

# Herald and News

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## BILL-BOARD

There must eventually come a time when we'll have to learn to walk again. Because very shortly there won't be any other way of getting from place to place. Despite the cries of anguish coming from Detroit and Flint manufacturers of automobiles that production is down there are more and more cars on the streets than ever before.

Go downtown and try to get within a couple of blocks of your favorite store. In all probability you won't be able to. All the parking spaces will be filled, the streets will be jammed with cars, the highways leading into town will be loaded with crawling cars and even the neighborhood streets will be fairly well filled with motorists trying to aim their jalopies in such fashion as to avoid running down numerous children.

With all this in mind we are prompted to wonder whether we should be so bravenly a few years back to install off-street parking facilities in Klamath Falls. There are about the time that parking meters were installed. Promises filled the air thicker than sunlight that with the fabulous amounts taken in by the curbstone counters the city would be able to buy and equip various parking spaces to relieve the

congestion in downtown Klamath Falls.

To date I find myself unable to find any city-provided off-street parking facilities unless it would be the recent lot put into use of city hall, for the use of city hall workers.

Private interests have erected a few lots here and there. Grocery stores, banks and a few other have done their best to provide parking for their patrons. But the average man is left to get along as best he can.

Surveys have shown that the average U.S. shopper won't walk over two blocks from where he leaves his car to where he does his buying. This is being amply proven by the rapid growth of business interests outside the cities where there is parking in abundance. People being what they are they would rather drive ten miles out of their way and park right in front of the store than to drive only a mile and have to walk a few blocks.

The situation is one that will eventually solve itself. There will come a time when there won't be room for any more cars and then we can start over again.

But in the meantime I'm still curious as to what happened to those parking lots we were going to build in such plenty.

## Frank Tripp Sage Sideglances

There never was a newspaper guy who was more everlastingly in trouble than Mr. Kendall. Hardly a day passed that he didn't mope up the news somehow, and frequently get fired for it. Made it he'd be back at work next day, and maybe bounced again by night.

This went on and on while Mr. Kendall got away with murder. Though I worked on the staff with him for years I never knew his first name. When one of his victims would ask, "Who is that blankety-blank Kendall?" we'd just say, "Oh, he isn't there any more."

Truth was Mr. Kendall never was there, because there never was a Mr. Kendall, any more than there ever was a "Harvey". It was only when an irate reader was after some reporter's scalp that Mr. Kendall came to life, took the rap, and became the most fired scribe in history. It would be explained that he was fired for it. Made it return, which helped appease an angry caller.

Before days of objective reporting and by-lines the newspaper, rather than many identified specialists took all of the glory or all of the blame. The editor singlehanded had to meet all comers and heal all wounds. A good one never squealed on his boys.

The shrewdest martinet and one of the best editors who ever bossed me around was Earl Dean. He invented "Mr. Kendall." Frank Gannett inherited Kendall, with the rest of us, when he came on the scene, and kept him some time.

Gannett was wont to say, on strained occasions, that Kendall was the best man on the staff. Gradually the era of the by-line abolished Mr. Kendall's job.

I was considering myself a bit of a veteran before I felt the impact of a by-line and realized the responsibility that it imposed. Up to then the paper, or Mr. Kendall, had shouldered all of the blame for the weird things that they let me say.

Then one day, to my great surprise and momentary glee, I saw my name above a first page story with a screaming eight-column headline. It was a slaughter house story, reeking with overstatement, in which I had loosed every smelly

adjective in the dictionary, and all but consigned the owners of "Offal Parkway" to purgatory.

Before it was over I went close to the gates of hell along with the paper. I was fired, and the paper ever gave me a by-line again.

Alas, soon I was to be begging for by-lines, but had learned, since Mr. Kendall no longer was with us, that I never knew the consequences of my ravings, at least equally with the paper and its editor.

The debate still goes on as to whether the by-line has been good or bad for newspapering. It brought broad liberties for the writer, but with it came a throttling of the anonymous reporter, who no longer may editorialize in the news columns.

Those were merry, though hectic times, before came today's objective reporting. Wherein the reader reaches his own conclusions, aided only by a sometimes too learned editorial page, which too seldom analyzes the news that is closest to the people.

The transition cost newspapers one of their most alluring features. When a reporter no more can say that "a fresh young above-the-law Snob Hill socialite got pinched for speeding and a beholder, peanut judge, who owes his job to her father, let her off, and panned the cop," the newspaper is deprived of a spicy morsel that would cause more talk than two pages from Einstein on flying saucers.

Today the Traffic Violations column would say: "Miss Theresa Gotookos, 55 Bonton Drive, speeding on Snob Hill road, sentence suspended. The reader supplies his own pepper and allegories.

It wasn't always so. In Mr. Kendall's day plenty of news got distorted by the dictates of an upset liver—or a hangover. It made a whole of a lot of fun for the customer but out of such abuse of reportorial freedom came responsible objective reporting; and more dependable, if less exciting, newspapers.

There may be an untried middle ground awaiting a courageous publisher. Still the scandal sheet boys who have tried to resurrect the kind of reporting that once was pretty common, have mostly gone on the rocks—or to jail.

## Hugh Pruett Heavens Above

As it has been four years since I have aired my views in print regarding the flying china ware, saucers, "buzzard's wings," (a recent Eugene report), and other strange objects which recently have been covering so merrily in the "ether blue," I feel strongly the urge to speak again.

Personally I have never seen one of these mysterious things, despite the fact that I do a great deal of sky gazing. But I am not ready to say that others have not. I have many times been called from sweet slumber (I now keep my telephone beside my bed to prevent too much exertion) to inspect a so-called "heavenly saucer," only to find it was Venus or Jupiter glowing peacefully in the blue dome above.

Venus, visible as a tiny white speck in the daytime sky, has also caused much disturbance. In the summer of 1948 a large area of Central Washington was highly disturbed for a few days when it was discovered that a "flying saucer" went over the same path in the western sky every afternoon, then disappeared over the Cascade Range. Finally everyone settled for Venus.

The worst celestial offender is the bright star Capella when it is low in the northeastern haze. This star then seems to dance and to flash in rapid succession the most gorgeous reds and yellows, greens and blues. Late in July, I was called on two successive nights regarding this most exciting object

— and at almost the identical time, 1:15 a.m. By September — when I get the most calls—Capella will be in this location in the early evening.

My own views for several years have been that 95 per cent or more of the flying saucers are explainable as stars, meteors, weather bureau balloons, distant airplanes, thistle down, or other common objects. But I feel that too many level-headed, well-informed persons, especially pilots, have been things that are really very unusual, to dismiss it all as a "figment of the imagination." I have thought until recently that our government has been carrying on unannounced experiments, but official pronouncements now seem to indicate the Air Force is actually investigating the unexplained phenomena.

One scientist explains many of the saucers as due to mirages or reflections of earth lights from layers of warm air at high altitudes. Others say flocks of ducks are responsible. Doubtless each answers some cases, but as a friend said to me recently, "Were there no ducks or layers of hot air over Washington City until five years ago?"

Because of my 20 years of experience on meteor tracing, I have received a recent appointment (which cannot be explained at present) to help investigate some of the saucer reports in the Pacific states. Please write me, Eugene, Oregon on any unexplained phenomena — but please omit stars and meteors.

## They'll Do It Every Time

