

Poets' Corner

Conducted by
Arnold Eugene Jenny

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Poetry

Poetry is a river whose waters enrich the shores of time;
It is a fountain for those who thirst;
It is a garden with loveliness to share,
A star beckoning to the heights.
Poetry is the rhythm of the soul in tune
With the music of the universe.
—Ella Duxsee
Grants Pass, Oregon

With a Smile

I love the man who greets me with a smile
Though on his face I mark the hand of care;
Though premature the silver in his hair,
And though I know he's bluffing all the while,
I love the man who greets me with a smile.

His days, I know, march off in dreary file
'Neath somber skies and ample weight of grief.
Where I might fret and sigh and seek relief
He cheers a fellow traveler mile on mile
With brave, unselfish word and genial smile.

Oh, may the dear Lord bless his simple guile
And keep the man who greets me with a smile!
—Jack Finel
Medford

A fire-mist and a planet, a crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a salamander, a cave where cavemen dwell;
Then a sense of law and order, a face upturned from the clod;
Some call it Evolution, and others call it God.
—William Herbert
Carroll
(Submitted by Bert Kissinger, Medford)

Marching to Oregon

We are a band of pioneers,
With prayer and faith to calm our fears,
With upward gaze and sturdy stride,
We seek Columbia's rolling tide.
Delay us not nor let us rest,
The land we seek lies in the West;
We're marching on to Oregon,
The land of beauty, wealth and song.

Across the plains we lay our trail:
To reach our goal, hearts must not fail.
We climb the mountains, wild and high,
To where their summits pierce the sky,
Where mighty rivers seek the sea,
Where land is good and men are free;
We're marching on to Oregon,
The land of beauty, wealth and song.

Where now the Indians' wigwams stand,
We build our cities, fair and grand;
We raise our homes with strength and toil;
With courage plow the virgin soil;
The fir clad hills their lumber yield;
We gather food from stream and field;
We're marching on to Oregon,
The land of beauty, wealth and song.
—L. G. Weaver
Medford

Let Me Be Brave

Let me be brave to face the night,
And bear my portion of the fight
With courage; not that I
May be counted great in victory,
But that another treading on
May still keep heart when hope seems gone.

Grant to me wisdom; not that I
May pose as one who's clamored high
And count myself superior clay
To those less learned. God, I pray
For wisdom and a clearer mind
To aid the ones who come behind.

Let me be strong and brave of heart,
And teach me how to play my part
As one who toils — not just for gold —
Thus I'd not have my history told;
But let me serve as best I can,
My God, my home, my fellow-man.
—Edward C. Lindeman and
Edgar A. Guest,
in collaboration

Damage Suits Filed
In Circuit Court

Three complaints seeking damages have been filed by the members of one family against Margaret A. Nesheim, Table Rock rd., Central Point. Seeking a total of \$50,000 general damages, and \$843 medical expenses and car repairs are Virgil and Alice Michalenko, route 1, box 183, Talent, and their 10-year-old daughter, Judith Ann. According to the complaint, Virgil Michalenko was operating a car north on Riverside ave. Aug. 3, 1960, when it stopped in the line of traffic at Fourth st., and was struck from behind by the Nesheim vehicle. The complaint charges the defendant with negligence. Attorney for the plaintiff is Gerald J. Scannell Jr., Ashland.

Gold Hill Man Hurt
In Auto Accident

Charles Clyde Kell, 54, of Gold Hill, was treated at Rogue Valley hospital for injuries received in a two-vehicle collision about 8:30 p.m. Thursday at the intersection of North Riverside ave. at Edwards st. According to city police, the Kell vehicle had stopped for the red light, and was struck behind by an automobile operated by William Elzie Skaggs, 38, of route 2, box 204A, Central Point. Skaggs was lodged in the city jail on a charge of drunk in public, police said. Kell complained of pain in the neck and back. Passengers in the Kell vehicle, Mary Kell, and their daughter, Shirley Marie Kell, were not injured.

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 initials 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.

A Lesson

To the Editor: Though our proven way-of-life is a rugged one, often most difficult and seemingly unrewarding, it is far more dependable than the flowery promises off to the right and off to the left. Like news-releases today, telling of court orders dissolving a number of benevolent societies that gave forth in promises that proved impossible, human nature being as it is. But in the proving, many of our old-ones and some not so old, found their scanty savings gone and no reward save in sad experience gained.

A well remembered experience of the long ago warned me of extreme rightisms. A friend in the city police dept. of Kalamazoo, Mich., wangled me a \$2.50 a day job, double the going one. It was as a police guard, isolating the insane asylum there due a small-pox scare. It was a very short one but highly educational. Constantly the inmates harangued me from every steel barred window, including the third story of the big brick building. Constantly they warned me of the evils of the present administration and the wrong way of life people indulged in.

One of them shouted from a second story window, "Listen you, My dad is Admiral Dewey. I just got word from him that he'll be steaming his battleships up that river there, (Kalamazoo river, less than a foot deep) and he'll shoot hell out of this big brick thing. And when I'm free again, you'll see some changes here in America. These big business guys and officers will find themselves in jail and we common people will run things the way they should be run."

That was the general run of the talk. Religion dominated much of it. "Smite thine enemy," was the battle-cry among them, the dangerous ones. A husky attendant in charge of a group out for exercise told me, "No, I'm not in much danger. I can overpower any one of them, or even three at a time. My main chore is to keep them from choking each other to death in their endless arguments and to see that they don't pick up a piece of metal, nail or glass that they can use with deadly effect."

Three days was enough of it for me. My old job at the machine shop was most welcome even if only 11 cents per hour for a 10 hour day, providing food, shelter and happiness fully comparable with the best today.

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

A Time of Troubles

To the Editor: In December my husband had pneumonia, as did I at the time, and we dropped behind a payment to a local collection agency, so my husband went and told them he'd been sick for over a month. The guy was real nice, he said he'd wait for payment till January. Well, my husband was able to go back to work a few days before Christmas, and of course we thought we'd be able to have some Christmas, being as we have 4 children at home. But to top it all off, the guy goes out and garnishes my husband's wages. He only had a couple of days coming, which left us the balance of \$10 to buy food and Christmas and pay our current bills.

We went to a lawyer, but he said we were better off to forget the whole matter. This left us with a grocery bill for almost two months unpaid, plus our lights and water, etc. Now my husband hasn't been able to work real

steady, and if you've ever lived on mill worker's wages in these days, it's a job. By the way, the bills the collectors had were mostly doctor and grocery bills. We've had an awful lot of sickness, and doctors are quite high, if you must go very often, as is medicine.

Now it is April, and we've been making regular payments on the bills the collectors have, and figured we just might make it out of debt in a couple of years with no sickness. Well to top it all off, pay day was yesterday, and here the local collection agency garnished his wages again. They didn't write or call us. Our bill was around \$30. By the time they were done they'd taken \$80 from his check. Well, our rent, etc., is due, and here we are again, unable to pay our bills.

But I'm puzzled by this. I've always been told as long as you make a payment, they can't garnish a paycheck. Now the lawyer says legally they can, even if you'd just made them a payment, and there's nothing we can do about it. Well, it makes me quite angry. We aren't making ends meet, and the grocery man isn't very happy with his almost \$200 grocery bill, and us wanting to charge some more. Why isn't there a law to protect us? These bills weren't made for fun, and they weren't neglected any. His pay checks are just so large and they'll go just so far, and we try to pay our bills as much as we can, but it doesn't seem to make any difference.

Since there isn't a law I wish some one would make one, where if you're honestly trying, you can have a chance. They're sure not giving us one.

Of course there's bankruptcy, but my husband thinks it's dishonorable to not at least try and pay your bills. So here we are,
(Name on File)
Ashland

Security

To the Editor: I wuz asked another question: "Why did the Telephone companies always put their telephones just under the ceiling on the chimneys?"

I guess they just figured we had ants in our pants and couldn't sit down. I proved you could sit on top of a box of dynamite and talk on the telephone at the same time. I did it in Placerville. I did it, until the firecrackers and sky rockets got on fire in the store window. I didn't run out the back door of the store like a Kansas cyclone and jump into Leopard creek because I wuz afraid of the dynamite. I just didn't want to get the rockets in my pockets.

When the Chinese New Years Celebration ended, I went back in the store and sat down on top of the cash register full of \$5 gold pieces, and answered the telephone. It wasn't as comfortable as sitting on a box of dynamite, but it wuz more secure.
Everett Acklin
Ashland, Ore.

Look To Oregon

To the Editor: That indefinite period, the future, is an intriguing subject. Among its possibilities, at which the voters no longer scoff, is the election of a lady vice-president or president of the United States.

Advice to the nation: Look to Oregon. In the United States Senate, Oregon's junior senator, Maurine B. Neuberger, is making a fine impression with her level-headedness. The country is aware that she has both feet on the ground, is in close touch with mun-

dane affairs; and that her sympathies are with the common man.

16687 Wait and see.
David Frisch,
P. O. Box 292,
White City, Ore.

Old Technique

To the Editor: I have entitled the following "I'm Not Color-Blind, Everything IS Red," or "Who was that communist I seen you with on the street last night? That was no street, that was Red Square."

I remember when it used to be
A Birch was just a lovely tree,
A Welch was just the grape compressed
That dribbled on your Sunday vest.
A communist preached from Lenin and Marx
On soapboxes in the city parks;
At making bombs he was adroit,
He wore a beard and bright red shirt.
(*with a Brooklyn accent.)

Those simple days are gone and past,
The Red is camouflaged, alas!
In the Birch Blue Book we have to labor
To unmask our cunning communist neighbor.
Who brings the U.N. to our shores
And opens our schools to blackamoors;
Promotes our Social Security To demoralize society,
And under a clever liberal guise
He undermines free enterprise.

Strove the Dulles brothers and Eisenhower
To help the communists rise to power,
And supporters of foul doctrines foreign
Alone defend Chief Justice Warren,
And only traitors dare besmirch
The Society of John Birch!
Now, Welch's next Blue Book will be
A re-write of our history,
With fiction freely interspersed,
Dating back from Welch the First.

In reverence gaze now you and I
At the Technique of the Whopping Lie!
George W. Rode
Fluhrer Building
Medford

Objections

To the Editor: As residents of the city of Medford, and as taxpayers who are concerned about the burden imposed upon property owners by administrative boards, we wish to make our objections. The current boundary dispute between residents of this area and the Phoenix school board presents a direct opportunity for taxpayers, and parents, to see directly the source of inefficiency and high taxes generated by governmental agencies that usually point to each other when the time comes to fix the blame.

These are our objections: We object to the fact that our children must be taken to school by a school bus for several miles while those children a few blocks away can go to Hoover School just down the street. Why should our children take the risks attendant to such travel, and why should they not go to the same school as other children in the area? Is it the unfortunate result of a line drawn on a map which has no basis in the reality of population growth actually on the ground?

Our families close to Medford inside the city limits of Medford to take advantage of the proximity of services rendered in the municipal area, and now find that some of those services are denied because the school board in a community several miles away refuses to recognize the inequities resulting from such line-holding.

We also object to paying

taxes to the school district which is engaged in inefficient operation as a result of mossy-backed veneration of historical boundaries. Why must we, when our neighbors a few doors away do not, pay for transportation costs for school children, or expensive land acquisition programs, and for the extra cost involved in a smaller school district?

The situation becomes siller when the facts show that a less expensive solution is prevented only by the inability of the administrative boards involved to recognize that the needs of the people may be met by facing the problems of growing populations from the standpoint of the members of that population, not from the view of administrative perpetuity.

We taxpayers do have a voice and a clear right to use it. There is no better opportunity than this to speak out against any furtherance of the property tax monster. We do not want to miss this rare chance to object to high taxes and bureaucratic inefficiency. Mr. and Mrs. Leo M. Mason Mr. and Mrs. Gordon E. Reeves

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur H. Cox
Mr. and Mrs. Darrel Payant
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Parker
Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Sweet
All Edgemont st.
Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Krouse
Ruth dr.
Medford.

'Gum Ball Day' Planned
By Medford Kiwanians

"Gum Ball Day" will be observed by Medford Kiwanis club at its regular luncheon Wednesday, April 12, at Rogue Valley Country club. Speaker at the meeting will be Clarence Hutchinson, Portland, Pacific northwest representative of Ford Gum and Machine company, Akron, N.Y. He is a past president of Northeast Portland Kiwanis club.

Kiwanis is sponsor for Ford Gum Ball machines in the Medford vicinity. The Wednesday meeting will open a "Chew for Charity" campaign to put machines in more locations. Kiwanians will call on businessmen and request their permission to place the vending devices in their establishments.

In Operation Now
Approximately 200 machines are in operation in the area now. It is hoped to place 180 machines in other locations. Some of the devices presently in operation are to be put in more advantageous places.

Medford Kiwanis club realizes a percentage of the revenue from the sale of ball gun. Proceeds go toward the service club's philanthropies and projects which include the county-wide dental clinic, medical expenses for underprivileged youngsters, camperships for youth organiza-

Medford Youth Named
To WSU Honorary

Richard Lee Peterson, Medford, is one of the 104 freshmen at Washington State university, Pullman, Washington, selected to be members of the Intercollegiate Knights.

A sophomore service honorary, the Intercollegiate Knights at WSU chose new members each spring on the basis of scholarship and campus activities. All of the men chosen this year were from the top 10 per cent of their class.

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Highlighted with contrast color trim on solid tone cotton cord; elastic belt. 3-6x.

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Print or solid color midriffs with elastic or fringe. Solid cotton shorts with print trims. Sizes 3-6x.

SOLID COLOR FANCY PANTS 88¢

Good sturdy cotton shen in a side-split or cuff styles. Easy-fit elastic back. 3-6 and 10-14.

Men's and Women's THONGS 39¢

In a wide selection of the latest spring colors. S-M-L.

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Mix or match with our wide assortment of colors. S-M-L.

COTTON SHORTS 59¢

Combed cotton cord for good wear. Assorted colors. Girls' sizes 2-8.

STAR GAZER
By CLAY R. POLLAN
Your Daily Activity Guide According to the Stars.
To develop message for Sunday, read words corresponding to numbers of your Zodiac birth sign.

AGES	TAURUS	GEMINI	CANCER	LEO	VIRGO
MAR. 22	1	1	1	1	1
APR. 20	2	2	2	2	2
MAY 21	3	3	3	3	3
JUN. 21	4	4	4	4	4
JULY 23	5	5	5	5	5
AUG. 23	6	6	6	6	6
SEP. 23	7	7	7	7	7
OCT. 23	8	8	8	8	8
NOV. 23	9	9	9	9	9
DEC. 23	10	10	10	10	10

1-3-6-17
18-20-55

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