

Redlands Daily Facts



Redlands Home Town Newspaper

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"Thirty" For Paul Moore

By LYMAN M. KING

Paul Moore has gone.

Stricken only some ten days ago with a heart attack of the type that is taking so many American businessmen these chaotic days, following a term of years in which the burdens were heavy, there was not sufficient resistance to keep the spark of life alive. For the head of a community newspaper carries a load of responsibility that few people even begin to realize.

I feel like saying a few things about Paul Moore because of the long and intimate relationship existing between us. We were associated in business together for a quarter of a century—in a business that was, and still is, close to the community; close to the business problems, to the great orange growing and marketing industry, to the school life which included within his span the establishment and building up of the University of Redlands, to the churches, to the things that concern the Chamber of Commerce and the growth and progress of trade and commerce in Redlands—indeed, to all cultural and business and political affairs in which we as a community have been and are engaged.

The newspaper business has a great fascination for those who engage in it permanently. But it also exacts a great toll of physical and nervous energy from its "addicts." Not many newspapermen who take their duties and their privileges seriously live to an advanced age. The life is not a conspicuous one. Most of it is in front of a desk, in a private office. It is a wearing career—mentally and physically. But it has its rewards in satisfaction of usefulness to one's community, of helpfulness to many individuals and groups, in unselfishly carrying on to the end that it can be truthfully said at the end of one's career, that the world insofar as he contacted it is a little better, many are a little happier because this man lived in it. That can be said of Paul Moore.

Redlands is a better place to live in because he gave so much of himself to it—to all those things which have builded into this community life, more comfort, more satisfaction, more pleasure, more of all the things we enjoy while we are numbered among the living.

Paul passed what to me was a supreme test. We worked together in newspaper life a full quarter of a century. He was so well poised, had "his feet on the ground" so firmly planted that we never had a break in our personal relations. He was a man of fine ideals, of upright character. His convictions were arrived at after careful consideration and once accepted they were not changed. He did not flutter from pillar to post as do those whose opinions come readily and without mature thought. In his profession he was highly esteemed by his fellows. In his community the expressions of regret at his illness and the wishes for his recovery and restoration to his work, were so widespread as to cause comment.

He bore his burdens manfully, with pride in his ability to do so. He never complained that they were heavy. Always cheerful; always pegging away at the job; always accepting what came his way and calling it good.

Such was Paul W. Moore; a great friend to the community which had been his beloved home all his mature life.