

Poets' Corner

Conducted by

Arnold Eugene Jenny

Questions

Mounting Pegasus, I silently rode away;
No wonder, for I had nothing to say.
My mind was tired, my thoughts were faded
With all the wordage through which I had waded.

With Pegasus straining at the reins,
And myself in gestation pains;
Over dale and vale we pranced,
Where hitherto the sprites had danced.

What is love? What is life? Why are we here?
Questions—no answers—yet the answers so near.
Should we stop questioning and just live—
Make mistakes, and ask the Good Lord to forgive?

Philosophers argue, yet they do not agree;
Is the truth hidden then, for none to see?
Or are the answers so obvious and plain
That we reject them because of our disdain?

Pegasus was rearing, while I was debating,
The spirit seemed willing, but my mind was still waiting.
I could not answer those questions with no end to—
What's more, I did not intend to.

—Carl Bjordahl
Medford

Integration

Was there ever a mighty forest of one single kind of trees;
Or a meadow filled with flowers all of the same species?
The lovely oak and stunted pine share the same craggy peak;
The wild rose sheds its fragrance o'er the daisy at its feet:
All praise the same cold stars at night, and the same soft
clouds by day;

They live as one and die as one, as always is Nature's way.
—Thomas W. Graff Jr.
V.A.D., White City, Ore.

A Hermit's Prayer

Purple haze on distant peaks, crimson robes on the near;
Sandstone castles guarding the pass against a world of fear.
Here at the close of day I bow my head and pray:
"Grant that nations may find such peace before it is too late,
That kindness and forbearance may take the place of hate."

—Thomas W. Graff Jr.
V.A.D., White City, Ore.

Sonnet of the Moon

The moon, in daily progress through the sky,
In monthly circuit 'round our larger sphere,
Each day marks off a measured course on high
As to the east and left we see it veer.
Mark well: in fourteen nights see her complete
Her fullest orb, from thinnest arc begun,
And likewise in reverse the same repeat;
A fortnight for the task that now is done.

The poet starts with nothing but a thought,
He must express it in a measured line;
The thought may wax, a theme be fully wrought,
In fourteen lines he must the whole confine.

In Luna's course a sonnet we decry,
A lofty theme, The Poet of the Sky!
—Robert Kroodsmas
Tacoma, Wash.

Me

The world doesn't know me, it only knows my face;
My person changes every day, with friends and time
and place;

I always play the proper role: with sober men I'm sober,
Full of joy on holidays and thoughtful when it's over.
I know the roles I play quite well, from practice every day;
I only wish I really knew myself from all the parts I play.

—Jerry Burns
Ashland, Ore.

(Jerry's is the first original contribution received from a high school student. We hope others will be inspired and encouraged to try their hand.—A.E.J.)

This above all: to thine own self be true
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
—Shakespeare

Scottish Benison

May the best ye've seen
Be the worst ye'll ever see;
May a moose ne'er leave yer meal poke
Wi' a tear drop in its e'e;
May yer lum keep blithely reekin'
Till yer auld enough tae dee;
May ye aye be jist as happy
As we wish ye noo tae be.

—Anon.

(Moose—mouse; lum—chimney; reekin—smoking)

King Alcohol

To the Editor: Some market owners, when asked if they sell beer and wine, answer, "Just beer." A neighbor was content to drink beer. He drank enough to get "lit up" at times—too many! I remonstrated with him against his drinking, but when beer was advertised on radios, on television, in magazines, in newspapers, and on signboards as "cheerful," "companionable," and "enjoyable," and that no table or party is complete without it; moreover it was on easy display in the food market where he bought his groceries, and was too alluring for my weak-willed neighbor, so he bought it and drank it again and again.

Each time it was bought and each time it was inebriated made my neighbor weaker. He was well on the way to abject slavery. I pled with him to abandon it while he could, even told him that divine grace can help us to do what we cannot do of our own strength. He admitted he should and wanted to. He looked sheepish for he remembered how he had acted when not sober—when he was boozed, his eyes bleared, his tongue thick, and his brain muddled.

I was sad when I prayed for my neighbor, and as I saw to what degree "the brewer's big bosses" had trampled and flattened him. It was getting him! He didn't regard the trample as he had! When he was anesthetized and de-energized, he didn't realize much then. When he got into his casket, and into oblivion he realized nothing! I saw my neighbor in his beers. Now I saw him in his bier.

I also weep to realize that another operates the grocery market and dispensed the beer to my erstwhile neighbor that put him in his bier! He is gone! What he has written he has written. I miss him. "Just beer" obliterated him. Do you wonder why I re-

fuse to honor King Alcohol? My grandfather on my mother's side died a drunkard! He was a hard-working man, the father of five sons and five daughters, not one of whom ever touched intoxicating drink, but he drank up a fortune! Ultimately alcohol obliterated him.

H. R. Bulman,
Route 4, Box 316A,
Medford

Friend in Jesus

To the Editor: In answer to Henry Johnson Jr.'s recent letter, many think it's not a sin to drink wine and other strong drinks. Some follow John (Luke Chap. I, v. 15). It's not a sin not to drink or smoke, and it's not a sin to drink and smoke within reason. Let your conscience be your guide.

Jesus, who gave his life for the sinners, drank wine (Matthew Chap. II, v. 19). Jesus did not die for the righteous (Mark Chap. 2, v. 16, 17).

We can't force religion on anyone, or deny them their God-given right to mistake God or the devil. Some have more love than others. When I see some I think are following the devil's ways, I search my self. Whose way was I following before I repented?

I have that hope in my heart that others someday will change to better ways. Whatever one's religious beliefs are, they must be beautiful or else they would not believe as they do, and at Judgment Day find things different than what they believe, they would not want to enter, and some there be that won't. If Jesus had not died for the sinner, all these men in Matthew Chap. I, v. 2 to 16, and all married men would have gone into the lake of fire, even David the King. What a friend they had in Jesus. I hope I may be with them. (Revelation, Chap. 7, v. 9 to 17.) Marshall H. Waggoner 3487 Gerard rd. Grants Pass, Ore.

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.

John Dewey

To the Editor: "Man, a child in understanding of himself, has placed in his hands physical tools of incalculable power. He plays with them like a child. . . . The instrumentality becomes a master and works fatally. . . . not because it has a will but because man has not."—John Dewey.

John Dewey, b. Oct. 20, 1859; d. June 1, 1952. American philosopher and educator. Educated at the University of Vermont and Johns Hopkins University. Held the chair of philosophy at the universities of Michigan, Minnesota, Chicago and Columbia, at the last named institution from 1904. President of the American Psychological Association and American Philosophical Association. Active in the formation of the American Association of University Professors, of which he was the first president.

One of the leaders of the pragmatic movement in philosophy, following the footsteps of William James (q.v.) and Charles Sanders Pierce (q.v.).

Some of his writings include: *Leibniz's Essays Concerning the Human Understanding* (1888); *The Influence of Darwin on Philosophy* (1910); *Democracy and Education* (1916); *Reconstruction in Philosophy* (1920); *Human Nature and Conduct* (1922); *Experience and Nature* (1925); *Ethics* (a widely used textbook) (1908); *The Public and Its Problems* (1927); *The Quest for Certainty* (1929); *Individualism, Old and New* (1930); *Philosophy and Civilization* (1931); *Liberalism and Social Action* (1935); *Logic: The Theory of Inquiry* (1938); *Culture and Freedom* (1939); *Education Today* (1946); *Problems of Man* (1946).

Let no man assume I claim more than passing knowledge of these bare few listings of the writings of John Dewey. He was author of "How We Think" (one of my favorites), along with the essay "Morals and Conduct" from his book, "Human Nature and Conduct." These two alone merit the serious study of thinking people. In all the writings with which I am acquainted, however, I find no reference to, and I quote, "fantastic self-choosing plans," unquote, by the author of the communication headed "It's The Teachers'." M.T. May 10, 1961.

Who is J. W. Shirley?

Lee E. Carson,
Star Route, Box 60,
Prospect, Ore.

Inverted Values

To the Editor: As Bruno Bettelheim, in his book "The Informed Heart," so succinctly put it: "We are in great haste to send and receive messages from outer space. But so hectic and often so tedious are our days, that many of us have nothing of importance to communicate to those close to us."

Now that we have shot our first man into space, although it was a few miles short of the moon, our problems are all solved. We can forget all about the cold war, high taxes, unemployment and other minor problems.

When Einstein came up with his formula E=mc² and ushered in the atomic age, we thought that a great advance had been made, but all that we did was to open up a Pandora's box of future trouble. There are some laws of nature that we had better leave undiscovered. At least until we are civilized enough to use them properly. But there is always the scientists' compulsion to go that "one step further."

Supposing we, or the Russians, finally do reach the moon—what then? How is this going to contribute to a better life here on earth? I would advise the first space-traveler going to the moon to carry a big lunch, a few atomic bombs and lots of ammunition to blast the local inhabitants, if any, off the face of the earth—I mean the moon. It would hardly do for the "superior" white race to get mixed up with the local people, however much further they might be advanced than we are.

With all the vaunted intellectual advancement of the human race, they can still take off on some particularly screw-ball tangents. Any statesman who, with superior persuasion, could resolve all the tensions of the cold war, would not get near the approbation of official Washington and the people of the country as did Shepard for his short ride into space. There seems to be an inversion of values, as of a people "who knows the price of everything but not the value of anything."

I don't belittle what Commander Shepard or the scientists did, but let's not lose our perspective. If I could see some ultimate GOOD in it, I would even praise it. One thing, now when a person gets

fed up and can't live in our Futillarian society any more, he can always blast off and go to some other planet—and good riddance.

Carl Bjordahl,
P.O. Box 343,
Medford

Terse Verse

To the Editor: This belated tribute to the high quality of verse in the Poets' Corner of the Mail Tribune has been crowded out by seemingly more important happenings of the day. So it is being redone. We feel the Poets' Corner is well deserving of a place, with credit to E.A. for finding same. Also, much credit to Poetry Editor Jenny, including sympathy for the fine material he must have to turn down for want of space. But what is printed, much of it rates a place with that of the Browning team, others, including our own Markham made famous with his "Man With The Hoe," like Riley's, "When The Frost Is On The Pumpkin."

But Markham's "Man With The Hoe" left me a bit offish, not but what it was timely and well done. For many of my happiest moments are with my wellworn hoe. For what can be more deeply satisfying than lusty growing greenery that promises harvest to be enjoyed and shared with family and friends. More than that, my representation of Markham's opus must be good, from tattered work clothes, vacant slanting brows, brother to the ox, so objected to by the protesting dear wife, who like many others keeps us husbands from reverting to caveman status.

Fearing the following verse would not rate the serious level of that in the Poets' Corner, and knowing E.A. gets quite a fling in such sort of thing, we conclude with what we think is a timely contribution in a birthday card greeting to my grandson, finishing a stretch with the whirlybirds "over there":

You're sure in luck,
Of husky buck
in learnin' 'bout air-choppers
that can erupt
to lift things up—
that goes for helicopters.

For your sky-hook
has surely took
a place in west coast loggin',
so square away,
you're makin' hay;
we need what's in your noggin!

The real know-how
of where and how
to save tree - lands from
scarrin',
by donk and "cat"
and all like that
is prior more than warin'.

Tho' we admit
it makes a hit
when copters soar the drinkin'
to pluck space-men
to where and when
and lessen World War
brinkin'. Gramps

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

A Good Teacher

To the Editor: American beliefs, principles and attitudes are threatened today as never before. If we lose these freedoms, who will suffer for our children? If we lose it will be because we did not care enough, because we were not alert enough. Do we have loyalty in the heads of all our schools?

With all my heart I love this nation. I grew up on a 640-acre wheat farm, the coldest spot in Texas, with icicles in the corners of my eyes. I would reach this little country school, when I looked at the U.S. flag I knew heaven knew me and happiness blossomed. On reaching the eighth grade I learned a new love for the American flag. Our school hired a German teacher, schooled in London, England.

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Never Look Back

To the Editor: Sunday, May 7, the Senior Center Orchestra drove out to Rev. and Mrs. Del E. Millard's lovely home for potluck luncheon, and met several other very nice guests. I've played several old-time tunes, and listened to piano music by Mrs. Millard and organ music by Genevieve McCorkle. Those two playing together made beautiful music. Our Senior Center pianist, Maud Arnold, being absent, Mr. Roy Sweiger, a professional pianist, formerly from Hollywood, now retired, consented to play with us.

Later we listened to an exceptionally fine sermon by Rev. Del Millard, who also has composed words and music for more than a 150 hymns. Mrs. Millard read several of her own poems.

I wish all the Tribune readers could see their lovely Chapel and the big slice of Heaven the Millards have for a home.

There are trees and flowers all over the place. A wide porch, fish pond, patio, another pond where ducks play, and a very lovely view across green meadows and a glimpse of the Rogue river.

That is a real show place and the Millards love visitors. I've drove past Eagle Point on Crater Lake road, and a short distance past the sign that reads "Butte Falls Junction."

Then we turned left where the church sign showed the way. That was Hammel Road. Another sign told us to turn to the right and in all my long life I've never seen a prettier sight than we found at the end of the line.

At the New Age church we heard the story of Lot's wife. From it we gleaned a thought: Never to look back. The yesterday are gone. Forget 'em and look ahead. Each day a new page to live. What a blessing, isn't it?

Pearl Spackman,
Box 33,
Jacksonville, Ore.

Years in the Past

To the Editor: A letter in the Communications recently about finding a tooth in Bear creek brings to my memory a big bone found back of

Roxy Ann by Grant Rowless. I remember the bone; it was five inches thick and five feet long with a ball joint on one end and a hinge on the other. It was on the front porch of Captain Rowless' house that still stands on East Main st., across from Crater Lake ave. He said he was sending it to a museum.

In 1907 I was working in an orchard on the side of Roxy Ann, and one of the Cottrell boys took Mr. Allen and myself to a petrified log there that was about four feet exposed to view and about two feet thick. I hope it hasn't been destroyed.

I wonder how many years ago this valley was under the sea.

On the Griffen creek hills very often while splitting sandstone for fireplaces we would find impressions of leaves and small pieces of sticks, and the leaves looked like oak, also there is a broken up oyster bed on top of one of the hills on Dark Hollow road and I used various pieces in some of the rock walls that I built.

In regard to the cesspool the city found not long ago, it was built by my father in 1905 and at that time was called a septic tank and was in good working order. One of the influential citizens tested it and said it was a good one.

Having lived in Rogue River valley since 1894, it is always interesting to read about these things.

Ernest W. Phelster
1345 Brookdale Rd.
Medford.

The M-T's Help

To the Editor: The First District, member of the Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs, wish to thank the Medford Mail Tribune for the space given them for publicity, for the clubs in First District.

Much credit is due Mrs. Bren Starcher for her splendid cooperation with the various clubs, which made the district have such a successful year.

We are happy to say you helped us give several scholarships in the state, to boys and girls who are des-

perately in need of these to go on to college.

Mrs. Clay M. Lee, President First District, Oregon Federation of Women's Clubs Medford.

That's Mom

To the Editor: Unlike great soldiers Moms won't fade away, They're here to stay. Unless it would be to wash A dirty face, ears and neck I wouldn't be afraid to bet You will find here away up there

Into that nowhere - taking a check.
Mrs. Irma Henderson,
729 Dakota ave.,
Medford

Man in Orbit

To the Editor: Some of our educators are saying that our other scientific achievements are of greater ultimate benefit to mankind, than getting a man into space would be. The trouble with them is that they are not politicians or salesmen - they cannot sell a bill of goods.

It is of the utmost importance that our country get a man into orbital flight, and soon. All the world is watching the race between the

United States and Russia, and whether Russia is faking or not does not alter the fact that her prestige has risen markedly. It was as though two educational systems, theirs and ours, were on trial, with theirs winning by a big margin.

Don't try to pooh-pooh that space-man accomplishment. If an American had been first in space, we would still be celebrating.

David Frisch
P. O. Box 292,
White City, Ore.

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