

Herald and News

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By **BILL JENKINS**

Good morning. This is being written while most of you are still in bed. (And I wish I were, too.) As a matter of cold, hard fact it is just a few minutes after five o'clock and another day has rolled off to a start.

But it's not all bad at that. You wake up pretty completely by the time you finish knocking a quarter inch of ice off your windshield. Then you crawl through the deserted streets, trying to see through the film on the windshield and get past the glare cast by the street lamps. There's something almost eerie about being the only car on the streets. You miss the noise and bustle of everyday traffic.

The office is a strange, dark mysterious space when you come in. During the night someone has come in and rearranged all the furniture so you fall over a couple of chairs trying to find the light switch. You find your typewriter and readjust it. The office mystery has visited again, the does every night. No matter what you do someone comes in and changes all the stops on the typewriter, hides your pencils, scissors, rulers, etc.

So by the time you have the desk squared away it is almost time to go to work. Which by now is the last thing you want to do. You pace over and stare out the window, waiting for the prowler car

to roll down the street. You get another drink of water. Back to the window. It's always the same. But it's really not so bad after you get used to it. Just like swimming in cold water. It's only the initial plunge that hurts.

Winter or summer there is one thing that stays constant here in the basin. No matter what time of the year or hour of the day you walk past the First Presbyterian church on the corner of Sixth and Pine you hear a loud, cheerful amount of chatter coming from the sparrows hidden in the towering pine that clatters up the breeze front of the edifice. Somehow you seldom see the birds. They stay neatly holed up behind the leaves, but you get the impression that they are keeping a very close eye on you as you pass—and making comments about you all the while.

Green grass is beginning to show up in a few spots around town where the snow has melted off. I see this only as a false sign of spring and a thing not to be trusted. We are in for plenty more bad weather. Plenty! And, anyway, I'd rather be pessimistic and pleasantly surprised than optimistic and disappointed. But I'll have to admit that those two or three days of comparatively mild weather felt good. Viva la Spring!

By **DEB ADDISON**

IN ONE EAR AND OUT THE TYPEWRITER

Any discussion of wildlife and recreation must delve into conservation. Animal populations are a direct product of environment, and depend ultimately on soil and water and the pattern of vegetation they support.

Man has so altered the face of the earth that he has become the great limiting factor for all living things—including man.

Supplies of waterfowl, song birds, fish, game, fur-bearers will be determined by how much consideration man gives to them in his practice of agriculture, forestry, grazing and other forms of resource control.

We sing America: "I love thy rocks and hills, thy woods and temples hills." We sing with patriotic fervor, but how many consider the basic meaning of the words? The more I see of our blasted rocks, dammed hills, cut and burned woods, and bulldozed hills, the more I'm forced to the conclusion that the average American holds no consideration for the love he expressed in the song.

The great force of nature lovers is being organized. These organizations are demanding of each and everyone connected with resource planning that they give adequate consideration to the out of doors and wildlife.

After all, this phase of resource management should teach us, in our own selfish interests, that it pays a community handsome dividends.

The value of wildlife is intertwined with all the values of recreation. Fishermen, in one year, 1947, spent \$1,350 million; hunters spent \$750 million; while the spectator sports of baseball, football, boxing, and so on, only rank the cash registers to a slim \$275 million.

Still, outdoor recreation goes begging and unrecognized. Take our newspapers, which are supposed to reflect public interest. Turn to the sports section, and though outdoor recreation tops spectator sports 10 to 1, what do you find? Reams and reams of copy booming the spectator sport field, with seldom a mention of the out of doors interests.

Ten years ago I made a study of

the recreational use of the Klamath Basin. At that time I discovered one million man days were spent in outdoor recreation, in just one year. Hunting and fishing were just part of that total. Today, I guess it would be doubled.

The state of Oregon makes much over its vacation attraction; 100 million dollars they say it brings to the state. How much of this belongs to the Klamath area? What is the value of a million or two man days spent in the open spaces?

We take outdoor recreation for granted, like the rising sun. It's basic value appears to be beyond our comprehension.

This problem is a bone of contention between engineers of the bureau of reclamation and conservationists. The bureau would like to place a dollar sign on everything it could lay its hands on to balance these values against potatoes or grain or hydro power.

You can see the question coming to a head right now on Tule lake. What is the value of ducks and geese, shorebirds, waders and all the other life on the marsh lands? Will this question be decided upon merely by balancing the value of farm crops against the money hunters spend in the pursuit of a few species of waterfowl?

Our civilization is confused, groping; yet at the same time new spiritual horizons are opening before us.

There is a growing national awareness of the beauty of the country; a tremendous popular appreciation of wild country and wild life; and a growing desire to keep some of it for all time.

People are beginning to seek relaxation that is only possible in wild country. A budding national appreciation for the open lands.

Here, then, is an opportunity for the community to capitalize upon the bounty of natural beauty that nature has endowed upon it. Here is a challenge to the community to do something constructive, to plan for its own resource destiny.

(That was Ken McLeod talking. You must have gathered by now that he thinks there are more ways of getting good out of our natural resources than by consuming them. Amen.)

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Good morning. This is being written while most of you are still in bed. (And I wish I were, too.) As a matter of cold, hard fact it is just a few minutes after five o'clock and another day has rolled off to a start.

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They'll Do It Every Time



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NEW YORK (AP) — This is to announce the arrival of a new baby at our house.

She's precocious. She doesn't walk, but she talks—and she says the cutest, strangest, most boring things.

The stork didn't bring her. It took two strong men to deliver this baby. They set her up on her feet, granted, gave her a look of deep dislike, and departed.

But we loved her on sight—from her shiny glass forehead to the six little knobs in her tummy.

Yes, after all these years, we have become the proud parents of a television set. She is blonde like my wife, Frances. Because of the 17-inch eye in her forehead we immediately christened her "Little Miss Cyclops."

Frances said she took Miss Cyclops on the spur of the moment. She went into a music shop to buy a phonograph record and the salesman asked her if she was interested in a television set.

"Why, yes," she said, just to be polite. Whereupon the salesman threw himself on the floor, put his arms around her ankles, broke into tears and began to mumble hysterically. "At last! At last!"

"After that I felt I just had to buy a set," said Frances. "So we brushed the cobwebs off the nearest one, and I told him, 'wrap 'er up, son.'"

She brushed off his grateful offer to throw in a free grand piano, two harmonicas and a week's visit to Brooklyn.

For the formal debut of Miss Cyclops we invited in three trusted friends. After dinner we adjourned to our new nursery.

The big moment was at hand! What would be our baby's first words? This is an anxious time for any proud parent of a television set. I know one man who got set didn't say anything.

It just burst into wild, maniacal laughter. "Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!" It was still laughing when he sent it back to the store.

Nervously, I toyed with the knobs. A light came into my baby's

eye. Then she flashed on her screen—guess what? An old movie! I felt proud of her at once. It's nice to see a child with a grasp of the past.

But no sound. I had a horrible feeling our television set was backward—vocally retarded. But no. She mumbled a bit, feeling for words, then spoke out clearly:

"I think that Dutch water is a better drink than French champagne."

Well, now, wasn't that really clever, considering her age and all? None of us there even knew what Dutch water was. (We still don't.) I went over and patted Miss Cyclops on her flat blonde head, and she immediately said simply:

"It's nice to be a woman again."

Then she warmed up and ran off three old movies in a row.

I would like to say Miss Cyclops has continued her success after such a fine debut. But she hasn't.

Frances didn't mind her as long as her screen stuck to puppets, musical saw players, horse operas, and close-up views of politicians, and tenors feeling in need of a tonic. But lately she has been on a crime jag.

Miss Cyclops is plumb crazy about gory homicides. She switches from a tragicomic to a partridge to a homicide. And just before we go to bed she comes up either with an eerie uxoricide (husband mangles wife) or a gruesome maricide (wife mangles husband).

She never knows what "cide" is coming to bat next.

"That television set is mentally unhealthy," said Frances. "It's got me so I can't sleep. Last night I dreamt that that thing crawled into bed and bit me with an ax."

"That thing" is what she now calls Miss Cyclops, and she will hardly go into the room with it alone. I even suspect she locks it in while I am away at work.

My wife's feeling is that if our pretty new baby doesn't get less creepy there soon! Will be only one blonde left in our house—and it sure won't be Miss Cyclops.



Harold Ickes Dies Sunday

WASHINGTON (AP) — Death came quietly at dusk Sunday to Harold L. Ickes, 77, the New Dealer whose sharp wit and blunt speech stirred for two decades across the national scene.

Ickes, self-styled "Old Curmudgeon," died at 6:25 p.m., EST, in a coma at a hospital here. He succumbed after an 11 weeks illness following complication of an old arthritic condition.

Virtually an unknown in 1932 when President Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed him secretary of the interior, Ickes had become one of the most turbulent figures in politics by 1946, when he resigned in a huff to President Truman.

"A unique figure in American public life is lost to the nation," President Truman commented Sunday night, adding:

"He was with a true patriot and a many-sided citizen whose passing leaves a void in our national life not easily filled."

Funeral services are scheduled for Wednesday at All Soul's (Unitarian) Church in Washington. Burial will be at Sandy Spring, Md.



Waitress Dorothy Hurley creams desserts in the Klamath Nursing Home's modern kitchen as First Cook Dorothy Hurley looks on from the tray-cart. (Story on Page 3).



Showing how he rolls his own cigars, Salvin Kiron entertains 80-year-old John Elder, left, and ex-boxer Charles Kelly, Kelly, still abounding with the athletic touch, is partly blind. All three are patients at the county nursing home. (Story on Page 3).

Grain Store Probe Finds Shortages

WASHINGTON (AP) — Congressmen probing the government's grain storage program report that Texas alone they turned up shortages valued at \$3,820,000.

The Agriculture Department disclosed some time ago that there were shortages. A Senate committee also conducting an investigation was told recently the Texas discrepancies might hit four million dollars.

A House appropriations subcommittee, headed by Rep. Martin Dies, released its report Sunday, together with a transcript of closed hearings. It said staff investigators found Texas elevators and warehouses short 629,305 bushels of wheat and 84,488,500 pounds of grain they were supposed to have in storage. Total value was fixed at \$3,820,000.

It also reported that at least 20 employees in the Agriculture Department's Production and Marketing Administration accepted gratuities from firms with which they were doing grain storage business.

Listed gifts ranged from help in getting a car at discount to a medium sized fruit cake. Consequences varied from dismissal to letters of caution.

The subcommittee criticized the Commodity Credit Corporation, the Agriculture Department Agency which handles grain storage. It said the CCC had failed to check facilities for storing the grain and had paid big sums to private groups which had leased facilities from the government at fees much lower than those they collected.

The grain was bought and stored as part of the farm price support program.

The subcommittee said it found nothing to reflect in any way on this program, noting that the CCC had handled 14 1/2 billion dollars of loans and purchases with less than one billion in losses.

"However, the organization and the operating policies of the corporation leave much to be desired," the report said.



E. Roland Harriman, national president of the American Red Cross, unveils the original painting of the 1952 fund-raising campaign at the headquarters of the New York City chapter. The annual Red Cross drive goal is \$85 million.

SPORTS HEADLINES

second national indoor junior girls' singles tennis championship, and Ginny Baxter of Detroit who was named to the US Olympic team as a figure skater.

pair of Michigan State co-eds have been making the sports headlines recently. They are Elaine Lewick of Hamtrack, Mich., who won her

Mobilization Threat Came Closer Than You Think...

WASHINGTON (AP) — The United States came closer to all-out mobilization this winter than the public realized.

Mobilization officials now say it would have meant the closing down entirely of the automobile and all consumer hard goods industries, layoffs by the millions in non-defense industries, countless shortages of things people buy, inflationary pressures.

The decision was in doubt until around Christmas. Then President Truman decided to take a calculated risk—the strike would not spread the expanded defense program over four instead of three years.

Now, officials say, we'll have butter with the guns throughout—unless new fighting breaks out.

Before Mr. Truman made up his mind, he has been talking about the nation's strategic materials. Now it is giving some of it back to industry.

Under the program Mr. Truman approved, the same upward curve of arms deliveries will continue throughout 1952, rising down by slightly more than four billion dollars a month next January. But then the peak levels off into a "plateau," finally tapers off 18 months later. Then spending will decline. How far is anybody's guess.

and got enough names to referend the tax measure. A good many of the names were obtained in Klamath Falls. The local Central Labor Council was instrumental in getting petitions circulated here.

Clearer lines have been vetted by the people of Oregon four times previously—in 1928, 1942, 1945 and 1947—but by decreasing majorities. This might be the year a cigarette tax is allowed.

The sales tax, in one guise or another, has been levied at a peck by the people of Oregon at least five times—in 1933, 1934, 1936, 1944 and 1947—and always by a big vote, usually about 3-1. In 1947 the tax was cloaked in the garments of benefits for schools and welfare (usually soft spots with the voters) but it was defeated.

The sales tax isn't due for the ballot this year.

But it isn't dead. It'll be along again.

Jet Engine Said Ready

HAWTHORNE, California (AP) — Grumman's chief of staff at a baby jet engine designed for use in private planes.

Northrop Aircraft, Inc. announced Sunday the engine is being developed by students at the firm's Northrop Institute, aeronautical school for civilians and Air Force men.

The 172-pound engine will be installed soon in a Ryan Navion plane for air tests and is expected to propel the light craft at 300 miles an hour. The four-burner engine uses 80 octane gasoline.

Army Brass To Speak at AP Meet

NEW YORK (AP) — Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther, chief of staff at Supreme Headquarters of Allied Powers in Europe, has accepted an invitation to address the annual meeting of Associated Press members in New York, Monday, April 21.

Robert McLean, president of the Associated Press, announced the acceptance Monday and said Gen. Gruenther would be the speaker at the annual luncheon.

Gen. Gruenther, 62, is the youngest four-star general in the U.S. Army.

CASUALTY LIST

WASHINGTON (AP) — The Defense Department Monday identified 54 more battle casualties in Korea.

A new list No. 493 reported 12 killed, 37 wounded, one missing in action and four injured.

It also listed two dead who were previously reported missing.

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Liquor Repealer Aimed at Ballot Again --- in Disguise

By **HALE SCARBROUGH**

The prohibitionists are at it again, trying to dry up Oregon. Petitions are now being circulated over the state to put on the November state ballot an initiative measure euphemistically and misleadingly titled:

"Constitutional Amendment Relating to Alcoholic Liquor."

The relation is pretty strong. The measure is a bone-dry proposal which would prohibit the manufacture, importation and sale of liquor, including wine and beer, in Oregon.

Undoubtedly the misleading title was chosen for the ballot to delude some persons into thinking the proposal only in certain respects the present Knox law under which Oregon liquor business is conducted.

It is, however, a prohibition amendment, pure and simple.

The Blitzer-Weinhard Brewing Company has started a court action to get the Supreme Court to force Attorney General George Neuner to change the ballot title so that it would read:

Amendment Prohibiting the Manufacture, Importation or Sale of Alcoholic Liquor."

This state's election laws regarding ballot titles are pretty loose, though, so if enough people (about 16,000 of them) sign the initiative petitions, the prohibition amendment probably will go on the ballot November in disguise.

Oregon has been a wet state since 1933, when national prohibition was repealed and the people of the state by a vote of 143,044 to 72,745 repealed Oregon's constitutional prohibition amendment.

Since that time there have been at least five attempts to make ba-

sic changes in the liquor setup by way of the general ballot. Only one (in 1944, giving the state alone the right to brew and sell, containing over 14 per cent alcohol) has been approved. A good many other attacks on the Oregon liquor law, either to liberalize it or make it tighter, have died natural deaths in the Legislature or have failed to make the ballot.

In 1928, 1940, 1948 and 1950 the voters by big margins refused to make changes in the existing liquor law.

They probably will do so again in 1952.

Down through the years the liquor situation has long been a rather steady item on state ballots, along with the sales tax and the cigarette tax—neither of which has ever been approved by the people. They've received Legislative approval, but through the initiative and referendum the people hold the power, and the cigarette tax and sales tax have consistently been voted down.

The cigarette tax will come up on the state ballot again next November.

The last Legislature passed a three-cent per package tax, tying it in with a fair-trade law that would add another two cents to the price of a package of smokes, but the Portland Central Labor Council (AFL) circulated petitions

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