

# ... 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.

## A Heap of Living

To the Editor: Much has been written of the shortcomings of the American home. It is my opinion that nothing is wrong with the institution of home-making that wasn't first wrong with our society as a whole. What with nations arrayed against each other and threatening to violate on a grand scale perhaps the most important of the Ten Commandments — THOU SHALT NOT KILL — it is not to be wondered at if the temptation is great to break the others also.

Our ever-faster pace of living is turning many of our homes into little more than the equivalent of landing fields. So many couples are forced to neglect their families because of the burden of holding jobs on the outside. As for the status of the younger generation, it was recently well set forth by former President Eisenhower:

"Parents coddle their children with soft living. Today's leaders sold newspapers and did other chores to help their parents, but today's youths grow up in apartments or fine homes and are not called on to do even such minor chores as mowing lawns."

Dexterity with the hands is a lost art. Prefabrication, power tools and equipment have taken care of that. It is good, of course, that drudgery in the home has long since been eliminated; nevertheless, many an Old Timer would give anything to again see a woman who can "deftly lay a fire, and spread a cloth, and light a lamp, and by the magic of a quick touch give a look of home wherever she may be," and who is also able and willing to cherish a baby in her bosom.

In all too many homes the old-fashioned family circle is practically unknown — what with Mom and Dad gone for the evening, the while Brother is glued to the TV and Sister talks interminably on the telephone.

A Texas minister recently stated: "The trouble with most unhappy marriages is boredom; the happiest solution is often divorce."

In view of our ever-increasing divorce rate, it is doubtful that the majority of today's parents will be able to attain the comforting newspaper headline, "MARRIED FIFTY YEARS," so proudly won by their forebears.

It does, indeed, take "a heap o' livin'" in a house to make it home" in these Uncertain Sixties!

Geo. M. Babcock  
427 Hospital dr.  
Ashland, Ore.

## Incredible Event

To the Editor: The Christian world will soon honor and celebrate the incredible, greatest event since the creation of this earth: The resurrection of our Savior Jesus Christ. And we have the counterpart of that great event every spring when the trees and flowers are coming back to life, from their dormant death-like sleep over winter.

After our Savior had been chosen to be the propitiation for Adam's transgression and the plan of salvation must have been given to us at the same time and which also caused the war in Heaven. And comparable to the war that no doubt will have to be fought again with communism to decide if we are going to have our free agency or not.

It was necessary for God our Father to clothe the Spirits of Adam and Eve with the elements of this earth and his daughters (the Morning Stars) to be his co-creators with him upon the earth. There could have been no other reason God placed the Tree of Knowledge in the Garden of Eden — so that we, his spirit children, could learn to appreciate the good from the evil and which we can plainly infer from his statement to his son when he said, "Behold man has become as one of us to know good and evil." Gen. 3:22.

Then in due time God sent his beloved Son to earth as Paul indicates in Gal. 4:4 "When the fullness of time was come God sent his Son made of a woman made under the Law," etc. His mission was to bring to earth the full plan of Salvation formulated in the Heavens when the host of his Spirit Children sang and shouted for joy, and which included the gift of the Holy Ghost ordinance of Baptism that Jesus indicated to Nicodemus when he said he could not see the Kingdom of God without being baptized by water and the Spirit." (Holy Ghost) It follows then that we must all be baptized that we have lived upon the earth and have not had it done by themselves. By proxy — as they were doing in the Corinthian

Churches as the Apostle Paul indicates when he asked them, "Why were they baptized for the dead if the dead did not rise?"

John F. Peterson  
611 South Holly st.  
Medford.

## Restraint

To the Editor: Noticing this little poem in a book entitled "Morning Manna" by A. E. Esteb, caused me to think of the occasional rather caustic replies to some of our neighbors opinions appearing in these columns.

I have written them keen and sarcastic and long,  
With righteously wrathful intent;

Not a stroke undeserved, not a censure too strong,  
And some — alas, some of them went.

I have written them challenging, eager to fight,  
All hot with a merited fire;  
And some of them chanced to be kept overnight.

And mailed the next day in the fire.  
Ah, blessed the letters that happily go  
On errands of kindness bent,

And much of my peace and my fortune I owe  
To the letters I never have sent.

—Anon.

I was recently given a copy of "The First Settler's Story" by Will Carleton, which closes with these lines:

Boys flying kites haul in their white winged birds;  
You can't do that when you're flying words.

"Careful with fire," is good advice we know;  
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.

Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,  
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said.

Harold J. Reith  
Briggs Bldg.  
Shady Cove, Ore.

## Birthday Poem

To the Editor: The following is a poem which I wrote, and it is to be read to the accompaniment of the hymn, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus."

I am dedicating this song to a neighbor during my girlhood days, W. R. Bullock, 615 North Columbus, Medford. He will be 98 April 14.

Mrs. Bertha Applegate Guches  
1404 Thomas rd.  
Medford

IF JESUS CAME TO MY HOUSE

If Jesus came to my house  
To spend some time with me,  
I'd welcome Him with open arms

And I'd say, "Come in, please."

Oh! I'd be so thrilled and happy,  
To have such an honored Guest,

Although our home is humble  
And the food is not the best.

I'd take Him everywhere I went  
To meet my friends you see,  
Because He came to my house  
To spend some time with me.

I'd ask about our loved ones  
Who have gone to live above,  
And I'd ask our Saviour to tell them  
That we all send our love.

I wouldn't hide the books I read  
And put the Bible in their place.

When we sat down to dinner,  
I'd ask Him to say Grace.

I wouldn't change plans I'd made,  
Our conversation wouldn't change,

For He knows all we say and do  
And nothing would we gain.

I'd have Him stay forever  
And I'd cry when He left, you see,  
Because He came to my house  
To spend some time with me.

So, if Jesus came to my house  
To spend some time with me,  
I'd welcome Him with open arms  
And I'd say, "Come in, please."

## Eagle Point School Budget

To the Editor: In reference to the 1963-64 Eagle Point school budget, I attended the budget hearing and believe the residents of the district would be interested in information given by the superintendent concerning some of the increased expenditures.

Referring to "Salaries, Superintendent's Office," the school board is responsible for the proposed raise to \$10,000; this item has been raised \$3218 since the 1959 budget.

We were told Central Point paid their superintendent \$15,000; however, according to the Tribune 2-15-63, the Central Point superintendent salary is being raised to \$12,500 in the new budget.

The question of the cost per student in the Eagle Point district; answer: Eagle Point cost per student compares favorably with any school in area of comparable size (no figure was given). The number of students in Eagle Point stated as approximately 1,400.

In checking a school district of comparable size, I find that Phoenix has approximately 1,400 students and their cost per student in the 1963-64 proposed budget averages \$570.

The Eagle Point proposed budget averages \$693, or \$123 more per student. These costs are based on the general fund expenditures only, and do not include expenditures on bonds and interest.

The Phoenix high school curriculum appears to offer more courses, especially languages and mathematics, and their 1962 graduating

class numbered 74 students, compared to Eagle Point's graduating class of 34 students.

The school budgets appear to be a hodge-podge of padded accounts, in that they interchange the amounts from one account to another. This is especially true under Administration and Instruction, in which, in some cases, even the salaries are split between the two accounts.

Following are some comparative figures from the Central Point budget (enrollment 2,728, per student cost \$523) and Eagle Point budget (enrollment 1,400):

For Office of Superintendent, Office Business Administrator, Principals, Supervisors and Consultants: Eagle Point, \$75,960, Central Point, \$70,978.

Eagle Point has a total cost of \$4,922 more on these administrative costs, with about one-half the size enrollment and two school units less than Central Point.

The total Eagle Point school district expenditures were over a million dollars last year, and will be well above a million into the hundred thousand mark this year, unless the residents look up and take action to secure the best educational opportunities for their children by following their tax money as it is used by the school district.

John Benson  
Eagle Point, Ore.

## Incompatibility

To the Editor: Richard E. Byrd in his book "Alone," where he describes his four months alone in a cabin built of ice blocks, tells of the reason why he choose to live alone in it. He said that Amundsen and other polar explorers had said that two men who live alone in a cabin in the arctic waste (or elsewhere) for any length of time, develop an antipathy toward

## each other. You can call it incompatibility, the same as some married people suffer from.

Now after reading an article in the S. F. Chronicle recently about "wife swapping," it occurred to me that there may be a remedy for incompatibility, in that very thing.

There may also be another way to find a remedy for the virus of incompatibility, if the wife can make the "indelible imprint" on the husband, or vice versa. This "indelible imprint" was fully described in a broadcast last March 10, by the "University Explorer," University of California.

These weekly broadcasts are printed in a letter form and mailed to subscribers.

At any rate science is progressing by leaps and bounds and many secrets in nature are bared by biologists.

John E. Ring  
1049 West 10th st.  
Medford.

## A Sacred Trust

To the Editor: To work and study with quiet dignity, diligently to the height of one's intelligence, though it be limited, and even to strive to go beyond known limitations using every asset and faculty, must truly be called keeping the trust.

These thoughts occurred to this writer while visiting this week at the Haven School for retarded children, located near Salem, Ore., on Battle Creek rd., founded six years ago by Lillian and Alfred

## school bell.

We're going to the zoo next Friday, and teacher has been showing us giraffes, chimpanzees, bears, elephants and other animals projected on a screen.

Yes, we study, work, laugh and play. But we know when it's time to be serious. We are preparing ourselves for adjustment to life, or whatever those big words mean, and we just think we'll make it.

This writer left for home after attending Haven School feeling that these wee folk falling into many categories of retardation do have goals to reach, new goals every day.

Betty Cullers  
615 Bveys ave.  
Salem, Ore.

## What It Should Be

To the Editor: And Hi Hunters: I and my husband attended the Game commission hearing.

After studying the Game Bulletin, April, 1963, I wonder where these hunters who see no deer have been.

Since 1953 the deer harvest has exceeded 100,000 year. The hunters have increased from a little over 204,000 to near 264,000.

In 1948, approximately 166,818 hunters took 39,785 bucks. In 1962, 263,838 hunters took 92,903 bucks and 46,809 doe.

One point apparently missed by the anti-deer hunter is the feed situation. In the interstate unit, feed is low and many deer in poor

## shape.

Mr. Bowles explained the Silver Lake tour, its purpose, to show the feed situation.

Apparently there are those who see what they want to see and nothing more. If they didn't see herds of deer either in good or poor condition, they were disappointed.

Suppose they discontinue the doe harvest. With the feed situation what it is, will our deer herd increase or starve, come a heavy winter?

## The Game commission have experts who study the deer situation all year, know the problems and set regulations to maintain a lasting herd. Write them and give them a vote of confidence.

Let's accept deer hunting for what it should be, a privilege, a recreation, the thrill of the hunt, and not just for the meat.

Mrs. Calvin Clayton  
B.F. Star Route, Box 70  
Eagle Point, Ore.

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## Poets' Corner

Conducted by  
Arnold Eugene Jenny

### Resurrection Morn

All was hushed and still, and in the silence deep  
No sound disturbed the calm of Nature's sleep;  
While through the silent Garden's hallowed ground  
There breathed a peace so wondrous, so profound.  
Then slowly, slowly o'er the sky there spread  
The first gold rays of sunshine dipped in red;  
And dawn broke through the darkness of the night  
To shed upon the sepulcher its light;  
The stone rolled back, and to the Tomb lay bare,  
As song of birds burst clear upon the air,  
And Nature's sleep gave place to life reborn . . .  
And it was morn!

—Eric O. Robathan  
The Manor, Medford

### Home-thoughts, From Abroad

Oh, to be in England  
Now that April's there,  
And whoever wakes in England  
Sees, some morning unaware,  
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf  
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,  
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough  
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,  
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows—  
Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent-spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,  
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew  
The buttercups, the little children's dower,  
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

—Robert Browning

### Beauty's Handiwork

Methinks I knew not what sheer beauty meant  
Until this night I gazed with eyes intent  
Upon God's splendor-blazoned firmament.

I saw vast galaxies of world's unknown . . .  
Nebulae . . . where ancient constellations shone  
With a grandeur truly heaven's own.

Beauty aens old! The magic of its thrall  
Looms bright above this earth's dark pall  
Till man's designings here look drab and small.

Handiwork of God, so matchless, free—  
Let this consummate beauty my gift be,  
These unplumbed depths of mystery!

—George S. Whittaker  
Grants Pass, Ore.

### Winds Are Children

Winds are children  
playing April,  
backs to March-time,  
fingering squills,  
twirling papers,  
tumbleweeds and thistles.

Winds are whiffets  
blowing whistles,  
cutting capers,  
climbing hills,  
chasing May-time  
Winds are children  
playing April.

—Helen Gearhardt Russell  
Los Gatos, Cal.



TODAY IS—  
*Easter*

Joyfully we celebrate today the miracle of Easter. For you and those you love, we wish this time may be most wonderful and rewarding as you gather in the church of your choice to hear anew the age-old message . . . may you derive renewed spiritual strength from the hope of life ever-lasting. Easter is, indeed, a very special day . . . a time when family ties and friendships are closer than ever. Jorgensen's hopes YOUR Easter will be truly a wonderful day!



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