

Herald and News

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Entered as second class matter at the post office of Klamath Falls, Ore., on August 20, 1906, under act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES	
MAIL	BY CARRIER
1 month \$1.35	1 month \$1.35
6 months \$6.50	6 months \$8.10
1 year \$11.00	1 year \$16.20

BILL-BOARD

By BILL JENKINS

Chicken dinners seem to be coming our way with the regularity of a clock these days. The last one occurred Friday when Bob Adams, the Paisley mill operator (Adams Lumber Company) played host for the regular meeting of the Society of American Foresters.

The trip proved an interesting one from start to finish and included a tour of the woods, a peek at the new (to the west) method of seed loading, and a dissertation by Weyerhaeuser's Tom Orr on selecting trees for a salvage cut in any given area. The tour was supposed to include a peek at the coffee area range reseeded program but most of that portion of the trip was cancelled due to a heavy rainstorm that blew up late in the afternoon.

The most interesting part of the tour for me was the demonstration of the skid loader. This is a rig that fits over a small tractor and picks up logs in a pair of jaws mounted on a hydraulic lift. Made by Drott and sold here by Kerns. The darn thing is almost human in its motions, can load logs weighing way up in the thousands of pounds and do it quickly and economical.

Hal Boyle

NEW YORK (AP) — The trouble with politicians today isn't that they all sound alike. It's that they all dress alike.

The average politician looks so much like any ordinary man you can't even tell he is running for office until he opens his mouth. Then it's too late.

Politicians need something to set them apart. Nothing sets a man apart like a uniform. So why not uniforms for politicians? Since everybody loves a uniform, why not also create one for bureaucrats, too? It would keep them up. Bureaucrats are getting the idea nobody really loves them anymore.

Many people in government life wear uniforms, such as policemen, firemen, members of the armed forces, garbage collectors and diplomats (readily identified by their homburg hats and striped pants).

But if every public servant wore a uniform you could see at a glance what he was. You would also be impressed at how many of them there are.

Naturally you would have to have different uniforms to distinguish those elected to office and those appointed to their jobs.

All bureaucrats, for example, might be outfitted in neat white haircuts and serviceable blue serge suits lined in the seat with a good grade of saddle leather. You could tell their rank by the chevrons on their sleeves, just as you now can tell a corporal from a sergeant. To build pride of service each bureaucrat might be permitted to wear a stripe on his cuff for every three years he had been in his post.

Then you could look at his chevrons, count his stripes—and figure his salary.

To stamp him even clearer, each bureaucrat might wear a metal lapel emblem denoting his branch of government. For example, a miniature ear of corn for the Department of Agriculture, a pine tree for the National Park Service, a pair of pliers for the Labor Department, a gilt dollar sign for the Internal Revenue.

Now let us consider a uniform for elected politicians. They present more of a problem. A politician wants to look impressive and well-dressed. But not too well-dressed.

Perhaps a return to the old Roman toga is called for. The toga is a simple classic garment rich in dignity. Sew in a few inside pockets and provide the politician with a place to stow his car keys, cigars, aspirin tablets, and campaign whistles.

Politicians belonging to the party in power would wear a toga of purple, the traditional color of royalty. Their togas might even be tastefully trimmed with fur. Mink? No, no, no. Maybe ermine.

Politicians of the party out of power would look fetching to the voters in a toga of white, symbol of purity, with a small gold star of hope blazoned over the U.S. I can hear some gruff old Republican grumbling already: "How could the people tell me from an elected dog catcher or county clerk?"

That's easy, senator. Every public office would have its own campaign ribbon—from sheriff on up. You would wear on your chest separate ribbons for all the offices you have been elected to.

If you were serving your sixth term in the Senate, you would wear a senatorial ribbon with five oak leaf clusters. A voter could view your chest and know your whole long and honorable public career. As it is now, you have to keep reminding him.

There remains only one problem. What about a uniform for a politician who runs for office and loses?

The only thing that comes to mind is a suit of sackcloth and a crying towel, edged in black.

Wives Of Presidential Candidates Colorful Group Who Lead Varied Lives

Mamie Eisenhower is a retiring woman who firmly refuses to talk to reporters. Some of her friends believe that Mrs. Eisenhower would have preferred a quiet, private life to a gilded-bowl existence in the White House. The beautiful, 44-year-old wife of the beautiful, 44-year-old president, she is only the most recent of a series of homes she has had to leave regretfully behind her.

Mrs. Eisenhower suffers from a heart condition which, while not dangerous, obliges her to be cautious.

She keeps a birthday book for her three grandchildren and five godchildren. She gave her husband a birthday present of a housewarming present when they moved in after six months in a Versailles hotel.

Mamie Eisenhower, in high heels is nearly as tall as her husband. She has large, dark eyes in a rather pert face, and always wears her greying dark hair cut quite short and in a band in front to cover a small bald spot or receding hairline on the forehead, it is said. She usually wears suits or boxy, loose-coats in her public appearances.

Born Mamie Geneva Doud, daughter of a wealthy western meat-packing family, she was married to Dwight D. Eisenhower in 1916. Her age is apparently a military secret. One of their two sons died in infancy, and the other is Maj. John Shelton Doud Eisenhower, of Fort Knox.

While the general is a bridge fanatic, Mrs. Ike dotes on canasta. She likes sea food, reads autobiographies and who-uns-it, is fond of both popular and classical music, has given up gardening, but spends any spare time knitting for friends and grandchildren.

If Ike is elected, there will be a piano player in the White House, for Mamie plays a bit herself, although she is modest about this accomplishment.

Gettysburg, Pa., farm, purchased when they could no longer hope to live in Colorado, will almost certainly be the summer White House and favorite family residence if the general should become the President.

MRS. KEFAUVER

People are saying that Estes Kefauver's greatest asset is his pretty Auburn-haired wife Nancy, who says so herself.

Unimpressed with the White House prospect at first, Mrs. Kefauver spent her honeymoon in the top and spinning with enthusiasm as she accompanies her tall, good-looking husband up and down the lino, sometimes even pinning needles with speeches. Green-eyed, magnolia-complexioned Nancy Kefauver is a very young 40 and mother of four children, likes people, excitement and the spotlight. She revels in the challenge of politics.

"The more opposition there is the more excited I get," she said.

She told me after returning from their Florida primary trip, though she admitted she was disappointed in her husband's defeat in that state. "Maybe I'm not a very good sport," she added.

Mrs. Kefauver says she goes with her husband whenever she feels her "going along helps." However, she says she worries about going off and leaving the children even though they are in the good care of a nurse and Babby, the Negro cook who has been with the family 10 years. The eldest child is Linda, 10. They adopted David, 6, when they thought they were not going to have any more children of their own. Then came Diana, now 4, and Gail, who is 18 months.

I asked the loquacious Babby what she thought about moving into the White House. "The children will be fighting. I don't go and anyway wherever they go you'll be finding me sticking my thumb behind the limb," she said.

The children are worrying about having a place to play and a place to keep their pets. Linda's turkey and skunk, David's white mouse and Barney, the black cocker spaniel.

Mrs. Kefauver thinks presiding over the White House will be a "challenge" as well as a great responsibility, but of all the candidates' wives she is the one most likely to have fun in the executive mansion. "We have so darn much fun at home, and I don't think we could possibly change," she said.

The senator's wife is the former Nancy Patterson Piggott. Born in Glasgow, Scotland, daughter of the American designer of the ocean liner "Queen Mary," she is a talented artist and a student in Glasgow and Paris. She met her husband in Chattanooga, Tenn., in 1934, when she was visiting relatives.

MRS. TAFT

Mrs. Robert A. Taft, politically acute and witty wife of the Republican presidential aspirant, is his No. One booster and closest confidante.

Mrs. Taft is only now "getting about" again—mostly in a wheelchair—after a paralyzing heart attack two years ago. She is unable to accompany the senator on speaking tours, but she voices her convictions and lauds her husband's virtues in answering her heavy correspondence.

"I sometimes shudder when I see the mailman coming, and I worry about the campaign, but not Martha Taft," Mrs. Darrah Wunder, long-time family friend, who is staying with the Tafts here, told me. "She keeps abreast with all that goes on, reads five newspapers a day and all the magazines besides listening to every radio and TV program touching on politics."

Martha's been through this all before, and she's convinced the senator will win. She says results have shown that Bob is a good vote-getter, and he has never lost her wheel chair—expects to be on hand for the Republican convention in Chicago this July.

The famous "Bob and Martha" team first made headlines in 1938, when Mr. Taft was running for the Senate from Ohio. The term was applied to them again in the 1940 presidential campaign. That time Martha Taft stamped all but three of Ohio's 88 counties. She drove her own car and wrecked it once. They had to pull her out through a window. In 1948, she was again his active campaigner, advising him, as well as writing and listening to his speeches. Her job was to project the senator's positive personality in a sympathetic light.

Her witticisms, criticisms and punned phrases have been widely quoted. But, as one newspaper put it, "her grasp of politics and capacity for witty analysis is concealed by her resemblance to all cheerful and quiet housewives."

A plump five-foot-six, with brown eyes and graying hair, mother of four and grandmother of nine, Mrs. Taft is 59.

MRS. STASSEN

Esther Glewe Stassen doesn't think it's likely the Stassens will be moving into the White House after next November.

The wife of Harold Stassen, who seeks the Republican nomination, candidly describes this pre-convention period as "difficult one, because we can't win. It is a losing thing."

Her husband, on leave as President of the University of Pennsylvania, has considered himself a likely compromise GOP candidate in the event of a convention deadlock between Sen. Robert A. Taft (R. Ohio) and Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. But Stassen predicted only a few days ago that his party likely would nominate Earl Warren of California if a deadlock occurs.

It is evident that this turn of events is a disappointment to Mrs. Stassen, not because of personal ambitions, but because she believes her husband would make a good president.

A slim, trim dark-haired woman, Mrs. Stassen was one of 12 children, grew up amid the hurly-burly confusion of a large family, and since her marriage she has been quite consistently in the spotlight called upon to participate in many public and social activities.

"I don't like large crowds, but I do enjoy meeting people. And contrary to what someone has written about me, I do like politics, and I like to talk about it," Mrs. Stassen said.

Esther Stassen was born in Mount, Minn. Henry Glewe, her father, a native of Alsace-Lorraine, was a grocer store in South St. Paul. The family name is pronounced "stuh-we." She used to hedge when asked her age but that was before someone wrote that she was three years older than she is. Now she doesn't mind saying she was 46 May 14.

Harold and Esther were married when she was 23 and they have two children, Glen, 16, and Kathleen, 10.

Mrs. Stassen is interested in painting, drawing and gardening, regularly attends the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts, and is a studious reader.

MRS. WARREN

Mrs. Earl Warren lets her husband do the politicking. Her family—and it's a big one—comes first.

"And if we went to the White House," the wife of California's Republican governor says, "the family would still come first."

The blond, blue-eyed Mrs. Warren is a quiet, rather shy woman who looks fresh and trim at 58. She attends public functions with Warren, but in all his years of campaigning, she has never made a speech, busy enough with six growing children," she explains.

Since 1943, there has been the job of running the ancient, 20-room executive mansion. This is a



Dr. E. P. Jordan

A correspondent who signs herself "Anxious Reader" says that she is most interested in the vast number of reports of twins, triplets, and even quadruplets who are born and she wonders if there are increasing.

This is indeed an interesting subject, but so far as I know there is no reason to believe that the frequency of plural births is increasing.

The only thing that may be influencing this picture is that there therefore be a slight increase in the number of children at a single birth as the mother gets older, at least until about the age of 35 to 39.

If more women of this age bracket are having children, there could, therefore, be a slight increase in the number of multiple births.

As things stand today, twins are born once in about 90 births.

The chances of having triplets are, of course, much less than chances of having twins, and it occurs in about one in 1000 conceptions. The likelihood of giving birth to quadruplets is even less, namely about one in 620,000, which would mean that four or five sets of quadruplets would be born in the United States each year.

The subject of the chances of having multiple children at one birth cannot be dismissed without referring to quintuplets, or five. So far as this writer knows, only two sets of quintuplets have survived past infancy.

This is not surprising since it has been estimated that quintuplets can be expected about one in 57 million conceptions.

There are two kinds of twins. Fraternal twins are the result of the fertilization of two eggs. Such twins may be of the same or of opposite sex. Except for having identical birthdays, they may be as different from each other as any other brothers or sisters, both physically and mentally.

Identical twins are the result of the fertilization of a single egg which later divides. Identical twins are always of the same sex and are much alike in both physical and mental characteristics. In no respect one is the mirror image of the other.

There are apparently about a fourth as many identical twins as fraternal twins.

There is a tendency for twins and other multiple children to be born prematurely. This means that they are comparatively poorly developed at the time of birth and therefore have a decreased chance of living past infancy.

Methodists Close Meet

LA GRANDE, Ore. (AP) — The Idaho Methodist Conference concluded its annual meeting here Sunday with the announcement of church appointments.

The meeting, the 69th for the conference, was presided over by Bishop Gerald Kennedy, Portland, and Bishop Donald H. Timmett, San Francisco.

The Idaho Conference includes Southern Idaho and all of Oregon east of the Blue Mountains.

Appointments included: Western District, Baker, Donald Northdrutt, Cove, Ore.; E. H. Buckley, Huntington, Ore.; Leslie Bailey, John Day, Ore.; Josie Bach, La Grande, H. J. Gerhardt and Floyd White, North Powder, Ore.; Dennis Lean, Nyssa, Ore.; H. G. McCallister, Ontario, Ore.; W. W. DeBolt, Prairie City, Ore.; Mary Graves, Vale, Ore.; T. O. Hill, Wallawa, Ore.; Harold Mackey.

Gorwin OSC Leader

CORVALLIS (AP) — Mark Gorwin, Eugene, is the new president of the Oregon State College Alumni Association.

Elected here Saturday, Gorwin succeeds Ralph Fletcher, Portland, who becomes a director.



I practically yell my lungs out and still some people don't carry auto collision insurance.

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Three Killed In Accidents

Weekend accidents in Oregon claimed three lives. Two died in highway smashups and another drowned.

Norman Lee, 29, McMinnville, was fatally crushed Saturday when a truck in which he was riding, turned over. Jack White, McMinnville, the driver, said the truck's brakes failed on Bald Mountain Road in Yamhill County.

White said he drove the truck up a bank to halt it. Lee jumped out as the truck started to turn over and was crushed.

Bertha Gladys Reppeto, 56, Portland, died following a two-car collision near Hillsboro Sunday. Her husband and three persons in the other car were hospitalized with non-critical injuries.

Jackie William Meyers, 9, drowned when he attempted to swim the Sandy River on the outskirts of Portland Sunday. His 19-year-old brother, Robert, was pulled from the swift current by another swimmer.

Commencement Sked Reported

By The Associated Press

Some 1190 students were to receive degrees at the Oregon State College commencement at Corvallis Monday.

The University of Oregon's graduation ceremony will be June 15. A total of 1316 degrees will be conferred there.

Bank Ousts Man

Geo. N. Taylor

It was the day the man was to be voted to high office in the bank. So the day Dr. E. V. Edman, Pres. of Wheaton College, that noon in the cafeteria, a Director saw the man take two pairs of butter hiding one down under his coat and the other in his pocket. "And so," said the Director, "we have a thief in the bank and I move he be discharged."

So, he was, then and there. And what is your sin? Pats of butter? Any way, big or little, the wages of sin is eternal separation from God in the fire prepared for the Devil and His angels—BIBLE, Mt. 25:41. Only as you trust your life over to Jesus Christ, as the Son of God, who died for you, will you escape eternal hell.

A Portland family sponsors this space to tell you of God's love for the Whoosevers.

U.S. Protests Red Scrutiny

VIENNA, Austria (AP) — Walter Dowling, deputy U.S. high commissioner in Austria, said Saturday he is convinced the Russian, new Ambassador, Walter Donnelly, was aboard a U.S. Air Force plane buzzed by Soviet jets Wednesday.

Dowling told newsmen the incident in the American air corridor over the Russian zone of Austria "apparently has the ostensible purpose of identification but there is no doubt the Soviets knew Donnelly was aboard."

Dowling said the regulations for use of the corridor provided that one plane should not approach another within 500 feet.

"The pilot says that the Soviet jets were just about 500 feet away—but that was pretty close," Dowling said.

"At that time," Dowling said, "did the Soviet jets aim their guns in the direction of our plane."

Dowling protested to Soviet High Commissioner, Lieut. Gen. V. P. Sviridov.

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