

MEDFORD MAIL TRIBUNE

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

Billboard Law Needed

The Oregon Roadside council is about the only Oregon organization which is making it its business to lobby in favor of legislation which would regulate (not eliminate) the use of billboards along Oregon's highways.

There are two such bills already introduced into the legislature, one in the house and one in the senate. Either would serve as a basis for reasonable regulation.

Up to this point, the legislature has shown little disposition to do much of anything about either of them.

THE Roadside council needs the help of anyone who believes that tax-built highways should not provide a captive audience for the billboard advertisers—particularly when the billboards create a blot in front of an otherwise scenic vista.

(Billboard lobbyists argue against such regulation by saying the industry will "police" itself. Anyone who has watched the steady encroachment of billboards on the Baldock freeway between Salem and Portland will know that this is a lot of hot air.)

Those who agree that reasonable regulation of billboards, in conformity with the federal law which would grant Oregon a bonus in highway construction funds for such regulation, is important, should let his representatives in the legislature know about it.

THE measures will not end billboard advertising. They apply only to interstate highways (Nos. 30 and 99). They would permit informational signs, and signs advertising roadside businesses.

But they would also protect one of Oregon's greatest resources, its unmatched scenery, which is one of the biggest attractions to Oregon's No. 3 industry, the tourist trade—to say nothing of the enjoyment of those of us who already live here and have watched billboards blot out more and more of our state's beauties.—E.A.

Letters From Japan

For some reason with which we are not familiar, letters have been arriving at an increasing pace in this country from young people in Japan.

The Mail Tribune has received three in the past week or so. One of them was published in our "Communications" column a couple of weeks ago.

TWO of the three letters were identical—except for grammatical errors and misspellings—except for the name and address of the writer. One of them was from Kyoto, the other from Nagaoka. All three were addressed to the "Mail Tribune."

The identical ones both made reference to the "Youth Council for International Contact," which presumably is the reason for the increased number of letters, and perhaps which even supplied a "form" letter for youngsters to copy.

The two each solicited letters from young people in this country because "I always wanted to make some friends in your country through letter-writings. But I did not know how to do it."

WE ARE all for international correspondence, and see no harm, even in the rather remote possibility that the "Youth Council for International Contact" has ulterior motives. We know nothing about that organization, but assume it to be a perfectly bona fide one.

Here are the addresses of the two would-be pen-pals:

Toyotake Imai
355 Sakasita-sho, Nagaoka-shi
Nagata-ken, Japan
(A 14-year-old boy)

Teruko Hasegawa
54 Saikashi-cho
Awata, Higashiyama-ku
Kyoto, Japan
(A 17-year-old girl)

If any Jackson county young people wish to correspond with them, it would make an interesting hobby.

THE third letter is in a different class, although it also is from a youngster, and also was addressed to the "Mail Tribune." She wants to come to the United States. Her letter follows:

Dear Sir:

I am a Japanese girl, age 16, studying in the girls high school and which is the most well-known mission school here and the new Japanese Princess Michiko graduated from this grade school.

I am so much interested to be educated in your country. But alas! We Japanese are not allowed to change yen to dollar for the regulation even we have enough yen. So please forgive me to ask you such a selfish, might-be rude for you, request. That is this. If you could ever help me to find such a kind person who will let me study in state, and will take care of least expense for instance, tuition and boarding.

Of course I'll work some sidejob and will earn some pocket money. Because, I have a teaching license of Japanese flower arrangement and Japanese embroidery.

Just as I expressed my desire before, I would like to go to America for study, even in a short period. If you ever ask to somebody and ever find such a kind and generous person, I'll be very, very happy.

Thanks again, if you read my such letter from the my heart.

I can hardly wait for your answer.

Very Sincerely,
Miss Hina Ishii
7-1051 Hiratsuka
Shinagawa-ku
Tokyo, Japan.

We find these letters appealing and just a bit poignant, and pass them along for whatever use our readers may wish to make of them.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"DON'T WORRY 'BOUT THAT OL' CAT CHASIN' YA. I WON'T TELL ANYBODY."

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE MAMMOTH COOKOUT Washington—The scene was the beach of Santa Rosa Island, off the California coast.

The time was about 29,000 years ago. The people on the beach were probably pretty nasty, brutish and rude, at least by our modern standards. All the same, they were already including in an authentic American pastime.

They were having a cookout—that awful pleasure-avoidable in their era, but still strangely popular in our own. As in the best Texas cookouts, moreover, the thing being cooked was big game. Several ears earlier, the rising seas had trapped a race of mammoths on Santa Rosa. Time and short rations on the island had dwarfed the race. So this was a dwarf mammoth cookout.

As in all cookouts, the method of cuisine was important. In brief, the dwarf mammoth was torn into bits, and the flesh was entirely removed from the larger bones. The flesh was left, however, on the ribs, vertebrae and other small bones, which were too difficult to strip with flint tools. The resulting primitive filets and spare-ribs were then grilled in a big fire area prepared on the beach.

EVEN a dwarf mammoth was a sizable animal, standing six feet at the shoulder. Unless the tribe was very large, everyone could eat to repletion. Repletion, in turn, no doubt produced the usual results. No one bothered to clean up the mess.

Hence the mess was still there until just the other day, waiting to be examined by Dr. Philip Orr, of the Santa Barbara Natural History Museum, Dr. Wallace Broecker, of Columbia, and Dr. George Carter, of Johns Hopkins.

The creatures nature kills are not naturally disarticulated. Forest fires do not char just ribs and vertebrae, and leave thigh bones untouched. Animals do not build fire areas for their feasts. In combination, therefore, the several peculiarities of the mess on Santa Rosa Island's beach spelled Man to the assembled doctors. Dr. Broecker took some of the charred bone and charcoal back to Columbia.

He got a radio-carbon date very 27,000 B.C. for the very early Americans who so considerably left their mess behind, to announce their former existence to their successors in this age of anxiety.

Most of the curious and agreeable facts were a sort of by-product of a gloomy inquiry about radioactive fallout. The inquiry was addressed to Dr. Willard Libby, as a sort of farewell before his expected departure from the Atomic Energy Commission. Dr. Libby is the inventor of Carbon-14 dating—the method of measuring the age of ancient organic remains by testing for radioactive carbon. It turned out that Dr. Libby much preferred talking about Carbon-14 instead of Strontium-90, Running on Carbon-14, the talk revealed what ought to be major news, at any rate to those Americans who are as untutored as this reporter.

IN BRIEF, American history is now getting longer and longer. Until quite recently the experts would not allow a single day more than 10 millennia for the story of Man in America. Some scholarly curmudgeons even said that mankind only came to our hemisphere about 5,000 years ago. Ours was a short, short story, in fact, until the expert calculations first began to be upset by the discovery of the flint weapons known as Fol-

son points. And now our history's time-corset has absolutely come apart at the seams, because of Carbon-14 dating.

The date for the dwarf elephant cookout is only one among several that have burst the time-corset—many of them, it must be added, violently disputed. There is the Tule Springs site, with its Carbon-14 date of 23,800 years ago. There are the new Mojave Desert campfire sites, discovered by Dr. Ruth Simpson of the Museum of the Southwest in Los Angeles. Dr. Simpson says firmly that the flints in these sites are "typologically closely similar to the European Lower Paleolithic period."

There is the Sandia Cave discovery, with a date a little earlier than Tule Springs. There are the hearths of a camel-eating people (strong stomachs they must have had) that were found near Dallas, Texas, being Texas, the Humble Oil company's laboratories made those particular tests, and got a date more than 38,000 years before our era. Finally, there are the campfires and the seeming-tools found by Dr. George Carter in the middle of San Diego City, which have a date a couple of thousands years earlier still than the hearths of the camel-eaters.

THE more conservative scholars in the field are not all happy about all this. Although most of them cannot absolutely reject Sandia Cave and the hearths of the camel-eaters, they do not fully accept even these dates; and they sternly reject most of the other early dates. They cling, indeed, to the short, short American story they have always believed in. As Dr. Robert Heiser of Berkeley sadly but typically put it, "A quite new interpretation of American pre-history needs more evidence."

All the same, this reporter is against Dr. Heiser. Prometheus-Man has now invented weapons that can conceivably bring this end of our history, the H-bomb end of history as you might call it, to a loud, sudden, dead stop.

In this situation, it is oddly consoling to think that our history is constantly growing at the other end, the flint chopper end, when Man began his bold adventure on this continent.

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Communications

Sunday Ride
To the Editor: As mentioned in Sunday's Mail Tribune of the still popular chicken dinner for that day, ours were invited to was young turkey, not much larger than a big chicken, but with the usual toothsome stuffin', mashed potatoes'n gravy and other dishes endeared to American ways of life as was the following Sunday ride that the MT reported as becoming a memory in some large cities.

It is, as mentioned, so easy here to quickly leave the city environs, and we were doing a roller-coaster by the Charley Hoover lakes where fair catches of cat fish were being obtained till a breeze rippling the water stopped cat fish fishing pronto. It seemed odd that all this was just a part of flat table-land from mountain range to mountain range but for "better-grass" Hoover's imagination and extensive work.

But just eastward, we dropped into the rough land and twisting road of Antelope creek, through the two old covered bridges and on to where our host pointed out the home of old-time Yankee Creek Smith whose fog-horn voice carried a mile and a half and much more when the air was right. The general di-

Munich, Once Hitler's Shrine, Now Is Prosperous City of One Million People

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign News Editor

Munich, Germany. — (UPI) — The bricks show through where the stucco finish has fallen away from the walls of the beer hall made famous by Adolf Hitler.

The building is empty now, although over the stone archway leading to the courtyard you still can read the word "Buergerbraukeller."

The tables have been removed from the courtyard where brown-shirted youths drank beer and became enslaved to a mustached man with a heavy forelock who raved of a Hitler Germany that would live forever. The only thing standing in the courtyard now is a portable cement mixer.

A mile or so away, the sun shines brightly on the broad Ludwigstrasse. On each side are the substantial buildings of Munich University. Near the end is a fountain where students lounge and at the far end is a victory arch.

The arch commemorates the German victory over France in 1870. At the other end is the Feldherrnhalle, or "Marshals Hall." It is uncovered and at the stairway leading to the entrance two stone lions stand guard.

It was between these two lions on Nov. 9, 1923, that Hitler stood, marching toward him from the victory arch were his brown-shirted Nazi followers. That was the day of the ill-fated beer hall putsch.

For that, Hitler went to jail and wrote his book "Mein Kampf," which contained the blueprint of Nazi conquest.

Near at hand, is a huge square which became the site of a Nazi shrine. Many of Hitler's earlier followers fell there and the square became their honored grave.

All the outward signs that made the square a shrine have been removed now. Few Signs Of War
The residents of Munich wish that all signs of Hitlerism could be removed.

The Munich of 1959 shows few signs of the war that Hitler unleashed, and, 14 years ago, lost. It is a pleasant city in which the new U.S. consulate, glassed and standing on a modernistic still-like foundation, blends perfectly with the new, modernistic business architecture around it.

Last year, the birth of a son to a chimney-sweep made Munich a city of one million persons. Foreign buyers come here for textiles, gloves, optical and precision instruments.

Drummond Reports
(Walter Lippman is again traveling in Europe. Roscoe Drummond reports from Washington in his absence.)

TO BREAK THE GENEVA DEADLOCK
Washington — While our eyes are fixed on the Berlin crisis and on whether a meeting of Foreign Ministers can liquidate the Berlin danger, the real test of whether there can be productive negotiations with the Soviets on any issue will very likely come sooner at Geneva.

The issue is a three-power agreement to end nuclear-weapons testing with inspection. The stumbling block is the classical Soviet position that they must have the right to veto when, where and whether the inspectors shall be allowed to inspect.

The Geneva conference has been deadlocked for a long, fruitless weeks over the veto. The breaking point, for good or ill, seems to be at hand. The reason is that the United States and Britain have just advanced their farthest concession, their last best offer,

to provide a way to end this deadlock. BEFORE looking at the U.S.-British compromise on the veto and trying to measure its fairness, it is well to look at the broad picture as it has unfolded at Geneva and see where it fits.

Both sides have said they want to end the testing of nuclear weapons. Both sides have said they want a dependable system of inspection in order to make sure the agreement is faithfully carried out.

Both sides have agreed substantially on the scope and technical methods of inspection which would be necessary. BUT, would the inspectors be free to inspect—whenever and wherever they found evidence of an unexplained explosion?

The Soviets said no, that each nation must have the right to decide for itself whether the evidence is enough to justify investigation and to veto investigation if it chooses.

The Americans and British said yes, there must be no barrier to prevent the control commission from seeing that any suspicious explosion is investigated, for if the suspected violator can block investigation then there is no dependable guarantee against violation.

What's the deadlock at Geneva. Is there a way around it? The Soviets have argued that one reason they need a built-in veto over the control commission is that the West has a built-in majority (the U.S. and Britain vs. Russia) on the commission and thus the West could dictate all decisions automatically.

That is a fair and realistic argument and it is at this very point that the U.S. and Britain have now offered to create a control commission which will have no veto for the Soviets and no built-in majority for themselves.

The proposal is that the control commission should do its work by majority vote and should comprise seven members as follows:

Three permanent members—the U.S.S.R., Britain and the U.S.

Two additional members—one selected by each side—one by Russia, one by the U.S. and Britain.

Two neutral members mutually agreeable to both sides. Thus, while there would be no veto, there would also be U.S.-British majority without neutral backing. In other words, at least one neutral nation would have to agree that the suspicions of an unnatural explosion were adequate to justify investigation.

MOSCOW has shouted loud and long that it wants nothing so much as to end nuclear-weapons tests and that it supports "dependable inspection."

The U.S. and Britain are convinced that their present offer at Geneva is fair to Russia, fair to themselves, that anything less would be unworkable and undependable.

The next move is Moscow's. (Copyright 1959, New York Herald Tribune, Inc.)

By German standards, Munich is not considered a boom city. But it is a prosperous one which still, in the midst of growth, has been able to retain much of its tradition.

The great beer halls, each capable of holding thousands of customers, are one sign. Here the German couples come, some with their own sandwiches, and for less than a dollar can spend the evening, with all the beer they can drink.

Close to Munich is one of the largest U.S. Army Bases in Europe. There are no "Yankee go home" signs here, although

there is occasional resentment that the Americans in World War II bombed Munich. However, if an American soldier visits a Munich beer hall, he usually is advised to wear civilian clothing.

A Munich newspaper columnist wrote recently that the sight of German uniforms at an annual carnival ball annoyed him. The result was a minor controversy, but in the end the columnist seemed the winner. One reader wrote:

"We have had enough. We don't want to see any more uniforms, not only at carnival balls."

Washington Report
By WILLIAM S. WHITE

POLITICIANS NEEDED
Washington — The cherished legend that any and all large public affairs are best directed "by businessmen with business-like methods" is collapsing before our eyes.

The notion's bankruptcy is being shown in the very agency which is the largest buyer and affords the greatest opportunity for a certain managerial skill. But it is a skill quite different from that required in business, and this is where the rub comes.

This agency is the Department of Defense. In spending \$40 billion a year it dwarfs our biggest private corporations. And on its proper functioning rests the physical survival of the United States.

The second of the big businessmen to head Defense is the Eisenhower Administration, Neil McElroy, has given notice that he is unlikely to last out the Administration's own tenure. He is understood to feel that he must fairly soon return to private life unless he is to sacrifice an income to six figures for the \$25,000 pay of the Secretary of Defense.

MR. McELROY has been one of the country's great business success stories—soap and allied products, in his case. So, too, was his predecessor here, Charles E. Wilson, the former president of General Motors.

Much has been soundly said that handing the Defense post about from one corporation executive to another is a poor way to run a railroad. There is special point in this observation since this particular railroad, the Defense Department, is so immense that the body needs at least two years simply to know his way about in the labyrinths, literal and otherwise, of the Pentagon.

It seems to this observer, however, that there is an even more basic point: the Pentagon, though superficially the government department most nearly comparable to the great industrial corporations, is actually the department most clearly illustrating why businessman methods will not work in most governmental affairs.

The great trouble, in a word, is not simply a too-rapid turnover in the business heads of Defense. It is that these are not the right heads in the first place.

THE relationship between running the Pentagon and running an industrial concern is more apparent than real. The fundamental problems of industry are produc-

tion and sales. The proper method is prudence for ultimate profit. The fundamental problems of the Defense Department are the uses of production. These uses are not and cannot be prudent; indeed they are essentially imprudent—that is, daring and full of costly innovations.

What are required are unavoidably wasteful and consciously competitive and overlapping production systems, the ultimate goal of which is not profit or even order as such, but simply military strength.

By law we cannot, and we should not, have a Secretary of Defense who is a professional man. All the same, the Secretary of Defense must have at bottom the same single overmastering concern of any field commander: to have plenty of weapons to shoot them in the most efficient, but not necessarily the least costly and most prudent, way.

It is at this vital point that no typical big businessman, however honorable and able in his own field, can ever quite humanly mesh as Secretary of Defense with the military professionals. And it is their fighting and command skills that in the end are the truly vital factors in national security. Business is one thing and a good thing. Security is quite another thing. It is not useful to attempt to compare a pear and a porcupine.

FOR while "the brass" have the highest respect, in theory, for private enterprise, they are like all professionals everywhere. It is the art that comes first—and last, too—and in this case it is the art of war. Not even the most sound of normally business-like considerations must get into the way of this.

The real job of a Secretary of Defense, in short, is this: (1) To get the services the country really needs, or resign in the attempt. (2) To crack down on them constantly when they try to intrude beyond their own professional sphere. (3) But to stay out of their way on matters of strategy and tactics and the employment of weapons, which these professionals have devoted lifetime careers to learning.

It is a job not for a businessman but for a master politician. A politician who can lead and persuade; keep a hard grip upon policy but a very relaxed grip upon operations. Good politicians are no more and no less noble than businessmen. It just happens that they don't care much about money but are endlessly interested in power and policy. This is the kind of drive that is needed at the civilian top in the Pentagon. (Copyright, 1959, by United Feature Syndicate, Inc.)

Counsel With . . .

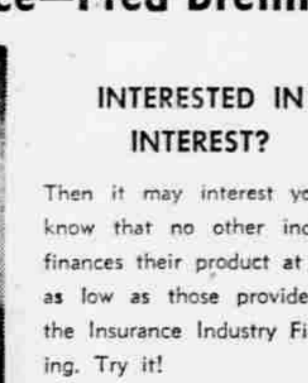
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