

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.

10 YEARS AGO
June 9, 1949 (Thursday)
The newly-appointed Medford district O and C forest board held its first meeting.

20 YEARS AGO
June 9, 1939 (Friday)
Rogue River National forest headquarters reports a large gain in recreational use of local forest areas.

30 YEARS AGO
June 9, 1929 (Sunday)
Medford buds win first prize in the Portland Rose show.

40 YEARS AGO
June 9, 1919 (Monday)
A Boy Scout membership drive is under way here.

50 YEARS AGO
June 9, 1909 (Wednesday)
U.S. postal authorities give Medford the highest praise in their report on whether this city should get free carrier service.

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

1. By what name is Polaris better known?
2. In American political history, who founded the "Bull Moose" party?

3. Is it illegal for a businessman to hire an agent in Washington to negotiate a Government contract?
4. Who was master of the Bonhomme Richard?
5. The Aztecs cultivated tomatoes and used them for food; true or false?
6. What is the State flower of Mississippi?
7. Is Canada larger, or smaller, in area than Continental U. S.?
8. What is Herbert C. Hoover's middle name?

9. In what city is the annual Continental Congress of the American Revolution held?
10. Is it possible for two full moons to occur in the month of February?

Answers: 1. North Star. 2. Theodore Roosevelt. 3. No. 4. John Paul Jones. 5. True. 6. Magnolia. 7. Linzer. 8. Clark. 9. Washington, D.C. 10. No.

Hiroshima, Japan (UPI)—Six persons were reported in serious condition today as a result of injuries received in a powder magazine explosion which injured 97 persons Monday night. Authorities were investigating the cause of the blast.

Any Number Can Play

We are duly grateful to those alert and public-spirited citizens of the American south who have pointed out the dangers inherent in some books and stories.

If they hadn't mentioned it, we'd have gone to our grave thinking that "The Three Little Pigs" is nothing but a charming fable, and that "The Rabbits' Wedding" was only a children's story. Now that we're alerted to the fact that they are, in fact, insidious propaganda for the mongrelization of the race, we can keep our eye out sharply for such dangerous items.

THE field of song-writing immediately suggests itself. In this new mood of ours, we find that "The Red Red Robin Goes Bob Bob Bobbin' Along" is a thinly-disguised Communist tract, designed to indoctrinate the younger generation as to the invincibility of the Marxist dogmas.

"Little Red Riding Hood" is equally obvious—the innocent Red satellite saved from the big, bad capitalistic wolf in the nick of time by the heroic peoples wood-cutter, who is, of course, the representation of the Soviets.

NOW that our suspicions have been aroused, by Golly, it becomes evident we have been blind too long, and that in actuality the list of subtle propagandistic songs and stories is long indeed.

What about the "White Cliffs of Dover"? Isn't that a pro-segregationist song, masquerading as a wartime tribute to Anglo-Saxon Great Britain?

"Red Sails in the Sunset"—what is that but a veiled warning from the Chinese Communists?

AND in another song we vaguely remember, the words go, "The leaves of brown came tumbling down..." Aha! There's a warning for the colored races, all right. Disguised, of course, but still blatant when one once finds the key.

At our earliest opportunity we shall report these and a list of others to the FBI. Now that you know the game, help yourself. Why not start with "Black Beauty," "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," "The Red Badge of Courage," "Boston Blackie," and "The Scarlet Letter," and go on from there? Any number can play.—E.A.

Make Way for Horses

With the Jackson county 4-H wagon trek now under way, with the "On To Oregon" cavalcade moving toward this state, with the Pony Express riders galloping along our highways occasionally, and with the increased number of parades and rodeos this Centennial summer, it might be appropriate to remind drivers that horses have the right of way on Oregon highways.

Not only our own drivers — it might even be a good idea, both from the viewpoint of safety and of Centennial publicity, for the highway commission to post signs informing tourists of this fact at Oregon's border.

Such signs might prevent a tragedy, or at least confusion, as well as pointing out that Oregon is a horsey state this summer, 100 years past the time that horses were the chief means of transportation and communication.—E.A.

Respected Publication

The Oregon Historical Quarterly is a serious publication, dedicated to highlighting and reporting facts of historical interest about Oregon.

It is also one of the best of the state historical publications. And it is this year celebrating its 60th anniversary of publication.

To its staff, headed by Editor Thomas Vaughan, who is also director of the Oregon Historical Society, our congratulations.

THE magazine probably will never become a best-seller, for not everyone cares much about history, and even many that do will find the Quarterly a bit too specialized for their interests and tastes.

But it is a "must" for the reader who is serious in his interest in Oregon history. More than that, it is both a forum and authority on matters in dispute.

It also, on occasions, has been a jumping off place for works of a more popular and widespread nature. For instance, Lewis A. McArthur's justly-noted book, "Oregon Geographic Names," grew out of a series of articles in the Quarterly.

AN article in Sunday's Oregonian told a bit about the magazine. It concluded this way: "Attorneys consult it for information on land holdings. A number of Indians have proved their rights to substantial amounts of federal funds with data from the Quarterly. Students and club-women — in addition to authors — consult it frequently for research material."

"Somehow," says Vaughan, "everyone uses this magazine. Until they need it, they never heard of it. But when they need it, they need it badly." —E.A.

Why?

Can anyone tell us the reason why a person would deliberately want to break off any of Medford's attractive new street trees?

Such sheer and stupid vandalism is a disgrace to the community — just as the fact that the trees were obtained is a credit. We hope whoever is responsible gets caught, and pays the \$50 fine for such destructiveness.—E.A.

Dennis the Menace



"HOW DID CURIOSITY KILL THE CAT? AND WHICH CAT WAS IT? AND WHO'S CURIOSITY?"

Matter of Fact

By Joseph Alsop

THE BANNER-BEARERS
Warsaw—The dusty roads traveled by political reporters do not often lead to painters' studios, to

to experimental theaters, or to long evenings with serious philosophers. But in this strange city, the life of the mind is an exhilarating, even an irritable spectacle. Maybe it was self-indulgent, but I have almost all my time here happily exploring the life of the mind in the new Poland. Maybe it is presumptuous in a dust-begrimed political reporter; but I should also like to sketch an idea that this experience has suggested.

It is an idea intended to answer certain nagging questions. What is it that sets apart the artists and intellectuals of the new Poland from the Western intellectuals and artists to whom they so largely look for inspiration? Why are these Poles somehow more exhilarated and therefore vastly more exhilarating? Why in Poland does one not scent the smell of Alexandrian decay that hangs over so much of the artistic and intellectual life of the West?

IN sum, Polish artists and intellectuals, though astonishingly free, are still less free than their Western comrades; and their material rewards are poorer too. Why then should they be more exhilarated and exhilarating? Why should they seem, in a curious way, more serious and more successful?

The answer lies, I think, in the simple fact that unconsciously or consciously, all these men and women are moved by a deep sense of historic missions. That is what they have, which their Western comrades do not have. Their sense of mission is justified, moreover. These men and women who live the almost-free life of the mind in Poland are playing a great role.

The young painter finishing his abstract picture, the youthful philosopher finding his way through the labyrinth of Wittgenstein, the poet writing as he feels with no didactic purpose, may or may not be doing work that will be remembered forever. But whether his work is good or bad (and some I saw seemed to me very good indeed), it is always an assertion of the free life of the mind. And in Poland this assertion has a value that is lacking in the West.

IT IS this, of course, which makes one feel about these people as one feels about an army with banners. They are human. They are not united except by their hatred of Stalinism. For where will you find intellectuals and artists undivided by cliques and jealousies? Some may be geniuses but some are certainly fakers. For when and in what country has the creative life lacked its share of fakers? Yet all are banner-bearers, all the same.

Whether they are resigned or convinced, none of these men and women seriously expect a change or regime in Poland. They bear their banners, they assert the mind's free life, not to change the regime, but to keep the re-

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Adenauer, When Chips Are Down, Just Couldn't Bring Himself To Quit Post

By PHIL NEWSOM
UPI Foreign News Editor

It looks like when the chips were down, the "old man" just couldn't bring himself to do it. West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, who observed his 83rd birthday on Jan. 5, just couldn't give up the power he has wielded throughout the entire 10 years of the West German Republic's existence.

In April he surprised both the free and Communist world with the announcement that he had agreed to run for the figurehead post of West German President. It was just as much a surprise to West Germans of the world, had become used to the idea that he never would retire voluntarily. Some of the bolder voices within

his own party had urged that he step aside so that a successor could be groomed, and the danger eliminated that West Germany might be left rudderless in the event of his sudden death.

At times he has seemed to agree with the idea. Once, it appeared he was preparing his former minister, Heinrich von Brentano for the job. When he announced his decision to run for the presidency in April, the bets were on Vice-Chancellor Ludwig Erhard to succeed him.

Erhard is popular within the Christian Democratic Party and as economic minister is credited with being the mastermind behind West Germany's "miracle" economic recovery. Adenauer, meanwhile, retired to a vacation retreat in northern Italy. But even there the teletypes were clattering away and the telephones were ringing as Adenauer directed from long distance West Germany's preparations for the

foreign ministers conference at Geneva.

The "old man" was far from retired. Made Choice Known

Then it became known that his own choice as the man to take over his job was Finance Minister Franz Etzel, a virtual unknown in Germany.

It also became apparent that Adenauer's conception of the presidency was far different from the job as it was administered under incumbent Theodor Heuss. He intended to hold on to the reins.

There is a bitterly humorous saying in Germany. It is that the only two people who really do not want Germany reunified are Adenauer and Communist East Germany's President Wilhelm Pieck.

The reasoning is that under reunification both would lose their jobs.

The Christian Democrats predominantly are Roman Catholic.

While the political parties are not necessarily divided along religious lines, the ma-

majority of West Germany Socialists are Protestant.

Protestants also are in the majority in East Germany. A union of east and west German Socialists almost certainly would remove Adenauer's party from power.

Economic Drag
For the record, Adenauer demands reunification now. How ardently he wants it right now is another question. In the event of reunification, the poor eastern zone could only be an economic drag on the prosperous west. Further, it would reopen the question of the eastern provinces beyond the Oder-Neisse now held by Poland.

Privately, many West Germans do not want either circumstance right now.

But regardless of the inner workings of German politics, of two things there can be no doubt. One is Adenauer's deep hatred for Communism. The other is the undeniable fact that West Germany is created in Adenauer's own image and he is its symbol.

More Plywood Firms Announce Cutback Plans

Portland (UPI)—Two more plywood firms announced production cutbacks Monday.

U. S. Plywood Corporation, which has four Douglas fir plywood plants in Oregon, and Carolina-Pacific Plycompany, with four plants on the West Coast, said they would curtail production.

U. S. Plywood operates plants at Eugene, Roseburg, Willamina and Mapleton. A spokesman for the firm said that effective this week the firm would operate on basis of 85 per cent of capacity.

G. P. Plant To Close
Carolina-Pacific said its plywood plant near Medford, at White City, would cease operations between June 19 and June 29 and that its plywood plant operated by a subsidiary, Custom Plywood, at Grants Pass, would be closed from June 26 to July 6.

The latter firm also said a plywood plant at Salyer, Calif., would close from June 12 to June 22 and a veneer plant at Happy Camp, Calif., would be closed while alterations were under way.

Both firms said the cutbacks were ordered to correct the balance between production and demand.

Four other major plywood firms announced cutbacks last week.

Wagons Head for Barren Country

Casper, Wyo. (UPI)—The seven Oregon Centennial wagons camped in sagebrush country under a Wyoming prairie moon Monday night and today pulled up stakes and headed due west farther into barren Central Wyoming.

The caravan hopes to reach the remote Teton Sanford ranch late today, about 100 miles west of here. The covered wagons left Casper Monday laden with supplies for the desert trip.

Wagonmaster Tex Serpa reported sorrow in the camp when it was learned that the cavalcade's mascot, a one-month-old raccoon given to the 59ers at Guernsey, Wyo., was missing and the wagons had to push on without the animal.

The baby raccoon disappeared while the wagons were camped at Fort Casper. It had been put in the special care of Val Johnson, Portland, and Roy Brabham, Eugene — who fed it a canned milk-syrup formula with a baby bottle — but had been adopted by the entire train.

Here's a thought: Maybe we can accomplish what Senator Neuberger suggests by PINCHING SOME PENNIES — pennies that are being wasted.

For example: There is the palatial new senate office building on Capitol Hill. It was originally supposed to cost about 20 million dollars. Its final cost will be closer to 30 million dollars.

Why? Well, from all we can read in the papers, the job seems to have been VERY fuzzily planned. The floors, it is said, were of a special rubber tiling. After the building was occupied, it was discovered that they were very noisy. The click of the secretaries' heels and the rattle of the electric typewriters made such a clatter that the senators couldn't think.

So— It was proposed to lay carpets over the tile. But that would cost \$150,000 extra. And... the carpets would have been so THICK that it would have been necessary to cut off two inches from the bottom of the costly oak doors so they would open. That would cost more money.

gime what it is today. And in this sense, even the most hermetic Polish artist or intellectual is not "alienated from the masses."

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Ambassadors' Entertainment Allowances Said Insufficient

By FRANK ELEAZER
Washington (UPI)—A Senate appropriations subcommittee was pondering our diplomatic budget, and what the senators seemed to be saying was that Uncle Sam hasn't been springing for his share of the drinks.

Naturally, I stuck around to hear more. That's what they were saying all right. And they said one result is that in many places like Paris, London and Rome either our ambassador, or his wife, has got to be rich.

It developed that a lot of misinformed people, like the House members and newspaper reporters, have got the whole thing backwards. They have been picturing statesmen over the world—including our own—as forever setting each other up to martinis, and sticking the folks back home for the tab.

That's why the House is always so tight with the money when the State department comes up each spring for its "representation" allowance. House members call this whiskey money, and they wonder aloud whether considerable of it isn't used to soothe the nerves of our own diplomats.

In the first place, said subcommittee chairman Lyndon B. Johnson (D-Tex.), the money doesn't all go to buy drinks. In fact, he said most of it goes for food, entertainment, and soft drinks.

His own experience at U.S. diplomatic affairs, Johnson said, is that you may get a little weenie sausage down at the end of the table, provided you get there early enough. And he said chances are the ambassador himself paid for that.

"That is true," said the State department man. "Whiskey is a minor item in the representation allowance."

Johnson asked how much our ambassador to Great Britain can draw from our taxpayers toward the cost of his diplomatic soirees, and how this compares with the allowance which the British give their ambassador here.

British "Prestige" Money
The witness couldn't say for sure about the British ambassador, except that he gets \$100,000 a year for entertainment and other matters of "prestige," like pretty clothes for his wife. He said our man in London gets \$5,000 a year, not enough to cover the annual 4th of July party.

"In a year," the witness said, "he spends at least five times what we allow him."

"In other words," said Sen. J. William Fulbright (D-Ark.) "you exclude from our top embassy posts any man who doesn't have money of his own, or who hasn't married a rich wife."

The agency asked Congress for \$850,000 for its entertainment costs next year all over the world. The House cut this to \$225,000. And the fact is, the witness said, what our diplomats urgently need is more than \$1,000,000.

He added: "Can we dare to pinch pennies in the face of a challenge like that?"

He was joined in his proposal by Sen. Lister Hill of Alabama, chairman of the subcommittee, who pointed out that cancer has robbed the United States senate of some of its greatest leaders, including Senator Taft of Ohio, Senator Vandenberg of Michigan and many other distinguished and patriotic leaders.

I'm all for Senator Neuberger's proposal. I think it would be WONDERFUL. But I think it ought to be paid for by PINCHING PENNIES — the pennies that are wasted. In the fantastic, sprawling structure that we call our federal government there are plenty of wasted pennies to be pinched.

Here's what I'm getting at: Things like these mean WASTED pennies. In comparison with all the FABULOUS waste that goes on in our federal government, they are no more than pennies — although to us taxpayers out here in the brush they look like real money. Senator Byrd's been telling us for years that our whole federal government is shot through with waste like this — waste that could be avoided by the simple practice by our federal government of the kind of practice in our OWN private affairs.

For example: There is the palatial new senate office building on Capitol Hill. It was originally supposed to cost about 20 million dollars. Its final cost will be closer to 30 million dollars.

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Try and Stop Me

By BENNETT CERF

A BALTIMORE supply house sent a salesman to bag an order from a hot prospect in Denver, telling him he could run up an expense account "within reason." Here's the tab he turned in:

Plane fare: \$200.
Taxis, etc.: \$30.
Hotel room and food: \$110.
Man is not made of wood: \$50.

One of the news weeklies no likee Elvis Presley. His newest recording they dismissed as a "loss leader," and added that he seems to be "living off the fat of teen-agers' heads." Elvis himself is probably too busy counting his money even to bother retaliating.

Authorities have been attempting a clean-up job on one of a big city's toughest neighborhoods, and a hopeful storekeeper there notes, "Our block is now so respectable that if you cut somebody's throat, eyebrows are raised."

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