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NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION

Flight 'o' Time: Medford and Jackson County history from the files of The Mail Tribune 10, 20, 30, 40 and 50 years ago.

10 YEARS AGO: April 25, 1951 (Wednesday). The hope that the caprices of the weather can be eventually controlled for every-day's benefit was bolstered here yesterday by Dr. Vincent Sheaffer, a noted scientist from Schenectady, N.Y.

20 YEARS AGO: April 25, 1941 (Friday). An estimated 1,800 persons attended the first night of the 19th annual All-School fair at the high school last night.

30 YEARS AGO: April 25, 1931 (Saturday). An Oregon anti-Oceanic marine association has been formed by more than 300 farmers and dairymen.

40 YEARS AGO: April 25, 1921 (Monday). An exhibit of locally-manufactured products opened today at the Medford Chamber of Commerce building.

50 YEARS AGO: April 25, 1911 (Tuesday). The local IOOF lodge will dedicate its new building here tomorrow to coincide with the 92nd anniversary of the order.

What's Your I.Q.? Nine or ten correct is superior; seven or eight is excellent; five or six is good.

1. Name Fulton's steamship which made its first trip on the Hudson river.

2. Which country is called the Red Republic?

3. How many sides has a hexagon?

4. It is possible for a Presidential candidate to receive a majority of the popular vote and yet not be elected; true or false?

5. It requires three minutes to boil one egg, how long will it require to boil two?

6. Britishers refer to which part of the automobile as the bonnet?

7. Is a palfrey a close fitting blouse, a small saddle horse for ladies, or a bell tower?

8. What is the literal translation of the French phrase "baton rouge"?

9. Does any part of Virginia extend further west than does any point in West Virginia?

10. In one nation in the western hemisphere Portuguese is the prevailing language; name it.

Answers: 1. Clermont. 2. Haiti. 3. Six. 4. True. 5. Three minutes. 6. Hood. 7. Small saddle horse. 8. "Red Stick." 9. Yes (southwestern tip). 10. Brazil.

Piscatomania

If there is no such word as piscatomania (which might be loosely translated as fishing madness), there ought to be.

For what else beside a slight madness could drive men, women and children out into the pre-dawn darkness, to wade through snow, brave the bitter sub-freezing wind, climb into a little open boat, and go chugging over the icy waves in pursuit of the elusive trout?

That very thing happened in Jackson county last week end, and we were privileged to watch the amazing phenomenon at Howard Prairie lake, where several hundred persons, of all ages and conditions, demonstrated severe piscatomania.

HEAVY wet snow was falling at the lake when we arrived Friday afternoon, and shortly thereafter it began to stick. By dark, there was almost a foot of light, fluffy snow on the ground, and cars without chains were virtually helpless.

Bob Johnston, the concessionaire, sporting the granddaddy of all black eyes (derived from a balky diesel engine that refused to be cranked properly), was using language that would make a mule-skinner blush.

His gripe was that the county engineering department had not completed the job of preparing the area for the influx of fishermen. Had it not been for the snow and cold, the number of fishermen would have completely swamped the area.

AS IT was, only a few hardy souls equipped with four-wheel drive, tire chains, and unflinching optimism, managed to get to the lake after mid-afternoon.

There were a few people in tents, believe it or not, and others in trailer houses brought up earlier in the week for first-day accommodation. Ken Lyons and his Jeep were kept busy pulling cars out of ditches and low spots. But by dark, those few in the area were secure and safe—though not necessarily warm.

Dawn broke in a blue, cloudless sky, and the sun sparkled on the fresh white snow. Even at first light, a few boats were already on the lake, and as the morning progressed, more and more people showed up over the freshly-plowed roads. Soon the parking lots were jammed with cars and boat trailers, and the struggle to launch boats, get them operating, and off to a favorite spot, continued throughout the morning.

WE HAD almost forgotten how much fun a heavy snowfall can be, and were once again pleasantly surprised at how friendly people are when everyone is uncomfortable.

Soon the early-risers began returning, many of them with limits of fish, boasting and teasing others just getting started. The boats ranged from tiny home-made dingies to inboard cabin cruisers, and the costumes featured every hue of the rainbow and every facet of human ingenuity in the battle against the cold wind.

Apparently the discomforts and drawbacks only whetted the appetites of the true believers, and more and more cars and boats arrived as the day wore on. Many of them stayed overnight, despite the snow, the cold, and the limited facilities. Not a single complaint was heard.

Piscatomania is a virulent disease. It renders its victims defenseless against it—but cheerfully and happily so.—E.A.

Politics and Education

Of all the things that the current legislature does or fails to do, the most crucial, in our view, is in education—elementary, secondary and at the college level—in providing financial support and moral encouragement for leadership.

The state, of course, performs many functions vital to the welfare of its citizens—in highway construction, in welfare, in the general police power, in administrative and judicial areas.

But none of these have the long-range importance and significance of providing an educated citizenry for the state's future.

The current legislature, which has already substituted its judgment for that of the highway commission, has been showing signs of doing the same thing with regard to the state board of higher education.

THIS incursion into the executive branch of government is wholly unjustified.

Much of it is motivated by politics, of course, such as the upgrading of a new Oregon Technical Institute campus to the detriment of other campuses where the system's building program is based on present and predicted needs.

We do not suggest that the legislature serve merely as a rubber stamp for the state system of higher education, automatically passing the budgets presented.

BUT we do suggest that the state system, acknowledged as one of the best in the nation, employing the services of top-flight men and women both in professional capacities and on the governing board, deserves a more respectful hearing and greater consideration than some members of the ways and means committee have seen fit to accord so far.

In cutting carefully prepared, thoroughly thought-out, exceedingly tight budgets without discrimination; in attempting to spell out in minute detail how each dollar is to be spent over a two-year period without allowing any leeway for changes and emergencies; and in jockeying for the advantage of one institution to the detriment of others, legislators are compiling a record of irresponsibility.

Playing politics with education is dangerous and of questionable constitutionality.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"If YA WANNA SMELL REALLY GOOD WHY DONT YA BUY ONE THAT SMELLS LIKE HOT BUTTERED POPCORN?"

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.

Statements Challenged

To the Editor: The front page item in the Mail Tribune of April 8, presumably authored by a Medford attorney, is an all time low in the manipulation of facts. Mr. Van Dyke claims to represent a number of residents, presumably parents of children attending Phoenix schools, who wish to be annexed by the Medford school district.

Mr. Van Dyke makes much to-do about the purchase of a school site in the Phoenix school district. Why should Phoenix buying land in their own district as part of forward, intelligent planning for improving their educational system be, in Mr. Van Dyke's words "an absurdity"?

Mr. Van Dyke states "We have already conceded the Rogue Valley Manor with its high assessed valuation should in all fairness remain in the Phoenix district." When did they concede? They conceded after the courageous, intelligent county court acting in their capacity as boundary board denied their petition.

That petition included only a real estate promotion. The current petition includes five sections of land, an assessed valuation in excess of \$700,000 and 97 school children.

If this petition is not denied, just where will the "Phoenix squeeze" end? The loss of 97 children would be a serious blow to Phoenix. Currently there are 1,318 attending schools in the district and we need them ALL.

Our main purpose in consolidation of the Phoenix-Talent districts was to increase the enrollment so that better educational facilities could be provided. The loss of 97 children, together with the loss of \$700,000 assessed valuation, constitutes a loss to the Phoenix school district of per pupil wealth of \$7,000 plus. If this said on assessed value is permitted, any intelligent logical analysis of school systems can only admit that this would lower the educational opportunities available for the remaining 1,221 children.

Mrs. Roy Baker, 1526 Camp Baker rd. Medford.

No Beauty in Wrecking Yard: To the Editor: There are some who do not know all the facts about our opposition to the proposed wrecking yard, and are of the belief that we are trying to deprive a neighbor of his livelihood. Nothing is farther from the truth!

The facts are, the location in question has not been in operation for several years, and even then, only on a small scale, in a three-fourths acre area. An out of state company now proposes to buy it, along with nine adjoining acres, to establish, here in the midst of us, a monstrous wrecking yard.

It is reported that it would be fenced, trees planted around it, portions bordering the highway would be paved, and all in all, we are expected to believe it would be a place of beauty—a joy to behold!

BUT—Have you ever seen any attractive wrecking yards? I have traveled in 19 states and have yet to see even one. Whether they be painted, planted, paved, or perchance surrounded by a profusion of red roses climbing artistic, white trellis-like fences—they still look like just what they are—wrecking yards! And I venture to say the proposed location for this monstrosity would make it im-

possible to conceal by any means whatever.

There are many reasons why we are opposed to having this calamity befall us; the inevitable pall of smoke, noise, the putrescent smell, and downgrading of property value, and many more. But the thing that puzzles and annoys me most is from the eye-sore viewpoint. Who can blame me? For 15 years I have lived in Oregon, and heard an unceasing plea to plan for, cater to, and to do all things possible to entice visiting Americans to visit Oregon. Doesn't this include trying to improve appearances along highways they travel? Even after the completion of the freeway, the tourists who come to see Oregon will still largely travel Highway 99, which it is said will be the scenic route.

Should we then turn our backs to these huge, hideous wrecking yards that propose to come in and destroy overnight the people's dreams and plans for future development and improvement, and what they have worked for years to achieve?

Ashland is called the "Gateway to Beautiful Oregon." I say, we had better "close that gate" unless we all unite to keep unsightly things such as this off our main highways. All in favor of continued effort to make and keep Oregon beautiful will want to meet us at the public hearing on this wrecking yard controversy, to be held at the County Courthouse Auditorium, Wednesday, April 26, 8 p.m.

Mrs. Lester M. Davis, Route 1, Box 222, Talent, Ore.

The After Effects

To the Editor: To those people who never think of anyone but themselves: Our driveway is not a "Lovers Lane." If you wish to smell like a swill barrel please dump your empty beer cans and bottles in your own front yard. Then people will know why you act and smell as you do. Some of us who hate the vile stuff don't want our front yards to look like a brewery.

We hear of and see signs "Keep Oregon's Highways Clean." Can anyone tell me what it costs the state to pick up the empty beer cans and bottles along the highways? The ones that do the most hollering about taxes are usually the greatest offenders.

A recent survey of the U.S. highways in Texas shows it costs the taxpayers \$121 per year per mile just to have the empty beer cans and bottles picked up.

Is it right to license people to sell that which will make many people into paupers, criminals and mental cases, then tax the sober people to support the prisons, asylums and families of these people? For every dollar revenue income from the sale of alcohol the taxpayer pays \$4.82 to take care of liquor-caused court costs, jail costs, hospitalization and welfare work. This shows the taxpayer is supporting the liquor traffic, not liquor traffic supporting the state. It is estimated that one fourth of the people in prison are there because of alcohol. Yearly crime costs America over twelve billion dollars. This runs the alcohol part of crime to four billion.

Why do the brewers show only the "before" of their products and never the after effects? Soap companies show the "whiteness of clothes" and "mildness to hands," the after effect.

The liquor dealers advertise in many magazines. We see their "ads" on buses too.

On TV and movie screens. Pictures of happy, laughing

Newsom Reports on Mali Federation's Birth as Nation From Primitive State

By PHIL NEWSOM UPI Foreign News Analyst Timbuctoo, Mali Republic—UPI—The parade is over now, with its green-bereted soldiers, the Boy Scouts, the Girl Guides, the Camel Corps and the trucks with mounted machine guns.



The camels complain noisily in the hot desert sun. The soldiers are at ease. They are grinning despite the sweat plastering their shirts to their backs and running in rivulets down their faces. It is hard to march with parade-ground precision in sand six inches deep.

For a thousand years Timbuctoo has baked in the Sahara sun, a city of merchants bartering salt and slaves, drawing its living from the caravans plodding in from the desert and from the great Ni-

ger river which here abruptly halts the Sahara's southward march. Change begins slowly to Timbuctoo and its peoples' ancient ways.

But change is coming and perhaps more quickly now to a people buffeted even here on the remote southern rim of the Sahara by conflicting interests of the cold war, and by the driving ambitions of new leaders to whom yesterday is not soon enough to carry out ideas born only today.

One symbol of that change is President Mobidin Keita, an impressive man in white Bou-boun (great robe). Under his leadership Mali cut away from its federation with Senegal and today the two nations take separate courses. The rail line which

Would the average person be not less than two dollars an hour? TWENTY-SIX THOUSAND DOLLARS EACH YEAR... so a loafer can drink coffee... and they want more of them? On looks on and wonders.

Pete Logan, Dark Hollow rd., Medford.

Shall It Be Changed?

To the Editor: I am just another resident who came to this valley 15 years ago, looked it over, liked what I saw and decided this was the place I wanted to settle down and build a home.

Where I could stand on my own doorstep and look out across the valley and enjoy the beauty of the mountains, breath the clean pure air and know that when I arose in the morning I wouldn't have to smell the stench of a slaughterhouse, breath the smells of a hide and glue factory or sewage disposal, or look out on a junk yard with rats crawling over the wreckage.

A place I could invite my friends to come and enjoy. In fact, "A Cascade wonderland." Are we going to allow this to be changed to: "That beautiful valley with the ten acre junk yard?"

Leona R. Robertson, 2757 Highway 99 North Ashland, Ore.

Not Oregon

To the Editor: I think the Medford Tribune photographer must have gone to Little America in the Ant-Arctic and took the picture on the front page of Sunday's Tribune. I think it is a picture of four igloos on top of the left wing of a Jet Airliner buried in the snow. It couldn't be Oregon, not in April.

Everett Acklin, Ashland, Ore.

More Cougar Tales

To the Editor: Cougars do scream!

In 1922, two other fellows and I packed in to the head of Gow creek over the Umpqua divide, to hunt deer. We were camped near Red mountain. That evening late, some more hunters camped close by.

The next evening, about 8 p.m., they came over to shoot the bull. We had a good big campfire. About 9:30 we all heard to the south of us a cougar let out a most mournful, hair raising scream. It is a sound you will never forget. Well, one of the visiting hunters could mock a cougar to perfection. He answered the cougar, and the cougar would answer back. They kept it up about 15 to 25 minutes, maybe a half an hour. The cougar was coming closer. Finally the cougar was awful close.

It was a dark night, no moon. We were all watching in the cougar's direction. In a few minutes we all got a glimpse of the cougar's eyes. They showed like two hot coals in the glow of our campfire, about 60 or 70 yards away.

We never saw or heard from him anymore. We had our rifles, but no time to shoot. He turned his head and that was it.

In 1913 I was in the Forest Service. As a one wire telephone man, I put up the first phone lines in the Mt. Hood Forest. They had few trails and few phone lines. It was in April, I had a cougar follow me for about a mile. He was so poor, his bones showed mightily plain. He kept about 40 yards away to my right above me on a ridge.

When I got close to the cabin where I was batching, I took off in high gear, to get an old 45-70 rifle. I got my rifle and went back and picked up his tracks. The snow was just in patches, not enough to track. It got dark on me, and I returned to my cabin (known as Table Mountain Cabin). After I had hit the straw that night I heard a cougar scream. It could have been the one that kept me company that Sunday afternoon. I had walked seven miles to get a 10 cent can of pipe tobacco, and was going back from the trail camp when I met up with the cou-

gougar. Cougar are seldom seen, but in the spring when they are hide and bones, they have been known to tackle a man.

Jess C. Black, 1401 Maple Park dr. Medford.

Other Views

To the Editor: We would like to bring to the attention of your readers some other views on this proposed transfer of Barnett Road area into the Medford school district.

In September of 1959, the Phoenix School district released some property North of Barnett road to Medford School district to comply with a request of the Reorganization Board to help straighten school boundaries. The boundary between Medford and Phoenix School districts is now straight with the natural boundary — Barnett Road.

When the question came before the Reorganization Board as to the disposition of the Phoenix and Talent Schools and their plan of Reorganization, the Reorganization Board felt a need for an Administrative district between Medford and Ashland. They allowed the people of Phoenix and Talent to bring to vote the consolidation of these two districts, with the understanding that existing boundaries would remain. These districts consolidated and are operating as such at this time.

Is it in any way fair to allow a small group to nibble away at this newly organized school district? If this merger is allowed the reduction in enrollment would change the curriculum standard and the tax burden would be greater on the remaining people of Phoenix-Talent district. Also, how can the taxpayers and school administration in this district make any permanent plans with the boundaries being constantly threatened?

Also to clarify another point, on April 6, 1961 in the Mail Tribune, we noticed a quote made by Mr. Frank Van Dyke which stated that he conceded the Manor to us. We were just wondering how it is possible for Mr. Van Dyke to concede something to us which is already ours. The property on which the Manor is located has been in the Phoenix School district long before the Manor was in existence.

Mrs. V. W. Henriksen, Route 1 Box 543, Talent, Ore. Mrs. W. D. Sommer, Route 1 Box 548, Talent, Ore.

Don't Kill Freedom

To the Editor: The proposed county building code is another case of government officials levying unnecessary charges to cover the cost of a service that nobody wants in the first place.

What the planning commission apparently does not realize is that many people who have chosen to live here in an area where free enterprise has not quite been legislated out of existence, are able to build for themselves and for the community a far better home than they would be able to acquire by more conventional means. Where time and design limits are placed on their initiative, many people would have to settle for a far cheaper home.

We and three other families in our immediate neighborhood have been working on our own homes for up to five years. The net results in all cases are homes of good design, sound construction, careful workmanship, and all are superior to anything any of us could have afforded by any other means. Not only that, but freedom from debt is a side benefit we have all enjoyed while building these places. We build soundly out of plain common sense, knowing that a home slapped together out of poor material, without a foundation, or with an inefficient septic system is not only unsatisfactory to the original owner, but is practically worthless if the time comes when such a home must be sold.

A zoning ordinance in the county would afford adequate protection to all present and

tirely of reports from Moscow, Prague and East Berlin. Baba Mahmoudou bears only good will for the American visitor but he is part of an efficient apparatus organized by the Communists and reaching all the way down from government officials to the youngest Girl Guide.

future home owners, but the restrictions in this proposed code are ridiculous. I understand that one former resident of Los Angeles present at the public hearing stated that this code was more restrictive than the one in effect in that area. We know from experience that building your own home in southern California is almost impossible due to endless red tape and multitudinous inspections.

Your article stated that some people expressed distrust of county officials. Unfortunately, as a result of sad experience, many of us have come to the point where distrust is our natural attitude toward such officials. I am trying hard right now to believe that the welfare of the people, not revenue, is the ultimate objective of county officials in pushing this code.

Again I point out to Mr. Lovejoy and the county planning commission that many of us live here because it is one of the few remaining areas where some freedom for a man to better himself through his own efforts still exists. Under the guise of "protecting" us, don't kill this freedom.

Mrs. Donald G. Stewart, Route 4, Box 349B, Medford.

Promote Our Attractions

To the Editor: Let us promote and enhance our attractions for the tourists and vacationing public that come into our area, which is already a great source of income to Oregon, and is on the increase.

The proposed wrecking yard south of Talent certainly would be a very obvious eye sore and distraction to out of state as well as local people who would drive past it, since it would be located along the main thoroughfare between Medford and Ashland. It would also be very easily seen from the new freeway that is now under construction. The wrecking yard could not be hidden or enclosed so that it could not be seen, because the area proposed for its location lies at the floor of our valley, and the surrounding roads and residences look down into it. The fence around a wrecking yard that large will only serve to better outline that great big downgrading eyesore in the middle of a nice community.

We have in this area of the proposed wrecking yard, long established businesses that provide services, accommodations, and entertainment to the motoring, vacationing, and general public, which will suffer a great loss of business if this noisy, smoky, smelly, and unsightly thing called a wrecking yard is allowed in our area, where the people are so very vigorously opposed to it.

The public hearing to be held at the Courthouse Auditorium Wednesday, April 26, at 8 p.m. will be a very good place for all who are opposed to a wrecking yard south of Talent to be present.

Mrs. Richard Klimek, Route 1, Box 226, Talent, Ore.

Education the Answer

To the Editor: Mr. Henry Johnson Jr., of Ashland, deplores the empty bottles, cups and trash both inside and outside the lodge at Mt. Shasta and attributes this mess to the granting of a liquor license.

Unfortunately, the problem is not so easy as that! I have seen the same sort of litter around dairy bars, on public beaches where alcohol is forbidden, and in National Park campsites. The American evidently has the notion that his country is so huge that the little odds and ends he tosses into the bushes will never be noticed—that our wide open spaces are no more than a great open-air Disposal. European countries with a longer history of dense populations have a different approach to the matter, and their parks, campsites and roadsides are clean. I do not suppose this is because Europeans frown on drink!

The answer lies mainly in public education. The post-war anti-litter signs along our main highways have been noticeably effective, even though enforcement is difficult. The public has simply responded to the suggestion that others would like to enjoy the near scenery as well as the view.

Cynthia Lord, 588 Beach st., Ashland, Ore.

P.S. It beats me how the Jackson County Planning Commission could deliberately recommend installing such an eyesore as a wrecking yard right on the highway. A six-foot fence with plantings will not really hide this.