

# ... 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.

## Lava Bed Country

To the Editor: It surely was encouraging to note the bubbling esprit de corps of the student body on the field-trip to the lava bed country that Southern Oregon college at Ashland provided their summer scholars recently.

Hardly a dull moment on the entire fauna, flora and history study-trek by Greyhound bus and shanks-mare. Sandwiched between naturalist commentary over the PA system, nearly every problem confronting us as a people was given a going over.

A fourth-grade teacher from up-country across the aisle, was the spark-plug backing most of it. His humorous comments veined with a cheerful optimism that leaders would arise from obscurity to be a Moses out of the wilderness of political and economic entanglements, a Gen. Grant to help a humble rough-hewn Lincoln in preserving the Union, would always be found.

Especially when arriving at the Stronghold, he was first to take off alone up the rock strewn winding trail. We passed him a short way up, his badly polio crippled legs did help him to be among others for a short distance at least. Our wives (we were with the Earnest Santos) elected to stay with the comforting coolness of the big bus.

Friend Earnest was bent on photographing the location data boards telling of the Stronghold battle for his extensive colored-slide collection.

My objective was to renew memory of the unrecorded locations pointed out to me nigh 40 years ago by my Modoc tillucum Jeff. Riddle, son of renowned Winema and his white father, Frank Riddle, interpreters from Gen. Canby and officers. For Jeff, a lad 12 years of age was ever by his mother's side through it all, he concerned with her safety and she with his, both hoping to survive the ordeal, she telling him what to do, who he should go to, in case he was left parentless.

## Jeff was most insistent

pointing out the battle location of Ellen's Man, for that was the only name of that reputable leader of the Modocs. For Capt. Jack, as Jeff explained, was only hereditary chief whose concern was to prevent fighting, for if continued, it meant the end of them as a tribe. But Ellen's Man would have none of that. To him it was kill or be killed, which most of them preferred, rather than be driven from their ancient homeland.

## R. J. Clifford,

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

## Clarifies Contract

To the Editor: I wish to correct an error in Mr. Johnston's review of the Howard Prairie contract that appeared in the Mail Tribune, July 6.

He stated that "The contract was planned, approved and signed by all members of the County Court." The fact is quite well known that I did not approve of the contract and I did not sign it.

Simply stated, I would not be a party to a contract that allows the county to subsidize private enterprise at the taxpayers expense. Under the terms of the contract, the county provides all the facilities for the concessionaire's use, including boat docks, camp sites, trailer sites, picnic tables, restrooms and a \$50,000 recreation building.

In addition, the county will return to the concessionaire, all of the camping fees. (Last year's camping fees totaled about \$3,600.) In return, the concessionaire will pay the county \$1,800 per year. In other words, the concessionaire can make a yearly income of up to \$40,000 without making any further payment to the county. However, the county will continue to pay for the repair and maintenance of all the buildings and facilities.

In view of the fact that other business men interested in the concession were willing to pay 10 per cent of their gross receipts and also allow the county to retain the camping

fees, I do not feel that the terms of this contract are fair to the taxpayers of Jackson County.

Edwin H. Taylor, County Commissioner.

## Replies to Letter

To the Editor: This is a reply to Mr. Stille's letter July 6.

Many of our colonists came to America to escape the religious intolerance and persecution of certain entrenched Christian organizations in Europe. There had been a long history, extending over many centuries, of religious wars, heresy trials with burnings at the stake, etc., none of which could have occurred if the principle of separation of church and state had been consistently understood and practiced.

Our founding fathers were determined to assure that no one would suffer here because of official preference for any religious sect, or for any religious belief. They, of course, considered Christians and non-Christians (including atheists) equally entitled to the protection of our laws, there being no second class citizens here.

Perhaps Mr. Stille will recognize the correctness of the Supreme Court decision if he will consider the following, purely suppositious case.

Let us suppose that in another state, say Oregon, a second case arises because the school authorities there suggest that the students in the public schools start the day by reciting a creed as follows:

"We recognize that there is no almighty God upon whom we are dependent, and we understand that we can expect no help for ourselves, our parents, our teachers or our teachers or our country from any such source."

This expresses a view diametrically opposed to that of the prayer which the Supreme Court banned in the New York Regents case. It is precisely as repugnant to the Constitution as the prayer is - no more, no less. It differs simply in the fact that it gives offense to a different segment of the population.

It is evident, of course, that if the prayer had been approved in the New York case, the above quoted creed, on the basis of the New York case as a judicial precedent, would have to be approved by the

court in the Oregon case. As a matter of law, the two cases are indistinguishable.

If Mr. Stille has carefully and dispassionately followed my reasoning to this point, he must perceive that approval of officially inflicting the prayer in the New York case upon a captive audience would have abandoned the principle of religious equality which the Constitution sought to establish.

How fortunate we are to live under such an enlightened government as we do, and to enjoy the protection of a court which is so diligent in the protection of our civil rights.

Clarence M. Crews, 4706 North Pacific Highway, Central Point, Ore.

## Deserve Reading

To the Editor: Two articles in the M.T. of 7/8/62 deserve reading by thoughtful citizens. A Fed Up Citizen by a Californian was submitted by Anna M. Streed, Juggernaut by Eric Severed. These articles will not appeal to confirmed optimists. They both present an unpleasant picture of America today.

Fed Up Citizen says he is a sick American, sick of 30 years of panaceas, excuses, etc. The powers that be, and want to keep on being, tell us we must forget the past and look forward to New Frontiers. But one of the basic elements of improvement has always been the ability and willingness to recognize and admit the errors of yesterday.

For 30 years an aggregation calling themselves "Liberals" has been running our national affairs. Successfully or otherwise depends on the point of view.

Today, the number of thinking people who are taking a dim view of conditions is increasing. And we are not all paranoids. But the sad part of the matter is that the ones who have been responsible for the deteriorations refuse to perceive their errors. On the contrary, they seek to divert attention from their faults by heaping scorn and ridicule upon their critics.

When patriotic Americans, driven by hindrance and frustration, instead of correction of abuses, become radical in their demands, they are called ugly names, extremists and worse. Remember, the American Revolutionists were called extremists.

The Liberals, from White House to Perkins Corner, try to pin these labels on their opponents, for political purposes. The President made a speech urging Congress to forget politics as usual and get down to bipartisan affairs.

Then he made a "non-political" visit to California where he allegedly urged Pat Brown

to corner Dick Nixon into accepting or disavowing the John Birchers. I suppose that was bipartisan since Brown wants the votes of both Demos and Reps. Last week John Bailey, Democrat National Chairman, stated publicly the Republicans cannot win without the Birchers and cannot win with them. More alike same.

History reveals that some 20 civilizations have flourished and died. About 18 were destroyed by inner decay. Atheism, materialism, paternalism and alcoholism caused the decay and downfall.

It should not require a Billy Graham or an Arnold Toynbee to perceive the devastating effect of these isms in America today.

L. G. Weaver, 301 Haven st., Medford.

## In God We Trust

To the Editor: (In reply to Anna Streed's letter of July 8.) Yes, the Communist Specter has scared a great many people since the Bolshevik revolution in 1917; made many people sick, made many die.

Once, at the end of World War I, capitalist forces could have rallied and organized an expeditionary force and quickly smash the Bolsheviks. This was not done although the White Russians (Czarists) carried on a Civil war against the Communists for five years (1917-1922) and lost.

They got no help from the Western Powers. Bolshevism (Communism) grew like a weed, and in the Second World War, it got substantial aid from the West so it could beat Hitler. At the end of the war in 1945, voices of some outstanding individuals were raised calling for marching on, eastward and destroy communism. (Clare Booth Luce was one voice who spoke out for this.) But the men in power did not heed that call.

As it now stands, there is no chance for the "sick people who can't stand the action and doings of our elected officials." To get well, because Communism, as of now, has become of age, has grown to be a giant, as big as Uncle Sam. War, as a means of destroying Communism now is unacceptable, even to the best military mind. So, what are you going to do about it? Do like the old Jews, wait and cover yourself in sackcloth and ashes?

I would say, don't cry, take it easy and let us settle for co-existence. The future? Whatever will be will be, the future is not ours to see. In God we trust.

John E. Ring, 1049 West 11th st., Medford

Dr. Boehnke Saluted To the Editor: In June we visited your city and found it delightful. However, our six-month-old son became dreadfully ill and we had to locate a doctor. We found a wonderful pediatrician, and want to sing about him. The people of Medford are indeed lucky to have so much knowledge and understanding as is in our Dr. H. L. Boehnke.

We feel as do many others, that doctors never receive enough praise for jobs well done. Each case is different, but the treatment is the same; full diagnosis, genuine interest and elation when recovery begins.

Therefore Medford, we are grateful that you had Dr. Boehnke for our emergency. And to you Dr. Boehnke - We Salute!

Duane M. Barbara and Eric Gibson, El Mar Trailer Village, Missoula, Mont.

## Academic Approach

To the Editor: G.H.B. in his editorial advocating euthanasia uses the same plea that is often used to justify suicide, no injury is done to one who is willing; but our U. S. Constitution calls life an "inalienable" right. Life therefore is not at the disposal of the sufferer.

Apparently G.H.B. will have to set aside his mis-guided compassion until he can bring about a fundamental you might say fatal change in our constitution. G.H.B.'s argument appeals to sentiment, but only in a disregard of reason and it is a grotesque use of the false principle that the end justifies the means. Once admit the latter and all morality ceases to exist.

The position of G.H.B. is this: Physical sufferings of any incurable person are without value, and so without any justification for existence. Therefore public authority should allow the end of suffering of incurables by terminating the life of the sufferer.

G.H.B. should answer two questions that immediately present themselves: (1) Is it true that such suffering is useless? and (2) Whence comes the authority of the state to

authorize the killing of innocent persons?

Perhaps it is a basic lack of compassion on my part; but I experience no anticipation of that day when a dedicated, trained and competent Medical doctor hangs out his shingle announcing his specialty-Dispenser of Death, though perhaps Dispenser of compassionate air bubbles would be more acceptable. Surely the medical profession itself nourishes a more intellectually healthful approach to this moral question, even if what is surely the sad academic approach of G.H.B. remains so unimproved of morality in this matter.

Robert J. Howard, 828 B West 14th st., Medford.

## Invited To Village

To the Editor: Recently I was invited to spend the evening in Pioneer Village, suburban Jacksonville. I got only one mosquito bite and made the acquaintance of some very nice, friendly people that made me forget the bite until just now.

Likely subconsciously trying to think up some durned thing to gossip about, but believe it or not, the couple of dozen happy-go-lucky people who relaxed around that "ere square in the yard didn't even argue politics or religion. Odd too, for they are such stormy subjects these days.

Oh well, even the weather is seldom stormy in Oregon. Sort o' nice hereabouts, don't you think?

I didn't see anyone else swatting at a mosquito so I guess I was being sweet. Don't answer that.

You'd never guess what wuz thunk up by that gang-er-I mean "those people." Perhaps I should have called 'em "Old Timers" but their grand timers were playing around there, too.

Well sires, they want to swing an honest to goodness show some day, using local talent as much as possible. but I haven't been "local" very long so I didn't nention that I attended Drama Class last year, but I do know "up stage" from "down stage" and I offered to help paint or whatever work I can do without getting tired. They don't know yet that I was born tired. Ha!

More evening get-togethers out in the fresh air and I bet a bunch of us could cook up two shows, eh? Try it, folks: Good coffee, too.

Pearl Spaekman, Jacksonville, Ore.

Brush cars and a wheelbarrow in the trunk, but I ain't got 2 Brush cars and a wheelbarrow, so I just carry a trunk full of air. I don't need a trunk, I can put everything I got in the glove compartment.

I come pretty close to getting a ticket I could use once. I bought a ticket on a passenger train, then they eliminated trains.

Everett Acklin, Ashland, Ore.

## Buys A Ticket

To the Editor: I just bought a \$15 ticket, and it wuzn't a season ticket to Shakespeare. I don't even get a chance to look through a knothole in the fence for my \$15 and it ain't paid for anything. It's what I paid for driving a short Jeep with a long piece of water pipe, \$15 for 13 1/2 inches of used steel water pipe. No. It wuzn't gold plated. That's about \$2,500 for a ton of steel. Wouldn't that blow the lid off the White House? It would, only it already went for \$6.

I started getting tickets in 1911 and it grew into a hobby, a policeman's hobby. The first ticket I got wuz for hitting a horse with a long suitcase full of carrots. The horse wuz lucky, I could have hit him with a suitcase full of eggs which I wuz taking to the grocery store. Now there wuzn't no law against hitting a horse with a suitcase, so they made one. I got a ticket for having a wide load, the suitcase wuz wider than a Brush car.

One time I got a ticket for holding a trunk in my left hand and driving with my right hand while mowing down a picket fence. The charge wuz having a wide trunk on a narrow running board. I can't help it, that's the way they built cars.

Today I got a car big enough to put a suitcase in the glove compartment or 2

For Editorial To the Editor: Congratulations and cheers for your outstanding editorial, "Freedom and Responsibility." Ilene Hull, 7 Eastwood dr., Medford

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## Poets' Corner

Conducted by  
**Arnold Eugene Jenny**

**Psalms Twenty-three**  
The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He restoreth my soul:  
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness  
for his name's sake.  
Yea, though I walk through the valley  
of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil: for Thou art with me;  
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me  
in the presence of mine enemies:  
Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me  
all the days of my life:  
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.  
—From the Holy Bible, Authorized (King James) Version.

**Episode**  
The old homestead acacia wore, a cedar double-spired,  
a posted sign denoting where astounding feats transpired.  
Quaint the little house appeared for personage so great,  
with latticework and gingerbread the muse to stimulate.  
Surrounded by a foliaged fence from roadway it reclined,  
wisteria and clematis around the porch entwined.  
The garden was a glory of bloom no season could retard,  
the occupant was seldom separated from his yard.  
Morning or dusk would find him there in pursuits various  
his snow tusked head abow-on knees—'twas ever thus.  
He labored on a plane apart; mysterious he extracted  
from nature-then the garnered fruits unto the world contracted.  
While ambling home from school one day I shyly staled  
to stare—  
quite suddenly he handed me a flower for my hair,  
Though numerous years have come and gone, in cherished  
memory  
I hold the beautiful blossom Mister Burbank gave to me.  
—Thelma Carson  
Prospect, Ore.

**The Little Black Dog**  
I wonder if Christ had a little black dog,  
All curly and woolly like mine;  
With silky ears and a nose round and wet,  
Eyes brown and tender that shine.  
I'm sure if he had, that little black dog  
Knew right from the start he was God,  
That he needed no proof that Christ was divine  
But just worshipped the ground that he trod.  
I'm afraid that he hadn't, because I have read  
How he prayed in the garden alone;  
While all of his friends and disciples had fled—  
Even Peter, the one called a stone.

And oh, I am sure, that little black dog,  
With a heart so tender and warm,  
Would never have left him to suffer alone  
By creeping right under his arm  
Would have licked those dear fingers in agony clasped,  
And counting all favors but loss,  
When they took him away would have trotted behind,  
And followed him quite to the cross.  
—Elizabeth Gardner Reynolds  
(Submitted by Mary A. Williams, Mt. View, Cal.)

**A Waiting Audience**  
On the basis of more than twenty-seven years' experience  
as editor of a nationally circulated poetry magazine, I am in  
a position to say that there is a silent waiting audience which  
is not only interested in poetry but hungry for poetry—that  
is in any, poetry as it has always been known before the  
innovations of the past half century. What this audience  
desires is not only the rving of a singing rhythm and the  
delights of a rhyme, but—in some respects deeper still and  
more fundamental—the pulse of a genuine emotion and the  
sweep of imaginative utterance.  
—Stanton A. Coblenz, New York Times Book Review,  
4/1/62.

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