

# ... 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.

### Laugh or Weep?

To the Editor: I hardly know whether to laugh or weep after reading Robert J. Howard's letter in Friday's MT. So now the Foreign Policy Association is suspect? Well, well! Next thing you know some befuddled group of super-patriots will come out with a list of "suspects" including Ike, Dick, JFK, LBJ, HST, FDR and our other national leaders of all parties all the way back to Honest Abe and George Washington.

I'm not kidding. I remember hearing President Franklin D. Roosevelt addressing a record assembly under F.P.A. auspices at the famed Waldorf Astoria in New York in the late 40s, and many another notable before and since.

A while back when federal forcing of school integration down south had top place in the news, my inquiringly cocked ear caught a deep-south accent, when a well-dressed man inquired for bustime arrival. Returning to his seat, to my first tentative inquiry, he replied, "Oh, jes' looking around. Sure good to find a ease ment and folks friendly like." To my next one he gave a slow but revealing answer: "How can there be good feeling when white-folks are threatenin' trade at yo'r eatments and nick-nack sto'?" An' the blacks boycottin' yo' at the same time? Sho' makes you want to get away fr'm hit all." When one knows not what to say, it's best to say nothing.

The troubled man from the south continued, "What gets me th' most is pictures of them po' l'il black kids being forced in to white schools. 'Cause I've heard 'em bawl an' cry 'Ah doan want to go to that ol' white school. The kids there are mean to me an' don't play like we colored kids do.' But their ma whups an' scolds 'em till they do go."

Turning to me he bitterly remarked, "Y'all know how 'tis. No kid, white or black, likes to be yanked out of a school he's bin a-going to and put in a strange one? He gets picked on unmerciful, specially if'n he stutters or has some disfigurement. But put him in a school of different color and ways of a doin' things, he's one sorry kid."

"We wuz gittin' along fine, livin' better, both white an' black, them getting new schools that of course was better than some whites. Then that carpet-bagger thing that almost ruined the south after the war 'tween the states, got into the s'preme cot an' the rulin' from hit set that NAACP thing a-going and all hell is to pay now. The blacks are gittin' to hate the whites an' whites a hatin' the blacks. Jes' where hit'll end, God only knows."

F. J. Clifford, Route 2, Box 200F, Central Point, Ore.

Outpour-of Soup To the Editor: Mr. Frank Jenkins whose interesting column appears daily in the Medford Mail Tribune, has of late been wrestling with a perplexing problem: how to make multimillionaire cabinet officials happy, how to circumvent the doleful, pitifully inadequate above-board salary of only \$25,000 per year.

It's a momentous concern. It touches the heart of all good Republicans, for who in the world with great brain power can possibly understand how to live on the pittance of only \$25,000?

To suggest that these public spirited citizens use the interest of some of their own money to supplement their \$25,000 salary which they can not understand how to live on—that would be unthinkable for these people are not "spenders."

Here indeed is a grave problem, inordinately so, because are we not almost convinced that we must hold on to the "brains" at all costs?

Hopeless? No, a solution to

Surely there is some manner in which the public can be protected against such operations as this one.

J. A. Johnston 912 Newtown Medford.

### Southern White View

To the Editor: Habits are forged of tough and lasting materials that make for trouble when too suddenly changed, or attempted. So, when passing time tells me that my dear one has met up with someone out of the past, and they proceed to bring said past into the present, my recourse is to amble to the police or bus station for something worth while on this or that.

Whatever makes these indispensable multimillionaires like Mr. McNamara, like Mr. Dillon, essential to the cabinet, must by their indispensability be almost a mortal blow to the industrial empires they left.

But there are compensations: they will know precisely what is expected from them, where to make the tax grabs.

For the past several years the whole government structure has been permeated and run by this type of men, who have no idea how to live on \$25,000 per year, but who nevertheless, oddly enough, are convinced that you can live on soup.

Grotesque is their handiwork, their slogan: "We have reached an unprecedented height"—unprecedented mushrooming of multimillionaires, and multitudinous soup-lines, unprecedented outpour of—soup.

Sulen Drangen 417 Lane st. Yreka, Calif.

Switch Not Working? To the Editor: This inquiry is directed to Mr. Charles Hall:

For a long time I've thought all TV sets, like all radio sets, came equipped with a turn off switch. What was the trouble with the one on your set Sunday night?

Mrs. Paul W. Elgin 1221 Withington st. Medford.

Build a Better Mousetrap To the Editor:

I heard that a mousetrap of better design, Would win world acclaim evermore;

But somehow the pattern got altered in mine, And just mice beat a path to my door.

H. W. Robertson 103 North Central ave. Medford.

Football Game To the Editor: We have watched the East-West football game since 1932, the East-side Communists versus the West-side Americans. We have been playing this game for the millions of spectators in the grandstand, hoping to win them to our side. We have not been doing so good. We have spent one hundred billion dollars and lost half the spectators.

We don't use an ordinary pig-skinned football filled with air, we got to stuff it with a billion dollars and toss it around like hay, Congress tosses the ball onto the field, hoping to hit the right receiver. The right receiver never seems to be where they throw the ball. The Communists scoop up the ball. They don't run for a touchdown. They run for home and take the ball with them. That ain't the worst part. They always take somebody's country with them.

Last year, we tossed a football into the grandstand and Castro got his mitts on the ball. He ain't about to give it back. Why should he? Who would give a billion dollars back, if they knew nobody was going to ask them?

At the end of the first half, we are still playing football like a bunch of monkeys playing basketball with the Harlem Globe Trotters. The scoreboard don't look too good for us. We are still on our own 10 yard line.

We have just put in a new coach, a new referee and an entirely new team. Let's wish them all the luck in the world and hope the third quarter turns out better than the last two.

The next billion dollars we toss onto the field, let's kick it over the Communist goal post and go sit on it. If we can't sit on it, let's fill the football with sand and spend our billions at home.

Everett Acklin Ashland, Ore.

### Editorial Comment

COMING OF AGE The White House Conference on Aging which ended on Thursday can be credited with real accomplishments. It focused public attention on a problem too long ignored and too little understood. It gave its participants a real forum for discussion and in doing so effectively exercised some hobboblins. It took a long stride toward acceptance of a sensible approach to the financing of medical and hospital care for the aged through the Social Security system.

There can be no doubt that the American Medical Association, or at least the most vocal faction of the AMA, suffered a defeat at the conference. It is even possible, perhaps, to hope that the AMA learned a lesson.

The foremost instructor was Marion B. Folsom, an eminent and indubitably hard-headed businessman, former secretary of health, education and welfare in the Eisenhower administration. He told the delegates that Social Security afforded the only "logical" plan for financing health care for the elderly. And he also told them, clearly and unequivocally, what was perhaps news to some of the doctors there, that under the Social Security program "the individual would still have the same free choice as to hospitals and doctors that he now has."

Mr. Folsom rendered a significant public service at the conference. His common sense respecting the medical care problem was reinforced by the significant contributions of Arthur Larson, another former official in the Eisenhower administration, and Prof. Wilbur J. Cohen, who headed the Kennedy task force on the health care problem.

Together these men made it indisputably plain that it is nonsense to apply the label "socialized medicine" to the financing of health care through Social Security.

Not all the doctors may have learned the lesson; but their spokesmen will certainly find it more difficult from now on to befuddle the public on the matter. — Washington (D.C.) Post.

100 feet or so. Then install huge fans, above high water marks, one or more opposite the airport, probably 1,000 horsepower, more or less of the size of large airplane propellers. By operating these big fans, it would displace many thousands of acre feet of fog in a few minutes—shoving the fog down into the canyon at the lower end of the valley. These fans would only be used occasionally, and could also operate in hot weather and could be operated in freezing weather bringing in warmer air from the mountains and forcing out the frost, which would save the hazards of smudging and pollution during certain seasons.

The drain would by-pass the water which helps to create fog. If Stewart avenue can afford such a project, I feel that our airport and freeway can do a similar job. A small tube not to exceed Stewart avenue's tube would be sufficient and in case of excess floods, the water could run in the same channel, possibly a few days in winter.

As further proof of the above plan, I have worked in large factories where small fans forced air through plants covering several acres. Also, here in the valley, there are numerous plants such as mills do operate continuously in order for the workmen to breathe fresh air, as also coal mines and similar projects, having thousands of acre feet of displacement, using fans bringing in fresh air and driving out foul air.

Now as a matter of further proof of this plan, simply stand in the draft of a large plane taking off and estimate the amount of air blowing back and forth. If this air was confined in a tube, the fog and foul air would disappear from the valley. There could be several such fans installed along the line at much less than the cost of having such disastrous conditions as we have every year.

E. M. Tucker Sr. President, Tucker Sno-Cat Corporation Medford.

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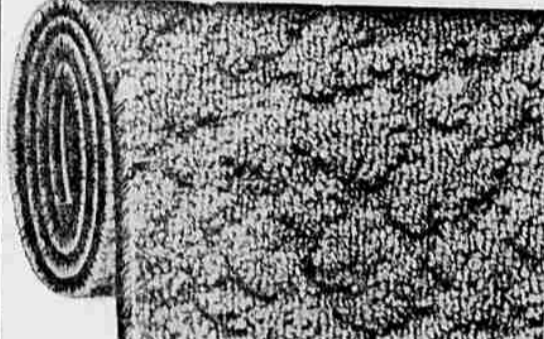
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