on this issue, Judge Merhige's decision is the law of the land. And it required ("mandated," as they like to say) that the School Board of Chesterfield County petition the State Board of Education to merge its school district with those of adjacent counties in Henrico and Richmond.

Here was an extraordinary situation, where elected officials of a community are instructed to do a) what they don't want to do, b) what the people who elected them don't want them to do, c) something that has nothing to do with the granting of rights previously denied to members of their own community, and which d) calls for a merger with communities altogether separate and distinct, as established by the laws of the state of Virginia, way back before the destabilization of America was a gleam in the eye of Earl Warren. Nevertheless, having been advised by counsel that they had to

do what the judge told them to do or go to jail, the board members drew up the resolution. Here is a representative passage:

"Whereas, if the members of this Board remained free to vote in accord with their independent and collective judgment and will, they would unanimously refuse to request the State Board of Education to create a single division to be composed of the Counties of Chesterfield and Henrico and the City of Richmond; . . .

"Now, therefore, acting under the duress, coercion, and compulsion of the penalties consequent upon doing otherwise, and acting contrary to our individual and collective judgment and wills, and under the compulsion of the Order aforesaid, we do adopt and vote for the following. . .

This resolution is limited to such time, only, as the Order of January 10, 1972, shall not be stayed or reversed by the Court of Appeals of the Fourth Circuit or by the Supreme Court of the United States."

There is fanaticism abroad, and the integrationists—at any price are its prophets, disdaining such considerations of prudence and organic growth which have historically distinguished English from continental politics. One likes to believe that this time the abstractionists have gone too far, but as one who thought they had gone too far when they outlawed common prayer in the public schools, I do not know. I do not know. Life Magazine has obligingly collected the sentiments of the presidential candidates on the subject, and one notes that it is only the candidates who seek above all things the approval of the militant left who stand by busing. Nixon of course opposes it, as do Muskie, Humphrey, Jackson, Mills, and Hartke. John Lindsay tells us that "Busing is one of the tools necessary to achieve school desegregation."

Which of course is correct. And there is no bucking the iron logic: if integration is the first goal, then busing is justified as, hypothetically, it would be justified to forbid the expression of anti-busing opinion. Senator McGovern, who although rumored to have flirted with an anti-busing position, finally decided not to ruin his perfect record of taking the wrong position on every subject. And Eugene McCarthy finds busing "quite defensible as a general principle."

McGovern, McCarthy, and Lindsay speak for perhaps 15 per cent of the people, and of those, there are probably a majority who reject busing even though they favor ardently, as many of us do, the ideal of integration.

Congress meanwhile slips in and out of toothy resolutions that would put racial balance in the public schools in perspective. What is needed is a break from Roy Wilkins of the NAACP; if he gave the word, the abstractionists would crumble.

(C) Washington Star

## Attendance Alternatives

Public school authorities are busy persecuting the Amish again, this time in Michigan. The Old Order Amish, you may recall, are a Christian sect who believe (with cause) that attendance at the typical public school would impair the religious beliefs of their children. So the Amish don't send their boys and girls to public school, or to the equivalent of high school at all—and prefer fines, imprisonment, and moving elsewhere to abandoning their convictions.

At Centerville, Michigan, a judge has found guilty and fined two Amishmen who wouldn't put their children into Centerville High School. He did so with regret, recommending in an obiter dicta that the state legislature should modify the compulsory-attendance law. Some members of the Michigan Legislature think of so doing.

A similar Wisconsin case has been appealed to the United States Supreme Court (after the Amish were sustained by Wisconsin's Supreme Court, on religious grounds). It is conceivable that soon a decision of the Burger Court may diminish the power of states to force children into schools against their parents' will.

So we face this question: how can compulsory-attendance statutes be modified without the danger of leaving totally ignorant the offspring of some negligent parents? Some serious people seriously advocate total abolition of compulsory attendance; but it seems improbable that legislature will go so far just now.

I suggest three reforms. First, compulsory attendance should be reduced to the age level of 12 years, rather than the 16 years required in most states nowadays. Second, through a voucher plan, the state should pay on behalf of parents not wishing to send their children to public school a sum perhaps equal to the average amount of funds per pupil in the average public school—if those children attend some independent school. Third, the requirement of school attendance should be broadened to include "apprenticeship and adequate instruction at home."

The first of these provisions would much relieve the Amish and other groups that maintain their own elementary schools, but can't afford or don't desire to maintain their own high schools. The second provision would enable parents to send their children to a church-related or independent school, without ruinous cost to those parents, and at no greater cost to the state than the present expenditure for those children in public schools. The third provision would be a liberation of those pupils who would prefer on-the-job training, at least part of the week, to sitting in classrooms; and it would enable competent parents to instruct their children at home, should they prefer to do so.

Such reforms would work no mischief to the existing public schools. Costs of public schools would be reduced thereby, actually. They would be relieved of the hard burden of those many bored boys and girls who, at the high-school level, prefer practical skills to classroom abstractions. And they no longer would have to feud with parents who want out for their children.

Since relatively few people desire to educate their own children, and since even enlarged parochial schools, under present circumstances, would be unlikely to attract more than 15 per cent of the young people, these reforms would not mean the triumph of ignorance. But we would redress the genuine grievance of a serious minority. We don't require that all children be fed in public institutions. Why insist that they be schooled on a uniform scheme at public expense?

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Max Lerner

## Pray For The Madmen

Glorify be (or is it agony of agonies?), the primaries have begun. The New Hampshire results — so-so for Muskie, heartening for McGovern — are the start of who's-ahead-who-has-faltered suspense scenario for the next few months. We are all taking the auguries. McGovern's 37 per cent against Muskie's 48 per cent isn't a McCarthy-like breakthrough, but he is fleshing out the meager bones of his candidacy. His pilgrimage since 1968 has been a long march, and he is now certain to stretch it into the convention in July.

After Florida, and not counting Wallace as maverick, gaffly or spoiler, the top four Democrats are likely to be Muskie, McGovern, Humphrey and Lindsay, in whatever order. I see them not as a field of four but as two pairs — Muskie and Humphrey as one, McGovern and Lindsay as another. There is a struggle within each pair, between men who take much the same position on issues and political philosophy and draw on the same constituency but are wide apart in personality.

Both Muskie and McGovern have moved beyond their limited locales in states that are not (in Neal Peirce's phrase) "megastates" — McGovern beyond his Kansas corn rows, Muskie beyond his Maine potato fields. Two good camp-

gn biographies will soon appear on them: David Nevin's "Muskie of Maine" (Random) and Robert Sam Anson's "McGovern" (Holt, Rinehart). They deal well with the local roots and the political education of their subjects. Both men are idealists, with strong religious values, and both have a practical bent about how America is to reach its goals. McGovern is more of an intellectual with a more obvious social fervor; Muskie is more homespun, more conscious of how a society is caught in circumstances, more patient about disentangling it, more wary of sharp solutions.

For McGovern, his refusal to accept Allard Lowenstein's challenge to run against Lyndon B. Johnson in New Hampshire in 1968 was the road not taken. Robert Kennedy's death was the turning point for him, and he tried to retrieve his error of choice by plunging into the convention struggle, but it was too late a start. He made an earlier one this time.

Muskie was given the vice-presidential challenge by Humphrey in 1968, but it was snatched away for Agnew. He had almost resigned himself about 1972 when two things happened to turn his fortunes around — Chappaquiddick, dealing Ted Kennedy a blow, and the Nixon campaign shrillness in 1970 which gave Muskie the setting for his TV speech in behalf of the Democrats. The wild accidents of life transformed the stage for the actors — provided they know how to make use of them.

New Hampshire and Florida raise again the question of the bruising experience of the whole sequence of the primaries and their intolerable cost, in money, energy, tension.

Sometimes I think the whole primary system is mad and that the men are insane, too, and I continue to wonder what makes these masochists do it. They do it, I suppose, because the White House shimmers through the fog, beckoning in the distance, luring them with its challenge to their strength and cunning. The whole thing becomes an elaborate exercise in what Erving Goffman has called "ritual face" — the way a man must appear in public, whatever his interior confront-

ation with himself, the tortured process of acquiring, losing and saving some image of political salvation.

Yet despite its obvious barbarities, I wouldn't write off the primaries as useless, nor swap them for a national primary which would make the candidates and voters put all their eggs in one basket on a single day. Such baskets are too easily smashable. Everything in modern life is too instantaneous and, like instant coffee or breakfast oatmeal, we ask for instant opinions, instant depths, instant choice, instant wisdom. Now we are straining for an instant president.

Yes, running for president and picking a president has become a punishing ordeal on every side, compounded of equal parts of political hoopla, commercial greed, personal megalomania and national bread-and-circuses. But have we forgotten that the presidential office is itself an ordeal dump, tossing his empty cans with contemptuous abandon on hill and dale, river and lake, street and highway.

What the beer drinker loves—or thinks he loves—is an abstraction and a symbol called "America"; but he treats the actual physical country he lives in like a peripatetic garbage dump, tossing his empty cans with contemptuous abandon on hill and dale, river and lake, street and highway.

In fact, the filth and ugliness created by this vast band of Yahoos have become so intolerable that the United States Brewers Association, in a spasm of guilt, shame and revulsion, has appropriated a multimillion dollar advertising campaign to educate the nation's beer drinkers to the rudimentary fact that the land we live on is not to be confused with an open toilet.

The packaging industry will have a lot of sins to answer for, in the next world if not in this, and surely one of the most grievous is its failure heretofore to educate its customers in the first maxim of public manners—namely, that your right to use the can for pleasure involves your responsibility for disposing of it with discretion.

Beer drinkers are mostly gum-chewers grown older: they are the same people who, during puberty, stick old gum under desks and seats with a sickening disregard for cleanliness, and who imagine that gum wrappers make a nifty floor covering in public institutions.

It is little wonder that most Europeans consider us as utter barbarians when they contrast the defilement of our cities and countryside with their own scrupulous regard for the natural beauty and tidiness of their native habitations. Even most animals won't foul their own nests as indifferently as we do.

But the principal irony of this stinking situation, as I said in the beginning, is that the zealous beerdrinker tends to be the most vigorous champion of "the good old U.S.A." while at the same time he is desecrating the reversed soil in a far more disgusting and permanent manner than the kooks who burn flags. When the brewers themselves tacitly admit this, you'd better believe it.

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Sydney J. Harris

## Slobs?

You may have noticed that all the beer ads on TV are pretty much alike. That is because they are trying to win pretty much the same man. The average steady drinker of beer is a blue-collar male, age 21 to 35, keyed to sports, the outdoors, and veneration of the U.S. flag.

He is also, despite his professed patriotism, the biggest slob in America, littering the country he loves in a way that would disgrace an illiterate bushman in the muddest village of South Africa.

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## 30 Years Ago in Ada

March 14, 1942  
Robert S. Kerr, former Adan, announced that he was to be a candidate for Governor of the state of Oklahoma. He pledged "closest co-operation" with the federal government.



Hal Boyle

## Mailbag Bulletins

Every day in winter 30 million Americans have head colds. People over 45 have the fewest. But preschool children can have from 6 to 12 a year.

Height as well as brains can be an asset in industry. A survey of University of Pennsylvania graduates found that graduates 6 feet 2 or taller received starting offers at least 12 per cent better than those under 5 feet.

Height is a help in politics, too. The average American male is 5 feet 8—but no U.S. President that short has been elected in the 20th century.

In dairy-rich Wisconsin butter comes in as many as seven flavors. It can taste like chocolate, garlic and chives, sour cream, synthetic cheese-like almost anything but margarine. Probably four out of five people can't tell you why grapefruit are so named. It is because the fruit grows in grapelike clusters of from 3 to 18.

One of the reasons diamonds are so hard to find is that the pure carbon from which they are made turns into a gem only under a pressure of a million pounds a square inch and temperatures at or above 2,500 degrees. Such conditions are found in nature only at an earth depth of 150 or more miles.

Fat fattens death: You may be obese and still live to be 100, but on the average a man 20 per cent overweight has an excess mortality rate of 25 per cent, a woman 21 per cent.

Speaking of longevity, Bulgarians claim eating yogurt gives their country a record number of centenarians. Now increasingly popular with millions of American health faddists, yogurt also has some other uses in Iran. There it is applied as a skin cream and, mixed with chopped garlic, taken internally as a malaria cure.

Life is getting better note: One hour's work in a U.S. factory today will buy 2.6 pounds of round steak. Twenty years ago it would buy only 1.5 pounds.

Worth remembering: "The pursuit of happiness is complicated by not knowing when you have found it."

It was Alfred North Whitehead who observed, "The kindness of the American people is, so far as I know, something unique in the history of the world, and it is the justification of your existence."

## Comment

"A fellow who thinks the world is going to the dogs probably also blames the cleaners when his pants are getting too tight. — FRANK A. CLARK.

Words without works come ringing back with the emptiness of an echo. It is what we do, rather than say, that impresses youth. — CHARLES G. TENNENT.

Tact is after all a kind of misreading. — SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

From 650,000 to 750,000 do-it-yourselfers have disabling accidents every year. — HOWARD PYLE.

If your life had no clouds, it would lack rainbows. — Megiddo Message.

Reputation is character minus what you've been caught doing. — Wesleyan Advocate.

The trend to small cars keeps growing. Now there are some so small you have to step outside to fasten the seatbelts. — Changing Times.

I'm told it's impossible but I'd swear that while channel switching among the football bowl games, I saw a pass that was thrown in California, deflected in New Orleans and intercepted in Miami. — BURTON HILLIS.

Women are less apt to react according to their impulses than men and as a group are probably better drivers in so far as they can maintain their self-control better. — DR. HAROLD FENNER.

A bachelor is a man who possesses the ability to have a girl on his lap without having her on his hands. — Construction Digest.