

...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.

Christmas Lighting

To the Editor: We of the Medford Junior Chamber of Commerce wish to congratulate all of the citizens of the city of Medford this Christmas season. We were forced to cancel our annual Christmas lighting contest this year, and at that time appealed to the citizens to make Medford the Christmas showplace it has been for so many years.

We were going to publish for our friends a guide to the outstanding displays of lighting in our city but to our amazement the city this year was so well lighted that it would have taken columns of this newspaper to list them all.

It is hard to find words to express one's thanks when a plea is answered as well as this one was. Many, many thanks and a very happy New Year to the people of the City of Medford.

We of the Jaycees wish to also thank you of the Mail Tribune for all of the help and assistance you have given us in the years past.

Medford Junior Chamber of Commerce

W. E. Medford,
External Vice President
Medford

Program Success

To the Editor: The success of the Christmas Eve program in downtown Medford was largely due to the enthusiastic cooperation of the individuals who helped make it possible.

I wish to thank the city officials for so willingly going along with the idea. Another thank you to John Lusk of Lusk Music Company and Willard Henney of A-1 Radio and T.V. Service for their time and loan of equipment. A big thank you to our master of ceremonies, William Johnston, and our organ player, Francis Schuchard, who both did such a grand job, and the ministers of the various faiths who reminded us of the real meaning of Christmas.

Thanks to Mr. Kennedy of Richfield Oil Corporation, who gave carol books, and the friends of Sacred Heart Hospital who gave hot coffee and chocolate to the gathering. Last but

not least a thank you to the Medford Mail Tribune and the local radio and T.V. stations for their helpful publicity.

With the same cooperation next Christmas, I'm sure that we will have an even larger turnout of people. A program such as this cannot fail because it is God's will that we love one another and practice real brotherhood no matter what our particular denomination.

Linda McCormack,
124 West 11th St.,
Medford

Wonderful People

To the Editor: May we express your column to try to express your sincere thanks to the many wonderful people who have been so helpful during and since the fire that leveled our house on the 19th.

We know we can never thank each one individually as so many are not known.

Charles, Beryl, Charles Jr., Truman, Russell, Michael, Alicia, Joe and Barbara Elmore
Applegate, Ore.

Spare The Rod

To the Editor: Re your good column and question, "Should not the schools attempt to take up the torch?" Sunday, Dec. 22, '63.

God only has the wisdom to answer our questions; why not consult the fount of wisdom that exists in every born child?

We are all born in sin and will therefore do the acts of sin until rebirth takes place. A start to rebirth in a child is a duty and privilege allocated to the parents by our Creator, who says: "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." In the training, he says, "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Now listen what God says further, "He that spareth his rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

We consult men for advice in the management of our children and find such advice seldom in conformity with scripture and proves a complete failure, for it releases the parents' efforts but not the responsibilities attached

to raising the child. The result is as you see it today.

The teachers in our schools cannot function without the authority to punish with the rod, therefore the parent should with all haste consent to the exercise of such authority. You will notice the good results of such a course immediately, and a changed and different child at home.

Let that love shine in the home: read a verse of Scripture, offer a little prayer, and praise a good God that has given you the children to be guided into His everlasting Kingdom, so soon to come.

Permit the schools a free hand in prayer and reading of God's Word to begin their day of study; the presence of the Holy Spirit is a promise to all who seek Him.

James Williams
P.O. Box 441
Jacksonville, Ore.

Questions

To the Editor: There's something about being on top of a mountain that inspires man to high and noble thoughts. Moses and Mohammed, for example. I will have to try it some day. Who knows — it might prove to be inspiring to me also.

I wish scientists would stop putting creation back such a terribly long time. A person no longer knows what to believe.

Another thing that has me thinking is this question: Would we be around today if Adam and Eve had not partaken of the forbidden fruit?

Happy New Year.
David Frisch
P.O. Box 2292
White City, Ore.

The Year That's Past

To the Editor: Thomas Mann, the great German novelist, wrote: "Time has no divisions to mark its passage; there is never a thunderstorm or a blare of trumpets to announce the beginning of a new month or year. Even when a new century begins it is only we mortals who ring bells and fire off pistols."

A New Year is upon us! Some of us have seen so many of them — each with its regrets for failures, each with its satisfactions for things accomplished. It is time again for resolution to make the coming year a success in every worthwhile endeavor. I am reminded of what one, Robert Beattie, wrote in the 18th century:

To leave the old with a burst of song,
To recall the right and forgive the wrong,
To forget the thing that binds us fast
To the vain regrets of the year that's past.

I have before me a story that I once wrote. The following excerpt from it deals with a widowed mother and her little boy late on a New Year's Eve at the turn of the century:

"Let's listen to the chimebells, Eugene; they are playing Auld Lang Syne!" They listened intently, the wind from the east bringing the melody of the haunting song from across the Hudson.

"They're beautiful! ain't they, Ma?" whispered the boy.

"Your father used to love them so," she murmured lovingly. "He loved all bells."

He used to say that each had a special message for him. Her eyes grew misty when she recalled the bell that had rejoiced at her wedding — the same chapel bell that later had tolled for her beloved. Thoughts of other New Year Eves crowded her memory.

"I love bells, too, Ma!" exclaimed Eugene, interrupting her reverie. "And I like the songs that you have taught me, specially the one about throwing snowballs. I'll sing it for you."

"'Tis snowing fast — Hurrah! Hurrah!
Come o'er the downs a way,
We'll have a run for jolly fun
And in the snowdrifts play.
Let me but put my mittens on,
I'll make the snowballs fly —
If you'll look out the window,
Nell,
You'll see them whizzing by!
I know that lovely summer brings
Its many flowers and joys,
But good old frosty winter brings
Great fun for lively boys!"

As the lad finished his song, the bells across the river ceased their chiming and rang out wildly. The New Year had come!
George M. Babcock,
Route 2, Box 63-R,
Jacksonville, Ore.

plan one's life without outside arbitrary interference. Private property is the guarantee of liberty, even for those who possess none, because it stops a government from having too much power. The power of government is corrupting even in democratic government, but economic power in the hands of individuals is not corrupting.

'Planning' is 'socialism,' socialism is 'collectivism,' collectivism is 'facism'; 'nazism,' and 'communism' — or in other words, planning is a dictatorship like those that have flourished in Europe. Hence, all the faults of dictatorship are the faults of planning by the state. Therefore, the state must enforce competition. And the way to safeguard this is to establish a bill of rights in the constitution, enshrining the rights of competition; and the Constitution in that respect shall be altogether unamenable, the yoke fastened on the neck of democracy forever. Why such a drastic curtailment of the right of free and responsible decision? Because the majority cannot be trusted, for it may be 'arbitrary.' If there is government planning there is no Rule of Law, so the people must be curbed. There is to be as little planning for social security as possible. Democracy is a fetish and a fashion. Full employment is not the first priority in our future.

There is a responsibility on those who care for the well-being of the Republic to deal harshly with these contentions and the method used to support and commend them.

I hope this clarifies to some extent the philosophy of the conservatives. This book is in the Medford Public Library.

Frank Crum
White City, Ore.

Paradise

To the Editor: Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy was the last one to bid farewell to President John F. Kennedy. She took her wedding ring from her finger and placed it in the hands of her husband and kissed him goodbye and closed the lid of the casket. What a beautiful, out of this world tribute to her husband that was.

If we consider and believe the laws and teachings of the Bible about death and the resurrection and the life to come, and if we consider the miracle of life returning in the spring time to the trees and flowers, after their long dormant death like sleep over winter; or the miracle of life and intelligence that exists in the tomb like recess of an egg; and that when the laws of an all wise creator have been obeyed, the chick will come forth and subsequently, love and protect her brood.

In view of these things it is not easy to believe President Kennedy will again place that ring upon the finger of his wife in the resurrection when they will come forth with their children into a new life in the millennium where sin and sorrow will be no more. And God will wipe away all tears and where the Mother will have her child to rear without fear of conditions incident to this life.

That the prophet Isaiah declares so well: When Jesus hung on the cross he said to the repentant thief: This day shall thou be with me in paradise, and the third day after he was resurrected he said to Mary, touch me not for I have not yet ascended to my Father in Heaven.

That would indicate Heaven and Paradise are not the same places. It seems logical Paradise could be a place where choice spirits who obtained in God but had not obtained the knowledge and obeyed the ordinances pertaining to our salvation into God's Kingdom, as for instance in the case of Nicodemus, and according to the Savior's chief Apostle "Peter" and also the Prophet Isaiah, we are told while the Body of Jesus laid in the tomb his spirit opened the doors and brought the Gospel to those that had rejected the Gospel in Noah's time, so that they could also be judged according to men in the flesh.

John F. Peterson
611 So. Holly St.
Medford

Small Worlds Around Us

By LYNN M. WATKINS
(Register and Tribune)
Syndicate 1963)

A Simple Life, But Yet So Meaningful

His wrinkled caloused feet had trod many jungle trails. His eyes, which had never read a single printed word, however had seen many things. He could neither read nor write; didn't even know enough words to carry on a conversation of over a couple of minutes duration. The things he knew were of the forest, the jungle and the swamp.

His eyes had watched many generations of children grow to adulthood. He had given council when he was asked, and his advice was fair and tinged with wisdom. He had been born in the heart of the great swamp nearly 100 years ago. As a young brave he had hunted the bear, the deer, the panther and the alligator. He had walked proudly. Around his neck he had worn a necklace of alligator teeth; each tooth pierced with a tiny hole through which a deer sinew had been threaded. He had sat by many campfires. And, all so very long ago.

Nothing But Memories

Now he lived on his memories feeding on them, reliving them. Occasionally he dreamed, his watery eyes closed, his back against the leaning trunk of a palm tree. His dreams idled backward to glorious summer days when, he with sprightly steps, tripped along the same old trail by which he now rested and dozed the hours away.

On such a day, many, many long years ago, a soft eyed Indian girl bashfully placed her hand in his. Together they walked the jungle trail. Together they bowed their heads as the marriage rites of their people were performed. Together they sat in the darkening shadows of evening, and listened to the voice of the great swamp that spoke of plentifulness. In the gathering darkness fireflies winked their little lights. Overhead the sky was full of stars.

Together they raised their children. Daily he had gone forth to hunt, while she of the soft black eyes cooked and sewed. When the little ones cried in the night she lifted them and held them close. Only the owl hooting she told them; only the night heron crying. As thunder walked across the sky or the lightning zigzagged its bluish tongue from the dark storm clouds, she told them not to be afraid. It was only the "Helpers of the Great Spirit" striking lights to see their way in the darkness.

When the bull alligator bellowed in the lagoon, she assured them "It is only big mouth, grunting like a pig." As the children grew, and as young men and women married and left for a life of their own, she gave them beads and colored cloth; told them of the fish and the wild duck, and how to cook, and how to sew.

Alone Again
But she with the soft eyes, and he who was the great hunter, reached the age when again, as in the beginning, they were all alone. Then, one day she called him to her; held his trembling hand and said: "My brave, I must go now. My feet are heavy. My burden is great. I hear a soft voice whispering, calling me to the Happy Hunting Ground of my fathers. There I will wait for you."

Then her spirit winged away.

PRO SHOP DAMAGED

REDMOND (UPI) — Fire heavily damaged the pro shop and bar lounge at the Redmond Golf Club Thursday night. Damage was estimated at \$30,000.

SEEKS ANNULMENT

LOS ANGELES (UPI) — Annette Driggers Berle, 18, today sought annulment of her marriage to Marshall Berle, 25-year-old nephew of comedian Milton Berle.

Grange News

Roxy Ann Grange

The recent meeting of the Roxy Ann Grange was a Christmas party at the Grange hall. Fir boughs, garlands, and ornaments, as well as a tree donated by Paul Dalton, decorated the building.

Program chairman Evelyn Hendricks introduced Master Frances Moffatt and Marie Pfister, HEC chairman and hostess for the day.

Frances, Marie, and Marc Verstege helped direct the singing of carols while Mae Moore accompanied. Santa Claus arrived during the singing of "Jingle Bells" and seated himself in a circle of children. The children entertained with a salute and pledge to the flag led by Dana and Shawn Red-

ington, a reading by Norman Garrett, song by Bobby Knight, songs and a reading by Danny, Carla, and Raymond Quackenbush, who accompanied the trio on his accordion, and a trombone and saxophone duet of a Christmas melody by Jim Nolte and Dennis Kurovsky.

The program opened with a solo, "White Christmas," and closed with "Silent Night," both sung by Ken Nolte. Donna Lou Reddington sang "The Christmas Cradle Hymn," and Marc Verstege was Joseph. Al Sims played the part of Santa.

A later meeting of the Grange was held with Mrs. Bruce Moffatt as chairman.

Mrs. Orrie Moore was escorted to the master station and honored for being pianist. Mrs. Bruce

Moffatt and Mrs. Clarence Pfister

were in charge of the program. Refreshments were served by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Meadows, Mr. and Mrs. M. Garret, Mr. and Mrs. Burchfield, and Rosalie Roberts.

PORTLAND MAN KILLED

PORTLAND (UPI) — Carl Thaler, 39, Portland, suffered fatal injuries Friday night when struck by a car near his home.

Police said driver of the car was Paul Trojel, Portland.

FREIGHTER ADRIFT

SINGAPORE (UPI) — A Liberian freighter, the Eastwind, was drifting helplessly Saturday in the South China Sea 230 miles southeast of here after an engine breakdown. A British tug was en route to take the ship in tow.

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*Prize-winning haiku (17-syllable poem) in recent Japan Air Lines contest.