

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

Everyone in Southern Oregon reads The Mail Tribune. Published Daily except Saturday by MEDFORD PRINTING CO. 33 North Fir St. Ph. 722-8141

Subscription Rates: By Mail - In Advance. Daily and Sunday - 1 year \$12.00. Daily and Sunday - 6 mos. 7.00.

Advertising Representative: NELSON ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES. Offices in New York, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland and Denver.

NATIONAL EDITORIAL ASSOCIATION. PUBLISHERS ASSOCIATION. MEMBER OF AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

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. Nov. 14, 1952 (Friday). George A. Coddling, former Jackson county district attorney, died in a Medford hospital today.

20 YEARS AGO. Nov. 14, 1942 (Saturday). Members of former Medford National Guard unit reported serving in Australia.

30 YEARS AGO. Nov. 14, 1932 (Monday). Football game between Hood River and Medford High school teams for mythical state championship called off when Hood River star is ruled ineligible.

40 YEARS AGO. Nov. 14, 1922 (Tuesday). New 1922 model sedan, "equipped with starter and demountable rims" sells for \$702.80 in Medford.

50 YEARS AGO. Nov. 14, 1912 (Thursday). Mrs. Mary F. Reddy, leader in local suffrage club, announces she will not be a candidate for mayor of Medford.

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

1. In southern U. S. would a "Yankee Dime" mean a hug or a kiss?

2. Baton Rouge is the capital of which state?

3. Which word is incorrectly used: "There were two or three, or at the most, a dozen people there."

4. Name the capital of Egypt.

5. In which State is the famous S. O. Quimble waterfall?

6. How many Jacks showing only one eye in a standard deck of 52 playing cards?

7. What was the peace imposed on the known world by Imperial Rome called?

8. In its journey around the earth, in which direction does the moon travel?

9. How many inches are in one mile?

10. In what language was the Magna Charta written?

Answers: 1. Kiss. 2. Louisiana. 3. All are used correctly, although old-fashioned usage would replace "people" with "persons." 4. Cairo. 5. Washington. 6. Two. 7. Pax Romana. 8. West to East. 9. 63,360. 10. Latin.

Unusual Weather

The weather in the Rogue valley this year has been (with apologies to San Francisco) "unusual."

We don't remember all the vagaries distinctly, but we do recall the slashing rains of early October, the cyclonic winds of the 12th, and other abnormalities during the year sufficient to cause renewed speculation that nuclear bomb tests might have been responsible.

We tend to forget earlier extremes in the weather cycle, the floods and blizzards and winds and dry spells and rain torrents of earlier years.

THE NATIONAL Observer has compiled a few weather records from the United States, some of which were also world records, and these tend to remind us that there has always been "unusual" weather.

Here are some of them: Highest temperature - 134 degrees in Death Valley, July 10, 1913.

Lowest temperature - Minus 78 degrees, Ft. Yukon, Alaska, Jan. 14, 1934.

Greatest drop in temperature - 100 degrees in 24 hours, from plus 44 to minus 56 degrees, Browning, Mont., Jan. 23-24, 1916.

Greatest 24-hour rainfall - 38.2 inches, Thrall, Texas, Sept. 29, 1921.

Greatest 24-hour snowfall - 76 inches, Silver Lake, Colo., April 14-15, 1921.

Greatest seasonal snowfall - 1,000.3 inches (83 feet, 4.3 inches), Paradise Ranger Station, Wash., 1955-56.

Longest period of no rainfall - 767 days (over two years), Bagdad, Calif., October 1912 to Nov. 1914.

Highest recorded surface wind - 231 mph, Mt. Washington, N. H., April 12, 1934.

DESPITE this reminder that "unusual" weather is always with us, it should be noted that these extremes all occurred in places where such extremes might be expected to occur.

It is in normally-placid areas, such as the Rogue valley, where "unusual" weather really gets noticed - such events as the Oct. 12 storm, and the floods of 1955-56.

Most of the time we go along happily with the temperature ranging (seasonally) between the 20s and 90s, the rainfall coming at a steady 16 to 20 inches a year, a few inches of snow once or twice a year, and, happiest happenstance of all, with four readily discernible seasons, each to be welcomed for its own beneficences and qualities. —E.A.

Nixon, Again

It appears that Richard Nixon, even in political eclipse, is destined to remain a controversial figure, as he has been for more than a dozen years.

Following our brief comment on his defeat in his race for governor of California last week, we received a telephone call at home, during which the caller accused us of "low, low" journalism. We had, as a matter of fact, thought that our comment was fairly obvious, to the effect that we were glad Nixon is neither President of the U. S., nor Governor of California.

But, somewhat unsettled by the call, we were glad to pick up the Klamath Falls Herald and News Tuesday and to see the comment by its publisher, Bill Sweetland.

NOW BILL is a fine guy, but by no stretch of the imagination can he be called a "liberal." He's about as conservative as they come, politically, and is a long-time, ardent Republican.

This was his comment: "I've supported Dick Nixon 100 per cent in his run at the Presidency, and his most recent attempt to capture the California governorship. But, from what I hear and read about his performance at his 'last press conference,' darned if I don't have substantial second thoughts about the stability of such a guy. And I'm inclined to think the nation is just as well off that he is not the White House occupant."

That's about what we said, and the reaction is nearly unanimous among those who saw Nixon's post-election blast.

WE DIDN'T happen to tune in to that TV broadcast of Nixon's final appearance before the press, but we have read a transcript of it. It is a man not wholly rational speaking.

He had been without sleep for 48 hours before; he was naturally upset by his defeat; he was under great strain and pressure - all these things are true.

But his self-contradictions, his non sequiturs, his admonitions to reporters and publishers to write as they wished (in one breath) and to write as he suggested (in the next), his rambling delivery, his repetitions (he said "One last thing" three times, the first about halfway through his remarks, and "The last point," once), all these convinced us that there was a very human person with whom we could sympathize - but not one we wanted making life-and-death decisions for the nation. —E.A.

Advice

An old axiom about how to be a success, a favorite of Mayor John Snider's, merits repeating. It goes this way:

"Find out what you're doing wrong, and do less of it. Find out what you're doing right, and do more of it."

Good advice. —E.A.

"How About 'The Star Spangled Banner'?"



Newsom

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.

Ticket Sale. To the Editor: It would be interesting to have a breakdown of the distribution of the 619 tickets sent to Medford for last Friday's Grants Pass - Medford game.

We know that 278 of them went on sale last Monday morning at 7 o'clock. There are the privileged few, (or is it majority?) that are handed four or six tickets. These are the few who wouldn't stoop so low as to stand in line.

Then there are the other class of people that must really love the Black Tornado, because they got up in the wee small hours of the morning, braved the elements and stood in line for three, four, and yes, even five hours to get tickets. Then there were the hundred or so that arrived about 5 a.m., to stand in line, only to be turned away, disappointed, as the tickets were all gone.

The group who really deserve tickets, the players, are entitled to two apiece. But then we saw the star quarterback's father sitting on the 15 yard line, and it was pretty obvious who the people were sitting in the 40 yard line seats. And by the way, not many of them were standing in line on Monday morning.

I have always heard that Grants Pass has a reputation for playing a dirty game of football. At least their way of distributing football tickets was fair, and should set an example for other cities.

A total of 1200 tickets went on sale in Grants Pass last Monday morning. After the players got their two allotted tickets, it was first come, first served and no favorites.

Well, this is how I feel about the way the "ticket sale" was handled. I watched the game with a clear conscience. I was one of the "Poor Poms" that stood in line to get tickets.

Mary Shaw 1605 Crown ave. Medford.

Gel Together. To the Editor: May I congratulate two Rogue Valley towns on one of the finest displays of sportsmanlike competition I have seen in many years.

retiring of course to the football game at Grants Pass between that city's high school team and Medford's team.

We have lived in Medford only since April of this year, but any mention of leaving this valley brings storms of protest from my family and I can't say I disagree at all. Sure, there are many things which need to be done, but in all my travels I have never seen any city without problems. We are most fortunate that our problems are minor as compared to those in countless other cities. I think my taxes on the home I just purchased are too high, but when comparing notes with my friends in other areas my taxes are just as high, but look what I am getting in return.

From where I stand, as a newcomer without previous knowledge of conditions and other pertinent information, I would like to make one suggestion - let's get together as a team to keep abreast of the changing times instead of bickering between ourselves about minor problems.

And now, like all admen I must sneak in the commercial - I need a job so I can stay in Medford.

Chuck McCorkle P.O. Box 694 Medford.

Self-Inflicted Disease. To the Editor: I have read many articles by doctors, laymen and by several interested people making inquiries regarding Emphysema and what to do for someone in their immediate family, but I have yet to read of anyone who is the victim of this dreaded disease, the result of cigarette smoking.

It was my sad experience to smoke cigarettes for many years and to develop a cigarette cough. I tried for several years to find a doctor who could diagnose my trouble, but to no avail; however, one specialist after treating me for about eight months with shots and medication, came up with the idea that if I stopped smoking I would stop coughing. I immediately stopped smoking and also stopped coughing, but the cigarette had found its mark and I have been a victim of Emphysema since.

I am writing this to help others who are addicted, so let us look at it from the spiritual angle, also. I would suggest that you read I Corinthians 3:16,17 which states that we "are the temple of God," along with I Corinthians 10:31. These scriptures are proof that when we willfully and deliberately go against God's word, something sooner or later with the help of Satan and his aids will result. And to the beautiful youth of our land, the habit of smoking cigarettes isn't at all like shown on T.V. They are paid for what they do and some people would do anything for a dollar.

Please don't be moulded by Satanic scenes, you will be troubled enough by coming events and think for yourself, keep your mind clear of any dope habit.

I was in business in Portland for many years, and through the terrible harm cigarettes have caused me, my doctor advised that I be relieved of all responsibility, so in 1950 I was forced to follow his instructions.

I have come in contact with hundreds who are developing the same dreadful affliction for which there is no cure. My activities and activities of a great percentage of people will be definitely hampered by acquiring this dreaded disease, which is by far more prevalent than cancer of the lungs and just as deadly; however, it may take just a little longer. I will say this, that from the spiritual standpoint, God has been merciful to me so that I have been able to live this long and am still able to relate my story. I am the victim of cigarettes and the future holds nothing else for me. Medical science has no cure for my case and only God could bring healing to my self-inflicted disease.

It is my sincere desire to warn my fellow men, lest they too find themselves in the same predicament that has come to me through the use of cigarettes.

I'm sure I can help if you are determined to quit.

Al J. Huenergardt, P.O. Box 451, Phoenix, Ore.

Lumber Industry's Dilemma. To the Editor: A few more references to consider in the tyeon lumbermen's dilemma, or plot. Remember the 54 men who met in Chicago, Jan. 12, 1922, and formed the Inauk Walton League of America, to help safeguard America's natural resources from private special interests' exploitation, destruction.

William Greeley's answer to the Congressional Inquiry Board's question, Dec. 12-13, 1939, when asked why such destruction of America's forests: "Because the owners of that timber have no faith that it will be worth anything 20 years hence. And being businessmen feel no other course but to cut it and get the stuff off their hands before it deteriorates any more." Greeley was secretary-manager of the West Coast Lumberman's association.

The Higgins, Lake Michigan, meeting of some lumbermen in July, 1946, passed resolutions to present to the American Foresters Congress in October, one that the federal government should block out 11 million Michigan acres, plant to forest trees and care for till big enough to cut. Another resolution that government lands should be turned over to the states as custodians, as it is easier for private industry to get the lands from the states than from the federal government.

Chief Forester Lyle Waits' warning to lumbermen, Oct. 9, 1946 at the American Foresters' Congress in Washington, D. C., as to where their practices were leading. The utter disregard by lumbermen to all pleas and warnings.

And this one: The USCC, et al, open threat to destroy, by bit, all federally owned National Forests, parks, grazing lands, etc. While on a speaking tour one Richard Smith, USCC secretary, at the public meeting in Medford, Oregon, 12-16-52, told an audience of seven, of which I was one, of the plan and how it would be done. Smith said big lumber industry will flood the schools, the public, with propaganda to do these things. A most ominous threat.

John E. Gribble, 139 Kenwood ave., Medford.

Potential Trouble From 'Little' War In Yemen Involves Many World Capitals

By PHIL NEWSOM UPI Foreign News Analyst

As wars go, the current struggle for Yemen, legendary land of the queen of Sheba, isn't much.

But its potential for much greater trouble throughout the Middle East is enough to cause apprehension in Washington and London.

President Gamal Abdel Nasser sees his best chance for serping his best chance for expanding his United Arab Republic since Syria's defection in September 1961 and his own break with the Yemen monarchy a year ago.

This new opportunity came on Sept. 19 when Yemenite rebels under Brig. Gen. Abdullah Sallal shelled the new Imam off his throne in the medieval capital of Sanaa and proclaimed a republic which would be closely aligned with Nasser's U. A. R.

The Imam, at first thought dead in the debris of the palace, turned up in neighboring Saudi Arabia, and thus the stage was set for the current conflict involving the U.A.R. and the rebel Yemen regime on the one hand and Saudi Arabia and Jordan on the other.

There was no special mourning for the fall of the Yemen monarchy.

But neither the Jordanian nor the Saudi Arabian royal governments fancied a revolutionary government on the flank. The United States and Britain were concerned not only over the stability of the Middle East but for the rich oil fields as well.

The royal family and the government believe the Sauts will rally to their side. Nasser's actions indicate he is fomenting and expects a revolution.

On the Saudi Arabian side, the struggle is developing into a clear contest between Nasser and King Saud.

Nasser has poured men and supplies into Yemen which in turn has threatened to carry the war into Saudi Arabia.

Working for Nasser is a deep split within the Saudi Arabian royal family, five of whom have renounced their titles and citizenship and pledged to work with Nasser.

King Saud has reorganized his government and has named his half-brother, Crown Prince Faisal, to head it. Faisal has launched a series of internal reforms to channel more of the nation's oil wealth into social and economic developments.

The royal family and the

Over the past week end, Lakeview was one of Oregon's busiest spots. It was host to the Oregon Cattlemen's Association.

From all over the state and from the fringes of the adjoining states of Idaho, Nevada and California, they were gathered at the historic capital of the early cattle country - and if you just happened to drop into town without a reservation you were out of luck. After bracing all the motels in town and learning that on this particular week end rooms were scarcer than icicles along the equator, you wished fervently that you had brought your sleeping bag along.

But nobody slept in the streets. When the hotels and the motels ran out of rooms, the hospitable people of Lakeview rallied around and took the conventioners into their homes.

Over the past three quarters of a century, Lakeview has changed in many ways, but the hospitality of its people hasn't changed by so much as a hair's breadth.

LAKEVIEW, of course, has seen many changes. First it saw the cattle business recede enough to make way for a burgeoning lumber industry. Then both lumber and cattle stepped aside enough to make room for a uranium boom.

Now it is becoming a tourist capital. Highway 395 is an increasingly popular tourist route. During the summer, tens of thousands of Californians pour over it on their way to the Pacific Northwest and Canada. And now the Winnemucca to the Sea Highway has been added.

It crosses 395 at Lakeview. The result is an important every side more and more - the Bible says "that all men are created equal." Now I'm asking some of these quoters to give us book, chapter and verse - no quotes from anything but a King James Bible. All others are man's creation, every reprint means a hundred other changes. Now - book, chapter and verse, please.

Boy, we've got Cuba hemmed in tighter than a drum! Any ship we can't board we'll sink! There's no there! There! We sure got her picture.

Yours for America. Ella Powell, Box 621, Central Point, Ore.

Editor's note: What I've Bible may say about equality we'll leave to others, but merely point out that the Declaration of Independence says "all men are created equal," and that the U.S. Constitution says that no person shall be denied "equal protection of the laws."

Truth's Duality? To the Editor: Some say two truths there cannot be - that four is ever one and three or one and one and one and one or two times two.

This do I own: That one may seize, regarding four, potentialities galore - and fractionwise or subtracting, truths of four are never-ending.

Which equals which and which is fact - gauge or integer intact?

Can four or standard bear subsistence sans a state of existence?

Thelma Canyon Star Route, Box 80 Prospect, Ore.

INCIDENTALLY, the Winnemucca to the Sea highway is an important addition to Oregon's tourist business. Highway 49, one of the big East-West Main Streets, turns sharply to the south at Winnemucca, and in the past that has resulted in draining a heavy share of its west-bound tourists down into Central California.

It is now possible for these tourists to continue on across Southern Oregon to the Oregon beaches by a short and pleasant route. In increasing numbers, they are doing just that. Lakeview is a natural for their first stop in Oregon.

GETTING back to the cattlemen who were gathered in Lakeview, over the past week end, they are changing too.

It has always been possible to spot a cattlemen at least a block away. It still is. But the distinguishing marks are changing. There was a time, for example, when one noted a tendency to a bow in the lower limbs, acquired by long and close association with a cow pony.

No more.

In these days, the cattlemen's well-tailored trousers hang straight from the belt to the shoe, with a perfect crease. His sport jacket is apt to be the envy of all the college boys in sight of it.

SO - If in these later days you want to locate a cattlemen, just look for the best-dressed man in sight. The modern cattlemen looks more like a big city banker than anybody else.

The world is changing, and the cattle business is changing along with it. But it is still big business in Oregon, and we love it. We love it all the more because the cattlemen have resisted stubbornly the efforts of Big Government to get its nose under the edge of the cattle tent.

More power to these stubborn free enterprisers.

Zurich, Switzerland - (UPI) - The International Press Institute published Tuesday a cable in Ghana President Kwame Nkrumah expressing "stock and dimay" at his government's takeover of the country's only independent newspaper. The message said the 1,406 members of the institute hoped that the "emanipation of Africa" would be marked by "the growth of a thriving and indigenous press."

It is still too early to tell how this new relationship will affect the output and the quality of their creative work. The old class of professional writers was independent, irreverent, and sometimes militantly anti-intellectual. Heresy was their stock-in-trade.

The new breed has been quietly domesticated: they lecture, they preside at seminars, they patiently participate in writers "workshops." They lunch with the Dean, dine with the President, and parade before the trustees on ceremonial occasions.

Creative writers should, of course, be the critics of their society; when they become a part of the Establishment, it is moot whether they have gained more than they have lost. Certainly, a university should harbor talents; but does a talent do best in a harbor or on the open seas?

Steinbeck and his immediate predecessors lived their professional lives on the open seas; like the buffalo and the whooping crane, they are a vanishing species on the American scene. The organization man is now grazing peacefully even in the groves of Academe.

Ernest Hemingway left school to become a cub reporter; he had no college training at all. William Faulkner spent less than two years at the University of Mississippi, and then quit. Eugene O'Neill took a year at Princeton, and left hastily. All these men were Nobel Prize winners.

In the generation of the 1920s and 30s, such prominent writers as Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, Carl Sandburg and Ring Lardner were utterly divorced from the academic community - indeed, much of their literary satire and scorn were heaped upon the American colleges and universities in those decades.

Today, all this has changed. Not only do the bulk of writers take their degrees (and often go on to graduate work), but most of them continue to be associated with colleges as lecturers, instructors, or "poets-in-residence." From year to year, they travel the academic circuit, generously subsidized for the prestige of the university.

It is still too early to tell how this new relationship will affect the output and the quality of their creative work. The old class of professional writers was independent, irreverent, and sometimes militantly anti-intellectual. Heresy was their stock-in-trade.

The new breed has been quietly domesticated: they lecture, they preside at seminars, they patiently participate in writers "workshops." They lunch with the Dean, dine with the President, and parade before the trustees on ceremonial occasions.

Creative writers should, of course, be the critics of their society; when they become a part of the Establishment, it is moot whether they have gained more than they have lost. Certainly, a university should harbor talents; but does a talent do best in a harbor or on the open seas?

Steinbeck and his immediate predecessors lived their professional lives on the open seas; like the buffalo and the whooping crane, they are a vanishing species on the American scene. The organization man is now grazing peacefully even in the groves of Academe.

Ernest Hemingway left school to become a cub reporter; he had no college training at all. William Faulkner spent less than two years at the University of Mississippi, and then quit. Eugene O'Neill took a year at Princeton, and left hastily. All these men were Nobel Prize winners.

In the generation of the 1920s and 30s, such prominent writers as Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, Carl Sandburg and Ring Lardner were utterly divorced from the academic community - indeed, much of their literary satire and scorn were heaped upon the American colleges and universities in those decades.

Today, all this has changed. Not only do the bulk of writers take their degrees (and often go on to graduate work), but most of them continue to be associated with colleges as lecturers, instructors, or "poets-in-residence." From year to year, they travel the academic circuit, generously subsidized for the prestige of the university.

It is still too early to tell how this new relationship will affect the output and the quality of their creative work. The old class of professional writers was independent, irreverent, and sometimes militantly anti-intellectual. Heresy was their stock-in-trade.

The new breed has been quietly domesticated: they lecture, they preside at seminars, they patiently participate in writers "workshops." They lunch with the Dean, dine with the President, and parade before the trustees on ceremonial occasions.

Creative writers should, of course, be the critics of their society; when they become a part of the Establishment, it is moot whether they have gained more than they have lost. Certainly, a university should harbor talents; but does a talent do best in a harbor or on the open seas?

Steinbeck and his immediate predecessors lived their professional lives on the open seas; like the buffalo and the whooping crane, they are a vanishing species on the American scene. The organization man is now grazing peacefully even in the groves of Academe.

Ernest Hemingway left school to become a cub reporter; he had no college training at all. William Faulkner spent less than two years at the University of Mississippi, and then quit. Eugene O'Neill took a year at Princeton, and left hastily. All these men were Nobel Prize winners.

In the generation of the 1920s and 30s, such prominent writers as Sherwood Anderson, H. L. Mencken, Carl Sandburg and Ring Lardner were utterly divorced from the academic community - indeed, much of their literary satire and scorn were heaped upon the American colleges and universities in those decades.

Today, all this has changed. Not only do the bulk of writers take their degrees (and often go on to graduate work), but most of them continue to be associated with colleges as lecturers, instructors, or "poets-in-residence." From year to year, they travel the academic circuit, generously subsidized for the prestige of the university.

It is still too early to tell how this new relationship will affect the output and the quality of their creative work. The old class of professional writers was independent, irreverent, and sometimes militantly anti-intellectual. Heresy was their stock-in-trade.

The new breed has been quietly domesticated: they lecture, they preside at seminars, they patiently participate in writers "workshops." They lunch with the Dean, dine with the President, and parade before the trustees on ceremonial occasions.

Creative writers should, of course, be the critics of their society; when they become a part of the Establishment, it is moot whether they have gained more than they have lost. Certainly, a university should harbor talents; but does a talent do best in a harbor or on the open seas?

Steinbeck and his immediate predecessors lived their professional lives on the open seas; like the buffalo and the whooping crane, they are a vanishing species on the American scene. The organization man is now grazing peacefully even in the groves of Academe.

Ernest Hemingway left school to become a cub reporter; he had no college training at all. William Faulkner spent less than two years at the University of Mississippi, and then quit. Eugene O'Neill took a year at Princeton, and left hastily. All these men were Nobel Prize winners.

Never mind about realism - after 17 years, there aren't many G.I.'s who remember what it really was like . . .