

... 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 initials 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.

New Program
To the Editor: A problem peculiar to elementary schools containing eight grades is the matter of providing pupils in grades seven and eight with a program fitted to their needs. The following brief explanation of the Rogue River program, developed to partially solve this problem, may be of interest to your readers. It has been well received by the students and will be further developed next semester.

To secure for its seventh and eighth grade students the advantages of a junior high school, the Rogue River Elementary School has introduced a unique educational program this year. The purpose of the new approach being used is to provide each student with the opportunity and responsibility to plan a part of his own course of study.

All students must take the language arts, social studies, math, science, and physical education and health required by the school. In addition to these required subjects, a program of electives is available from which each student selects two subjects. Fine art, chorus, band, crafts, science club, and library science are presently offered, with plans to include creative writing and an introduction to general shop and home economics next semester.

It is felt that the elective program better prepares the student to accept the responsibility of planning his high school program and provides an opportunity to explore many subject areas to determine interests and abilities.

Charles Copeland
Principal
Rogue River Elementary School
Rogue River, Ore.

A Reply
To the Editor: And Dear Mr. Jenny: It was good to hear from you again for it told us you are well. However, as an educated and experienced intelligent person, why not be tolerant of those having opposite opinions until you have studied their facts?

When World War II neared its end Western Europe was filled with refugees — Poles, Russians, Czechs, Hungarians and others. The only safe place for these was the American Army so thousands enlisted. This was especially true of the Polish patriots for both Russians and Germans were their enemies. After Stalin gained control of Eastern Europe he demanded the return of all these to their respective home lands. This Eisenhower proceeded to do.

Part II of an order issued from "Supreme Headquarters" Allied Expeditionary Force, dated "Revised May 1945," and entitled "The Care of Displaced Persons in Germany" Part II Section 3, Heading I, Paragraph 3 of that order says, "After identification by Soviet Repatriation Representatives, Soviet displaced persons will be repatriated regardless of their individual wishes." Page 45 in The Politician.

When the Polish men in our armies learned of this order large numbers of them committed suicide, especially among the officers. The American press of the time did comment about it. I remember reading this news but did not realize at the time its horrifying import.

Here are some references on the subject you might consult.
1. "Will Congress Repudiate Forced Repatriation?" Brooklyn Tablet March 12, 1955 in Congressional Record 1955, page 1947.
2. See "Agreement Between the U.S. and the Soviet Union concerning Liberated Prisoners of War," Department of State, Foreign Relations: The Confer-

ences at Malta and Yalta 1945, pages 985-987.
3. Julius Epstein, "An American Crime," in National Review, Dec. 21, 1955.
4. Julius Epstein, House Resolution 137, Brooklyn Tablet, May 23, 1955.
5. New York Times, March 17, 1955.

Anna M. Streed
36 N. Peach St.
Medford

UNICEF Success
To the Editor: Because of the generous donation of time, money and merchandise on the part of many people, the UNICEF Halloween collection was successful and the committee would like to take this method of thanking the many Jackson County citizens who helped in so many ways.

To the children and teachers of St. Mary's school, to the members and leaders in a number of Sunday schools, to the organizers in Ashland, Central Point, Talent and Gold Hill, and to the many youngsters who collected coins in the cartons, our heartfelt thanks. Thanks also to the YMCA, and to Mr. Bob Jones for the party put on for participating young people. A number of merchants were so generous in their willingness to have a part in the plans through the donation of merchandise to be used as prizes, or of cider, doughnuts and popcorn for refreshments for the party, that a special thanks is due them. Severson's, Whitelaw's and Moore's Patio and Toy Shop gave the prizes, and the following merchants gave us the "treats":
Fluhrer's, Grandview Market, Groceteria Market and Bakery, Karmel Korn Shop, Model Bakery, Newberry's, Oregon Food Store, Quality Market, Safeway Stores, and Thunderbird Market.

Without the fine publicity given the efforts of the committee, we could not have had a collection at all, and so we would like to express appreciation to the Medford Mail Tribune, and KBES-TV and KMED for their valuable help.
The milk cartons carried by the youngsters were donated by Snider's and Jorgenson's Dairies, and we were helped, as always, by the First National Bank. Two new films were available this year for showing in the schools, and were made possible by the donations of generous friends of UNICEF, whom we'd like to thank, too.
And, of course, without the unselfish attitude of the children

who took part, and their parents, and the neighborhood mothers who helped with the distribution of cartons, we would not have realized our goal of accumulating funds for the assistance of sick and hungry children throughout the world. There were checks added to the fund from the student body treasuries of the various schools, and we are grateful for this act of generosity, as well as that on the part of the answerers of doorbells on Halloween night who put donations in the little orange-and-black cartons.
Feeling sure that people would be interested in the amount of money raised, the committee has asked me to report to you that up to this time we have an incomplete total of about \$850. This total is incomplete because there are still cartons which have not been returned. It is hoped that they will soon all be in, and we can then report a complete total.
Again, our sincere thanks to the many who helped in such a variety of ways.
Mrs. Reese Braley
Chairman
Jackson County Committee for UNICEF
Medford

John Birch Meeting
To the Editor: There has been so much interest shown in the John Birch Society since Mr. Rousselet's lecture in October that the local group decided to have an educational meeting open to the public.
Moving pictures will be shown explaining the purpose and aims of the society.
This meeting will be held Tuesday, Nov. 19, in the academic lecture room (Monroe street entrance) at Medford Senior High School at 7:30 p.m. There is no charge.
Anyone interested is invited to attend.
Mrs. G. S. Jennings
218 Saginaw Dr.
Medford

Voices of the Past
To the Editor: A letter from an old schoolmate has brought back many nostalgic memories. Alas, that so many of the stirring sounds of The Long Ago and Far Away are now muted. Few Bells, for example, ring in our land; seldom can one say, "I stood on the bridge at midnight, as the clocks were striking the hour."
And where as the warning whistles of the steam-engines on the railroad? Only in dreams do I hear the "All Aboard!" of the train conductor, the sibilant

sound of escaping steam, and the clank of driving wheels.
I remember the Hudson River, on whose banks I was born: The croon of the dam, the whistles of the tugboats and ferries, and the piping of the yachts. I recall the voices of our village: The shouts of the street urchins, the "Singing Newsboy," and the drawing "Rags — bones — bottles!" of the ragman. How I'd like to again hear a hand-organ and proffer a penny to the little red-capped monkey!

There was conversation and laughter in the home, the solemn ticking of a grandfather's clock, and the "rub-a-dub-dub" of washday. How inspiring "when mother played the organ and father sang the hymns"! (O for the touch of a vanish'd hand, and the sound of a voice that is still!)
In the spring we rejoiced with Solomon of old: "For, lo, the winter is gone, the flowers appear in the earth; the time of singing of birds is come." (The time for picking Mayflowers and violets for our sweethearts had come, too!)
In the summer we went all-out to root for the home team; and during the melancholy days of autumn we indulged in the "long, long thoughts of youth" while listening to the musical patter of rain on the tin roof.
But it was winter that brought great fun for lively boys. How I'd like once more to jingle-bell through the snow! At night, snuggled in my feather-bed, I'd listen to the voices of the storm: The swish of snow, the mournful hush of the wind in the eaves and down the chimney, and the subdued roar of the ice-bound dam. When the storm ceased, it seemed that I heard an "inner voice" as I contemplated the hush and calm of the landscape — especially in the moonlight.
George M. Babcock
Route 2, Box 63-B
Jacksonville, Ore.

Friday Nite Fight
To the Editor:
Fight, fight, fight
On T.V. Friday nite
They clinch and they stall
And sometimes they have a brawl
And when the fight has come to a close
The officials make a decision,
I suppose
Then I come to the conclusion
I have seen an optical illusion.
George C. Lounsbury
25 So. Peach St.,
Medford.

Pie In The Sky
To the Editor: As I see it, this world is bound to last a long time, and time will bring about many changes and improvements. I picture the world in the year 6963 as being peopled by humans having the same color skins and speaking the same language. The United States of the World will rule over a para-

dise on earth. The only place at all better will be Heaven.
The United States of Heaven will be governed by a board of wise and able men and women who really won't have much to do because all the inhabitants of Heaven will be intelligent, kind, considerate and thoughtful. (If you feel like it, just add your own adjectives.)
I wonder though, how the people that lived on earth around 10,000 B.C. will get adjusted.
I feel certain that all of us fortunates will do some work and that we will eat. Can you imagine a Heaven without apple pie a la mode?
David Frisch
P.O. Box 2292
White City, Ore.

Look in the Mirror
To the Editor: Our poet-neighbor over Jacksonville way, George M. Babcock, had some pertinent remarks in these columns recently about some of the problems young people face nowadays, or cause in their communities. But his memory must have failed him when he claimed that "In our day, juvenile delinquency was unknown." Really, there's nothing very new about it except perhaps some of its peculiar 20th century manifestations. Consider this report, for example:
"The children now love luxury, they have bad manners, contempt for authority, they show disregard for their elders and love chatter in place of exercise. Children are now the tyrants, not the servants of their households. They no longer rise when their elders enter the room, they contradict their parents, chatter before company, gobble up the dainties at the table, cross their legs and tyrannize over their teachers."
Who do you suppose gave vent

to that horrifying appraisal? None other than old man So-c-r-a-t-e-s (469-399 B.C.)! No, George, we've always had juvenile delinquency, but with all the enlightenment and progress of our day we ought to be able to deal with the problem more effectively than previous generations, and chiefly in finding better ways of preventing misbehavior in the first place. That is the responsibility primarily

of the home, though it must be shared by the church, school and the whole community.
George Babcock was on surer ground when he added that "regular chores tended to keep us out of mischief." But what chores are left for young people, with all the mechanical gadgetry to be found in most of our homes today?
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What is the younger generation coming to? Look in the mirror!
Arnold Eugene Jenny
Rogue Valley Manor
Medford

And one by one each carried to the grave The unproved theories that disturbed his rest. And thus, into this probing, restless age, The dreams of old still pester with a force That irritates, and hastens on the pace Of nervous humans prating on the stage That is this life our ours; who still divorce Reality from God with fervent grace.
—Lloyd B. Halvorson
Medford
*To be continued in five further weekly installments.

The Snare Is Broken
We have escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowlers: The snare is broken, and we have escaped!—Ps. 124:7 RSV.
Swift flying bird singing your way aloft,
What drew you down to dark entanglement?
Was it that fern was cool and moss was soft,
That flight had wearied you and strength was spent?
In this enticing, low retreat, a snare
Was cunningly devised to catch and hold,
To still your song, your upward mount impair,
Leaving your brilliant wing to death and mold.
We, too, formed in the image of our God,
From our high purpose often-times are led
To lower pathways seeking lanes untrod
Until the Voice speaks and the Light is shed.
O, bird and man whose destinies are shaped,
"The snare is broken, and we have escaped."
—Blanche Ellis Norvell
The Manor, Medford

Unchanged
When he was but a tiny lad,
He gnashed his teeth when he was mad.
Sad to relate that even yet,
Though he has grown so old and thin,
His gnashing teeth almost upset
The glass of water they are in!
—Jack Finel
Central Point, Ore.

In Present Dark, for Future Need: A Sonnet Sequence*
Sonnet I
A time ago, where now extinguished stars
Once shone in paling splendor in the sky,
Man pondered on the galaxies and Mars
Setting his mind in motion on the why
And how of things. By doing so, he gave
His dreams to others who resumed the quest,

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Poets' Corner
Conducted by
Arnold Eugene Jenny

On the Uses of Poetry
When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses. . . . The artist, however faithful to his personal vision of reality, becomes the last champion of the individual mind and sensibility against an intrusive society and an officious state.—President John F. Kennedy, at dedication of the Robert Frost Library at Amherst College, 10/26/63.

First Sight
(From "Hero and Leander")
It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is over-ruled by fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the course begin
We wish that one should lose, the other win;
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows, let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?
—Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593)

In Present Dark, for Future Need: A Sonnet Sequence*
Sonnet I
A time ago, where now extinguished stars
Once shone in paling splendor in the sky,
Man pondered on the galaxies and Mars
Setting his mind in motion on the why
And how of things. By doing so, he gave
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