

... 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.

Recreation Facilities

To the Editor: The interest of the many young people in the Rogue valley in the art of horseback riding has for some time been progressively increasing.

I have witnessed one incident in which the Medford police were escorting a group of young riders across the freeway to reach our so-called fairgrounds. In my opinion that is not what I would call an ideal or safe place to have to ride. Why doesn't a city as large as Medford supply bridge paths, and a decent fairgrounds?

Where does our tax dollar go? Besides for all the new roads taking people out of Medford to other recreation facilities? Actually this is the only city of its size that I can think of with no adequate exhibition areas for any groups.

When do you say to out of state friends when you invite them to Medford? "Come to Medford, Oregon and see our freeway over the city?"

Jacksonville, with a population of less than two thousand people, has a museum and many other attractions; Ashland has the Shakespearean Festival, and I could go on and on.

Regardless of the type of hobby a person has, there isn't any place to properly display, or compete. Anyone would be ashamed to ask out of state folks to come to Medford for any sort of show in the present fairgrounds.

What is the reason for the absence of a proper place, for our children to be able to say, "Come to Medford, for our next show." Is there a weakness in our city, or county government?

When the do-gooders get through trying to tell the people in the other parts of the country how to solve their problems, tell the city of Medford, and our elected officials how to lay out a decent place for recreation for our children; rather than using more funds for enlarging the Juvenile Home, let's provide space and the necessary facilities to prevent delinquency.

Mrs. Janice Hasler
3084 Crater Lake Hwy.
Medford.

"The Politician"

To the Editor: "The Politician," which is Robert Welch's history of Ex - President Dwight D. Eisenhower's public career, always has a profound effect upon every one who reads it. Some become extremely angry because they feel betrayed by a friend. Others feel a deep sense of frustration. "If you couldn't trust Eisenhower," they ask, "whom can you trust?" In others it produces a deep feeling of sadness-sorrow for Mr. Eisenhower because he has so completely betrayed himself.

At the time Mr. Eisenhower came to the White House the American people were in a very strange mood. The revelations of Elizabeth Bentley and Whitaker Chambers, and the lies of Alger Hiss could've with the mounting cost of government and evident waste, caused uneasiness in the minds of our people which expressed itself partly in a deep-felt feeling that a change of administration was necessary. But the Communists who had gained control of our government under Roosevelt, held it under Truman, were determined to keep it under the new administration. Senator Taft was the logical choice for the Republican party. But with him in the White House the Communists knew their era of power would end.

To avoid that they produced as candidate, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, a life long Democrat, as a liberal Republican candidate. The most brutal means were used to defeat Taft. Many of us remember Eisenhower's promises to clean out the Communists. He removed not one. He would balance the budget. He spent more in peace time than Truman did, despite the Korean war. There was the "clean as a hound's tooth" remark about Mr. Nixon but after his T-V performance we wondered.

He came to the White House at a time of crisis, felt but not understood by the people. We trusted Mr. Eisenhower. We believed his fine words. Never before had a president been the recipient of so much trust and love. But there are few records in history where a total people have been so completely betrayed. He could have gained a place with Washington and Lincoln. He chose instead to place himself along with Aaron Burr in the opposite category. What a legacy for his grandchildren - a tarnished name!

Anna M. Streed
36 North Peach st.
Medford.

A Vision

To the Editor: Some weeks back, a friend asked me why I bother to write these letters, as no one pays any mind to them. About four years ago I felt the same way, and I said, "Lord, why me? There are better men than I, no one will take heed of anything that comes from me, why should I be made a fool for nothing?" I swore I'd never utter another word.

Then in a vision I saw a ball of fire go out, and it wavered up and down, and when it returned, a voice said, "What precedeth from God, will not return void." Then, as if I was taken out to sea off the coast of Florida, a voice said, "You are now in the center of the hurricane," and I heard the noise of it, and it was terrifying in might and power of destruction. The voice said, "You are as a weather man, sound the warning."

Then it was called to mind that which is written, "O evil man, if I tell thee to warn a people, and they take heed they shall save their souls, but if not they shall perish in their sins, but if you warn them not, they shall perish in their sins, but the loss of their souls shall I require at your hands."

Now I say what is it, that these things should be any matter between you and I? It is not. For it is between you and God, for every one will bear his own burden. But as the Lord said, it will be better for them, who believe in me before I come, than it will for them who will not till I come. Fear God, and give glory to Him, that you might receive mercy of him.

Ted M. Sletten
Route 1, Box 224
Rogue River, Ore.

Poets' Corner

Conducted by
Arnold Eugene Jenny

Compensation

Our archery department
Sells quite a lot of arrows in the spring.
And we're reminded of the day
A little fellow came in and said:
"Can I lend you three cents?
I've only twenty-seven
And I want a thirty-cent arrow."

We're truly grateful for incidents
Such as that above
Because they soothe the sting
Left by the man whom we allowed to file
And fix a lump hammer on our vise,
With several other tools.
For when the job was done
He walked out quickly, saying nothing.
And then we found
He'd broken our own hammer,
Which he'd slipped behind some boxes
Just before he left.

—Leo E. Schottland
Bethpage, L.I., N.Y.

*From the author's published collection, "The Complete Hardware Merchant," reprinted by permission.

Desert-bound

Sometimes,
When table-lands stretch far and blue
And smooth and level to the view,
One almost listens for the roar
Of distant breakers on the shore,
Or strives to catch the gliding hull,
The snowy wing of wheeling gull,
To hear the ocean breezes moan,
To fill the lungs with sweet ozone,
To roam the beach, refreshed and new:
One almost wishes it were true—
Sometimes.

—Jack Finel
Central Point, Ore.

Our Vision-haunted Pioneers

Intrepid trackers, breakers of the trail
Of long west-going miles, in atmosphere
Of danger, they were eager to unveil
The mysteries of a beckoning frontier.
From oak and cedar sprang their forest homes,
From cabins in the clearing, cities grew,
Cloud-wreathed buildings, sprawling aerodromes,
From wagon rut—the polished avenue.

O vision-haunted! Dreams were in their eyes
For future pioneers to realize.

—Ethel Peak
Santa Barbara, Cal.

Mail Stage

Drum again, ponies, over apron and deck
Of my resurrected ferry! Ride, and rest,
The river's width.

I will sponge
Your shoulders, measure your oats, since
To trot before a buckboard is your lot;
To stir the dust with stiff ankles—
Never so high as the whirlwind's; to trudge
Up Poison Creek; to jog in painful
Haze back to the railroad . . .

Spectral burners of baled . . . drum again
On your ferry to Oblivio . . .attle your bits
And bridles! Look at us, in ulcers and chrome
Harness, with Lazarus eyes, saying:
"We carried the mail into Jordan!"
—Paul E. Tracy
Caldwell, Ida.

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tinued with psychological and cultural comparisons. In the end, reason and justice demand people love one another, and racial discrimination is essentially an insult to all human intelligence and dignity.

Demonstrations in the South today, for some reason, are being treated by the press, etc., as "non-violent." Yet police, fire hoses, riot squads, dogs, federal troops and marshals, etc., all seem to have found a place among all this "non-violence."

That Negroes, in general are justified in their protest is not possible to refute.

We are witnessing a revolution—more, we are involved in this revolution. There have been, over the years, traditional violations of the U.S. constitution. In recent times an errant Supreme Court has handed down certain interpretations conceived to force changes; but poorly designed to solve real problems among human beings.

The situation is fraught with the danger and already the reality of being led and otherwise influenced by demagogues, especially political and racist demagogues; and all these things are pertinent in Medford.

In race relations, personalities of leaders have an enormous impact. I do not mean to minimize the problems, for as Jesse Owens recently stated when asked if he would go to the South to take part in the demonstrations, "You have to live in the South to know what its like." He decided there was plenty for him to do in Chicago. The drama (tragedy?) of race relations today makes this country extremely vulnerable to exploitation all over the world. Too infrequently, there appear personalities capable of dissolving most racial prejudice on mere contact. Unfortunately this kind of personality does not have much representation among the leaders making decisions and generating publicity in the civil (human) rights controversy today. It is hoped some attempt will be made quickly, to project genial, kind and engaging (without sacrificing dedication) persons toward the front of today's racial strife.

Robert J. Howard
702 Beekman st.
Medford.

Tourist Attraction

To the Editor: What? No lamenting for Blackie the Snake? Poor old critter never did nothin' in all his life but gulp down a few mice, beetles and a lizard or two. One would think that by now, instead of this ruthless, barbaric extermination, the Medford police force would have arranged accommodations for our assorted guests.

What can be attracting these unlikely, uninvited, unwanted visitors? If some civic-spirited citizen would get busy and research the matter, maybe we could sell the attraction to the tourists we are trying to trap.

Don't look at me! Snakes and bears aren't my forte. I'm leaving.
Mrs. Margarete Roseborough
610 Oakdale dr.
Medford.

Memories
To the Editor: My memory matches that of the old man Lynn Watkins tells us about in Tuesday's paper.

The names of people I see every day escape me when I wish to speak of them, but I recall with clarity events of long past years, like my grandmother's funeral in the old cemetery in Ashland, which occurred on June 16, 1892 when I was just 2 1/2 years old. My cousin, now at the Manor, declares that to be an impossibility, but the dated monument is still there to prove it! I can still see in my mind's eye my grandfather standing under a big madrone tree with a red bandanna in his hand as the coffin was being lowered into the grave.

This was the same Lindsay Applegate who with his brother Jesse and their party passed through the Rogue River Valley in 1846 on their way to view out what he always referred to as the South Road, now dubbed the Applegate Trail.

Frank L. Applegate
615 South Oakdale ave.
Medford.

Black Tony

To the Editor: This is a true story:

Once a gypsy caravan came driving slowly past our place. An old white mare was ambling in the rear at a sick snail's pace. "Could we leave her in your pasture?" a man pleaded with a sigh. "She's all in and a nuisance. She needs a place in which to die." So we led her to the wood-lot. There she bowed her tired old head. The next morning, there stood a jet black colt, but the old gray mare was dead.

The colt didn't resemble her dam a bit. As a horse, she was only a 'half'. We fed her from a bucket, just the way we raised our calf. She skipped and whirled and cantered right into every heart. There was nothing doing on the farm in which she didn't take a part. She was fat, sleek, funny and fast, about the size of an Indian pony. She looked so aristocratic that the chil-

(Name on file)
Medford.



Illustration by [Name] in Los Angeles, Calif.

"One good thing about using women—the Russians won't be able to keep their space program secret any more!"

PET TALK

By M. I. L.

ABOUT PUPPIES

Do not make the tragic mistake of buying an innocent puppy and making it live away from people on the end of a chain. Introduce your puppy early to the sights and sounds of the world; let him share your family life and meet your friends, teach him to ride in a car and walk with you on leash.

Training by punishment, teasing and confinement away from people—these are the mistakes most commonly

dren named her "Tony."

"Two years ago and if still alive she'd be all of 37. I wonder—would God be willing to let her be with us in Heaven?"

Pearl Spackman
Jacksonville, Ore.

Veterans' Widows

To the Editor: Why can't we widows of World War veterans get our car licenses paid if we don't own a house trailer? It would help us all out a lot, who can only get \$60 a month pension, and we who can work can't make but \$600 a year and I find it is a hard thing to do to try to live on that little bit. Oh, we could have lived well on that amount back in the 30's but now we can't even buy clothes fit to wear. Why can the Social Security make \$1,200 and we World War I widows can only make \$600? It wouldn't be anything but fair if all of us whose husbands were disabled since 1918 that we should still get what they did in their lifetime. There aren't too many of us. Our men are going fast. We who have old cars should get our licenses paid when we don't have property or house trailers. Oh, I don't ask for all to be paid but we should have that at least.

—From Popular Dogs Magazine

"The only moral lesson which is suited for a child—

made in handling puppies. All too often, they are the reasons why mature dogs come to pounds, or SPCA's with one of two requests: "Find him a new home— we cannot manage him," or "Put him to sleep— he is ugly with strangers," or, "He bit a child."

As proof of how much the general dog-owning public needs to learn such simple rules of puppy handling, I would cite the following cases— then you can multiply them by every city where puppies are sold.

A \$75 three-months old shepherd puppy was chained to a block of cement in the full sun and whipped when he cried or barked. He was taken into care by an SPCA while suffering convulsions from heat.

A \$150 shepherd puppy of show quality was chained day and night for 15 months behind a barn out of sight of people. He was shot by his owner for shyness.

A \$100 shepherd puppy was turned over to the SPCA at 13 months (after merciless teasing by children) because "she could not be trusted with them."

An 8-week-old shepherd puppy was punished constantly with a newspaper until she was terrified of her 17-year-old owner and cowered in a corner at the sight of him.

These are real cases; they could happen to any puppy. Every seller should assume that a strange buyer does not know how to handle a puppy and act accordingly.

—From Popular Dogs Magazine

"The only moral lesson which is suited for a child—

Reserve Unit to Train in California

Army reserves of the second battalion, 414th regiment, 104th Division (Inf), composed of men from Jackson, Josephine and Klamath counties will attend summer camp at Camp Roberts, Calif., from July 20 to Aug. 3.

The unit, including Company H from Klamath Falls, will fly from Medford, Saturday, July 20, to Camp Roberts. Lt. Col. John F. Rush, Medford, commander, Second battalion, 414th regiment (BCT), said that the regimental competition within the 104th Division will be the toughest in years, because the 414th has paced the field for the past three years.

At the summer encampment, the second battalion will handle physical training, dismounted drill, marches and ceremonies, bayonet drill, land navigation and troop information and education, according to Capt. James D. Straus, Central Point, operations officer for the local unit.

There are openings at the present time in the second battalion for administrative and supply personnel, cooks and instructors. Colonel Rush said. He added that any young man interested in fulfilling his military obligation with a hometown unit to contact SFC Kenneth E. Olds, enlisted advisor, Second battalion, 414th regiment (BCT) at 701 North Columbus ave., Medford.

the most important lesson for every day—is this: Never hurt anything." —Rousseau

Hoover Wished Well By Three Successors

New York — J. Edgar Hoover, President Herbert C. Hoover, making an "almost miraculous" recovery from a serious illness, has received messages of concern from three of his successors in the White House.

A family spokesman Thursday night said hundreds of "get well" messages had been received since it was revealed last Friday that Hoover, 88, was in serious condition with anemia and intestinal bleeding.

DIVORCED OVER TIP

London — Mrs. Jean Hytner was granted a divorce Thursday after testifying to a long marital squabble started by her husband. The cause of the argument: A tip she gave the garbage man.

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