

Herald and News

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Caught in the Rounds

By **DEB ADDISON**

Rejoice and be happy, you housewives! The budget is saved. One of our grocers finally has waded through the OPS order reducing the retail price of potatoes. (The OPS order on cabbage contained 26.91 cents. No one has had time to count the potato wage yet.)

He finds that he must reduce the price of potatoes a cent a pound for you. So, if you use about 100 pounds of potatoes a year, you will save about a dollar. You will think, unless it's changed before the year is up.

Of course, the Basin will lose about two million dollars on the spud crop, which will make it a little tougher on your breadwinner, and you'll have to help pay for the OPS, but—well, you say it.

Michael DeSalle, the great white father of OPS, sought to read Governor Bradford's history of the Plymouth Plantation.

Back in 1620 the Pilgrims, being a deeply religious people and having a strong feeling toward helping their brothers, established a communistic system.

They worked to produce a common product, which was stored in a common store house, and they set up a system of rationing by which all shared alike. Strangely enough, crops weren't good, the Pilgrims got hungry, and even stealing became prevalent.

Governor Bradford wrote: "At length in 1623, it didn't take them so long to get smart, after much debate of things, the Gov-

lve way that they should set come every man for his own part, and that in that regard turn to themselves. . . .

"This had very good success: for it made all hands very industrious, so as much more corn was planted then other ways would have been by an means ye Govr or any other could use, and saved him a great deal of trouble, and gave far better contente."

Governor Bradford concluded that putting every man on his own gave the lie to "that conceit of Plato's & other ancients, applauded by some of later times,—that ye taking away of property, and bringing in communitie into a common wealth, would make them happy and flourishing; as if they were wiser then God. For this communitie (so far as it was) was found to breed much confusion & discontent, and retard much improvement that would have been to their benefite and comforte."

On the first harvest under private initiative with no government controls, he wrote: "By this time harvest was come, and in stead of famine, now God gave them plenty, and ye face of things was changed, to yet rejoysing ye hearts of many, for which they ascribed God. And ye effect of their particular planting was well seen, for all had, one way & other, pretty well to bring ye year aboute, some of ye alder sorte and more industrious had to spare, and sell to others, so as any generall wante or famine hath not been amongst them to this day."

spite of his patient attempt to create the impression that it is all a mystery to him.

If necessary, and with his eyes closed, he can reach in and pull out any item that he wants to produce.

I have told him he is only one of any number of newspaper people I have known who apparently delight in working by a cluttered desk.

I particularly recall Ed Rackaway of the Mt. Vernon (Ill.) Register-News.

I used to visit Ed in my newspaper travels out of Chicago in the late twenties and I was eternally fascinated by his sanctum sanctorum.

Ed in those days had a roll top desk, which, you may recall, contains any number of mysterious drawers and cubby holes. Not only the desk, but the top and the surrounding floor were littered with an accumulation that would have popped even Hal Boyle's eyes.

But when I asked Ed if he knew what was in what looked like the result of an atomic bomb explosion, he said "certainly" plucked a letter at random, said it was about such and such a subject, and sure enough it was.

I could name several other devotees of this strange practice, including some of the boys' near-deadsmates, who apparently have caught the disease from him.

Now I must correct one statement I made about Boyle being able to place his hands on anything he wants. There is one exception.

Whenever I ask him if he received my notes about getting his expense accounts up on the line, invariably he looks at me with that bland, mid-western innocent look and says, "Why, no."

Luckily I don't have to worry about expense accounts this time since he is on vacation. All I have to worry about is whether you get a column at the proper time.

By **CHARLES HONCE**
(For Hal Boyle)

EDITOR'S Note: Charles Honce is Hal Boyle's boss in AP Newsfeatures.

NEW YORK (AP)—Hal Boyle, who is on vacation, will be back in this spot Monday. That is, unless I receive a wire from him saying that another AP publisher wants him to give a speech somewhere or other.

It's a curious coincidence that these wires always seem to come when Hal and Frances are having a winter vacation in Florida. So I have my fingers crossed.

This will explain why there have been so many extra by-lines running for Boyle this week and why here it is obvious that we have reached the bottom of the pile.

There is one other hazard about the next Boyle Column. That is, whether he can find his desk when he returns.

When he left it was piled so high with an incredible accumulation of letters, papers, messages and odds and ends of infinite variety that it constituted hands down the eighth wonder of the world.

Before he kissed it goodbye he wrote this note on a large sheet of paper and placed it on top of the heap:

Please do not disturb!
No Justice Carter is
Not here, so don't look for him
Hal Boyle
Jan. 9, 1952

P. S. I'll be back in two weeks. Always picked up this note and placed it on top of each new day's shower of mail and odds and ends.

So if Hal doesn't get back pronto I'm afraid that the floor will give way or an inspector will cite us for violation of the building code.

However, don't get the idea that Boyle can fool me with this Everest of miscellany.

I am certain that he has never missed any important letter or document that came to his desk in

spite of his patient attempt to create the impression that it is all a mystery to him.

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Fur-Clad Sharpshooters Train For Protection Of Vital North Territories

By **BERNIE KOSINSKI**

ANCHORAGE, Alaska (AP)—A group of 250 frontier sharpshooters, some of whom speak no English and never had ridden in an automobile or seen a city, are in training here as one of the nation's unique military units.

They are the Eskimo Scouts of Alaska's year-old National Guard. They're easy to spot on Anchorage streets. They walk along the sidewalks trapper fashion in single file.

Expert riflemen who can hit the eye of a seal on an ice floe from a distance of 100 yards, they complain that Army targets are too big. They're disappointed if they fail to make perfect scores.

As members of the 2nd Provisional Scout Battalion of the All-Eskimo unit of the Alaska National Guard, these natives from north of the Arctic Circle are taking part in their first field encampment at Fort Richardson.

Their intensive training runs through Jan. 27.

Eskimo men determined to attend the encampment walked or dog-sledded long distances to Nome and Bethel, in Western Alaska, to be picked up by Air Force planes flown from Elmendorf Field here.

One group walked 70 miles in a blinding blizzard to reach Bethel. Another walked 18 miles and continued 40 more by dog sled before reaching a take-off point.

Their plane ride here was the first for many of the men. The automobile and three and four story buildings here amazed natives who had never left their village trading camps before.

Capt. Frank Clayton, Bethel, commander of the 2nd Scout Battalion, told of the shooting. He said his men shot 10 consecutive bulls-eyes with no effort and prefer a one-inch target at 200 yards to a 10-inch target.

After encampment, the guardsmen will return to their villages to instruct men unable to come to the sessions.

Master Sgt. Carl Kawatley, Akiak, and Pfc. Edward Sallison, Bethel, said the weekly guard drills are big events in the natives' home communities.

"Everyone wants to be a soldier," Sgt. Kawatley said. "They are all eager to learn."

The scouts will be on 24-hour duty at their Bering Sea and Arctic Ocean coastal homes.

They may be called before or during any enemy attack or infiltration has been described as being "eyes and ears" for the military along thousands of miles of northern coastline.

It is thought that Chubb Crater in Northwestern Quebec was caused by a giant meteorite crashing into the earth possibly from 30 to 150 centuries ago.



"The House Without Furniture" -or- "The Mill Without Machinery"



By **RAY BIGGER**
President Klamath County YMCA

How many people would build a new house and make no provisions for a place to sit, or a bed in which to sleep? Then again, what industrialist would prepare elaborate plans for a new mill without placing all the machinery necessary to perform the duties for which the plant was originally designed?

Obviously, in each instance those involved would be classified as either short sighted or just plain nuts. We build a new house to provide living quarters and all the things we consider essential to our own standards of life. The industrialist builds his plant to house the equipment needed to do the job in order to turn out his product.

We in Klamath Falls are faced with exactly the same problem as the two hypothetical examples set forth above. Our citizens have provided shelter in the new YMCA building, yet there is something lacking. The furniture or the machinery hasn't been installed. We have the building, but before we can do the job that has been designed for this activity, we must have equipment to conduct the myriad of activities that will be available by the "Y".

What is necessary to put our house in order? It boils down to this. To put the project on a sound basis, the committee in charge has paid for all the building costs, the remodeling costs, and other expenses incurred to date. This left no other available money to put in any equipment. This is commendable because the group has no outstanding debts and does not contemplate going in debt for any item—regardless of how badly it is needed.

What then is the cause for the lack of this equipment? Simply this. All cost that has been expended to date has come from revenue of pledges of individuals in this area. However, there are certain individuals who have seen fit not to honor the pledge they signed in good faith. When they are contacted regarding this matter they become evasive, or say any number of things that constitute a "brush-off". We need those pledges to complete the job we have undertaken. We can provide wholesome and constructive play time to a wide range of age groups and have a pride of ownership and a job well done by our own people, for the benefit of our own people.

There was no coercion when teams were sent out to subscribe pledges. Each individual signed his pledge of his own free will. We are asking that those pledges be honored in the same way in which they were initially obtained. By so doing, we can fill our house with "furniture". Honor your pledge if you haven't already done so. Also, others who would like to participate in this important and worthwhile community project may do so by contacting the Executive Committee at the YMCA. Do the part you have contracted to do and we will complete this project with you in '52.

Steel production in the first four months of 1951 in the United States was 34.5 billion tons, a new record.

Frank Tripp Sage Sideglances

When I was very green my editor said: "Sam Clemens is arriving on the 4:30. Go to the station and see him." Today that assignment would thrill even a lollipop, but it was hardly over routine where I cubbed.

Mark Twain was a familiar figure in Elmira. He courted and married there, wrote several of his books there, rests there now. Old heads had given up getting a printable wisecrack out of him. So this time they sent a kid. It was my first celebrity interview—and I muffed it.

The shaggy-haired, white-clad writer climbed awkwardly from the train. I ambled alongside. He didn't avert his eyes as he should. Jim Corbett was bigger news to me. It wasn't stagefright that screwed up the interview; it was just plain juvenile dumbness.

"Hello, Clemens," I saluted. I recall pondering if I should call him Mr. Twain, then remembering that we never called our town's woman Mrs. Twain. After walking half the station platform he noticed me.

"Well, what is it?" he inquired. "My editor asked me to come to the station and see you."

"That's nice of your editor," said the humorist. "I'll tell you later what else he said. It's the nubbin of the story. The two sentences contact ended with the push-off yet to be revealed; and taught me how not to start an interview."

"Did Clemens have anything to say?" my editor inquired when I returned to the office.

"Wouldn't talk," I said. Thus a dull paragraph told next morning just that S. L. Clemens was back in town.

When the sheet had gone to press and the nightly post-mortem was in way, I reread my first scribble about notables who come up from the newsroom and push off humble followers of their craft. Mark Twain didn't deceive my wrath that night. He had been kind to me and I didn't know it.

"What did you say to him?" put in venerable Ed Adams, who had palled with Gilbert and Sullivan and was one of Sam Clemens' local intimates.

"I told him that my editor sent me to see him," I replied.

"You said 'to see him'?"

chuckled Mr. Adams, who could see it coming. "And what did he say?"

"The old crab just grunted. 'That's nice of your editor. Run along and tell him that you did.'"

"Why, you blasted little idiot!" roared the seasoned old-timer. Then he dashed off a paragraph for the next issue.

As my humiliation was reprinted in paper after paper, invariably it was captioned, "Cub sees Twain, but not his joke." That's one reason I have never written an essay on the appreciation of humor.

Mark Twain never was editor of the paper where I started, though today some of the boys boast that he was. He did kid the natives and work off some of his tomfoolery in its columns; signed his communications with "Hunhappy the files are burned."

Local legend has it that back when monuments were springing up like mushrooms on Gettysburg's battlefield Mark ran a campaign on his own in the Elmira Advertiser. He suggested that slight was being lost of the man to whom humanity owed its greatest debt. He started a movement to correct the oversight; to erect a monument to Adam.

Maneuvered as only he could do, he kept the idea of a bust foremost. When he had written out his fun and time came to engage a sculptor, he wrote a request that anybody who had a daguerreotype of Adam should please send it in. The search for Twain gems goes mostly on, but there's little left in the well. Jervis Langdon, his nephew and executor, spent much time in Twain's company when casual unrecorded morsels could have dropped. He can add no more to the saga; nor can he authenticate some of the reputedly new discoveries of Twain wisdom.

The lovable free and easy reminiscences who knew Mark Twain around Elmira are gone. Of those who sat by the hour telling things, Mark said to them, the games they beat him at billiards, the drinks he didn't buy them, I always had deep suspicion.

I suspected that their intimate acquaintance with the somewhat stolidly funny man amounted mostly to a nod or a beck. As did mine.

Hugh Pruett Heavens Above

The question is often asked as to the size of meteorites which reach the surface of the earth. Are they always small bits of matter, or are there occasional falls of considerable size?

A meteorite is a mass of stone or metal which actually falls from the sky onto the earth. It has evidently been traveling through the vast interplanetary spaces until finally it encounters our planet. Then as it tears through our atmosphere at velocities of many miles per second, its surface is heated by friction and burns with an incandescent light. We call this luminous phenomenon a meteor or fireball.

Small meteorites are entirely burned at great heights—likely 30 miles—above the earth's surface. They are often regarded as no larger than grains of sand. They produce the small "shooting star" effect. Larger masses are not entirely consumed during their fiery flight through the air, and the remnants reach the earth's surface. Approximately 1500 authenticated "finds" are on record throughout historical times.

As to the known size of recorded meteorites, they range from mere dust particles to the huge Hoba West (likely considerably over 50 tons) which still lies in the place of fall in Southwest Africa. The largest find in the United States and Canada is the 15-ton Willamette, recognized as meteoritic in 1902 as it lay partly embedded on a hillside across the Willamette River from Oregon City, Ore. Second third and fourth in known size are the Cape York from Greenland (36 1/2 tons), and the Bacubirito (30 tons) and Chupadero (23 tons) of Mexico. The Cape York and Willamette are now in the American Museum of Natural History in New York City; the Mexican meteorites, at the School of Mines in Mexico City.

Those mentioned are all metallic meteorites, composed principally of iron with smaller content of nickel. There are many more of this type that weigh more than a ton.

Sony meteorites fracture much more easily during their aerial flight. The largest known is the one-ton mass which was seen to fall in Furnas County, Neb., Feb. 18, 1948.

The Willamette meteorite has an interesting human connection. Lawsuits regarding its ownership finally ended in the Oregon supreme court in July, 1905, with the verdict that "meteorites, although em-

Talking the Editors

GET AT IT

KLAMATH FALLS—We've had our panel discussions and everyone has aired his views. Now what? Do we put our heads back in the sand and go right on pretending everything is all right? Or do we follow through and do something constructive?

The panel of Monday, Jan. 21, accomplished very little that I could see. With the exception of one or two members, most of the questions were neatly sidestepped and no definite conclusion was reached.

Whether it is parental education or youth recreation that we need most, I don't know. Whatever it is, let's get at it. If it is a youth council we need, let's form it. This is our problem. Let us meet it.

Mrs. S. R. Balsiger

Horn Artist To Play Here

Rafael Mendez, touted as the "greatest trumpet soloist in the world," has agreed to do his part in filling the coffers of the Klamath Falls public schools band uniforms fund.

Mendez will appear in concert here April 4 as soloist with a massed band formed from KUHS and public schools of Klamath Falls.

Also scheduled for appearance according to Adna Loney, Jr., director of musical education in public schools, is famed Hollywood film producer, Jesse L. Lasky.

Lasky is currently producing a movie entitled, "The Great Brass Band." Loney said 80 per cent of the film deals with public school music development from the time of Sousa.

Lasky will speak during the concert on producing of his most recent picture.

Other dignitaries scheduled so far to appear in connection with the concert, according to Loney, include Gov. Douglas McKay, Mayor Robert Thompson, State Sen. Phil Hitchcock, State Reps. Ed Geary and Henry Benson.

Site for holding the concert has not yet been settled, Loney said, nor ticket prices settled.

Australia's Commonwealth Constitution was largely modeled on the Constitution of The United States.

Living Cost Goes Higher

WASHINGTON (AP)—Rising food prices boosted the government's living cost index to a new high Friday.

The Bureau of Labor Statistics reported the index went up three-tenths to 100.9 per cent in mid-November and mid-December.

This took the index to 189.1 per cent of the 1935-39 average.

This is 11.1 per cent higher than the index for June, 1950, when the Korean war began. It represents a 4.2 boost during the year 1951.

Lane County Split Asked

OKLAHOMA (AP)—Lane County ought to be split right down the middle and a new county formed, the Lions Club here thinks.

Bill Cash, spokesman for the Revolt-From-Lane movement, said it was simply a matter of having the state readjust the size of its counties. He said the eastern end of the county with its timber taxes is supporting the rest of the county and not getting much in return, he said.

Okla. is in the timber-rich eastern part.

If the county were divided with a north-south line between Eugene and Springfield, the resulting two counties would be handier for the people and easier to administer, Cash said.

Hornets Kill Boys

SINGAPORE (AP)—Two Chinese boys, 11 and 10, recently were stung to death here by a swarm of hornets. They were playing on the clay basketball court yard when the hornets attacked them. Minutes later, they were picked up unconscious near the insects' nest, close to the basketball court. Both died in hospital without regaining consciousness.

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