

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS Editor MALCOLM EPLEY Managing Editor
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Today's Roundup

By MALCOLM EPLEY
On occasion, one of our brothers from the Medford Mail-Tribune comes over to Klamath Falls, and the result is often a fine, friendly editorial about this community. The only trouble is that the folks over there don't visit us more often.



EPLEY

A few days ago E. C. Ferguson, the managing editor of the Mail-Tribune, spent a few hours in KF on business. It seems that when Ferguson got back home, he was visited by a group of boys from KUHS, and the two experiences inspired the following comment, which appeared as an M-T editorial:

"A group of Klamath Falls high school boys with a mission paid Medford a visit Saturday. Their idea, as explained to this writer, was that the people of the two towns should get acquainted to the end that better understanding and more friendly relations may be brought about in sports and otherwise.

The young visitors, outstanding athletes in the Klamath school, pointed out that practically all of the name calling and bitterness which has characterized football and other contests between Klamath and Medford, has stemmed not from the players themselves, on either team, but from townspeople.

The Klamath boys undoubtedly have something there. In fact, they probably have more than they realize.

Medfordites have for years displayed a self-satisfaction irritating to no end to their neighbors. We just take it for granted that our teams should win, that our business is greater, our political and other leaders more important, and that Medford is naturally the king pin of Southern Oregon.

The smug assumption is based almost entirely on lack of knowledge regarding the attributes of our sister city.

Actually, Klamath Falls is larger in point of population than Medford. It has a tremendous payroll, mainly from the lumber industry. Farming, however, is assuming more and more importance in the region's economic picture and this agricultural potentiality will stand much development for there are vast reaches of fine land as yet untouched.

Klamath Falls' business district is much more cityfied in appearance than is Medford's. Many of the stores there would credit to a city of twice the size. Pavement and sidewalks in the downtown area are clean and well kept compared with ours.

The main intersections all have stop and go traffic control lights and traffic is orderly and well directed. As for dining places, a point particularly noticed by visitors, Klamath Falls has some which are outstanding in food, service and taste in furnishings and decoration.

It would do a lot of us good to visit more often on the other side of the mountains. The people both there and in Lakeview, nor far east, are genuinely friendly. They exhibit that warm hospitality which is more usually found in "young" and growing towns than in older mossbacked communities.

It seems to us the young advocates of peace and co-operation are smarter than a lot of us oldsters. It must be acknowledged that if the people of Southern Oregon would really pull together they could do a great deal more for this end of the state. Such unity would give a leverage which might be powerful in securing state and national recognition.—E.C.F."

The spirit thus exemplified by Mr. Ferguson and the Medford paper is well worth emulation on the part of townspeople here and there. We expect friendly rivalry; I've told Ferguson that anything he or I wrote would never stop that, and probably shouldn't. But there need not and should not be bitterness or malice in our relationships with respect to those fields in which the communities are natural rivals, and there should be wholehearted and friendly cooperation in the much wider fields in which the two towns can pull together.

I suggested two or three years ago that on the occasion of the Medford-Klamath football games, big social events be arranged in the host town, by such

organizations as the Elks, Lions, Rotary, Kiwanis, etc., which have local organizations in both communities. That would get everybody together on a neighborly basis, right at the time when feeling is most likely to get a little out of hand.

I still think it's a good idea, but nobody ever took up the suggestion. The Kiwanis clubs of Bend and Klamath used to do it on Armistice Day, and our relationships with Bend have always been most friendly, even when our teams were fighting it out in rugged fashion on the football field.

These Days

By GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY
It is generally assumed in this country that the longer our sons and daughters are kept at school, the more they know. Apparently, the president's commission on higher education wants nearly everybody to go to some kind of a college and wants \$1,875,000,000 and more to make it possible. Nothing is said about building a practical race of competent men and women to whom experience will mean a surer guide than mere repetition of the memorized contents of other men's thinking.

Two conflicting tendencies appear in our present-day colleges. The larger colleges grow together each year, but they also function increasingly on the factory system with very little, in fact, almost no relationship between professor and student, no sharpening of the mind on the anvil of classroom discussion. Just as, at another period, the rah-rah boy was something of a nuisance, today the stodgy, almost stuffy junior, full of quotations, drilled in authorities, his mind adjusted to electric-eye examination papers, reminds one of those Chinese students of old, preparing to become Mandarins by making themselves dull.

Standards Lowered

THE opposite tendency appears in many smaller colleges that filled themselves to the rafters by the windfall of the GI bill of rights. These colleges have lowered their standards to meet the capabilities of mass learning with the result that many of those who come out of them lack even an educated man's facility in his own native language. So many graduates of such colleges lack even a rudimentary knowledge of the culture of their race or the history of their own country. So many are specialists of the left eyebrow; that is, they know some detail of book learning with a degree of thoroughness—what they call a major—but they cannot fit that into anything like the whole of human experience nor have they been trained in thought process, in logic, to be able to apply knowledge to thought.

The result is that so many of them cannot get the kind of jobs college men and women expect nor can they do the work the nation is accustomed to expect from its college graduates. Professor Seymour E. Harris makes the point in an interesting article in the "Harvard Alumni Bulletin":

"... The colleges of the country are not now able to take good care of 2,000,000, and certainly not 3,000,000 students. At the present time they offer a deteriorated product. The assembly-line method of turning out A.B.'s and Ph.D.'s cannot bring good results. The colleges and universities now find themselves in an ungodly financial condition as a result of rising prices, costs, and taxes, and declining yields on investments."

Private philanthropy declined in America last year. A victim of the high cost of giving? Nothing in life tastes the same twice except bad restaurant coffee. A pessimist is a fellow who starts whipping a mule before he says "Giddap!" A man who gives before he thinks gives more than he thinks—a part of his heart. One swallow doesn't make a summer, but it has started off many a long evening.

People used to say, "What you don't know won't hurt you." Now their biggest worries are over things that may never happen. Why fret anyway? Nobody ever got out of this world alive.

But it helps. Alimony rarely makes a woman happy—but it sure can make her carefree.

There are several explanations of why men and women go into bars. A jukebox is never the first reason. Something a bartender can never understand: Why is it a customer with a mouth full of words and a wallet full of money always runs out of money first?

Ten good critics can't lower a man's opinion of himself as fast as one bad hanger.

The home will always be the bulwark of civilization because man has to have one place where he can repent at leisure.

The best you can expect from a rubber check is a nice long stretch. To live dangerously isn't merely advisable—nowadays it's inescapable.

Mirrors have disillusioned more wives than husbands have. The only man who stands four-square before the world is a traffic cop.

You can't grow young. You must grow old. But to do it gracefully you do have to grow.

A man who lifts himself up in the world solely by his own bootstraps is lonely on the way down, too.

Caste systems are like revolving doors—if you start behind a man there is no earthly way for you to come out ahead.

If loads ruled mankind men without wars would be unemployed. What better epitaph could anyone have than this: "Here lies one who each year saved a crumb and a kind word of welcome for the second robin of spring."

Remorse never killed anybody on Saturday night. An earthworm who wants to wear

SIDE GLANCES



"Now that we've got all the mumps, measles, new hats and relatives disposed of, how about one hand of bridge?"

Boyle's Column

Poor Man's Philosopher Is Worried About Feet On Desk

By HAL BOYLE
NEW YORK, Feb. 7 (AP)—Random cuff notes by the poor man's philosopher: No man is sure of his job if he can't put his feet on the boss's desk without feeling self-conscious. When a man tells you he doesn't want to set the world on fire, you can't be sure whether he's really modest or just afraid of being arrested for arson. The reason comics in the good old days were better than today's buffoons is—a joke always sounds better the first time.



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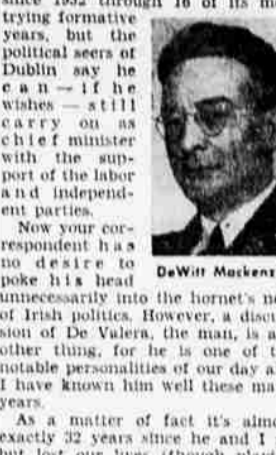
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The World Today
By DEWITT MACKENZIE
AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

Eire's general election has deprived Eamon de Valera's flamma majority under which, as prime minister, he has guided the new republic since 1932 through 16 of its most trying formative years.



DeWitt Mackenzie

Now your correspondent has no desire to poke his head unnecessarily into the hornet's nest of Irish politics. However, a discussion of De Valera, the man, is another thing, for he is one of the notable personalities of our day and I have known him well these many years.

As a matter of fact it's almost exactly 32 years since he and I all but lost our lives (though playing different roles) in Southern Ireland's "bloody Easter Week rebellion" of 1916. There was a bitter fight in Dublin when the tall, gaunt college professor was shooting at Boland's mill in the heart of the city, while your reporter was in the hands of the military—suspected of being a rebel because of an inadvertent violation of rigid martial law.

De Valera was condemned to death and reprieved. Well, that's the way De Valera got his start toward the prime ministership, for he was one of the chief founders of the republic. Not all his foreign relations have been happy, for both America and Britain were angry over his refusal to grant them naval bases on the coast of Eire during the war, and Washington accused Eire of affording a base for axis spies by refusing to expel German and Japanese diplomats.

So far as home affairs go, De Valera has wrought a great change in the economic life of Eire. Hunger was once widespread.

Cattle raising for the English market was the chief industry, and agriculture was neglected so that grain, including wheat for bread, had to be imported. De Valera struck at this system and created a good deal of hostility for a heavy increase in grain and sugar beet production, with special emphasis on wheat for bread, and the government made cultivation attractive by offering a guaranteed and profitable price for both wheat and beet.

The total area under tillage was jumped from 1,425,021 acres in 1931 to 2,474,100 acres in 1945 (the latest figure available). Wheat was jumped from 20,848 acres in 1931 to 662,498 acres in 1945. Sugar beet increased from 5612 acres to 84,322.

Eire started to mill her own wheat and to make her own sugar. Result: Eire today is more prosperous than ever before in history. And officials will tell you that there is no hunger these days.

Stuffed shirts are not strictly a modern institution. The Greatest Story Ever Told this Sunday will tell the tale of a pompous and egotistical man of Biblical days. It is taken from Matthew 7:12. "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye do unto men, do ye even so to them, for this is the law of the prophets."

We have a request to pass on to you today. A heart-rending cry has come up our way from the Elks lodge. You see, this is the problem, on Teletalk, Chuck Cecil's late evening show, folks wanting requests call 815 to get the job done. Sometimes though they get 818, the Elks lodge.

There's the obliging fellow who answers the requester's ring, hears, "Would you please play 'I'm a Lonely Little Petunia' for Pudgy from Gus?" He answers that he'll do his very best and hangs up, without the unsuspecting requester ever knowing he hasn't the right number. Then the boys down at 818 spend the next few minutes whistling that requested tune. Only trouble is that their repertoire is running low—they need more music!

There's also an unfortunate woman whose number is 7151 or some such, and is always getting calls for Teletalk. Making it worse is that she has to get up in the wee small hours and the interruptions come smack-head in the middle of her sleep. We sympathize, our number was just one off from the cab company's for a while.

If too much culture is just more than you can take in one gulp, you can intersperse your Sunday symphony and drama listening with House of Mystery, KFJL, 1 p. m.; True Detective, JI, at 1:30 p. m.; Quick as a Flash, JI, at 2:30; Those Websters, JI, at 3 p. m.; and Sherlock Holmes at 4 o'clock on JI.

ROSEBURG, Ore., Feb. 7 (AP)—Ray Summs, manager of a local electrical firm, was rushed in an ambulance to a Portland hospital last night, following first aid treatment for a fractured skull, received in the explosion of an oil furnace while making repairs. A fellow workman, M. L. Orr, received second degree burns on hand and face.

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Gallup Poll
Even Women Vote Down Slacks For Street Garb

PRINCETON, N. J., Feb. 7.—Women who insist on wearing slacks while shopping or elsewhere in public should be aware that a considerable number of other women with opinions on the subject turn thumbs down on the fad.

What is probably more important to style-conscious women, however, is the fact that more men disapprove of slacks than women in public than approve.

Both men and women, probably feeling that a woman's house is her castle, say that slacks are an appropriate garment around the home.

The whole subject of slacks for women was brought to public attention in recent weeks by the furor over the case of a school girl in a New York town who insisted on wearing them to classes against the objections of school authorities.

While asking representative voters throughout the country questions on more weightier subjects, Institute interviewers took a moment out to ask this one:

"Do you approve or disapprove of women of any age wearing slacks in public, that is, for example, while shopping?"

Here is how men and women voted:

Approve 34% 30%
Disapprove 39 49
Indifferent 22 15
No opinion 3 4
Qualified 2 5

People giving qualified answers generally placed the matter on an individual plane with such answers as:

"All right, if they become the wearers, as if they fit, 'only on younger women.' 'If the wearer is not too fat' and 'it depends on both the occasion and the lady.'"

Age has a lot to do with one's attitude toward feminine slacks. The younger a person is the more inclined he or she is to be opinionated on the subject.

Younger women vote approval of slacks, but those over 50 years of age strongly oppose them. Likewise, many men under 60 think slacks are not such a bad idea, while most over that age cast a dignified vote of disapproval. Whether the opinions of men carry much weight with women is questionable. Fashion experts are generally agreed that women do not dress mainly to please men, but with an eye to what other women will think of their clothes.

As might well be expected, sports fans are not as vigorously opposed to female trouser-wearing as other men and women.

Public sentiment on high school girls in slacks instead of frocks follows the same general pattern except even more women voice disapproval and fewer are indifferent. The case in Camden, N. Y., was settled when the local school board voted to readmit the student—wearing slacks.

Additional building on the Valley Service station here will feature a covered washrack.

O. J. Harris has taken Tom Cook and Don Harris as partners in his business, the Harris Machine shop. Company policies will not be changed and the business will operate under the same name.

Pat Hammond has returned home from Sacramento, where he has been attending Christian Brothers school. Pat has completed his work there.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars will hold initiation at their next Wednesday meeting.

Bob Barry, Don Hatfield and Mike Maloney are in charge of preparations and are sparing no efforts to make the affair a success. Huge crowds have been attending the winter-storm and the ex-GIs are taking pains to accommodate another capacity gathering this Saturday night. The public is cordially invited to renew acquaintances at the local Victory lounge which is owned and operated by the local VFW Post, River post No. 4056.

I won't mention names, as we all know who they are. They do not care a whoop about our country or our people. All they want is our money. They have no respect for our Sabbath or our holidays. They keep their places of business open on Sundays, holidays and every day in the year, regardless. By doing so they get the volume of business and can sell their goods cheaper, so of course we flock there to do our trading.

There is only one state in the union that I know of who has put a stop to that kind of business and that is the state of Arkansas. They keep no places of business open on Sundays. You can't even chop wood on Sunday and sell it.

Russia would have been talking Dutch today had we not come over and helped them out. I remember how old Hitler had Russia backed down to the last ditch and they were howling like coyotes for us to come. We did go and got there just in time to save their hides. We thought we were doing something wrong 'til, out after all, it might have been just as well had we stayed home. It let them take their medicine. It may have saved another trip over there, for Russia has shown she doesn't appreciate anything we did for her.

J. B. Combs, Box 12, Dorris, Calif.

DON'T MISS
KFLW'S Big SUNDAY Shows TOMORROW!

2:30 "Counterspy"
3:30 "Greatest Story"
4:30 "Mr. President"
5:00 "Detroit Symphony"
6:30 "Theatre Guild"
7:45 "Reflections"
8:00 "Drew Pearson"
11:05 "Bridge to Dreamland"

Dorothy McGuire and Maurice Evans in "Romeo & Juliet" THE THEATRE GUILD ON THE AIR NOW AT 6:30 P. M. EVERY DAY DIAL KFLW 1450 KFLW-ABC American Broadcasting Company

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