

Herald and News

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Caught in the Rounds

By DEB ADDISON

Monday is the day to officially celebrate Armistice, November 11 falling on Sunday and the holiday being moved forward to Monday. Celebrate Armistice Day, it says. Many people will celebrate the day with duck hunting, with foot ball, with family dinners—and with cynical thoughts.

The cynical thoughts hinge on "armistice" when there is no armistice; when man's inhumanity to man is laying young men of all nations in their graves each day. As pointed out here before, Klamath's casualty list from the Korean war is far higher than the national percentage.

There have been 11 Klamath county men killed in action in Korea. Percentage-wise, to the total U.S. population, this would mean 39,709 total casualties. There actually have been about 12,000 losses in the U.S. troops in Korea. So the toll has been threefold in Klamath county.

The only thing this proves is that war has no rhyme or reason, no justice.

Any "celebrating" of Armistice Day should be dedicated to international understanding and good will, toward the end that wars should be no more.

The history of Klamath Falls and the Basin is interlarded and greatly influenced by railroading, from the days of Robert E. Strahorn to the driving of the golden spike at Bieber 20 years ago, when the Great Northern and the Western Pacific lines were linked to open the "Inside Gateway."

Without going into details, it was railroad transportation that made Klamath Falls the lumbering center of this part of Southern Oregon and Northern California in the early days, and so gave the town its start. Otherwise, Bert Hall's White Lake City might be vying with Linkville today as the centers of this great agricultural community.

So the 20th birthday of the linking of the two lines at Bieber has more significance than just a railroad get-together.

The actual project was started in 1930. It included the building of 88 miles of road by the Great Northern from Klamath Falls to Bieber, and 112 miles of road by Western Pacific from Keddies north to Bieber.

Now Klamath is the transportation hub of this part of the country. It will continue to benefit far beyond the early day expectations for hauling logs and lumber.

(And in case you've forgotten, it was the completion of the "Northern Cutoff," linking the Southern Pacific spur line from Weed here with the line at Eugene, that put Klamath on the mainline of the SP. More correctly, it put the main line of the SP through Klamath.)

Here's a tip for you sports who are starting to dream about winter salmon fishing. If you're lucky, and take your catch to the custom cannery to be tinned for transport home, be sure that you take the liver, too. Salmon liver is sumpin'.

So when the guide or boatman says, "You don't want the liver, of course," give him a sharp rap on the knuckles. He's been putting one over on you.

Note to the better halves: Serve salmon liver as pate de foie gras. No one will know that it didn't come from a goose.

the park or just take a drive. For those people I have a suggestion. Go out in your nice warm kitchen and brew up a bowl of hot chocolate or a cup of coffee, or concoct any mixture you like. Then take up the phone or put another pile of limbs in the fireplace pull up a comfortable chair, pick out some of your favorite reading material and sit down. You can have a pipe and slippers if you happen to be the type.

And when you're all set, all snug and cozy take a look out the window. Watch the cold, wet miserable snow come drifting down and listen to the sound of the wind moaning around the eaves. See that shrub out there in your yard almost covered with snow?

Well—now I suggest that you picture in your mind's eye a cold, wet miserable American soldier crouching in the snow of Korea peering through the haze to see if anything moves out there toward the Red lines. Snuggle down a little deeper in your chair and feel how warm and comfortable it is—and see if you can even imagine how miserable that boy out in Korea is. And try and remember that he's out there fighting for you. So you can have that warm chair and cozy fire and hot drink.

And remember, too, that those are the things he dreams of most. Of a home and fireside and the good things to eat and drink that he misses.

Just remember that and do a little less griping about your lot. Even if things are tough—they could be a lot worse.

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

TYPE OUT A DRAFT 10,000 WORDS LONG—
BOSS-O APPROVES IT—
CAN FIND NOTHING WRONG—

THEN YOU FINISH IT NEATLY—AND
ASK HIM TO SIGN—HE'LL SCRATCH OUT
AND DOODLE AND CHANGE EVERY LINE—



Shortly the wage-policy committee of the United Steel Workers will meet in Atlantic City to frame its demands for the December wage talks with the steel industry. Once again, a major union faces an opportunity to temper legitimate aspirations with statesmanlike reserve—the interest of a sound economy and a sure defense.

First of all, no thought should be entertained of using a strike this time to enforce union demands. The U.S. rearmament program, up to now somewhat behind schedule, is at last getting into stride. A crippling shortage of steel might put it months off the desired pace.

Apparently Defense Mobilization Charles Wilson is optimistic that the steelworkers understand this thoroughly. He said the other day "I believe they'll keep production going." The nation must hope his confidence in their judgment of national necessities is not misplaced.

UNDECIDED
What of the wage demands themselves? The union, of course, has not yet made up its mind what to seek. According to existing wage-celling formula, the steelmen are entitled to just four more cents an hour. There is considerable doubt that USW officials will be content with that relatively meager advance.

What they decide, and what finally is agreed upon, are of great importance both to the wage strategy of other big unions and to a country trying hard to keep its economy out of a dizzy inflation spiral.

Three courses loom ahead at this moment. The union can accept the four-

cent boost and remain within present wage formula limits. It can press for a higher increase with the prospect that if it succeeds the dam will be broken and a new flood of wage-hike demands will pour in upon industry.

It can search for some new formula that somehow preserves the current anti-inflation structure but opens the way for increased rewards at the pay window.

THEORY
This last may sound like a contradictory task, but it may not be. In the well-advised General Motors contract, wages are linked not only with the cost of living but with productivity. That is, they may rise as the output per man hour—prime index of worker efficiency—climbs.

The theory is that such increased efficiency spells savings, and that these may be safely passed on to workers, consumers and stockholders without contributing measurably to inflationary pressures.

In contrast, other types of wage boost add to costs—and prices—with no compensating offset of efficiency. There are hints that this formula may come in for careful scrutiny by the steel union. The device has been widely applauded on many sides, not least because it places a premium on heightened efficiency and makes a hike in wages a reward for that sound accomplishment.

Plainly, the formula has merit, and it appears to be successful where it is being tested. For the steelworkers to accept it would be consonant both with their own ambition for a better lot and the nation's need for a stable economy.

James Marlow

WASHINGTON, (AP)—Except for a few new trimmings, this country's last peace proposal for world disarmament is about the same plan which the Russians rejected when we made it several years ago.

So it was pretty certain they would just reject it again, which means that at this moment peace doesn't look any closer than it did before, although this country and its allies made world headlines as peace-seekers.

They gave themselves a good buildup. The other day the U.S., Britain and France announced they'd offer their plan in the United Nations at Paris.

And President Truman went on the radio to plug the idea. And he said that if the Russians don't accept this plan it means they don't want peace.

This may have some propaganda value around the world, although that's questionable, and such a statement is hardly likely to scare or embarrass the Russians into accepting something they had turned down before.

INSPECTORS
This is the meat in the coconut. Previously we had proposed to stop the mad world race to make atomic bombs. How? The United Nations would set up teams of inspectors.

They'd go into every country capable of making bombs and be sure to see that none was made any more. And they'd make a continuous inspection. Which means they'd stay inside Russia and keep poking around.

That was in the days before the Russians themselves had any bombs. But first, the Russians said, the U.S. would have to destroy its stock of bombs. And further, they didn't want any part of that continuous inspection idea.

Mr. Truman proposed again last night that world disarmament could be made certain of if U.N. inspection teams were operating inside countries on a continuous basis.

And Mr. Truman suggested that while the U.N. investigators were checking on the number of bombs each country had, plus other armaments, the nations could sit down and work out an agreement to cut down the size of their armament.

AGREES?
You don't have to be a diplomat to figure out how long it would take the U.S. and Russia to agree (1) on who'd be on the inspection teams and where they could go inside a country and (2) how much the two countries should disarm.

So even if tomorrow the Russians accepted this country's proposal it would take a long time before the dream of controlled disarmament could be brought about.

And even while they were going through this long process of trying to reach agreement on disarmament they'd all be arming like mad because no one would know when the attempt to reach agreement.

Hal Boyle

NEW YORK, (AP)—The thing a woman wants least from any man is his advice on how she should treat her husband.

Discovering this odd trait of feminine psychology has put me in Dutch with a lot of lady readers.

A woman will go to a man today to design her a dress or a new hair-do. She will ask his advice about the best stocks and bonds to invest her cash in. She will welcome—or at least listen to—male views on any subject in the world from how pretty she is to what a graceful carriage she has.

But let a poor hapless outside man tell her how to treat the guy in her life—and she bares her fangs in a storm of vowels and consonants. On the subject of how to handle her own chunk of manly real estate she wants to remain sole authority.

This dismal conviction arises from a mistake I made recently. The mistake lay in writing an article on "How to Spoil a Husband."

My thesis was that a lot of American wives wanted to spoil their husbands, but had forgotten how I undertook to tell them—but never again.

In the course of my little essay I made the remark that a wife might greet her husband with his house slippers in her teeth when he came home after a hard day over his hot desk at the office.

That wagish observation has landed me in the doehouse. For one thing my own Oscar bride, Frances, happened to read the article.

"What you don't know about women, Rover, would fill an emphysema head than yours," she began—and went on from there. It turned out to be a one-way conversation. He—war.

Then the letters began to come might collapse. Quite a problem. Mr. Truman recognized it. In his speech he said:

"Any program of reducing armaments will necessarily be complex and even with the fullest cooperation of all the parties, will take quite a while to work out and put into effect."

Even after it is put into effect, there will have to be safeguards against its violation."

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In the ladies across the land wanted to know whether I thought they ought to wear dog collars, too.

(Editor's Note: Well, they're cheaper than mink scarfs.)

(Boyle's Note: Look, you better stay out of this—or you're going to be in the soup also.)

Many a wife also took just as much umbrage about my innocent suggestion that she perform for her husband once in a while some of the small courtesies he usually performs for her—such as lighting up his cigaret for him.

"My husband will crash through 40 people at a cocktail party to strike a match for a blonde across the room," one said. "But at home if I stood there with an unlighted cigaret in my mouth he wouldn't notice it if he were wearing a microscope."

"If I ever light his cigaret for him—well, it'll be with a blowtorch."

DANGER
Another wife wrote: "We will gladly greet our husband with his slippers dangling from our mouths, if we are allowed to carry our dog manners a trifle further when he becomes slightly unreasonable."

"But what makes you think that mamma has been sipping tea out of a golden cup ever since he left?" She said that what threatened to drive most young mothers to drink was this: to spend a Herculean day mopping, dusting, washing, ironing, and cooking—and then to have friend husband greet her at eventide thusly:

"Hello, dear wife, why do YOU look so tired?"

All right, ladies, I was wrong. It isn't the husbands who need to be spoiled. Someone ought to tell them how to spoil wives—their own naturally.

Next—Husbands: here's how to spoil your wife and have fun!

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