

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS Editor MALCOLM EPLEY Managing Editor

Today's Roundup

BECAUSE many readers apparently like travel and personal observation stuff, and because this is the time of year when folks get a yen for the road, I'm going to review here today a quick round-trip to Eugene—a simple little journey that is familiar to most Klamath people.

Charlie McFarlan of the KFLW staff was my companion, and we got off Saturday afternoon after the Dewey affair was over. I don't especially like this sort of thing in the present tense, but for convenience I'm shifting into it this time.

We swing north on US 97. Out over Upper Klamath lake, the sun makes brilliant shining rims on black clouds which tell us that the weather hasn't settled down yet. It's a little grim, but nevertheless an inspiring sight—those banks of clouds over the Cascades, broken here and there to let the blue sky through.

Charlie, who is comparatively new to this country, gives me a chance to do a little spelling as we go along. I explain to him that Algoma used to be quite a mill town, and point to the site of mill and yards. They are grain fields now, with the soil newly worked and looking fine. Something symbolic about that—planting a mill site to crops.

I also point out to my companion the old Fort Klamath road running up through the valley to the OVS, and the old Algoma railroad grade where rails once stood almost vertically up the side of the ridge east of Algoma. There's a slanting truck road on the face of that ridge now, still bringing logs from somewhere up there.

THE miles spin under our wheels, and we pass the junction near Williamson river where the relocated section of US 97 takes off. A layer of loose rock on the new road indicated that progress is being made on that job. On we roll past Klamath Agency, which we note in passing is an uncommonly beautiful spot.

Just beyond the Crooked creek bridge we find ourselves in a herd of cattle, bound from the railroad yards at Chiloquin for the grassy Wood River valley meadows. Up from the Sacramento valley, the steers look good, but they'll look better yet when the summer is over on Wood River.

Soon we are on the Central Oregon plateau, up over Sun mountain, and Sand Creek, Diamond Lake junction, Beaver Marsh and Chemult are left behind. Spots of pavement on US 97, and still more of them on Oregon 58, the Willamette highway, are broken up, worse than in any spring in our recollection. Odell lake is clouded in and flurries of snow envelop our car as we move on through the Cascades. It changes to rain as we drop down to Oakridge, Oregon's newest boom town. Still further down, the weather clears. Fishermen are scattered along the streams, but we see none with any fish.

IT is early evening when we put in at the Osburn hotel in Eugene, where Joe Early, former Klamathite, holds forth as general host. Joe is a hot Dewey man. He has Dewey cards all over the place, and shows us some photographs of the Eugene dinner for the New Yorker with Joe and Mrs. Early sitting at the head table. We inquire and learn that he heads the Eugene Dewey club—which we should have known.

It's Saturday night in Eugene, and the town is busy. It is Junior week-end at the University of Oregon campus, with Mother's Day coming up, and there's a lot of bustle, and young couples in tuxes and evening dresses going to the Junior prom, and young people with visiting mothers, and terrific traffic. Eugene's streets are narrow, especially around the campus, and when the traffic is heavy there—which evidently is all the time—the situation is almost impossible.

THOUGH we get to bed late, Charlie McFarlan, who does the early morning shift at KFLW, is up ahead of others in our party, and out running around the streets sniffing in the spring air. He comes into our room with exuberant exclamations about the trees and flowers and good smell of spring at Eugene, and waxes poetic about the lush Willamette valley. He says it's maybe a better place than the high lake basins and the high deserts east of the mountains. That's going far enough, and we have an argument while I dress.

He-men, I explain (buttoning my shirt over a hairy chest), live in the high country, like its ruggedness and austere beauty and do right well there. Sissies, I tell him (pulling on my socks), go for the soft western valleys, pattering along within narrow limits of vision and imagination and in too-easy contentment. But the things McFarlan has seen around Eugene don't look like lazy-valley poverty and indolence, and we wind up in pleasant Sunday morning agreement that both sides of the mountains have their points.

BREAKFAST at the Osburn finds Mrs. J. C. O'Neill and her two charming daughters at an adjoining table, and other Klamathites are scattered here and there. We drive out (in company with my student son, his mother, and Jim Bocchi of Klamath) for

a quick look at such spots as Hendricks park, the campus, and radio station KUGN, and have dinner at a fraternity house.

Here the talk among the students, and their dads (visiting with the mothers) is all politics—all GOP presidential preference politics, in fact. The Stassenites admit that Dewey has cut into Stassen Oregon support, but think that Stassen will fix that when he returns next week. A Vancouver man is a Deweyite but warns that we ought to support whoever is president to the day he leaves office, especially on foreign policy. That brings up a lot of questions about democratic processes.

We learn that more than 2000 University of Oregon students are registered to vote. Larry Lau, an active political leader on the campus, tells us that only a few hundred ever registered before. Those student voters, it seems, may have an interesting influence on some local issues in Eugene—such as, for instance, raising the money for re-watering the old mill race. The race is long since dry and filled with weeds and trash, and that's a sacrilege to present and old-time Oregon students.

HOMER is 180 miles away, we can't stand around in pleasant talk any longer, and soon we're on our way again—back over the Willamette highway, south on US 97.

We pause for sandwiches and coffee at Sand Creek. An attractive little 15-year-old girl—well, she says she's 14 but nearly 15—waits on us. She has poise and charm and straightforward answers to our nosy questioning.

We learn that she and her two brothers are the only children of school age at Sand Creek; that they drive by private car nine miles to Port Klamath junction to catch a school bus every day, for Chiloquin; that the county district pays their parents for the private car trip but that doesn't really repay them for the driving time each day.

We also learn that business at Sand Creek is a bit slow in winter but good in the summer travel season. And summer is coming, she said, her face lighting in anticipation of the days ahead with lots of travel on the road and many tourists stopping to make life at Sand Creek a bit more interesting and exciting.

We roll on over Sun mountain and there, spread out before us, is the Klamath country, with the beautiful Wood River valley right at our feet bathed in the soft sunshine of early evening. And Charlie McFarlan, the recent enthusiast for the valleys to the west has to admit that it is a great sight and a fine country and it is good to be so near home.

These Days

SAW a movie short, done after the style of Walt Disney, which is humorous, colorful, bright and yet explains why the United States is an excellent place in which to live—in fact a better place than those proletarian heavens that are so widely advertised by the seekers of Utopias. The short is called "Make Mine Freedom" and it was prepared by the John Sutherland Productions, Inc.

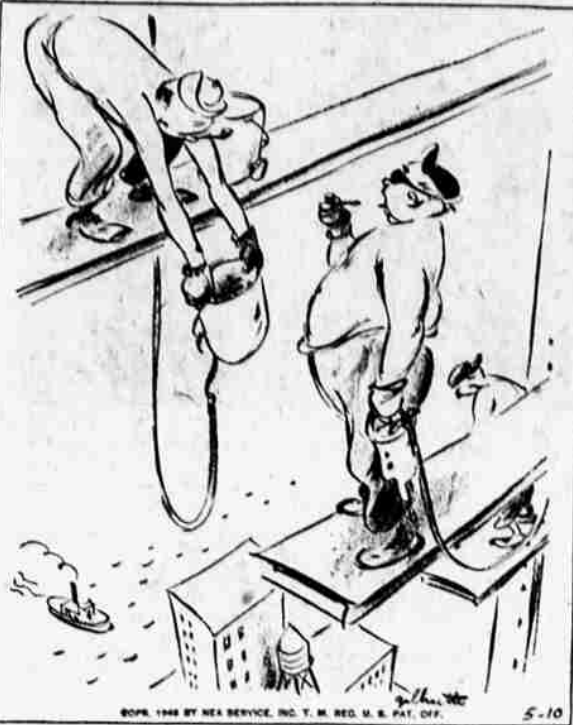
The reason why I like this short so much and call it to your attention so that if your movie house shows it, you will go to see it, is that it is the first of its kind that is wholly affirmative. It does not apologize for the American civilization; it rather challenges anyone to produce a better one. And while the nine-minute short is full of humor, it nevertheless hits the nail squarely on the head. In this country, we have freedom, and that is worth more than anything else in all this world.

Freedom is fast disappearing in most places. It could disappear here. The other day I was reading the testimony of my friend, Frank Waldrop, of the Washington Times-Herald. Frank is what might be called a zealous bargainer. He likes to fight for freedom and therefore he went down to lay the FCC low, because the FCC has a way of seeking to limit freedom on the air by holding that those who own radio stations must not use them to express an editorial opinion.

Haymaker IT is all right for a movie actor to interrupt a comedy to read an editorial which his gag-writer prepared on what is right and wrong. It is all right for a so-called commentator to belabor the public with irresponsible editorial opinion that no newspaper in this country would publish. It is all right for an atheist or a communist or a republican, democrat or Catholic, protestant or Jew to use radio time to express private opinions for public consumption. But not the owner of the station. By becoming a licensee of the FCC, he has lost his inalienable right to express his mind. I suppose that it would be correct for him to go to somebody else's station to speak his piece but not on his own.

So Frank Waldrop went down to the FCC and landed this haymaker: "In the order aforementioned you (FCC) say that a truly free radio cannot be used to advocate the causes of the licensee" and offer in justification the instruction of congress that you regulate broadcasting "in the public interest, necessity or convenience." How does it serve the public interest, necessity or convenience to forbid the broadcaster the right to be an advocate? The trouble with Frank is that he is too logical. The next question he might ask is why Wayne Coy and his colleagues on the FCC give wave lengths to the wrong kinds of people and take them away from sound people. That might raise a lot of arguments, but I only want to cite this as an example of how vigilant it is necessary for the American people to be if they do not want to lose their freedom.

SIDE GLANCES



"Sometimes I feel like we're wasting our life work, Joe, when I think of what an atom bomb would do to a building like this!"

STATIC

By RON BROWN



ABC's "Milkman's Melchior," Zeke Manners does a switch, and borrows a bundle from Britain when orchestra leader-composer Ray Noble pays a surprise guest-visit on Zeke's early morning music-and-mirth show, tomorrow, Tuesday, 7:45 a. m. over KFLW.

A good discussion as to the merits and demerits of hill-billy music is in store for the quarter-hour. Zeke has decided to use guests every Tuesday for a while, due to the written applause tended the recent appearance of Les Paul.

The gent in the above portrait is Cliff Arquette, known over ABC as Ben Willet, main character in the "Point Sublime" show. Take a good look, because Pix of Arquette are few and far between. On his show tonight, over LW at 8 o'clock, Willet tuns detective and uncovers a big-time counterfeiting band engraver right in the little hamlet of which he is mayor.

It was not "The worms crawl in, the worms crawl out" — much to our great disappointment. The mystery tune on "Stop the Music" (ABC) Sunday afternoon turned out to be "Army Duff," and for knowing that bit of information, Loraine Finniger of Providence, R. I. is richer today by \$18,000 worth of gifts that range from diamond rings and cabin cruisers to vacation trips.

The winnais is 87 years old and has been ill for four years. If I were ill, \$18,000 would certainly pep me up in a hurry. The new mystery tune now, as far as I'm concerned, is "The Old Gray Mare," but listeners were informed yesterday when Miss Finniger guessed that, that it is not that old tune. There's a new prize list including all sorts of fabulous things waiting for somebody who gets a lucky telephone call and names the mystery tune correctly. It's at 4 p. m., Sunday, KFLW. If your telephone should ring, and the emcee should say, "This is ABC's 'Stop the Music,' can you name the melody that we just interrupted?"—don't faint, even if you don't know it, you'll still get something like 50 pairs of nylon or a couple of dozen sheets.

Martha Stewart, blonde singing sensation of the movies and the ABC net, becomes the latest guest star recruit on Mark Warnow's "Sound Off" show, tonight over LW at 8:30.

The World Today

By DEWITT MACKENZIE AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

The crisis in the war-torn Holy Land will reach the oxygen-tent peak this week-end, for at midnight Friday the British will abandon their mandate and the lid will be off for the threatened Arab invasion.

It's a tense moment, since invasion at the least will mean the horror of further bloodshed and the destruction of ancient relics which are cherished by the followers of three great religions—Christianity, Judaism and Mohammedanism. At the worst it might produce that most awful form of conflict, a holy war—Moslem against Jew.

The legions of neighboring Arab states are reported drawing up against the frontiers of Palestine, waiting for the fateful hour of midnight which signals the arrival of May 15. Will the invading force be so overwhelming that the defenders can't stand up against it, or can the Jewish army hold its own? Probably only the actual test at arms will answer that question.

However, the Jewish position isn't without its advantages. In the first place the strength of the Jewish agency militia, Haganah, is unofficially estimated at 53,000 men, who are said to be well equipped with small arms. In addition the Stern group and the underground Iron Guard Legion together are credited with totaling from 2500 to 7000 fighting men. Then, too, with the lifting of the embargo against the importation of war material, the Jews undoubtedly will be able to secure considerable supplies.

Perhaps even more impressive from the Jewish standpoint are the defenses which nature has supplied against invasion. The frontiers with Syria and Lebanon are mountainous and difficult for military operations. Facing the other frontiers are great stretches of terrain which contain many desert tracts. This doesn't mean the natural obstacles are so great that Palestine can't be invaded. It does mean that they would impede armies in numerous places and, even more important, would vastly increase the difficulties of the invaders in maintaining their lines of supply.

Some of the desert country in the Middle East is hedges on wheels. I've seen a lot of it at one time or another, but the worst spot in my experience was the desert in the northern part of Egypt's Sinai peninsula. I mention this because the Egyptians have an army drawn up against the Palestine frontier, which undoubtedly means that the troops were moved along the seacoast by a railway skirting the desert.

U. S. Investigator Killed in Munich MUNICH, May 10 (AP)—A U. S. army investigator and a German policeman were found shot and stabbed to death in a burned automobile today. A 16-year-old German prisoner they were taking to jail is being sought in the double killing. The army's criminal investigation department announced the fugitive is Wilfried Helm, slightly-built German who has a long criminal career despite his youth. The name of the American agent was withheld, pending notification of his family.

Florida has the largest area of swamps and wet lands of any of the states of the Union—19,800,000 acres. talk it is like the weather, "nobody does anything about it." Why not get the old bureau of reclamation property at the corner of Eleventh and High streets, that is the portion on the Eleventh side of the canal? It is a natural. Not too far out, already fenced on two sides, a nice lot of shade trees. All that is needed is a really good fence along the canal, plus a building. There is ample room for a children's playground, too, with swings, merry-go-rounds, teeter-totters and such. Here is a challenge to the civic clubs and all other civic organizations of the city. Let's get busy immediately, wire our senators in Washington and have the property set aside for this purpose before it is sold to private parties. Sincerely, FRED B. ROBINSON, 1160 Crescent Ave.

The Gallup Poll Stassen Takes Long Lead In Trial Heat With Truman

By GEORGE GALLUP Director, American Institute of Public Opinion

PRINCETON, N. J., May 10.—The full indication of the extent of the anti-Truman revolt in the South can be seen in the latest survey of political sentiment by the Institute.

In the traditionally democratic South a republican candidate for president, Harold E. Stassen, runs neck-and-neck with President Truman in a presidential "trial heat" in 13 years of Institute polling. In 13 years of Institute polling, on political sentiment, nothing like that has ever been found before.

Throughout the nation as a whole Stassen runs considerably ahead of the president and shows a substantial increase of strength since February. Stassen's rise is reflected in three trial heat races over a four-month period, as follows:

"If the presidential election were being held today, and Truman were running for president on the democratic ticket against Stassen on the republican ticket and against Wallace on the third party ticket, how do you think you would vote?"

Table with 3 columns: Candidate, % of Total, % of Total (Feb. Apr.). Rows: Stassen (15%), Truman (45%), Wallace (6%), No opinion (8%).

The sectional results of the latest poll, showing the almost unprecedented of a republican running as strongly in the South as the democratic candidate, follow:

Table with 4 columns: Region, Stassen, Truman, Wallace, No Op. Rows: N. Eng. and M. Atl. (56%), E. Cent. (59%), W. Cent. (63%), South (42%), Min. & Pac. (57%).

The significance of the Southern figures in the poll can be appreciated when one remembers that only once since the Civil War has the republican party made any substantial dent in the solid South. In 1928 when Alfred E. Smith headed the democratic ticket, the republicans polled a majority (52 per cent) of the major party popular vote in the 13 Southern states taken as a whole. On a comparable basis, with third party and no opinion vote excluded, Stassen's showing in today's poll closely approximates the 1928 performance.

In certain other years Southern democrats have voiced complaints about supporting their party's candidate — as for example in 1944 when there was a small revolt against Franklin D. Roosevelt — but they ended up loyal to the party on election day. That of course might happen again this year.

In analyzing the impressive showing made by Stassen in the

Track Readied For Saturday

PORTLAND, May 10 (AP)—Stables at Portland Meadows racing oval began filling up this week-end as owners checked in their horses for the Saturday night opening of the spring meet.

General Manager William P. Kyne reported the track club house and paddock walls have been decorated with about \$18,000 worth of paintings of famous horses to lend atmosphere for the 34-day meet. He also announced the mutual schedules this year call for daily double wagers on the first and second races. Quinella combinations will be made on the others.

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RADIO PROGRAMS

Table of radio programs for Monday Eve, May 10 and Tuesday P. M., May 11. Lists stations like KFLW, KFJJ, KJLW and their respective programs and times.

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