

Herald and News

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

The legionnaires will be leaving tomorrow after a five day stay in our city.

From all appearances they have had a good time. As to the success of the convention we couldn't say. Not being a member of that organization I have not sat in on their councils nor taken an active interest in the inner circle politics which must, invariably, occupy a great deal of the time of any group or convention.

But from a quick look-around on the streets I would say the convention had been a howling success and good time by all concerned.

There have been only two recurring complaints about our city as a convention spot—the weather and the accommodations for so large a group.

The weather might have seemed a trifle warmish to some. I'll say nothing about it. I save my wrath over the weather for the winter season. Sort of nurse it and keep it warm all summer in anticipation of doing a good deal of cussing when the snow and ice hit. But should certainly not be overly warm to the people from Portland where it has been much hotter and stiffer than it has here.

As to the accommodations I'll have to admit we're a trifle on the short side. Klamath Falls was not designed as a convention town. When the founding fathers laid out our village they saw no such thing. And having built up pretty much on a haphazard basis, there have omitted seeing to it that there were enough rooms for all. It's even hard for people who work here to find suitable housing.

Perhaps if we are to continue

CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DES ADDISON

Observations on the party nominating conventions, from a distance— from a distance in time, space and connections:

Neither one was cut and dried beforehand. (This assumes that Kefauver and the rest had a chance when they got to Chicago.)

Rank and file primary voters showed their dissatisfaction with the status quo by drafting Ike and Kefauver where they had the chance in open voting.

This was sufficient to carry the nomination of Ike over the old guard. It didn't do Kefauver any good. Her Truman turned thumbs down on him.

When labor bosses pulled the cork on Alben Barkley it left the way clear for a "last minute draft" of Adlai Stevenson—by the party bosses.

Ike is a sort of rough and rugged leader—farm boy to general—whose first ambition was to become a major league shortstop. Stevenson is a sort of silk stocking liberal—third generation politician—on the Roosevelt style.

Ike, on the radio, sounds like Clark Gable. Stevenson, over the air, sounds like an American version of Ronald Colman.

Ike was drafted to fight for the nomination. Stevenson was drafted to accept the nomination.

Now the champagne is chosen, and we get down to the serious matter of choosing a president. From here on all politics are local.

Radio repair shops report a brisk business in replacing radio tubes this week. Wonder if ear doctors are patching up many ear drums?

Dr. E. P. Jordan

An interesting problem is raised by Mrs. E., who writes that her 7-year-old boy has been troubled with nosebleeds for the past six years. She says they usually start without any apparent cause, and generally at night.

This kind of thing is naturally most distressing to the parents, but it is not too unusual. Many growing children have nosebleeds, without any obvious reason, from time to time.

In general, perhaps, spontaneous nosebleeds of this sort tend to come more frequently in delicate children than in those who are robust.

However, it is often a question as to whether this is serious enough to require treatment, since most youngsters seem to outgrow these recurrent nosebleeds in a few months or years, even without any active treatment.

It is probably best, however, for every youngster who has frequent nosebleeds to be examined to see if a correctable cause can be discovered.

Some of these nosebleeds come from small ulcers in the nose. Some youngsters pick or scratch the inside of the nose or place objects in it, unknown to the parents, and this of course may lead to chronic difficulty inside the organ.

There is a family form of nosebleed which is sometimes found in several generations. This condition is caused by enlarged blood vessels in the nose which frequently rupture and result in nosebleeds at all too frequent intervals.

Several blood diseases can cause

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Adlai E. Stevenson

By Roger F. Lane

Editor's Note: This is another series on the life of Adlai E. Stevenson, Democratic nominee for president, covers the war years, the birth of the U.N. and the Alger Hiss case.

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The two renewed their acquaintance early in 1945 when both were employed by the State Department.

In the next two years, Stevenson and Hiss followed official paths that merged and crossed several times.

They met at intra-departmental conferences of the State Department in Washington and discussed press relations at the San Francisco conference. Hiss was secretary general of the conference.

This sort of contact continued intermittently into the latter part of 1947, when they had their final encounter in New York.

At that time, Stevenson was a U.N. alternate delegate and Hiss was working on foreign policy problems with the late Sen. Arthur Vandenberg, John Foster Dulles and Sen. Tom Connally, all far better known than to the public.

His original interest in the subject probably sprang from boyhood travels with his family in Europe and his experiences in 1928 on a tour of the Near East and Russia.

In the 1930's he became a member, and finally president, of the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations.

The council welcomed foreign diplomats, debated their pronouncements and weighed possible actions on the United States of far away events.

Its discussions—and Stevenson's voice—were out of harmony with the predominant sentiments of a city whose mayor once threatened to bust King George if he became a member of the America First movement.

Stevenson's willingness to swim against the tide gave a glimpse of a characteristic that reappeared in the Alger Hiss case and in some unpopular acts as governor of Illinois.

Perhaps his most important wartime assignment was as chief of a foreign economic administration mission to Italy.

Its purpose was to plan for relief and rehabilitation of the liberated areas.

In Italy, Stevenson met the man who eight years afterwards was to be his rival for the presidency—Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The brief encounter occurred in the corridor of a Naples office building.

Eisenhower asked how things were going and Stevenson said as well as could be expected. That's all there was to the exchange.

In 1945, Stevenson moved over a few notches into the domain of diplomacy proper.

The State Department, mindful of his growing experience, called on Stevenson to help promote public understanding of the forthcoming United Nations conference at San Francisco.

When the conference started, press relations of the United States delegation sagged and Stevenson was given the job of sprucing them up. He performed creditably.

He served as deputy to former Secretary of State Stettinius, who headed the U.S. delegation, at the U.N. Preparatory Commission meeting in London in the fall of 1945.

He filled Stettinius's shoes when the latter took sick.

He was "senior adviser" to the U.S. delegation at the first general assembly of the U.N. in New York the following January.

That fall, and in the 1947 meeting of the General assembly, he served as an alternate delegate.

In his various capacities connected with the creation and early functions of the U.N., Stevenson was brought in touch with Alger Hiss.

His first met Hiss in 1933 when both were employed by the AAA. Their contact at this time was "frequent but not close or daily," in the words of the controversial deposition Stevenson made for use at the first trial of Hiss on perjury charges.

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Hal Boyle

NEW YORK (AP)—A husband's job used to be to bring home the bacon.

In more and more households today, however, the husband not only brings home the bacon—he cooks it, too. A man's place is in the kitchen.

The quiet revolution in domestic duties began about a quarter of a century ago in that period of culinary history known as "the era of the outdoor grill."

Father got the idea he was a real heroic figure as he stood, eyes streaming from the smoke, turning over a row of hot dogs or steaks burling to death over a fire in a stone barbecue oven in the backyard.

"I can do this well outdoors," he told himself, "what couldn't he do in a real kitchen?"

So he moved indoors, bought himself a cookbook, and began experimenting like a small boy with a new chemistry set.

Every weekend he figured out a new dish to try on his friends, and from the life of the party he became the wife of the party.

"Mama, I'm in the kitchen," murmured Mama later, munching a sandwich that tasted of garlic and old rust.

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