

After 38 Years in Air Veteran Pilot To Make Auto Tour

Miami—(U.P.)—A veteran of 38 years in the air, just "grounded" after reaching the pilot age limit of 60, said he was going to start keeping his feet on the ground.

"I've been around the world a bit," said Capt. George E. Rumill, "but there's a lot of our own country I want to see—from the ground."

Rumill, who began flying with the U. S. Navy in 1917, closed his logbook in September after 24,000 hours aloft and more than 4,000,000 miles of air travel.

"To start off my life on the ground," the grey-haired veteran said, "my wife and I are going on an auto tour of the United States."

Holder of one of the oldest Civil Aeronautics licenses in the country, No. 264, Rumill began his flying career at the offset of World War I. Then a student at the University of Maine near his hometown of Mt. Desert, Rumill enlisted in the Navy, winning his wings and ensign's bars at Pensacola, Fla.

During the war, he taxied a creaky, little 30-horsepower barnstorming crate, flying North Sea anti-submarine patrols out of Britain.

"We called our flying 'bombing missions' in those days," Rumill said, "but I doubt if we could properly use the term today."

After World War I, Rumill kept up with what he terms his "dual life." He remained a flier, but combined the air work with life on the sea.

Two More Wars

He was one of the first crew members who made the 1921 first overwater flights across the Caribbean to Panama. He shipped out as a quartermaster for a Latin American concern, he was a test pilot and then shipped out in the 1923 Cleveland Museum expedition to Africa and the Cape Verde Islands.

"After two years of traveling so much," the airman said, "I took a trip. I flew to France."

Returning to the United States in the mid-1920's, the rugged pilot barnstormed to Florida area in the "boom days," helped found the Rogers Air line here and in New York, did a flying stint in Cuba, flew a Pan-American run over China for two years, a South American cruise for four years, and finally "settled down" in 1939, piloting a big flying boat from Miami to the West Indies.

"I was going to start relaxing a bit," Rumill said, "but then World War II came along."

During the war, Rumill was one of the lead pilots who flew "Cannonball" the air supply route across the South Atlantic to Africa and the Middle East. Back in Miami flying for PAA, Rumill volunteered to fly the Korean airlift during hostilities in the Far East.

After the Korean fighting, he again flew for Pan-Am out of Miami until he reached his 60th birthday.

"I've never been bored," Rumill commented.

"And that's the understatement of the year," chimed in his wife.

The Sahara desert has sand dunes as high as 600 feet.

As If We're Not Having Enough Trouble Finding Time: Astronomers Trim Second

By H. D. QUIGG
United Press Correspondent
New York—(U.P.)—Time waits for no man. Everybody knows that. But now, in addition to its well-known refusal to tarry, time is being squeezed on us all.

A second isn't a second any more. It's less than a second. The old song advises us to remember this: A kiss is but a kiss, a sigh is but a sigh... but in the light of a recent significant announcement from a covey of astronomers in Dublin, Ireland, the fundamental things of life had better get themselves stirring in order to keep up as time goes by.

These skyboys, in solemn convention, went and did it. With time on their hands (and stars, naturally, in their eyes), the astronomers began tampering. They decided to trim the second. Cut it down to size.

Now, you'd think, if anybody was going to monkey with a unit of time, he'd do just the opposite. Pad it out. Stretch it. Give it a little girth so that harried humanity could move around in it a little more freely—give us room to swing a flea, or something, around.

Healthy Cut

But what did these boys do? They lopped .0000018 per cent off the second. This thing that they did was done to a vehicle that already was stuffed nigh to bursting with time-saving schemes. Now that it's going to be shrunk—look out, chaos, or worse, looms.

The announcement from Dublin said the time surgery was performed by the ninth assembly of the International Astronomical Union. H. M. Smith, of the British Royal Greenwich Observatory staff, said in making the announcement that the second from now on will be calculated as a fraction of a year.

Up to now, it's been figured as a fraction of the mean solar day. But it wasn't uniform in length that way. Too much variation. Anything reckoned by the way the Earth turns will not be uniform in length—because the Earth rolls by fits and starts, astronomically speaking. It can speed up or slow down within a given century, and over the long run of centuries it has been slowing down, gradually.

So the astronomical union made the second a chunk of a

year, instead of a day, and carved nearly two-millionths off the length of each second.

What To Do?

Well, what're you gonna do? We work and slave, scheme and connive, whomping up ways to save time. We invent time-saving devices. We cram more and more of ourselves into each second, living it up each moment, so we can have more time the next second. We take detours.

And now this. A squeeze play undoes our good work. Think of the coffee people who put in all that time and sweat inventing instant coffee so we can save time in the mornings, and get to work sooner. Now they're being undercut by the shrinking second.

Think of the high-powered executives whose time-saving techniques include holding staff meetings standing up. What will happen now? Will they sit down? Something's got to give.

Think of the business leader who invented a 13-hour clock to give himself more time. The thing has shrunk on him already.

What of our strides in lengthening life? Now, since that meeting in Dublin, the seconds are crawling over us like frightened

Around Hollywood

By ALINE MOSBY
United Press Correspondent
Hollywood—(U.P.)—One of the world's greatest comedians is making his first Hollywood movie with Marlene Dietrich and Red Skelton as "supporting players," but in Cinema City the comic goes quietly unnoticed.

He is Cantinflas. To Spanish-speaking countries he is what Charlie Chaplin is to the English language world and Fernandel is to France.

For 15 years Cantinflas and his droopy pants, nightshirt and battered felt hat have been a big draw in Latin countries. After years of turning down Hollywood offers, the little com-



Aline Mosby

edian was lured here for "Around the World in 80 Days," which follows "Oklahoma" in the Todd-AO big screen process.

Producer Mike Todd predicts the motion picture will make Cantinflas as big a star around the world as he is in Mexico. In Mexico City crowds press around him with adoration that even Clark Gable doesn't get here. But so far Cantinflas' entrance to Hollywood has been a quiet one.

"Yes, I miss the people around me," the comic said in his soft, halting English. "But in the meantime, I can relax and have more privacy. I go no place in Hollywood. I stay in my hotel and read my lines."

In "Around the World" Cantinflas and David Niven portray two characters of the old Jules Verne classic who make the trip. Their travels take them to India, France, Colorado and points between.

Some of the world's biggest stars play bit parts in this travel epic. In one saloon scene Marlene Dietrich is an entertainer, accompanied by Frank Sinatra. Skelton is a drunk tossed to the street by bouncer George Raft. Noel Coward, Fernandel, Humphrey Bogart, Bea Lillie and Joe E. Brown are among other stars

who flash on for a brief bit. Cantinflas fans need not worry he will change his tramp outfit for a charcoal gray suit in his first Hollywood movie. In Mexican films, Cantinflas, once a peasant himself, plays the eternal poor man who laughs at life. As Niven's valet in "Around the World," Cantinflas still wears baggy trousers, an old derby, a morning coat covered with patches and his familiar half-mustache.

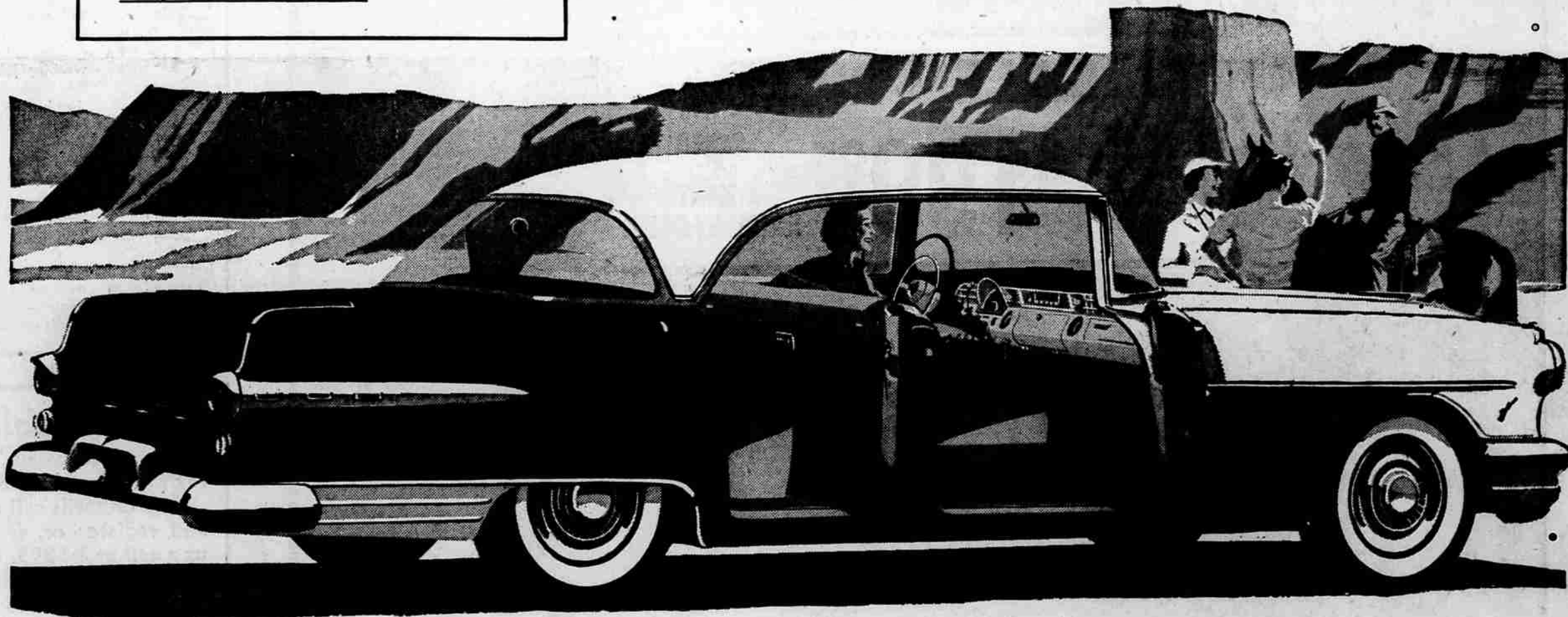
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