

Herald and News

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Today's Roundup

By MALCOLM EPLEY

(Editor's Note: Below is a continuation of a report of a civilian orientation cruise on board the USS Ajax, a 16,500 ton repair ship of the US navy, from Bangor, Wash., to San Diego. Members of the civilian party in addition to the writer were Henry Semon, Klamath Falls; Flavel Temple, Portland; Eddie Schlenost, Yakima, and J. D. Lewis of Pullman.)

AT SEA, Aboard the USS Ajax (AR 6), Feb. 8—The Ajax slipped away from the Bangor, Wash., dock this morning so quietly that we didn't know we were moving until we came out on deck after breakfast. Soon we were out in Hood canal, and plowed on into Puget sound and into the Strait of Juan De Fuca with the Olympic peninsula on port side, Vancouver island and Canada on our starboard.

We paid our first visit to the bridge of the Ajax this morning. The navigating for this trip is supervised by the executive officer, Lt. Cmdr. G. A. Mason, and a lot of our time is spent looking over his shoulder as he works over charts and instruments.

The bridge itself is a crescent-shaped room high up on the front of the ship, its floor and walls studded with instruments whose functions, once explained, make one marvel at the courage of the old-timers who set sail on the unknown seas with only the stars, a few primitive gadgets, and maybe a rabbit's foot in the pocket as assurance of getting anywhere in particular.

A row of portholes provides the view from the bridge. Some of them, we noticed as rain continued to fall, are equipped with windshield wipers. Capt. Markham's spot is an elevated seat at a porthole near the chart table. Although we civilians were undoubtedly very much in the way, we were welcomed on the bridge and everywhere else in the ship—even in the brig—and made ourselves thoroughly at home.

The wheel is a big disc of polished brass, and enlisted men take their turns standing on the slightly elevated wooden grating, turning the wheel cautiously to keep the vessel on course. There is a certain tension in the atmosphere of the bridge, even under the most routine conditions. Here is the nerve center of \$24,000,000 worth of ship carrying 300 to 400 people, including us, and there is no monkey business—which is all right with us.

We went to church this morning. The chaplain, a Methodist from Texas, invited us down to the services held in the enlisted men's recreation room. He gave a good, non-sectarian sermon to the all-faiths congregation. Among the civilians, only Mr. Semon and I went to church; later, when we were not spared certain gastric difficulties that visited the ship, we took the chaplain to task. But he assured us that we were undeserving—that the punishment stemmed from a cocktail party he suspected us of attending before boarding ship. (If the chaplain himself got seasick later, he wouldn't admit it.)

It took most of today to get out into the Pacific. As soon as we had passed Tatoosh light, we began to realize that something was happening to the sea and the ship. The vessel had been pitching—a lengthwise rising and falling motion—but now it began to roll and pitch both. The wind increased, and the sea began running in big swells and waves. A big blow was on. (This was the storm in the North Pacific that wrecked several craft over the week-end.)

I began to feel a little uneasy amidships (speaking personally). I recalled the advice of all the Klamath people who knew exactly what to do about seasickness, and tried a few of those ideas, with no apparent result. I was determined not to be the first down, and not to show any tenderfoot weaknesses. If others weren't sick, I wasn't going to be. I went out in a passageway for a bit of fresh air, and two sailors were standing there looking out into the rough night.

"Half the men below are sick," one of the boys told me. That was enough. I groped my way back toward my room. All holders were off; I went to the proper place and was emphatically seasick. That ought to make all my friends happy at home!

AT SEA, Feb. 9—Well, it was quite a night. Half asleep and half seasick, I got dimly through it, while the steel vessel pitched, groaned, shuddered and produced many unexplained banging noises. I made up my mind I would get to breakfast this morning, and did—after several tries at putting on my socks and shoes. Leaning over that way has very unpleasant effects when you are on the edge.

Breakfast was good, the storm abated a bit, and I began feeling o.k. We learned this morning that one of the life rafts had disappeared in the storm, and that considerable gear, lashed to the deck, had broken loose, helping to produce some of the noise of the night.

We proceeded rapidly down the coast, mainly in sight of land. We were off the Oregon coast today, and the weather is still improving. Tonight, we went to movies—held in the same room where church was held Sunday—and saw the "Kid From Brooklyn."

AT SEA, Feb. 10—Today, we passed the Oregon-California line, and the weather has become positively charming—something our friends aboard took pains to point out to us Oregonians. The little waves danced in the sun, the coast line was blue and beautiful over there to the left, all the butterflies had departed from our tummies, and everything was wonderful.

We spent much of this day inspecting the ship's repair facilities, and talking at length with the chief petty officers and enlisted men attached to these remarkably complete shops. At noon, we lunched with the enlisted men, enjoying good food but missing the meat (it was meatless Tuesday, which the navy still observes).

The Ajax as a ship is becoming to mean something to us. We are getting the feel and the significance of it. Unconsciously, we have developed a pride in its appearance and tradition. And it isn't our fault; if we haven't seen every inch of it—we've run ourselves tired, up and down ladders, (steeple stairs) through hatches into deep recesses, (topside, below to the very bottom, everywhere).

anemometer (the wind-recording instrument) had become stuck. This gadget is located far out on the sidearm of the big mast, high above deck. I suggested to Mr. Semon that he offer to climb the rigging and start the thing whirling again. A couple of the enlisted men were talking to us, and joined in the fun. "Maybe I should tell the captain I'm ready and willing," said Mr. Semon. "A feat like that ought to win me a decoration."

"You're more likely to decorate the deck," said one of the men.

AT SEA, Feb. 11—We have passed the Golden Gate and are now rolling on down the California coast, with many well-known points showing up on the distant shore.

A navy ship loomed up on the horizon this morning, and Captain Markham and Lt. Cmdr. Mason decided it was a good time for a "battle stations" drill. The boom blew his whistle, the order was given, and there was a terrific scramble and clatter of feet. All guns were manned and we were given a demonstration of a lot of new equipment, which we were told is simple compared with some of that on battleships and cruisers.

Next came an "abandon ship" call. Again there was a great scurrying. We were standing in the bridge, where reports of the progress of the drill were centered. Captain Markham turned to a man at a telephone, and asked him to call the sailor who was stationed at the auxiliary steering apparatus deep in the rear of the ship. "See if he's still there," he said.

The telephone operator spoke into the transmitter, listened a minute, and said: "He's still there, sir. He says he can't abandon ship until he's relieved." A good laugh rolled through the customarily quiet bridge.

"Tell him he'd better get out of there," said the captain. "If this were the real thing, he'd be relieved by a fish."

WE were invited today to lunch with the chief petty officers. We filled ourselves with fried chicken and French fries. Most of these CPO's have their lives pretty well mapped out. They are going to serve out their few more years in the navy, retire at good pay, and take up something else that will keep them busy and make them a good living. Many of them have their own homes and have their post-navy life worked out to the last detail. They enjoy a certain distinction on ship, with a good lounging layout, good chow and plenty of leisure hour diversions.

The chiefs, as did commissioned officers and others we met aboard, remarked at length on the lack of manpower in the navy. The men in charge at the shops said they couldn't do a job without more personnel. There was a general feeling of concern over a lack of enlistments, which some charged to the reaction that naturally follows a war. A chief told us that there was some public misunderstanding of navy life; that never had a man's personal dignity been more respected in the navy than now, that people are not kicked around, and that the boys in his particular shop were intelligent and efficient, though far more independent in spirit than men of their grades in other days.

Among the men we encountered a little sourness, some good-natured grouching, and general good cheer. Some of the guys were furtively enthusiastic; they said they liked the navy, but didn't say it too loudly. Several told us they intended to reenlist at the end of their present hitch. One tall kid listened to some of the talk for a while, ostentatiously lifted his trousers legs, and "waded" out of the passageway. All of the fellows to whom we talked liked Capt. Markham and the Ajax outfit generally.

SAN DIEGO, Feb. 11 (Night)—Perhaps the biggest thrill of this cruise came this afternoon as we moved into teaming San Diego harbor, center of tremendous navy sea and air activity.

Two cruisers stood out to sea just before we entered, and ahead of us in the parade into the harbor were three submarines and a couple of destroyers. Overhead planes of many descriptions roared, and we saw our first jet plane. As we advanced into the harbor, small craft of many kinds scurried about us.

The officers and crew of the Ajax were decked out in their "blues" and white caps. The ship had been made spic and span for the event, and as we passed down the ship-lined avenue, our men saluted smartly in response to calls of "attention, port!" or "attention, starboard!" A pilot came aboard, three tugs came out, and after much order-shouting and maneuvering, the Ajax was eased into her berth, about two hours after entering the harbor.

We went ashore tonight with a lot of other Ajaxers, and on a whim took a bus to Tijuana for dinner, which we ate amid thick smoke and the singing of a couple of troubadours. After dinner, we took in a few games of Jal Alai (hi li), our first observation of this sport so popular in Latin countries. It's a sort of cross between handball, squash and lacrosse, with the players using a long, curved basket or cradle for catching and hurling the ball. The crowd went pleasantly mad over every sensational play. The betting was on a pari-mutuel basis, but they got no Klamath money that time.

We returned, late, for our last night on the Ajax.

BACK HOME, Feb. 12—This morning we bade farewell to our shipmates of the Ajax. It was a somewhat regretful leaving, for we had found these people—officers and men—friendly and stimulating. Cmdr. Bert Creighton had told us in Seattle, before the cruise, that Capt. Markham and his outfit were exceptionally "public relations-minded" and swell hosts, and it was all true.

The captain sent us over to North Island in his snappy-looking gig, and we soon entered a big NATS four-motored transport plane, where we sat amid boxes of freight and with 15 or 20 other people in a flight northward. Our first stop was Los Alamos navy field near Long Beach, and then we sped on over Los Angeles and the rough mountains to the northwest toward Moffet field near San Jose.

On invitation I went forward to the flight deck and talked to the pilot, Lt. Cmdr. L. A. Juhnke, who told us he had flown this same ship to Tokyo, Shanghai and everywhere NATS has stretched its lines. He was just now on the last leg of a flight from Washington, D. C.

As we approached Moffet, the pilot invited me to listen to his radio for the ground control (G.C.) landing which he was to make there. All movements of the ship were directed from a tower until finally we came in. Over the radio it was both a directive and a word description of what we were doing—"you are now two miles north of the field, you are 10 feet above the glide angle, you are a little below the glide angle, bring it up please, you are over the end of the runway, you are on the runway... A very good landing, sir."

At Moffet we were given transportation to San Francisco municipal airport, and two hours later were on a United Airlines plane which brought us into Klamath Falls at 6:50 p. m., just nine hours after leaving San Diego.

That's the story. Sea veterans must forgive such mistakes as we have made in nautical terminology. Four days at sea don't make an afloat mariner—but they did give us a mighty happy, eye-opening experience, and taught us that the navy (1) does things well and (2) needs men.

SIDE GLANCES



"You've been a doctor for two years! Why don't you write yourself a prescription and cure that cold?"

Boyle's Column

Self Starting Valentine One Way To Get Your Way

By HAL BOYLE
NEW YORK, Feb. 13 (AP)—Wilbur Peebie thought there was something unusual this morning when his wife, Trellis Mae, set a plate of chipped beef and carrots before him—his favorite breakfast.



HAL BOYLE

Usually she told him this dish took too long to prepare on days when he had to go to the office. But after ten years a married man learns to take in silence any small bitches that come his way. So Wilbur munched on until he noticed something strange about the breakfast table. A bowl in the center contained a dozen fresh red roses.

STATIC

By RONNIE BROWN
Headlining tonight's parade of programs on KFLW will be the basketball game between the OSC Frosh and the Klamath Pelicans, which will be aired at 8:30.

Starting with the mystery programs, and ending with same, Sunday's agenda looks to be worth listening to. "Treasury Agent" leads off with a bang-up federal mystery at 2 p. m.

At 2:30, the angles to crooked mail-order insurance business are exposed in "David Harding—Counterparty."

Two rascals who operate the fraudulent racket, one a disbarred lawyer, keep our hero pretty well distracted for a time, but the vital loophole comes to light just in time.

The secret of just how California's first white lady happened to be revealed at 3 p. m. over LW on "California Caravan."

A good touch of early California history is included, and sounds like good listening.

Then, following this halflie, "The Greatest Story Ever Told," will present the saga of a vineyard owner, who, single-handed, was able to protect his life and property against the demands of a Roman centurion, whose authority was backed by the strongest empire in Biblical times.

The beauty of the whole thing is, the grape grower didn't use force. Quotations from Luke 5:3-7, serve as the basis of Sunday's dramatization.

Sunday evening's docket over ABC features "Theatre Guild," with the production of "Dark Victory," Madeline Carroll and Walter Abel will assume leading roles.

Britain Trades Rails For Food

BUENOS AIRES, Feb. 14 (AP)—Britain swapped her railroads in Argentina Friday for food to eat the rest of the year.

Under a trade treaty signed last night, Britain will get:

An assured meat supply of 440,000 tons of beef for the rest of 1948; An assured supply of more than a million and a quarter tons of maize corn for livestock feeding;

A market for at least \$40,000,000 worth of such non-essential exports as vegetable and animal oils.

The treaty, fruit of 11 weeks of negotiations, gives Argentina:

Twelve thousand miles of railroads, the backbone of her transportation system and Britain's largest investment in South America;

A market for her grain at a price slightly above the current world price;

Assured shipments of a million tons of coal and 16,179 barrels of oil;

A higher price—by about 34 percent—for the meat she always ships to England.

The price, in cash figures, of the railroads to Argentina was \$600,000,000, of which \$400,000,000 will be paid in food to be shipped the rest of the year plus \$160,000,000 in frozen funds for previous food shipments and \$40,000,000 due her for increased production costs.

Argentina will take over the railroads March 1.

The World Today

By DEWITT MACKENZIE
AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

Our Uncle Sam is going to insist that his aid for rehabilitation of European countries shall follow the precedent that heaven helps those who help themselves.

More specifically, the U. S. senate foreign relations committee, which is putting the Marshall plan into the form of a bill for senate action, has agreed that the needy nations must do everything they can to help themselves and each other if they are to get aid from America. The 16 countries looking for help must fulfill the pledge they already have made to create a joint recovery program based on self-help and mutual cooperation.

That's fair enough. As a matter of fact it's more than fair, because self-help is the least which the United States is entitled to expect. And to give credit where it may be due the indications are that on the whole the hard-hit nations of Western Europe really are making an honest effort to help themselves, and in many cases are doing a good job.

Human Nature
Now of course we should be naive if we didn't expect the applicants to gather all the manna they can—and with both hands. That's human nature. Furthermore, there have been instances of countries trying to substitute American largess for self-help.

In any event, despite mistakes and fumbling, a vast amount of encouraging self-help is going forward in the 16 countries which are involved in the Marshall plan. It's almost unfair to mention any one country as an example, but Britain provides a good illustration.

On top of the fierce austerity program under which the country has continued to live since the war—and I mean fierce, for I had first hand experience of it—the socialist government has called for further drastic measures. In order to combat inflation, Sir Stafford Cripps, chancellor of the exchequer and minister of economic affairs, has asked the country to accept voluntary controls to keep down not only profits but wages.

Dairy

Olive Fraley of Dairy was hardly able to resume her teaching duties as second grade teacher in Bonanza on Monday morning, February 9, after being confined to her bed over the week-end with a severe case of flu and throat infection.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Butts have opened the Dairy cafe for business after being closed for the past month redecorating and visiting relatives in Washington for several weeks. Billy Butts remained with Olive Fraley to attend school while his parents were away.

Albert Burdger and son Eldon were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Biabee and son of East Dairy.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Smith and son Elmer of Crescent City were recent visitors of their daughter and family, the Keith Turners.

Many of the Dairyites attended the Valentine costume ball held in Bonanza school gym on Saturday night. A swell time was had by all.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Schmoer of Hometown are both feeling better at this time. They have been confined to their home with severe colds.

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TOONERVILLE FOLKS



The Doctor Says—

Nosebleed Sign Of Disease

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M. D.
Written for NEA Service

Although a nosebleed does not always mean that a serious condition is present, there are some kinds of nosebleed which indicate conditions which should be investigated and treated.

The most common cause of nosebleed is injury. Small ulcers can appear in the nose, and, if they burrow close to or into a small blood vessel, bleeding will occur which may be difficult to stop.

Youth Held For Murder

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 14 (AP)—Fifteen-year-old Tommy Marsh told police he shot and killed the girl he adored because she informed him that she was going to have a baby and that another boy was the father, Juvenile Officer Charles L. Lillywhite testified today.

This version of Tommy's alleged confession was given by the officer at an inquest into the death of pretty Dolores (Patay) Conn, 16, in which a coroner's jury termed her death homicide and recommended that Marsh be held to answer.

Mrs. Marie Conn, the girl's mother, told reporters before the inquest she would do all in her power to help Tommy.

"I can't believe he shot Pat intentionally," the grief-stricken mother said. "I love Tommy and I'll do anything I can to help him."

Juvenile Officer C. W. Lillywhite said yesterday Marsh signed a written statement admitting that he shot his schoolgirl sweetheart in a fit of jealousy.

The youth, booked on suspicion of murder, previously had told police the shooting in the girl's home Monday was accidental.

New Gadget To Look At Mars

CHICAGO, Feb. 14 (AP)—Scientists at the University of Chicago, with a newly developed electric device, are getting ready to take a long-range look at Mars and see if there's any life on the neighboring planet.

The device which can analyze matter millions of miles out into space will be hooked up to McDonald observatory's 82-inch reflecting telescope at Fort Davis, Tex., next week when Mars comes within 69,000,000 miles of Earth—the closest until 1950.

The astronomers will be chiefly interested in learning if the electronic device will determine whether the green patches on Mars are identical in type to vegetation growing on Earth and whether polar caps are composed of frozen moisture.

Olene

Mr. and Mrs. O. L. Brown returned Sunday evening from Red Bluff, Calif., where they went on Friday to attend the livestock show and sale.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Reiling and sons are visiting at Harbor, Ore., with Reiling's parents, the Fred Reiling and other relatives.

Mrs. Vada Wilson of The Dalles is visiting at the home of her sister, Mrs. Bill Garrett. Mrs. Wilson is recuperating from a recent illness. The Ray Lanes were also here over the week-end. Mrs. Garrett and Mrs. Wilson are Lane's sisters.

Mr. Kesterson is still seriously ill in a Klamath Falls hospital.

Mrs. Nonna Corpening is showing improvement at her home in Olene and can now have company for short intervals. Mrs. Corpening still has a nurse with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Brown and son Barton are home from Los Angeles where they went on a combined business and pleasure trip.

The Poe Valley-Clene home extension will meet Friday 13, at the William Tubach home in Poe valley. This meeting starts at 10:30 a. m. and luncheon will be served at noon.

Reds Order New German Plan

BERLIN, Feb. 14 (AP)— Germans in the Soviet-occupied eastern zone were instructed by the Russian commander today to set up an economic commission for their part of the country.

Marshal Vasily D. Sokolovsky issued the order. Another Soviet spokesman said it does not mean establishment of an East German government.

The marshal had objected to a German economic administration for the United States and British zones in the west, now being formed, and demanding that the plan be dropped.

In ordering an economic setup for his own zone, he turned down once more a standing invitation to tie in the zone's economy with that of Western Germany.

Children Rescued From Ice Floe

PATCOHQUE, N. Y., Feb. 14 (AP)—Eighteen-year-old Robert Dowell crawled out on the ice and rescued two small boys yesterday from the Patcoque river.

As the shivering youngsters were hustled to a nearby house, one said: "There's still another kid in there."

McDowell ran back to the river, plunged in and swam under the ice. He brought up William McDermott, 8, and revived him by artificial respiration.

The three, William, his brother, Philip, 5, and Robert McDonald, 9, will be all right, hospital attaches said.

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