

... 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 Friend

Dear Editor: This poem is for those who consider me a friend: A Friend, define the word, Well, integrity they wear as a shield, A person with understanding, yet gay And one you can call upon any day. One who speaks tenderly as to a child, Also their ways are gentle and mild. When you are discouraged and blue They are by your side, loyal and true. Things you don't believe you can do You can, because they encourage you, You find you are never weak With a friend so strong, yet meek. When sorrow comes your way, With sympathy, they're at your side. Alone you never face the day, And through the dark night they'll guide. Their love is shown so many ways, When they are there, your burdens light. When struggling comes, as it does some days. They give you strength for the fight. Fame and fortune is quick to fade away And leave your life empty day by day. But I have life's greatest dividend. While I have YOU as my FRIEND:

Mable Harmon
1033 Cherry st.
Medford.

Acme of Wisdom

To the Editor: Why do women drink? Why do they smoke? They want equal rights with men, to some of which, of course, they are entitled; but when they go so far as to acquire the bad habits of the other

sex, the limit of equality has been reached.

One might be justified in reaching the conclusion that women should leave the smoking and drinking to the men if it weren't for the fact that indulgence in alcoholic drinks and the smoking habit are equally harmful to both sexes. If women should not thus abuse their bodies, neither should men. To be enslaved by a bad habit is the worst form of slavery. These unfortunate addictions to alcohol and tobacco are far more unbecoming to a woman than they are to a man. Someone once said that every woman is an angel let down from heaven for some man, but fancy an angel with a cigarette between its lips, sipping vodka between its puffs. Where, oh where, is the artist who would take delight in painting such a "masterpiece"? In a previous letter I pointed out the dangers of smoking. While it is true that tobacco is a worse poison than alcohol, the drinking habit is responsible for more unhappiness, broken homes, and traffic accidents due to drinking drivers than any other one thing. Further, it leads to alcoholism and even insanity in severe cases of addiction. Since it is a known fact that the unfortunate victims of these dope habits are likely to experience the tortures of hades trying to get rid of them, it is the acme of wisdom to refrain from acquiring them in the first place.

Lydia Burnham
814 Wurne st.,
Prescott, Ariz.

Where Is Beani?

To the Editor: We went on a trip to visit Aunt and Grandmother in Medford, and because our Siamese cat is so spoiled, we had to bring her along. We were at our Aunt's house Sunday, Aug. 23, and our cat disappeared. We advertised in your paper, but we couldn't find her.

We prayed we would get her back, but we didn't, so we hope and pray that whoever has her will take good care of her. She meows a lot and only eats chopped chicken liver or beef liver, or canned milk with warm water and sugar. Her name is Beani.

We miss her very much, though, and hope she is safe and well fed. Thank you. Louise, Linda and Bobby Seavers
7532 Hillside st.
Oakland 5, Calif.

P.S. — Our Aunt's phone number is: 773-1215.

Cliches

To the Editor: Our President says we should banish old "cliches" that hinder our progress. How about starting with "full employment." Yes, it is a "cliche," at least the way our liberal brethren use it. It is a must they say. Why, the President has even appointed a commission on "full employment." In itself, full employment is very easy to achieve. Just add large doses of coercion and full employment comes automatically.

Hitler's Germany had it, Castro's Cuba has it; Communist slave camps have it; chain gangs have it. So you see, any dictator, commission or big government can, with the proper dosage of coercion, have full employment; taken as an end in itself, that is.

"Oh, but that is not what we mean," the liberals proclaim. They have their carts before their horses as usual. Full employment is only the means to full production, but there is no President's commission on that. Full production cannot possibly be achieved without full employment, so isn't it about time the President and his advisors begin to get their carts and horses in proper perspective?

Of course, taxes are another field where perspective is vital. Mr. Kennedy has a petition to the President in these columns for relief from our "onerous" tax burden, yet he continues to support every giveaway program that the administration can devise. What has happened to his perspective? Apparently, dulled by years and years of "have your cake and eat it too" and "spend yourself rich" propaganda. Unless we cut federal spending, a tax cut will only throw us in the hole more. It won't work with our personal incomes and it won't work with the government either. If it is working, why all the distress over our dwindling gold supplies?

Now is the time for all citizens to begin examining some of the old "cliches" that the President wants to banish. They helped to build this country and can continue to do so, if red tape doesn't tie us into a socialistic knot by the time the people wake up. Polish up your perspective, fellow citizens. Any policy which is disadvantageous to your family affairs is disadvantageous for government also. Write to Mr. Kennedy and ask

him when he plans to practice what he preaches.

"Ask not what your country can do for you, but what you can do for your country."

James K. Shafer
Route 2, Box 210x
Medford.

Seek the Lord

To the Editor: Concerning the "Baptism of the Holy Ghost." Of this calling I was a partaker about eight years ago, of which I neither knew or understood the true meaning of, until early this year it was given to me to know and understand, and to be made known, that this is an acceptable and holy time of God, both great and terrible, and everyone that sincerely and truly believes in Jesus, will receive the baptism of the "Holy Ghost," and as such will be a member in the body of Christ, which is the church and Mt. Zion. But how shall you be a partaker of that which is by faith, if you don't believe?

When Jesus came to John to be baptized to fulfill all righteousness, John said to the Lord, "I have need to be baptized of you." (Acts ch. 1, vs. 5, 6, 7.) For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the holy ghost not many days hence. When they there fore were come together, they asked of him, saying, "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel?" and he said unto them, "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." For the seasons and times are now at hand. But know this also, that all that are Israel, are not Israel, but are they who obtain the promise by faith. Now these things I would that you should read, I Corinthians ch. 1, vs. 26 to 31, Romans ch. 8, II Peter ch. 1, Hebrews ch. 11.

Concerning the times it is, read Matthew ch. 22, vs. 1 to 14, also Revelations ch. 19, vs. 7 to 9. Concerning the prophecies, it was given to me to know, that Ezekiel ch. 28 is the prophecy hat is to come to pass, which also according my understanding and knowledge is Rev. ch. 17 to 19.

But this I say, that they who turn their heart, and seek the Lord, that they might abound in his graces, are far wiser than they who seek the prophecies. For the prophecy will be revealed in their time, also ch. 15 of St. John and I Thessalonians ch. 4 and 5. Seek the Lord in sincerity, that you may be a partaker of his grace. Ted M. Sletten
Route 1, Box 224
Rogue River, Ore.

On Fooling People

To the Editor: The editorial, "Fluoridation Successors," 9-2-63, would have one think the fluoridation proposal was defeated only by ill-informed, ignorant and irrational opponents when the truth is, most opponents were much more rational than the fluoridation fanatics in discussing the topic, and they did not all think it was poison, nor a communist plot, and they had sense enough to understand that it wasn't necessary for everybody to take fluoride, as children can take it in other ways.

The point here is, whether some should take it just to make it easier for others with children. I don't think anyone should tramp across the corner of their neighbor's lawn just to save themselves a few steps at their neighbor's expense. Fluoridation was voted down and out by many rational opponents, and to call them ill-informed, ignorant, irrational, fanatics, stupid, etc., is pretty rotten of the die-hard losers, and they are tricky and wise enough to know that if they can fool some people into believing they are ignorant for opposing fluoridation, then they might vote for it just to prove how bright they were. It worked, that's why we have "daylight saving time."

John P. Gascon
Route 1, Box 310-B
Central Point, Ore.

Appreciative

To the Editor: Recently in the Medford area, on a tour of southern Oregon, I had the misfortune of my car slipping off the soft shoulder of the road

into the ditch while parked.

This incident occurred on Highway 62. My predicament was however quickly remedied by the prompt assistance of the first passing logging truck. The driver of the truck pulled me back on to the road in three minutes and would only accept my thanks.

An onlooker explained to me that tourists had complained about the logging truck drivers discourtesy on Highway 62, and many tourists avoided driving this route as a result. On my part I can only commend the truck drivers on their help and ready courtesy.

Once more I say thank you. Richard Dearden
6150 32nd st.
North Highlands, Calif.

Crackerboxes

To the Editor: I am in hearty agreement with your editorial of Sept. 4, 1963 concerning the "temporary classrooms" on the lawn of Medford Senior High school. I am a senior at Medford High and have always been proud of the school which I attend. The large, lovely trees seemed to add a stately beauty to the campus. As one walked along the curving walk-ways to the front doors, the beauty seemed to replace the feeling of HAVING to be in school on the nice spring days.

It is my belief that the people who built the "temporary classrooms" did not regard the feelings they would destroy by doing as they have done. How would they feel about being in one of these "crackerboxes" for an hour of class every day of the school week? The rooms are probably of the usual size; they accommodate 30-35 students and a teacher. These rooms have no windows and one door. This is not my idea of a favorable learning situation.

The classrooms have taken away more than they have added. I am indeed concerned about the conditions what future students will have to put up with. Will there be any front campus of our high school? Miss Pamela Nelson
333 Lindero ave.
Medford.

Two Sides

To the Editor: Just finished reading your tax editorial, MT 9-4 and I note that it is, perhaps a coincidence, almost identical with that of C. W. Posey, Oregon Educational Association, Oregonian 9-4. There are always two sides in every question and, while I respect your right to support either side, may I ask, "Why

Early one morning, wading deep in snow. As dappled eyes did meet the sun's first rays, We topped the frustum of a mighty cone, The object of our tramp of many days. 'Tis but a remnant of the loftiest peak That in past ages graced the Cascade Range, Ere smothered gases, deep within the earth, Biting igneous walls, did feel a strange Blast from mighty furnaces below, And suddenly igniting, loosed the strength That shook a hemisphere from pole to pole; Then upward leaping through the blackened length Of vast volcanic throat it tore its way, Shaking the mountain from its base to crest. In a mad rush toward the light of day; Till shortened radius could no longer hold The force within. The mountain burst in twain, Its mighty apex leaping to the sky, And then a deluge of infernal rain Of fiery lava scorched the helpless earth.

And when in time, the pre-historic sun Peered through the rifts of vapor, it beheld A ruined mountain. And 'tis thus was won The rock-ribbed resting place of Crater Lake.

Straight down below our eyes two thousand feet Trembled the surface of this wondrous lake. It lay there slumbering in its bed, replete With unearthly beauty, its sapphire hue Richer by far than blue of summer skies. And as it dimpled to the wind's soft kiss, New shades and colors met our hungry eyes, And fleecy clouds, hung lazily above, Were mirrored back in all their beauty rare; And warrior eagle, soaring in the sky, Shrieked angry challenge to his reflex there. And, cheat of human vision! It but seemed A scant two miles across from brim to brim. But when you chain its vast circumference, Full twenty miles it measures 'round its rim.

And then, the sweetness of its solitude; The patience of the Hand that set it there; The deep blue of the arching sky above; The vigor of its clean, pure atmosphere — All stamped upon my soul indelibly, To dwell with me through all eternity.

—Richard Posey Campbell

*From "Dick Posey's" "A Daughter of the Rogues." A Tale of the Rogue River Valley, published 1919 in Ashland. Courtesy of Mrs. Alice Applegate Peil, The Manor, Medford.

Poets' Corner

Conducted by

Arnold Eugene Jenny

Summer Worship

I worship the God of the grasses,
Of quivering elms and the sea,
And every stray breeze that passes
Is laden with wisdom for me.
I find Him in sky-topping mountains,
In deep, shaded valleys of fern;
He sings in the crystalline fountains
And broods as the autumn fires burn.

How vainly they seek for His glory
In creeds that are dusty with age!
Why will they not welcome His story
On Nature's all-scintillant page?
I worship the God of the grasses,
The Lord of the dawn-tinted skies,
And every stray breeze that passes
Brings news of some new paradise.

—Thomas Curtis Clark

Crater Lake

Early one morning, wading deep in snow. As dappled eyes did meet the sun's first rays, We topped the frustum of a mighty cone, The object of our tramp of many days. 'Tis but a remnant of the loftiest peak That in past ages graced the Cascade Range, Ere smothered gases, deep within the earth, Biting igneous walls, did feel a strange Blast from mighty furnaces below, And suddenly igniting, loosed the strength That shook a hemisphere from pole to pole; Then upward leaping through the blackened length Of vast volcanic throat it tore its way, Shaking the mountain from its base to crest. In a mad rush toward the light of day; Till shortened radius could no longer hold The force within. The mountain burst in twain, Its mighty apex leaping to the sky, And then a deluge of infernal rain Of fiery lava scorched the helpless earth.

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Communicable Diseases Reported

Jacksonville and Medford each had two cases of whooping cough reported to the Jackson county health department for the week ending Sept. 6, Dr. A. Erwin Merkel, county public health officer reported. Medford also reported four cases of pneumonia and Grants Pass one. Ashland reported one case of mumps. No other communicable disease cases were reported for the week, he added.

WASHINGTON—About 71 per cent of all U.S. hospital beds are in institutions controlled by the government at federal, state or local levels.

News About Servicemen

IN VIETNAM
Army Private Simon S. Semenov Jr. son of Mrs. Linda B. Cottrell, route 1, Eagle Point, was assigned to the U.S. Army Support group in Vietnam in late August as a clerk-typist.

Radioman Third Class James L. Collins, U.S. Coast Guard, recent spent three weeks leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lyle W. Collins, 625 Pennsylvania ave., upon completion of his training in Groton, Conn. Collins is presently serving aboard the U.S. Coast Guard Northwind in Alaskan waters.

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