

Today's Round

By MALCOLM EPLEY
If anything is to be gained from the disastrous and tragic fire of Sunday, it must be the lesson it teaches in the horrors of fire and the precautions that can and must be taken against it.

Nothing that has happened here within our personal experience so dramatizes that lesson. The impact on the public mind thus produced is of the major value that can be salvaged from a fire whose cost in lives and physical damage rates it as one of the worst—and in some aspects the worst—in local history.



We are reminded of a series of automobile accidents a dozen or so years ago that took six lives within the space of a week. The effect on the public consciousness was terrific. For a long time after that, serious automobile accidents in the area showed a decline. But after while the lesson was forgotten; carelessness and negligence among drivers again became prevalent, and the death rate from automobile accidents again rose.

Will that pattern be repeated in this situation? Let us see that it is not.

Responsibility

The lesson involved concerns individual and public responsibility. We know now from what we have seen—not just from fire prevention literature, speeches, and editorial preaching—that a frightful holocaust can spring from one tiny spark.

Fire Chief Keith Ambrose and his department, the national safety council, and such agencies as the fire underwriters associations, have campaigned over the years for precautionary measures against fire on private premises. The story of the ashes in wooden or fibre-board containers—which may have been the source of the Evans building fire—has been told and re-told. Rubbish accumulations, defective heating equipment, and so on, have brought many warnings. Yet around our homes we grow careless and negligent, and permit exactly such dangerous conditions to develop. We know now what to do, about that.

That is personal responsibility. In the bigger picture, we need to look critically at our fire department, its equipment and manpower, and to determine whether we are living up to our responsibilities in supporting the agency which must be depended upon in emergency.

There is constant pressure against annoying regulations in building construction, and so on, that are set up in the name of fire prevention. We know now that those regulations are justified; that the exceptions that are demanded are dangerous.

Let Us Not Forget

It is not necessary to go on. The lesson is clear today; the important thing is that we do not forget; that we assume and maintain a new determination never again to permit the occurrence of such a tragedy as struck here on the cold Sunday morning of February 16, 1947.

Much can and will be said about heroism, resourcefulness, and worthy effort that were demonstrated in Sunday's emergency. Those things are all on the credit side—but let's see to it that they are not again necessary.

Telling The Editor

Letters printed here must not be more than 300 words in length, must be written legibly on ONE SIDE of the paper only, and must be signed. Contributions following these rules are warmly welcomed.

KLAMATH FALLS, Ore. (To the Editor)—Since the livestock interests are so vitally interested in livestock business and the Taylor grazing act in this matter, it occurred to me that you would be willing to publish this:

In the 11 western states, not including Texas, there were 24,631,000 sheep January 1, 1934, and 18,053,000 January 1, 1946, or a decline of 6,578,000 head, same being a decrease of some 27 per cent. In our Oregon sheep declined 57 per cent, and horses and mules suffered about the same decrease.

In all the other states of the union, including Texas, there were 23,613,000 sheep January 1, 1934, and 26,188,000 January 1, 1946, or an increase of 2,575,000 head, or some 11 per cent increase. You will see, therefore, that during the time the Taylor grazing act has been in operation the number of sheep in the 11 western states decreased 6,578,000 head or 27 per cent, whereas during the same period in all the other states, including Texas, they increased 11 per cent. The

NEW YORK, Feb. 15 (AP)—The champion all-America woman of today is the kitten at the typewriter keys—the stenographer. She is the keystone of American business and also American culture.

Taken individually and as a class, she is the go-gettingest female since Cleopatra won her man and lost her empire. She is the twentieth century descendant of Horatio Alger's poor but proud bootblack—but this little lady gets ahead by pluck, not luck. She can't save the banker's daughter from a runaway horse. The horses all run on tracks now.

An ordinary stenographer gets about \$40 a week in Manhattan. She's in the same wage bracket as a street cleaner. A smart girl gets herself classified as a private secretary, and that boosts her to \$60 or more.

The biggest mystery of money is how she manages to stretch it so far. Most stenographers fight their way home on subway or bus, stopping off at the grocer's for the things they need for their evening meal. They usually cook it themselves.

Full Day For Anyone

THAT would be a full day for an average person. But the stenographer whips around tidying up the place before she steps out for the evening.

As often as not it is to a concert, play or lecture as to a movie or dance. And before she hits the sack that night she has to do her personal laundry.

As a class she displays a great yearning for improvement. She joins book clubs, takes lessons in personal charm schools, learns to ski in winter and takes boat cruises in summer. And somehow or other she has enough socked away to make a down payment on a fur coat.

How do they do it? Some housewives get clothes-lippy after marriage. The stenographer keeps trim and chic always. She is much neater and better-dressed than her feminine counterpart in France, supposedly the home of style. In America it takes a wise man to tell any difference between a stenographer and society deb on the street. The stenographer has better manners.

Unheralded Diplomats

STENOGRAPHERS and secretaries are also the unheralded diplomats of business. They take a lot of guff, but they keep down the personal frictions between their bosses and the rest of the world.

If the boss sometimes marries his stenographer, it likely isn't because she has been working overtime sitting on his lap. He has just got around to seeing the advantages of having a wife, mother, nurse and smart business partner rolled into one highly personable bundle. And, of course, he won't have to pay her a salary anymore.

What would happen if every stenographer in America took to her bed and decided to stay home one month? Trade would become chaos. The cosmetics industry, lunch store counters, lecture bureaus, travel agencies, and the entertainment world—all would be swimming in red ink.

No bills would go out—is that bad?—because there would be no one to "take a letter."

That's how dependent the modern world is on the young lady whom the boss often tosses off with the light phrase: "My girl will take care of that."

Your girl? She hates that term "my girl," because she makes her own place, and knows it.

of a wise public policy which certainly we should have learned during the late war when we were cut off from so many materials that were vital in war time.

The U. S. grazing service has been in such bad odor and ill repute that it has, following the new deal strategy, reorganized under the name of the Bureau of Land Management. The leopard, however, cannot change its spots by reorganization a la new deal.

It is respectfully submitted that the Taylor grazing act should be repealed and its memory blotted from our federal statutes. Yours very truly, J. H. CARNAHAN, 406 N. 8th St.

Dog Center Of Theft Mystery

PORTLAND, Feb. 17 (AP)—Maybe it's an educated dog, but police today were thinking of adding a dog-catcher to the anti-crime squad.

Donna Hartman, 13, reported she was bicycling to a grocery store with an envelope containing two \$10 bills. A dog rushed from the curb, barking ferociously, and Donna dropped the envelope. The dog quickly grabbed the envelope, carried it a short distance and dropped it. When Donna retrieved the envelope—the money was gone.



"Now that I've graduated from my night school home management course, I'll expect a salary."

STATIC

By KELLY ROBERTS
As some of you know, we also write (?) the radio's local newscasts, but today we have to bow our heads in shame. Comes the year's biggest local news story—the Evans apartment house fire, only the radio to carry the news, and where are we? Safely at home tucked in bed. Yes, I'm happy to say, however, that our managing editor, Mac Epley; our city editor, Lois Stewart, and our staff lensman, Wes Guderian, were all on the job from within 20 minutes after the fire broke out to the very end.

No little credit also belongs to Chuck Cecil, KFLW's Stardust Melodier, who was the first to receive the call and sound the alarm to the others of the staff. While Lois and Mac were out gathering the news Chuck was at the mike reporting it as it came in. Audrey Honzel, the heart's delight of the front office, was called into extra duty, also, and stuck to the job of relaying and answering all incoming phone calls during the day.

And where were we? Home. At least we succeeded in getting our floor scrubbed and our clothes laundered. Just as we were sitting down about twelve o'clock to enjoy breakfast, having just set the coffee pot on the stove and started frying our eggs, we turned on the radio, borrowed from the editorial room and owned by Wes Guderian, and heard Mac and Lois presenting their story of the fire.

Needless to say, we arrived at the fire about 12:30. Just six and a half hours late. I'll have to admit, with a sheepish sort of smile, that the radio station has never received better coverage on any news event than that given, not by the radio news staff, but by the Herald and News editorial staff.

Anyway, it was a good sleep while it lasted. We only wonder if our eggs ever got done after we dashed from the house.

The new army orchestra on Saturday nights isn't too awfully bad, as small combos go, but we wonder where the drummer learned to beat out sync rhythm. In sidewalk revival mebbe?

The best looking couple on the dance floor the other night were a couple about sixty years old. So take your rhumba, or your samba, or your conga, or even your jitterbugging, they still danced a darned nice waltz or glide.

All the prospective imitators. Classified Ads Bring Results.

The World Today

By J. M. ROBERTS JR. AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

A number of people have asked recently why I don't write about the problem of Palestine. I have replied that I don't know enough about it, that a brief column is insufficient even to outline the high points of the problem fairly.

Not being a Jew, never having been in a Nazi internment camp, not the victim of a Polish pogrom, I cannot presume to even try to place myself in the position of one whose eye is on the promised land, or one who yearns for actual physical safety. I know I cannot feel as does the man in Palestine whose aged mother, father, brothers and sisters in Europe may still live in a community to which their deaths would mean little more than the deaths of ants, might even be welcomed or encouraged.

Not being a Moslem Arab, I cannot know his feeling of encroachment, his desert pride, his antipathy toward imperialist power, his fear of being dominated by a smaller but more cohesive group than his own.

Not being a British officer, I cannot know precisely what Palestine means to Britain's safety, although I know it is a watchtower over the middle eastern oil so essential for her fleet, and over the great artery of the Suez. I cannot know positively that British traditions, that British pride, do not play more of a role in the Palestine trouble than is admitted on the surface.

National State Problem I don't know whether a Jewish national state should be formed in a world where national states now stand as probably the greatest barriers against solution of its general problems. I don't know whether there is any possibility of reconciling Jew and Arab political interests in one country, any more than it has been proved possible for the Moslem and the Hindu in India.

All I know is that Palestine has become a battleground for the Jew, the Arab and the Briton, representing three of the world's most tenacious peoples.

I know that man's deepest emotion—his religious beliefs, his possessiveness, his pride, his fear—are involved. The British have announced their intention of submitting the whole question to the United Nations, although that body is hardly yet prepared for such a problem. It is not only a matter of economics, of land title, of military and social import. It has also become a matter of the heart.

Bitter propaganda flows from

CARNIVAL



"My telephone number is Circle 222, and if a man answers it's just me with laryngitis again!"

NY Lathers Call Strike

NEW YORK, Feb. 17 (AP)—One thousand metal lathers today began a strike which was expected to force immediate suspension of work on half the construction projects in New York City and result in a complete shutdown of building work within a few days if it continued.

The strikers are members of local 46, Metal Lathers union (AFL) who are demanding

\$2.50 an hour and a seven-hour day. The present wage is \$2.10 an hour.

The lathers place reinforcing rods in concrete foundations and handle straight metallic lath for plaster, so that a strike on their part could halt building in several phases.

Visitor—Howell Thorpe, former resident and business man of this city, now living in Los Angeles, was a visitor in Klamath Falls over the week-end.

all sides, and from factions on all sides. It has reached the point where not even the most judiciously equitable solution would be generally acceptable.

All I know is that compassion is needed, that some means of abating this heat must be found before anything else can be accomplished.

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Gunmen Kill Slot Operator

CHICAGO, Feb. 17 (AP)—Prosecutor Edward Healy last January 28, told a criminal court jury in the trial of John E. Golding, 47, a slot machine collector: "The worst thing that could happen to Golding now is to find him not guilty (of an assault to kill charge). If he is he'll be found dead soon."

The jury acquitted Golding. Saturday Golding was shot and killed by two men as he sat in his automobile near the busy intersection of Madison and Halsted streets. One fired four bullets through the front window; the other blasted two bullets through the rear window. Five bullets hit Golding.

The assassins, unmindful of several witnesses, fled through a vacant store and escaped in a car driven by a third man. Police attributed the slaying to the slot machine business.

Burglar Admits Prison-Made Tools

PORTLAND, Feb. 17 (AP)—Detective William Brian reported today that Wilbert Frederick Brown, charged with burglary, had admitted three "lockpicks" in his possession had been made at the Oregon State penitentiary while he was serving a sentence there.

The lockpicks were among burglary tools taken by police when Brown was arrested yesterday.

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Table with columns for MONDAY EVE., FEB. 17 and TUESDAY P. M., FEB. 18. Lists radio programs for KFLW-1450 kc. and KFJI-1240 kc. including shows like Sports Lineup, Home Town News, World News Summary, etc.