Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS, Editor — BILL JENKINS, Managing Editor

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

Warning to housewives department: Woman called in with a sad, sad story the other day. Seems that she is one of those loyal and hard working mothers who takes a large and active part in the vacation bible school work for her youngsters and the others in the neighborhood. The project for the school at the moment was one of those contour map deals made out of papier-mache and painted. We all did it when we were youngsters. You take a big pile of newsprint, shred it up fairly fine, mix it with water and salt and flour and things and knead it into a thick paste, which, when it hardens, makes a real tough surface.

Well, in this case, someone suggested to the woman that it would speed things up a great deal if she'd dump the whole works into her washing machine, one of the agitator type, and mix it all at once.

Apparently it made pretty good paste, too.

But at the end of a week she called me up: "You're a newspaperman, maybe you can tell me how to get the ink off my washing machine. It's been on there for a week and nothing will take it off and all the clothes keep coming out black."

My heart bleeds for the woman. The best advice I had at the moment was to take a small amount of white gas and a rag and rub the ink off. If that didn't work she should come down and I'd give her some solvent.

I haven't heard from her so maybe the gas works. It is a natural to dissolve ink of almost any kind and 'specially printers ink, which is about the same consistency as good Cream of Wheat.

But—I can't recommend washing machines for making pulp.

Getting directions from people in any country is hard. And I guess this one isn't any different from the rest.

In the past two days I've been lost in my own bailiwick twice, and apparently so was everyone else. Once I stopped in sheer desperation and asked, "Sure," replied my informant. "Know the place well. Just about three miles West of here on the road. Can't miss it."

Thanking the man courteously I clambered into the old car and drove not only three, but four miles West, carefully keeping to the road. No house like I was looking for. So I stopped and asked at another likely looking spot. "Sure," said the fellow. "Know the man well. Go back the way you came, East, about two, three miles. You can't miss the place."

Just like that. Having come over the road only minutes before it was more than my battered spirits could take. So I drove off in an indeterminate direction and haven't been heard from since. Soon as I can find my way back to the office I'll report in.

CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DEB ADDISON

IT'S NOT CLEAR if there's any connection between the announcement Tuesday that a large Eastern manufacturer has selected Klamath Falls as the site for its Western plant and the announcement Wednesday of the retirement of George P. Davis as general manager of Lorens Company.

It is perhaps reading a double meaning into George's statement that he "was realizing a lifelong ambition." The ambition, he said, was to do some things that he couldn't do on a schedule of hitting his office bright and early every morning—but at any rate George Davis is the leading exponent of Klamath Falls as the natural distributive center for the Western states; he is the president of the Klamath County Chamber of Commerce and he did have a hand in getting the Carlon Products Corporation to locate here.

We imagine that the Carlon announcement gave him an added satisfaction at the time of his retirement from active management of Lorens Company, even if the timing was by happenstance.

Davis told the chamber directors of his resignation at their meeting Wednesday noon; said he would remain in Klamath Falls, and fulfill his term of office as their president if they wanted to keep him. The answer was yes, that he'd now be able to devote full time to chamber work.

He said that he intended devoting his time to business consultation work—so right now would be a good time to give a definition of a business consultant: A fellow who is too nice to be unemployed but not quite smart enough to hold down a steady job.

THAT DEFINITION was given by a top business consultant, William S. Sadler Jr. of Chicago, who tells an interesting story in illustrating one of the first requisites of success in business. That is having an interest in your work. The story goes this way about . . .

A music - minded industrialist who, at great expense, imported from Germany a first violinist for the local orchestra. Having sponsored the laddie, he went down to the first rehearsal and saw him sitting there with a sour expression on his face, sawing away at his fiddle.

As the rehearsal went on, he looked more and more unhappy. At the end of the rehearsal the industrialist rushed up to the violinist and said, "Herr Schultz, is there something wrong?"

"No," said Schultz. "Everything is all right."

"Well, perhaps you don't like your chair. Would you like a posture chair?"

"No, no, the chair is fine."

"Perhaps the illumination is bad. Would you like a little more light?"

"No, no. I can see all right."

"Well, there is something, perhaps, that you don't like about the conductor?"

"No, no; he's a good musician. He knows his business."

"Well, I couldn't help but notice that all during rehearsal you seemed so unhappy. Could you tell me the reason?"

Schultz replied, "Yah, yah, that is very simple. I don't like music."

HAVE YOU SOLVED the problem of the Truthtellers and the Liars? In case you were behind the door the day it was sprung here, this is the way it goes:

A man knew there was a "lost" gold mine on a small island. He knew that the only road from the island's only harbor led to the mine but that a short distance from the harbor the road forked and one fork led up a blind alley from whence there was no return. The problem is to choose the right fork of the road.

He also knew that the island was inhabited by two tribes of natives. They all knew of the existance of the gold mine and would not hesitate to direct him to it—but—the natives of one tribe, the Truthtellers, always told the truth while those of the other tribe, the Liars, always, ALWAYS told lies. The natives all had the same appearance and there was no way of telling which tribe they were from by looking at them.

The problem is further complicated in that the gold seeker is allowed to ask only two questions, which can be answered "yes" or "no," one to each of two different natives.

So—he arrived at the island, proceeded to the forks of the road, found two identical looking natives there and had two questions to ask to determine which road led to the mine.

What questions did he ask to solve the problem?

If you want to give it a whirl, stop here. If not, press on, and the answer is:

He asked one of the natives, "Do you two belong to the same tribe?" He then pointed to one of the roads and asked the other one, "Is this the road to the gold mine?" If the first answer was "yes" then he followed the directions of the second; if the answer was "no" then he went the opposite way.

NOW can you figure out how it works?

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — Every tourist leaves America smiling, but eight out of ten come home scowling—because of the orge waiting for them at the end of the trip.

This orge is the customs inspector, and it is his sad task to paw through your luggage to be sure you aren't smuggling in the British crown jewels without paying duty on them.

The customs inspector is a nice fellow with an odious responsibility, and he often takes a lot of abuse. He knows he will never be named "Man of the Year" and that in a popularity poll he would rank even lower than a dentist or a traffic cop. It pains him that so many travelers resent him.

"You know," one told me, "I sometimes dream of how wonderful it would be if all tourists were nudists. It would make our job so much pleasanter all around."

If you are one of the hundreds of thousands of tourists who are going abroad this year, you naturally will have to deal with customs officials. Here are a few tested tips:

1. If you are enering a foreign country, such as England, where the language barrier is practically insurmountable, just stand silently before the custonis inspector. No matter what he says, shake your head. When he gets tired of looking at you, he will let you into the country.

2. On your return to the United States, don't say, "Why should it take me longer to get into America than it did Christopher Columbus? After all, he was a foreigner—and I was born here." The average customs inspector hears this remark five times a day. And the five people who say it are the last ones he clears.

3. Wear as guilty a look as possible. The customs men know from long experience it is the traveler with an innocent face who is most likely to try to cheat Uncle Sam.

4. Don't buy anything abroad, then you won't have anything to declare. The chances are, anyway, that no matter what you buy your wife will tell you she can get the same thing at the local department store for 10 per cent less—and in the right size.

5. If you do purchase some articles, itemize them fully on your customs sheet at their proper value, put them all in a single bag—and don't wrap them in soiled laundry. It is thoughtful travelers like this who make veteran customs men break down and cry with gratitude. They may even send you a Christmas card later.

6. When the customs men asks, all except a few old bars of dirty "Is that all you have to declare?" don't give cute replies like, "Well gold, and a pound or two of opium." Now and then customs inspectors, being only human, take these cute answers at their face value. And may make you take the heels off your shoes and spread your clothing over half an airfield to prove you were only kidding.

7. If you do try to smuggle in the British crown, wear it on your head. No customs inspector would ever think to look for it there.

8. Some bird-loving tourists try to sneak through with foreign-bought parrots, which are accused of spreading fever. If you attempt to break the law in this manner, don't bring in a talking parrot. Any talking parrot will crack under a real third degree, and turn into a stool pigeon. He will blame the whole plot on you, deny he had any part in it, and say he didn't even want to come to this country. He will lie in his feathers to save himself.

9. Above all, never say to a tired customs inspector, "You must have an exciting job—you meet such interesting laundry." He may never let you back into the country.

James Marlow

WASHINGTON (AP)—The usual reaction after a war is: "Let's get back to normal in a hurry." It was that way after World War II. It shouldn't be that way if and when the Korean fighting ends.

In most wars someone wins and someone loses. The victor looks around, sees no immediate danger left on the horizon, and feels free to relax. New danger may develop later but he feels he can get ready for that when it appears.

But in the Korean War there is no victor. Both sides are stronger than when the war began. Neither is surrendering its arms.

After the last war—with Hitler dead, the Germans and Japanese crushed, and Russia a recent ally—this country's mood was to get the fighting men home and back into civilian life, disarm, mothball the wartime controls, peel off wartime taxes, look forward to a bright and peaceful future.

That was the national mood. What happened then was criticized later. It was credited with giving Russian communism a great advantage which it used, since Russia never disarmed as this country did. But every man who wants to be fair must search his conscience and ask himself: "Did I protest at the time against the national urge to get back to normal?"

Naturally the people with sons and loved ones in Korea want them to come back as soon as possible after a truce. But the national mood now is not the same as after World War II. The people of this country have been prepared, by both the Truman and Eisenhower administrations, to expect many years of preparedness.

If Congress reduced taxes before next year, it will be over the protests of President Eisenhower and his aides. They say big military preparations must continue and they seek the money to pay the bill.

There is no problem now of getting rid of wartime or emergency controls. They were gradually abolished before an end to the Korean War was in sight.

Everyone now seems fairly reconciled to paying high taxes—if not exactly as high as they pay at this moment—for years to come, because of the general belief that a big defense is necessary.

Under the plans of Secretary of Defense Wilson, the end of the Korean War doesn't call for a sharp cut in the size of the armed forces. He suggested some reduction in size before truce looked close.

But otherwise, he talks against any letdown. And the swing from shooting in Korea to truce in Korea could cause hardly a ripple in the daily life of the country.

World War II caused a vast disruption in the usual economic and social life of this country wtih about four times as many men in uniform as now, far more in government jobs than now, and millions doing work strictly for war.

Absorbing them back into civilian production, and getting the economy set on a peacetime basis was one of the great problems of history.

But now the economy is keyed to a certain pace of defense production, with a continuation for some time on schedule. The size of the armed forces won't be reduced suddenly. Those released from military service can be absorbed in civilian society easily.

The high taxes, the military preparations, the big foreign aid, are all abnormal conditions which have come to seem normal. If they suddenly stopped—even though all of them are on a smaller scale than in World War II—this country might suffer deeper damage and more difficult adjustment than after the last war.

Along Nature's Trail
By Ken McLeod

Chrome became the subject of much discussion at the recent meeting of the Western Mining Council at Yreka. Apparent dissatisfaction was expressed with the progress of the program. Oregon has taken the lead in the chrome project and has had a federal stock-pile established at Grants Pass. However, some of the miners in California were quite bitter over Oregon leadership which they charge as having taken steps that were not to the best interest of the small chrome producer. Representatives from the chrome organization at Grants Pass made an attempt to pour oil upon the troubled waters. Oregon spokesmen complained that the California critics were treating them unjustly and had misinterpreted statements made by the Grants Pass leadership.

The chrome miners indicated that the program had to struggle against much government "red tape" and dim-witted restrictions for so long a period of time that the emergency program would be over before production could get a good start. The Northern California chrome producers have sought to get a processing plant for Siskiyou County. Such a plant would cost between 150-200 thousand dollars. The financial block against the establishment of the plant is the short program period of two years since it requires five years to write off such an investment. If the program was started and the government called a halt at the expiration of two years the processing company would have to gamble at being able to pay out their investment for the other three years.

The present program by the government calls for the collection of some 200,000 tons of chrome ore by the Grants Pass depot. So far, delivered to that point, most of which has been collected during the past 20 months.

Speaking of chrome deliveries to Grants Pass, a miner from the Grants Pass area told me a sad story of his observations of what was taking place there. He stated that gondolas of chrome ore were shipped to Grants Pass from San Luis Obispo. These gondolas were unloaded into trucks which hauled the ore to waiting gondolas and dumped into them. After this transfer of ore took place, the reloaded cars were sent on to Herlong in Nevada. How true his observations were I could not determine at the time. His gripe over the situation was that the ore could have been shipped over a more direct route at a substantial saving in transportation charges.

"Why do they do such things?" he asked of me. If his charge is true, it would be a typical example of governmental efficiency, perhaps it is just conforming to "regulations." After all, shipment by the shortest direct route would not give one "friendly" railroad the long haul, and naturally, would likewise deprive the Grants Pass depot of the credit of "processing" the tonnage.

Regulations and "red-tape" of the federal government occupied a considerable amount of discussion, especially dealings with the U.S. Forest Service. The Forest Service was characterized as a 100 per cent dictatorship. However, there were some miners who were willing to say a good word about their local rangers but higher up—My! Oh My! The stories some told of being lost among the maze of regulations was often amusing, however. One was struck with the thought that some places within the Service might well re-examine its public relations. The point that seemed to strike me at the meeting was that the relations between miners and the Forest Service in Oregon were apparently more cordial than in California and the thread of this feeling appeared to trace back to the forest supervisor. Perhaps it may have been just the selection of miners present that left that impression, however, it must be kept in mind that the miners who attended the Council's meeting were composed of men and women who possessed a sincere desire to improve the status of the small independent operator.

The "big shots" hold a glamourous position in the thoughts of federal administrators. Officials of the Bureau of Land Management have told me of conferences they have had with the big operators (like Anaconda Copper) as to their views in regard to changes in the mining law. I do not recall mention of any talk with little fellows. Perhaps members of the Council could straighten me on this topic.

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