



GRABBING OAR AND JABBING killer whale in eye, H. W. Van Buren, 50, of Petaluma, Cal., saves self and fellow fisherman when whale clamped its jaws on craft's rail and keel, ripping two holes in boat while pair were fishing 30 miles north of San Francisco. Pillow stuffed in hole, fishermen rowed to island. (International)

A Nichols' Worth of— Comment On This and That

BY HARMAN W. NICHOLS
United Press Feature Writer

Washington (U.P.)—You pen a letter to mom and post it and what is the cost? Paper, practically nothing, ink the same, and stamp three cents.

But say you are a wheel in business or the government, and brother, the cost runs up to about a dollar a letter.

I got my information from John M. Breen, educational director for the correspondence improvement division of the Kemper Insurance Group.

"In 1950," Breen said, the cost per letter was about 85 cents. Last October, the price went up to 96 cents. As of this writing, it is 100.3 cents."

The figures, according to Breen, were gathered in a survey and are based on "efficient letter operations."

Machines Involved

These involve the use of dictating machines in typical big business offices, that send out a combined total of 70,000 letters a month.

Of course, if you are a small firm, the cost would be considerably less.

But for the big operator, the cost breaks down like this:

Salary of the person dictating, 25.3 cents.

Cost of the paper, envelopes, and printing, 6.3 cents.

Machines use repairs, replacement, new machines, 4.2 cents.

Rent and overhead, which takes in a lot of territory, 4.1 cents.

Employee benefits like group accident, health, and life programs, including girdles ripped

on wooden chairs, 1.5 cents.

Typist Gets More

Salary of typist for transcribing, 40.5 cents. And I wish you would note that she gets more than the dictator, or perhaps it takes her longer to transcribe it than it does the man to dictate.

Stamps and cost of mailing, 6 cents.

Miscellaneous, including about 20 different items, 12.4 cents.

The folks who made the survey had so many files on the miscellaneous they could not break it down by the item.

But anyhow, it all adds up to 100.3 cents.

Eight Minutes Common

How long does it take a big shot to dictate a letter?

"Sometimes a couple of minutes, sometimes a lot more," Breen said. "But commonly you could say about eight minutes."

The average time of transcribing the typing from the dictating machine disc is about 13 minutes."

A lot of that depends on the hemming and hawing of the person who is dictating and the speed of the secretary as she takes it off the record player.

Records Cheaper

The record playing-back deal is cheaper, of course. If a secretary has to use shorthand, you have to consider something else. It is going to duplicate her effort to have to transcribe the letter onto paper, and maybe have to do it over if she misspells a word.

The people who made the survey have a few little tips on writing letters. If the man you want to write to is in the same town—pick up the phone. Or hand-write him. And if you must write, don't "gozzle."

A "gozler" is a person who turns fires into "conflagrations" and makes "soon" read "at an early date."



Back Yonder

The axmen of the old days in the Lake States went up the tote roads in the autumn. In virgin woods the boss picked a site for a camp, the ground was cleared, and log bunk and cook shanties, a stable and a feed shed were thrown up. While the camp was in the making the boss blazed the skid trails. A main road for the sleigh-haul was marked first, usually along a creek which would provide the water for an ice bottom in winter. It ran from the projected loading skidway in the woods to the banking ground on the river. From the skidway, trails led to all corners of the woods.

The camp up, the roads and trails were cleared, and the crew began to get out the logs. In the early days felling was done by the axe alone. Brawny choppers faced off in pairs, with a kingly pine between. Rivalry ruled. The first to cut into heartwood was the king-jack of a chopping team. Along the trails the pines fell with a crashing thunder. Bull-whackers with oxen or teamsters with horses snaked the logs to the skidways, or hauled them on travois sleds.

Sleigh Logging . . .

At the skidway another teamster, his horses hitched to block and chain, and cant-hook men piled the logs. There the pine logs waited for the snows. With the first heavy storm and freeze of winter, the main road was iced, and the sleigh haul was on.

The sleighs were ponderous bobs, with bunks nine feet wide.

Screwball Escapades at Oregon State Penitentiary Reviewed

By WILLIAM WARREN
United Press Correspondent

Salem, Ore.—(U.P.)—Screwball comings and goings at the State Penitentiary.

A woman prisoner calls a cab and escapes.

Dimes are counterfeited at the hog slaughter house at the Prison Farm annex, smuggled out and passed—all for a total possible sum of—five dollars.

A guard smuggles in a gun, ammunition and dynamite so three men in the bull pen can break out—on their promise to stage a benefit holdup for him.

A couple of convicts hide in a laundry truck hamper destined for Portland.

Taxicab Caper Relished

Those who collect queer happenings the way some connoisseurs collect old wine and young women relish particularly the taxicab caper.

A woman prisoner working as a practical nurse in the deputy warden's home outside the walls but within the spacious grounds, called a cab one night, strolled nonchalantly down through the gate, caught the cab at a street corner near the prison and had the driver take her to Portland. She paid for the trip with money she had stolen from the purse of the deputy warden's wife. In Portland, state police believe, she met a chap who had been paroled from the prison only two days before and last rumored of, they were bound out of Seattle apparently for Canada.

State police picked up the common law wife of a convict and found half a Bull Durham sack full of counterfeit dimes. They said she admitted passing some of them in Salem stores.

State police said her convict companion admitted smuggling the tobacco sack full of phonies to her. He had found them on Hog Hill. State police theorized—with the aid of some witnesses—that an old timer who had served before for counterfeiting but who was doing a stretch in Oregon for another crime, had made the phony dimes out of babbitt in the slaughter house boiler room. He denied the charge, and the federal grand jury in Portland did not return a true bill against any of the three. But state police do know that some of the phony dimes were passed around inside the prison walls, where they were used for gambling purposes and for buying an occasional pack of contraband cigarettes. All money is contraband within the walls, so the boys were just playing with a reasonable facsimile of the real stuff. It is believed that whoever made the phonies did so with that sole purpose in mind—of using them instead of real dimes or poker chips—just intramural, you might say; within the walls. Apparently the

the river drives. The "big wheel" succeeded the travois sled and rivaled the sleigh, making summer logging, and civilization entered the camps. But the sleigh haul and the river drive remained the romance of the woods.

These are all recent screwball



CUTTING COSTS—Secy. of the Army Frank Pace Jr. (left) is escorted through mock battle area at Fort Hood, Tex., by Maj. Gen. R. B. Woodruff. The maneuvers are the largest in history. The cost has been trimmed from original estimate of \$9,000,000 to \$5,300,000. Another million is hoped to be cut from the cost before the operation is concluded April 11.

sack full of phonies was forgotten by the maker and were later found by another trusty who passed them on to his unlicensed spouse.

Hide in Hamper

A couple of convicts hid themselves in a hamper aboard a truck load of prison-laundries linen bound for the state tuberculosis hospital in Portland and got outside the walls into the prison garage. There the truck was to be driven to Portland at midnight. But guards missed the two, made a check and found them. But it was an intriguing try—attempts to make a clean getaway in a load of laundry.

A guard got behind in his fiscal affairs and made a long-chance attempt to some quick cash by smuggling a gun, a few rounds of ammunition and some dynamite inside the prison. The explosive contraband was hidden in a cell. Prison authorities discovered it before it could be smuggled to the three men in the bull pen who were going to make the escape try. It is surmised they planned to use the dynamite to blast the rail gate through which freight cars pass in and out of the prison. The gun was to stage that benefit holdup. The guard is still working within the walls—but without pay and in prison garb for his part in the escape plot.

These are all recent screwball

Monday, March 31, 1952

MEDFORD (OREGON) MAIL TRIBUNE—THREE

Iroquois Still Practice Sacrifice

Washington (U.P.)—Sacrifices in the last half of the seventeenth century. Since that time, the Iroquois nation despite the inroads of the white man's society.

The principal act of faith still practiced by the Iroquois is the feast of the dead. The ritual is based on the belief that members of the tribe have two souls—one that enters the spirit land, leaving behind all concern with affairs of the world, and the other that remains earthbound, circulating among the living.

It is to this second soul or "ghost" that sacrifices of burned offerings, food, music and dances are made, says the Smithsonian Institution. Any illness, real or imaginary, called "ghost disease" is attributed to some dissatisfied ghost and good cause for the various "feasts." The general features of the ritual for any cause are essentially the same.

This great and elaborate ceremonial was witnessed chiefly by French explorers and mission-

aries in the last half of the seventeenth century. Since that time, the Iroquois nation despite the inroads of the white man's society.

GOT MORE THAN COFFEE

Syracuse, N. Y.—(U.P.)—He was only "in search of a cuppa coffee," pleaded Frank S. Ilacqua, 41, when police nabbed him in a diner after closing hours. Skeptical detectives charged Ilacqua with burglary when they found on him: Two wrenches, two screwdrivers, one hammer, \$1.08 from the cash register and 18 nickels from a pinball machine.

NOT FOR GARDEN USE

Corinth, Miss.—(U.P.)—One mistake cost Mrs. G. B. Voyles' children their vegetable garden. They used cement instead of fertilizer.

Lamps Proposed To Dry Playing Fields

Cleveland, O.—(U.P.)—Heat lamps, long a standby in sports dressing rooms for lame athletes, are moving out into the playing field.

At least Robert T. Dorsey, sports lighting expert for Westinghouse, believes it is possible. Dorsey contends that if infrared lamps are used to dry off wet playing fields, a great many games would not have to be postponed.

The technique of drying playing fields by infra-red lamps has been used at least once and Dorsey considers it a success. That was last November before the game between the University of California and Stanford.

In addition to drying off soggy gridirons and baseball diamonds and helping heal aches and sprains, Dorsey suggests that infrared lamps also be used to keep players warm on the bench.

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