

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.

Tax Everything

To the Editor: My under-cover agent (no not AH-LAN), in Salem tells me there won't be a nose meter tax bill passed this session because the powers that be feel there will be too many folks so stingy that they will stop breathing in preference to paying the tax. Anyway he says that Ole M-oney O-r-H-ell has come up with an idea that's really a humdinger, beats the meter tax all hollow. A 1 per cent withholding tax, on every person who has an income of any amount and from any source. No exceptions, applies to all persons receiving money, from the cradle to the grave, from baby-setting to blogging. No exemptions; a family of ten earning \$3000 would pay the same amount as a single person earning that much.

A farmer selling a buck's worth of eggs to a neighbor would have to place a penny in the old cookie jar. Peddling 10 bucks worth of beef, pork, mutton or goat means a dime in the jar; in fact it covers all peddling. Whoa, there's one exception, no charge for peddling the bull. That's the one that would break me.

This tax would cover Social Security, veterans' pensions, civil service annuities, insurance disability payments, interest from savings accounts, dividends from stocks and bonds, in fact all monies received. Once a law it will be as permanent as the rising and setting of the sun, the only change will be an increase to 2 percent, 3 percent and up when more money is needed. For those that like it, fine, for those that don't, it's bad, and instead of wasting pencil, paper and time figuring what it will cost, use them to tell your representative in Salem to buck it or expect a chilly reception on returning home and a lot less votes next election. I wish you-all what I hope to have-LYCKO. Claude M. Hall 2860 Placer rd. Sunny Valley, Ore.

Flower Colors

To the Editor: Mountain climbing, as in Switzerland, is hard work. Sometimes one wonders why one does it. One is roped to Swiss guides, above and below. Sometimes, on a steep slope, one's steps are cut in the ice.

The strain on the heart is not so severe in New Zealand's South Island, for there the ice is lower, as at Mt. Cook and the Tasman Glacier. In the Andes, (where sometimes the only food available is llama jerkey and chunyo, flaked frozen potatoes), there also is the mountain sickness called "soroche."

The views, when ascent is gained, are, of course, incomparable. There also is a strange satisfaction about making an ascent.

The following theory as to flower colors was outlined by a world-famous specialist. It came when he and writer were making an ascent in the Alps. We were resting half-way up when above saw noticed bits of red alpenrosen, also blue gentian, tucked in the upper guide's handband.

My friend commented: "Curious, our guide is attracted by a red, also a blue flower. I, as you know, am a practicing specialist. For years I have studied the effect of flower color on my patients. In my opinion a pot of red blooms irritates. A vase of blue flowers depresses. So convinced am I there is power for good or bad in flowers to the sick I have a rule. My first prescription often is: 'Yellow flowers.' I find they cheer. They are, indeed, what the Redskin calls "good medicine."

The testimony is repeated here because it may be of some value in helping our sick friends toward recovery. C. M. Goethe 3731 Tea St. Sacramento 16, Calif.

Man and the Universe

To the Editor: There are some observers in our society who predict an explosion of the Earth's population before the next 50 years have passed, which will undoubtedly happen, if an atom blast does not come about before and that, we all hope, will not happen. So, if we are to avoid the predicted explosion from too many babies being born, there is only one remedy — birth control — regardless of God's word in the Bible. Someone in your column recently said that God has forbidden such a measure.

As I see it, the God I believe in, the Almighty Creator, who set the globes of universe spinning in their orbits, and who created life on our planet; He gave the man the power and brain capacity to govern his own life. This power is inherent in

are no such marks. I recently read a book in the library telling me this.

The Bible lacks science. When Joshua, the man of old, said to the sun—"Stand Still!" And hypnotized the frisky moon.

With a forensic thrill, Astronomy was not embraced Within his mental girth, Or he would have addressed his spiel

To the revolving earth. John E. Ring 1049 West 11th St. Medford.

What He's For

To the Editor: Was asked today by a grinning friend who reads Arnold Eugene Jenny, "Well, fellow 'habitual aginner', when are you going to start being FOR something?" With a pained expression we (my conscience and I) managed to recite for him, with tolerance and kindness, the following tiny fraction of the things we are FOR.

We are 100 per cent FOR giving Red China a seat in the United Nations-OUR seat. Provided the UN is moved to Moscow, or Peking, where it belongs. We're FOR the patriot - destroying UNESCO program in schools-Soviet schools, that is. We're FOR fluoridated drinking water. In the Kremlin. Also in the homes of all those who are trying to force it on the Amer-

ican public. We're FOR integrated schools for those who want them, and FOR segregated schools for those who don't. For the federal government leaving education to the states as the Constitution intended. FOR "self determination" for all foreign states, including Katanga and the once-sovereign State of Mississippi. FOR giving foreign aid to Mississippi as we do to all other conquered peoples.

We're definitely FOR those wonderful American patriots who are putting up such a magnificent fight to stop the sale of slave labor goods in America. FOR boycotting the renegade merchants who arrogantly insist on selling this blood-money goods. FOR informing President Kennedy (Who thinks buying this Communist stuff is O. K.) that letting American trade-dollars flow into Communist pockets is giving aid and comfort to our enemy, and smacks of treason.

We're FOR Gen. Edwin A. Walker who suffered the first illegal, political arrest in America, his Constitutional rights completely disregarded. FOR J. Edgar Hoover who can catch Communists faster than our Supreme Court can turn them loose. FOR our House Committee on Un-American Activities, the only Committee we have in the House standing between us and a Communist take-over.

We're FOR impeachment and punishment (as prescribed

by our Constitution) of all those guilty of promoting the treason treaty plan, outlined in State Department Document 7277, for the surrender of all our armed forces and nuclear weapons to the Communist UN.

We're FOR the Christ centered Constitution of the United States, not the Soviet UN Charter. FOR Old Glory, OUR flag, not the UN rag. For U. S. sovereignty first, last, and always, not UN Dictatorship. FOR liberty and justice for all, not just for Communists and traitors.

"Habitual aginner"? Not us. As you can plainly see. L. C. Powell 316 S. E. Eighth St. Grants Pass, Ore.

Letters and Shouts

To the Editor: "Youse is a louse!" So began an anonymous letter I received back in the '30s when I was Executive Secretary of a Branch of the New York City YMCA. It came from a member of a neighborhood athletic and social club which had made arrangements to have a basketball game and dance in the "Y" gymnasium-on condition that no liquor would be permitted on the premises. The inelegant outburst in the idiom then characteristic of some segments of the community was provoked by that "no liquor" rule.

Notwithstanding Medford's generally high cultural level, such literary gems are not

very unusual even here—as this correspondent and, doubtless, the editor can testify. Sometimes such letters are unprintable not only because they are unsigned but also because they are vulgar or even libelous. Their authors, obviously lacking ordinary decency or perhaps intestinal fortitude, are really to be pitied rather than scorned.

One such missive I received recently contained the following comparatively mild bit: "Your ramblings in the press... are nothing... but the marks of a senior delinquent." Its writer indicated that he (or she) evidently regarded my letter of 1/6 as an attack upon "legitimate hard working business and professional men."

Readers may recall I'm quite reasonable queries, among others, about odd practices and high prices of Medford laundries and the relatively high fees of doctors, dentists and lawyers in comparison to Long Island. The protester ignored my compliments in that letter (as in others recently) to the business community and citizens of Medford generally.

One laundry replied that "long sleeve cotton shirts require 30 per cent more labor to finish than a dress shirt," hence, the higher charge (which I've also had to pay on short sleeve shirts). If laundries elsewhere can turn them out in the same way

and at the same price as dress shirts, it would seem that Medford laundries haven't learned all the tricks of their trade. F. H. Gray's letter of 1/8 indicates another thing his laundry hadn't learned: courtesy—since he never even got a replay to similar questions. It was pleasant, however, to read that he found himself in full agreement with me, "as usual."

The "simple cure" for Oregon's high income tax rate offered by some who wrote or phoned me is just a bit too simple, I fear (however laudable a d v l r e, in general): "Elect more statesmen and fewer politicians."

Arnold Eugene Jenny Rogue Valley Manor Medford

Weather Lore

To the Editor: According to some ancient astronomers, the earth (that is, including the sun's family of nine planets) goes through cyclic changes over a long period of intervals, from an ice age, to one called "the great summertime." There is biological evidence to sustain the earth's periodic law of universal changes of the past, and geology traces the revolutions theory.

According to the ancient Egyptian priest-star gazers, the solar year of 1963 will be ruled by the planet Mercury. The springs are always dry, cold and changeable; the summers wet; the fall wet

thing more noticeable than fog. We have too much of it, and it seems I'm fog-bound even in my dreams. Now what are we going to do about it? Setting the foggy mist to rout? Are we simply going to take it with a shout? We can't get rid of it by lying down. Or groping blindly all around the town. While Ashland makes all kinds of fun, Basking in the glories of the sun. Sid Hollingsworth White City, Ore.

Fogbound To the Editor: I have been asked to write about the fog. And the subject has me all agog. Because there isn't any-

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Public Notice!

In regards to a recent letter to the Mail Tribune Editor by an irate reader; and due to the fact that a telephone answering service appears to be the ultimate target for his complaint, we wish to advise the public, our clients and prospective clients that our firm was not involved. Further (had it been) the call would have been treated with our usual cordial and courteous manner.

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Poets' Corner

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The Mirage

Let him who will, his dreams pursue
Of wealth and power and fame;
But blest is he whose soul looks up
And seeks a nobler aim.

Mirages, these are found to be,
Whose spires upthrust and bright
Are dancing ever just beyond
Where day is merged in night.

If, after years of bruising toil,
Perchance his weary feet
Should cross their borders once so fair
He finds them bitter sweet.

The sordid years that mark the way
Of greed and toil and fear,
Have touched his soul with flaming torch
And left it charred and sear.

—Frank Roberts
Medford

Foggy Morning

A cat is creeping through the mist,
Belly in the grass,
Through the wet leaves of a tree
Phantom bird-wings pass.

Wind-puffs flutter, low and lost,
From dripping wood;
Mournful flowers bow their heads,
A weeping sisterhood.

To the window where I lean,
Saddened, alone,
Comes a snatch of listless song
In a monotone.

—Charles Oluf Olsen
Portland, Ore.

Sweetheart of Yore

A lingering vision of the days of old,
The drowsy lanes, the sunset's dying gold,
The whispering winds, the gently falling dew,
Blend all in one sweet memory of you.

—Jack Finel
Central Point, Ore.

The Voice of Love

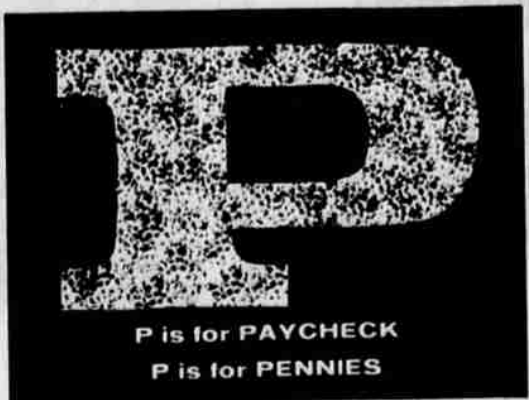
Hark! A voice of gentle sweetness
Whispers to the listening ear,
Bringing joy and peace and gladness,
Faith and hope instead of fear;
Shedding light where all was darkness,
Happiness where all was gloom—
Just a low sweet voice which murmurs:
I will lead you safely home.

Every one may hear its message:
King or beggar, high or low,
Soldiers 'mid the din of battle,
Sailors when the tempests blow,
To the man of business worries,
To the orphan left alone—
Comes the low sweet voice which murmurs:
I will lead you safely home.

Whose the voice that comes so sweetly,
Leaving peace along the way,
Healing all the broken-hearted,
Cheering each so tenderly?
'Tis the voice of Love that whispers
To the weary ones that roam:
Courage! I am with you always,
I will lead you safely home.

—Eliza L. Palmer
Medford

(Composed around 1904, when the author was past 80. Submitted by her niece, Mrs. Henrietta A. Medynski, Medford)



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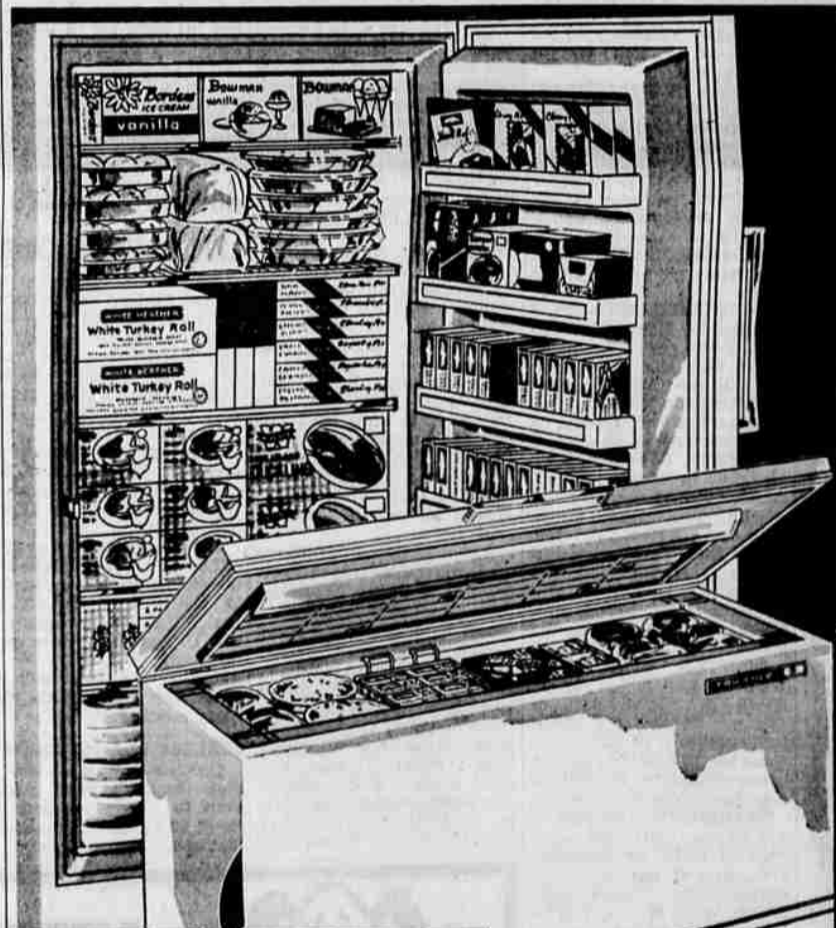
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