

... 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.

Not Incredible

To the Editor: Mr. Powell's letter, Aug. 8, '62, "Incredible."

It looks like another give away, Mr. Powell, does it not? To me it seems just another sign that the end of the picture is in the making.

That all the Germanic peoples will be under Russian dominance is certain and will be held under guard to eventually take part in the first phase of the battle of Armageddon. (Ezk. 38.)

The things for us to be concerned with are our personal condition and standing with the one that reveals these secrets so far in advance of our newspapers; God wants us to be in readiness for that great day. (Dan. 12:1-7) and desires us to place our trust in Him, and have faith to believe that He (Christ) can and will save us for eternity, away from greed, avarice, lust, hate, malice, war and death. The deliverance He affords is free and as near as the breath we breathe into our lungs, for He says, "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to

him, and will sup with him, and he will be with me." (Rev. 3:20.)

That a man may have peace under all conditions seems the incredible to me, but not now that I have found Him. I heard the knock, I opened the door and I heard Him say, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am ye may be also." (John 14:1-3)

Eternity is a long time and He assures us that His love will last that long for He says, "Behold, I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." (Isa. 49:16) and "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the hearts of men, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." (First Cor. 2:9)

"A little one shall become a thousand and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time." (Isa. 60:22)

James Williams,
P.O. Box 441,
Jacksonville, Ore.

The Test

To the Editor: In your editorial of July 27, titled "Political Snarlings," you do a fine job in reviewing other editorial comment of some Oregon papers which bear out the title of your editorial. Following this compilation you make a very lucid observation, one which bears repeating and one which should be brought to the attention of every voter in this state.

You wrote: "As a matter of fact, Thornton's abilities as a political leader and an administrator are untested, despite his many years in public office." We can conclude from this that the contest is

between Mr. Thornton, the "untested," and Gov. Mark Hatfield, the tested, experienced and able. We agree! Our technology and modern

society is based upon quality—quality determined from a time of testing. That which has been tested and proven we retain. That which is found wanting goes to the scrap heap.

In light of the foregoing, I must disagree with your observation that "Thornton's record as Attorney General has no real bearing on whether he would make a good governor. The jobs are largely dissimilar." Isn't it true

that he has been "tested" in a vital role in state government? He has been tested at the expense of the taxpayers of this state. What are the results of this exhaustive test? The records—in every way—reveal flaws in judgment; the inability to carry through; a lack of those vital qualities which make for effectiveness in office. Do we promote those who can't do a lesser job to higher office? Would you go to the skilled, tested physician of good reputation or the one of questionable competence?

The question, Mr. Editor, that the voters of Oregon will decide on Nov. 6, is whether they want as governor a man of proven leadership quality—a man who has been tested as state representative, state senator, Secretary of State, and as Governor—Mark Hatfield—or whether they want a man like Mr. Thornton, who has failed test after test after test, at taxpayer expense.

Emmett E. Willard
Campaign Manager,
Hatfield Committee
512 State St.
Salem, Ore.

Exercise Our Rights

To the Editor: Next month I will be a father for the third time. I was fortunate enough to be home when the first was born. I was away when the second came and this one will

be five months old before I see it.

Thousands of other servicemen and I spend much or all of their service time away from loved ones. Service wives contend with transfers, poor housing, and small pay checks. They find themselves playing the role of both mother and father for months at a time.

There are no unions, no overtime pay, and an eight hour day often, as not, seems like a holiday. Those of you who have spent time in the service know that living conditions, especially at sea, leave much to be desired. Despite all the adverse conditions, the loneliness, and the long hours of toil there emerges a fierce pride. Each of us feels it when we accomplish the seemingly impossible, when our outfits win efficiency awards, and our aircraft exceed all expectations of availability. We know that our team is the best, and right now better than ever before.

A recent speech by Dr. Raftery carries a truth that no American can ignore. Not only must these facts be accepted, they must be acted upon.

"Our national nose has been rubbed in the dirt," Dr. Raftery's speech and this statement was written a year ago. Since then our "nose" continues to get dirtier. We "diplomatically" pull our troops out of the world's hot spots.

Rogue River Song

O river, my river, you sing such a song
Of rapturous beauty to an endless throng
As you glide and flow to the far off sea:
O river, my river, my heart goes with thee.
You nestled yourself among tall mountain crags,
Awakened in spring with the first pulsing rain;
You gathered yourself with joyous refrain
And moved down the canyons caressing each lane.
The trees bowed in homage, the birds paced their flight

With your flow and rhythm as you paced out of sight;
You soon reached the meadows, flowers sprang into bloom,
Their riotous colors subdued by the moon
Which reached down with its silvery wand
To bless you as you flowed on and on.
I stand and watch with a longing heart
And dream of your travels and watch how you dart
Cascading and turning and bursting with song.
The love which you give, O river, to me
Is my own true love that I give unto thee.
So scamper away to the far off sea,
For my heart with your heart always shall be,
And the song that I hear as you glide swiftly on
Brings me peace and solace and I am reborn.
—Evelyn Miller
Los Angeles, Cal.

Epigram

Here lies my wife! here let her lie!
Now she's at rest, and so am I!
—John Dryden (1631-1700)

Poets' Corner

Conducted by
Arnold Eugene Jenny

A Perfect Circle

I ponder,
And I grasp the seed of life.
I search,
And find the very essence of being.

The death of a tree—
In it revealed a circle of nature,
A perfect circle:
From tree to man, from man to earth,
And back to tree.
And so it goes, perhaps forever, perhaps not.

The birth of a child—
In it another ring of life I find:
From babe to child,
And on to man and then to wisdom—
And back to child.
Each man perpetuating himself and society.

A perfect circle,
It goes on forever, perhaps, perhaps not.
Only the tree knows.

I ask—
The tree answers and tells me of its life:
A tiny seed,
It grows and raises its crest above the ground,
And then the sun,
Which shines upon it, brings life.
And it grows old,
And dies.
How like a man;
He grows from a tiny seed planted in the womb
of woman—
He becomes a child,
Like a tiny seedling, struggling to mature.
The sun shines,
The Light of Maturity glows, and he comes to Life—
And grows old,
And dies.

A tree, a man—
Each showing life
In a perfect circle.

—Walter M. (Mike) Higgins III
(Senior, Medford Senior High School, '62)

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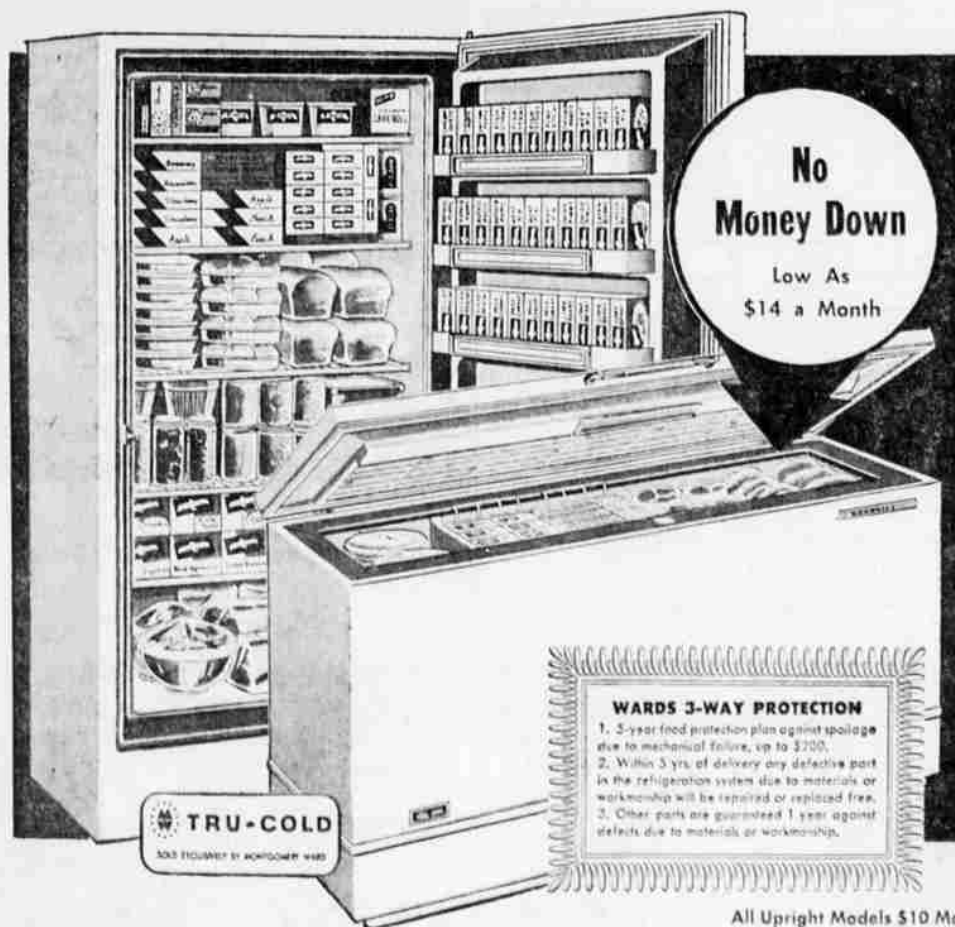
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