

Herald and News

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

The following editorial was sent me by some anonymous reader in Anchorage. In the general spirit of keeping us all well up on the weather situation I take the liberty of reprinting it here. It's an offering from the editorial page of the Anchorage Daily Times for Tuesday, Dec. 9th. Here it is:

IT IS A PITY that the good people of Northern California must endure such hardships as those that plagued them over the weekend.

It seems that weather got in their way. Trains were marooned in the snow. More than 1,300 passengers were trapped in the cars for 24 hours. They probably had too few blankets. They probably ran out of food. They must have been miserable.

But worse than that, motorists were marooned on highways. They had to be dug out by snowplows. Think of the pain and anguish they must have suffered—no blankets and no food at all. Maybe they didn't even have heaters in their cars.

The hardships went beyond that. There were hundreds of thousands of others who couldn't go where they wanted to. Trains were held in depots, afraid to venture out into the cruel winter. Motorists who hadn't left home stayed there. No doubt they were scared paled.

And for each person delayed or marooned by the weather probably caused at least two others to worry about it. Where is my fine friend during this awful wind, rain and snowstorm? Is he stranded on a train? Is he shivering in an automobile lost in the snow drifts? Something ought to be done to protect these good people from such anxiety.

Arrangements could probably be made to send a cadre of Alaskans down there to show those folks how to live.

The cadre might include a couple of the Alaska Railroad men who make trains go here throughout the winter. There could be a couple of the Alaska Road Commission men. And an assortment of Boy Scouts, housewives, truck drivers and plain citizens.

A team like that could teach those poor people a few things. They might demonstrate, for instance, the value of woolens. They might teach them how to run a railroad, maintain highways, operate automobiles under adverse conditions and a few other things.

The railroaders might hammer into the heads of those state-of-the-art operators the value of having snowplows precede the train through snowstorms, instead of expecting plows to come along behind.

Motorists might learn that trips through high mountains during certain weather conditions might better be made after the roads have been opened, instead of before.

There's a little quirk Alaskans know that would be handy down here in California. That is the ability to apply the brakes gently and turn off the highway into a roadhouse when conditions become

questionable and snowplows haven't come ahead.

The California drivers might come to recognize the signs indicating whether the plows have been that way. One of those most commonly used in Alaska is visual. It depends upon the ability of the driver to see whether the snow is spread in random beauty all over the highway. Or whether some gadget operated by man has pushed it up into ridges, or otherwise removed it, from the road.

We have known Alaskans who have even gone so far as to anticipate what might happen on a trip when the weather might act up.

Some motorists carry shovels, extra gasoline, blankets and sleeping bags, food and other little things it is handy to have during emergencies.

These little tricks are common in Alaska and it would be handy if those poor people of California knew about them.

THE CADRE IDEA would have its difficulties, however.

Those hardy Californians could be expected to confuse the instructors by asking questions about the plows they use as homes in Alaska.

They would want to know if it is true you carry a lantern six months of the year in Alaska. And whether there is an electricity mine here that takes it out in square chunks for storage batteries. And whether the ice fog is so thick that a roofer once nailed on three rows of shingles beyond the eaves of a house because he couldn't see the edge.

Those poor people basking in the primitive conditions of winter travel in California would disbelieve any report that trains run in Alaska all winter. Or that never in the history of the territory have seven passenger trains been marooned 24 hours with 1,370 passengers aboard. We haven't checked the record but we are quite confident it never has happened.

They wouldn't believe that Alaskans drive their cars to work every day of the year. That city buses run on a 12-month basis. That school kids are told to and from school daily in school buses.

That men and women look, eat, work, play, love, and die in Alaska winter much the same way they do in the States.

What Northern California needs is a little of the Alaska compass—the imagination and ingenuity to find a way to do what they want to do despite the weather or anything else.

In Alaska the weather is a negligible factor in most operations because it is so easy to surmount compared to the frustrations stemming from the antics of man.

It's such antics as locking up most of the natural resources so we can't develop them, creating land laws that often prevent men from using land and excluding us from many of the rights that normally go with American citizenship.

If those Californians will help us beat the hardships promulgated by lawmakers, Alaskans ought to be able to show them how to beat the weather.

THE DOCTOR SAYS

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M. D.

Chorea, or St. Vitus Dance, as it is commonly known, is a nervous affliction which belongs in the same family as rheumatic fever. Children between the ages of five and 15 are most commonly attacked. Girls are involved about twice as often as boys, for some unknown reason.

A family history of the disease is frequent, but this is certainly not the only cause. Some of those who are attacked by chorea also have rheumatic fever, but most do not, at least in an obvious form.

Chorea must be suspected in the youngster who suddenly shows signs of awkwardness such as drooping and breaking dishes without any apparent reason. Emotional disturbances before the onset of symptoms is quite common.

The child with chorea may show signs of the disease at school, inability to pay attention to the school work or a rather sudden drop from good to poor grades are suspicious signs—but there are many other possible reasons for these.

The observant parent may notice that the child's muscular movements become more abrupt and uncoordinated. Quick, sudden jerking movements of the limbs or of the face are frequent. Walking may be irregular and other motions clumsy. Inability to keep still is characteristic of children, but any great change in a child's ability to sit quietly must be viewed as a possible sign of chorea.

The involuntary movements or muscular spasms of typical chorea

are irregular. The child who is asked to extend the arm out with the fingers spread well apart, usually shows peculiar twitchings and shakings. A certain amount of muscular weakness is usually present.

Most youngsters with chorea do well. The disease tends to improve by itself over a period of weeks or months although a diagnosis early in the disease is important and in severe cases may prevent dangerous complications.

A calm mental outlook with the absence of anger, fear and other emotional upsets combined with physical rest is desirable for the child with chorea. Warmth, rest and sometimes physical methods of treatment under skilled attention are desirable.

Sometimes drugs similar to those used in rheumatic fever are helpful, but of course, these should be taken only under medical direction.

It is the particular muscular twitching movements and inability to stay quiet which has given chorea its popular name of St. Vitus Dance.

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They'll Do It Every Time

By JIMMY HATLO

DAY IN, DAY OUT, BIGDOME'S SECRETARY CHANGES THE WATER IN BOSSO'S THERMOS JUG.

AND THE BIG MAN NEVER TOUCHES IT... BUT THE ONE DAY SHE QUILTS THE CHORE... YEAH-YEAH-YOU GUESSED IT!



CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DEB ADDISON

We hate to be caught saying a decent word for local advertising characters like Percy Murray and the Kent brothers, but in the interest of putting a Klamath flavor into Christmas, here goes.

But wait up; let's get at it this way—

Just a month ago your catcher in the rounds went to a meeting of newspaper advertising guys from Oregon, Washington, Idaho, British Columbia and Alaska.

There was the opportunity to provide banquet favors, and so spread the wonders of Klamath to this group from widely scattered parts. The thought immediately was of potatoes, naturally.

The question was: Where to get right quick, some small, fancy pack, and fancily packed, spuds. Through the tip of Chamberlain Tucker we ran down Troy Cook.

Troy provided us with ten 10-pound sacks of carefully selected gems, but no fancy Klamath packages of any kind were available.

The point is, nobody makes a business of selling gift pack potatoes... and the point is that somebody does make a business of providing another Klamath product in a gift package.

Now for the Klamath Falls Creamery guys. They're putting on the market this year for the first time an attractive gift box of Klamath cheese. It's a five pound loaf of natural cheddar cheese, put up with red and green tissue and stuff. It was made early in the spring and has been curing at the Klamath Avenue plant ever since.

The temperature and humidity in the curing room, Percy explained, were closely watched to get just the right development for a fine aged cheese flavor by Christmas time.

This cheese was regularly inspected and only the leaves passing the most exacting tests are being used in the Christmas Gift Packages. To complete the gift part of it, the leaves are gift wrapped and put in special shipping containers that require no further money business to be sent in the mail.

Percy says there have been a lot of requests for such a gift package of a local product and he hopes this fills the bill. If it works out they'll put more of the next spring and summer products into the curing room for Christmas 1953.

The Murray will go on for hours, of course, telling you how cheese production takes up the extra milk production of the cows in spring and summer and what a wonderfully substantial food item it is... but we'll cut him off right here.

Now, that's one good Klamath product put up and ready to go for Christmas... but there still aren't any gift package potatoes.

How about it, you potato merchants? Will we have to send to Bend for some fancy pack gems?

IN ONE EAR and out the type-writer, Florence Henderson, like Sue Ramsby. Only difference is that Florence Henderson is a blonde and sings the lead part of "Laurey" in "Oklahoma!" Sue is a brunette and sings in the KUMS cappella choir. The performance of "Oklahoma!" was so smooth, so snappy, so fast that when it was all over you just shook your head and it took some hours for it to soak in as to what a superlative show you'd seen.

Love, the show's "Curley," looks like Jean Eberhart, the former SOCC coach and present Ashland sporting goods peddler. If Klamath has ever seen and heard more talented and finished entertainers than in "Oklahoma!" it was the very next night at the de Pau Infantry Chorus concert at the Pelican... We never had it so good.

BRUCE BIOSSAT

You could hardly ask for two more widely divergent forums than the CIO and the National Association of Manufacturers. Yet, one day recently, they had something strikingly in common. From their platforms came words that reflected wisdom and high statesmanship.

The topic was the Nov. 4 election of General Eisenhower. At the CIO convention in Atlantic City, the defeated Democratic candidate, Gov. Adlai Stevenson of Illinois, spoke.

The Republican victory should not be considered a disaster nor, necessarily, even a misfortune for labor... The outcome would be a misfortune if labor became so fearful it should lose sight of its responsibility to the nation.

"How soon will the modern idea that big labor is here to stay, that your constituency is no longer just the union member but the nation, pervade the ranks of labor leadership?"

Stevenson here was asking labor to think beyond itself to cast off the narrow limits that so often constrict its viewpoint, to remember it is but one element in a larger society. He was calling upon labor leaders to eradicate the "one-party psychology" that led many to read disaster in Republican triumph.

In New York that same day, leading businessmen at an NAM session were cautioning their fellow fellows not to gloat, not to take the election returns as license for business to exploit labor, consumers, or foreign lands.

One after another, these men rose and bespoke their responsibilities to all the people, not just the stockholders. They stressed their opportunity for public service, for constructive leadership.

Said Earl Bunting, NAM managing director: "Self interest dictates the highest order of industrial statesmanship in the public interest."

Such a double dose of enlightenment in one day is a distinct treat, Americans who like to see the national interest paramount can hope this kind of thinking—and acting—becomes a habit.

World Gets Ripe

Geo. N. Taylor

In Noah's day, the last handful of humanity was swept from the last mountain top by a wave higher than the rest and so all mankind had perished from the earth except for Noah and his people, out there safe in the ark. Aand... "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be in the days of the Son of Man." So said Christ. Lk. 17:26-27. The world is to get ripe for judgement, then sudden destruction. But God has already an ark for you. The ark is Christ dying for your sins. He washed away our sins in His blood. Rev. 1:5. No man goes to glory with one sin against his name. Christ's blood washed away all your sins, if you have Him in your heart as your own Lord and Saviour. So which for you? Christ and glory or your own human record and hell? Which for you? This space sponsored by an Oregon Lumberman and wife.

Grandpa will like MEDO-LAND

FD coming soon

By Jimmy Hatlo

BUT THE ONE DAY SHE QUILTS THE CHORE... YEAH-YEAH-YOU GUESSED IT!

ARE YOU TRYING TO POISON ME? THIS WATER IS CONTAMINATED!



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HUGH PRUETT

A clear star-strewn sky is a sight of great esthetic beauty even though we may consider the twinkling celestial jewels no farther away than they seem. But overwhelming wonder is universal when we gain even a little knowledge regarding the inconceivable distances the stars are from us.

A few years ago a young university student was at the observatory for her first telescopic work. Soon I realized she was deeply impressed by the ideas of the immensity of the great universal spaces, which only lately had been so rapidly undulating before her. Finally motioning almost worshipfully—but despairingly—toward the starry skies, she exclaimed, "It's all so wonderful! I believe it all—but I can't make it seem real. Does it seem real to you?"

In print it is indeed thrilling to see the statement that the nearest known star is 25,000,000,000 miles away. Our faith is strong, but our feeble minds are wholly incapable of seeing the reality. Above the best we can do is to understand the 60 or 70 miles to an indistinct range of hills drowned in the haze of a far-away horizon.

The figures are already getting too enormous to handle. Light travels 186,300 miles per second or almost 6,000,000,000 miles per year. From Alpha Centauri light rays reach us in 4.3 years. We call this distance 4.3 light-years.

But this star is comparatively a near neighbor. Some stars in our own galaxy are over 100,000 light-years away. The nearest outside galaxy is nearly 1,000,000 light-years distant. The new 200-inch telescope has revealed a galaxy 1,000,000,000 light-years from us. This is 1,000,000,000 x 6,000,000,000 miles. Multiply it out and try to understand it.

At this tremendous distance we can almost believe the waves of the ocean of time are lapping on the shores of eternity.

There lived in our town when I was a boy, a most remarkable man, a preacher who also wrote a weekly newspaper column. He was Thomas K. Beecher, brother of Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe, and intimate of Mark Twain. The community affectionately called him Father Tom.

I am writing this from the scrapbook into which he pasted his newspaper columns from March 1879 to December 1883. Reading them reveals how inadequate are those we read now. Father Tom was thinking 80 years into the future. For example:

Maine was the first state to have prohibition of the liquor traffic, brought about by its governor, Neal Dow. Father Tom declared that it was a failure. What he said got wide attention, and Governor Dow locked horns.

In the midst of their debate Mr. Beecher himself was to be interviewed by himself in one of his columns. He assumed the role of both reporter and the interviewed. He had the reporter begin:

"I found the eccentric divine rather shabbily dressed, in a little room over his barn. It was raining and he had been fixing his pump and repairing a window sash."

Then into the interview: Reporter—"You say that prohibition in Maine is a failure. Governor Dow says that it is a success."

Beecher—"Governor Dow says that it is a success, that repeatedly the Democratic party by an immense majority has voted down a resolution in favor of license. But if the Democratic party in Maine cannot be regular, if it goes back on whiskey. No wonder that it made no headway against the Greenbacks."

Reporter—"You are in favor of prohibition are you not and think it would be a salutary law?"

Beecher—"Well, if there was no whiskey in town nobody would drink any, that's clear. If there were no women there would be no bartolts; if there was no money there would be less gambling. If there were no pistols and gunpowder it would diminish murder; if there were no matches there would be less arson. If there were no valuables in our houses burglaries would cease. Yes, that's one way to diminish crime—remove the temptation, abolish the opportunities."

Reporter—"But you don't commit yourself. I want you to say, are you or are you not in favor of prohibition laws—yes or no?"

Beecher—"You newspapermen don't read the Bible much, do you? Perhaps though you may remember that the Lord put trees of temptation in the Garden. Had there been none, Adam had not sinned. Perhaps you remember the apostle saying count it all joy when you fall into divers temptations."

"Considering how men act, perhaps it would be worth while to take a promising young man, wash him up, comb his hair, put him in a glass case, keep him warm by a kerosene lamp like eggs in an incubator, keep off the wind, keep out the frost, close his eyes, fold his hands on his breast, elongate his mouth to a saintly expression and never let him out."

"And so to him through the country, an example of a sinless young man, saved from stain by prohibitionary care. It would be edifying; a young man absolutely without fault because he had been kept from temptation or trial; a specimen of what young men might become if we only had prohibitionary laws enough."

"Young man! do you drink liquor? If you do, let me ask you as an expert—and you look like one—"

End of interview. The reporter closed his story thus: "There was a look in Mr. Beecher's eyes as he spoke that reminded me that I was in a hurry; pleading another engagement, I came right along."

Father Tom was an anti-liquor man as he was anti-prohibition, but it took the nation 35 years to discover what he was preaching in 1880.

FRANK TRIPP

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