

Herald and News

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

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MAIL	BY CARRIER
1 month \$ 1.35	1 month \$ 1.50
6 months \$ 6.50	6 months \$ 7.10
1 year \$11.00	1 year \$12.20

BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

Soliloquy on "Sunday" department: There's something to be said about this idea of earning a living by writing. You may never make a million dollars, although CBS did as a pen welder, but you have got a lot of advantages that the average white collar stiff hasn't. So maybe half the men you went to school with are now prospering in the lumber, finance, retail and legal businesses and professions, you have the edge over 'em in a way of life.

They have to go to an office every day at nine and work until lunch. At least they have to until they've made their first million or so. They have to keep appointments and wear neckties and all the other things that society demands.

But you take your writer. He may have an office and he may be supposed to keep hours, but most of 'em don't. If he wants to take ten during the day he can always use as an excuse the two magic catchwords "research" and "thinking." Those two phrases alone get you out of almost any scrape you may run into with the head office.

You can write where you please. If you happen to be a newspaper scribe you face a deadline for your copy, but outside that you can write it anywhere you wish. At the office, at home, on a bus, a boat or a plane or on a raft in the middle of the lake if you please.

This, for instance, is being laboriously hammered out on the front lawn (facing West), the old and travel-worn portable perched precariously on an empty packing case (Vol 66) while I perch equally precariously on that folding chair I was having so much trouble with the other day. And far from having to wear the so-called suitable clothes I am simply attired in a pair of trunks and a coat of sweat. And fortified by the knowledge that by combining my sun worship with a bit of typing I am assuring myself of an additional couple of hours sleep in the morning. Ah life, what could be sweeter.

For those about to launch out into a career I would advise a close look at this writing business. A few drawbacks, like being underpaid, developing ulcers from dead-

lines and having to worship a clock, it's a pretty good racket.

I think I'll stay with it awhile whether I want to or not. It's a cinch I couldn't be anything else. The mere act of making change for a bus fare leaves me in a cold sweat, gibbering in confusion and trembling in terror, so obviously I wouldn't be a shining success as a clerk. And my basic mathematics never got past the third grade. And I flunked that, too, so the world of high finance is beyond my grasp. As I write this I'm staring out over my corn field (a 20 by 20 foot plot) which is probably the only cornfield in this part of the region planted in the sheltering shade of a grove of pines, bordered by a rock wall and fertilized with a mixture of Gromore and a liquid fish compound that is supposed to be just the ticket for petunias. But even at that, and not even counting the feeding stand for the bluejays that juts over a corner of the patch, I don't see any great success for the youngest Jenkins as a farmer. If he can't even sprout I'd make Johnny Appleseed look like a piker, but I guess that'll have to wait for a bit, at least until science catches up with a few things first.

I tried to fix a leak in the roof of the car and only succeeded in getting chewing gum all over the upholstery so I guess I better not apply for work at a garage. Unless it would be as a car washer. I'm pretty good at that if the car isn't too dirty.

And since I can't even keep up my simple check stubs the banking world is not for me. In fact, a couple of banks have offered to pay me a sizeable amount if I'll promise never to write another check—just pay cash. (Quite a few other people would just as be happy if I'd do that, too.)

So I guess I'm doomed for a life among the words, tenses and split infinitives for the rest of my natural days.

If such is gonna be the case I guess maybe I'd better sit down with some good book on the use of the English language and find out what a split infinitive is. I never have known.



HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—The ordinary newspaperman rarely looks for, expects, or needs public sympathy.

But at this moment I need a shoulder to cry on—and, if you've got two, I'll weep on both of them.

I'll tell you what breaks more newspapermen's hearts than people who won't talk—and that is typewriters that won't work.

In war or peace it is typewriters. I hate typewriters. I don't suppose anybody in the whole world hates typewriters more than I do—or more reasons.

The public thinks all a newspaperman has to do is to learn what has happened, and then tell it. That is really all he does have to do. But to get the news back home where they can print it he has to use a typewriter, a telephone or a cable.

If any war reporter or foreign correspondent told the full story of the heartbreaks that had come to him through his faith in the telephone, cable, or wireless—well, I don't think any honest newspaper reader or radio listener could stand the strain on his sympathy. He would have to break down and weep out of general good will. After all, in wartime they don't assign chaplains to the newspaper corps—but they probably will the next time.

There was the period in Normandy in 1944 when news sent by the usual means just seemed to make an echo and get nowhere. So in desperation some U. S. Signal Corps pigeons, quickly tested for carrying power rather than loyalty, were freighted with news bulletins and picture negatives and thrown in the general direction of London and New York.

You know where the ringleader pigeons showed up? In Berlin. The German newspapers had a field day printing the Allied news bulletins and photographs.

That must be why the official feed ration of Army messenger pigeons recently was listed as "secret." Probably in 1944 some spy was slipping sauerkraut to them on the sly, and naturally when they were turned loose they winged toward Germany, the base of supply.

Presumably, the secret ration today is grits. A U. S. Army pigeon, loosed anywhere in the world, will head first for Richmond, Va., and if unfavorable winds sweep him off his course, he will veer toward Charleston, S.C., grounding himself if necessary.

Now, never mind that pigeon and his retelling problem, which, so far as I know, is still officially a feathered mystery, let's get back to typewriters.

The first and only fair typewriter I ever met was one I used in 1934 in the Columbia, (Mo.) Tribune, put there by The Associated Press. The ribbon had never been changed since the early part of the century, but it never broke.

To write a story on it you had to get up early when you felt strong, and kick at the keys with both feet. It had an advantage for the management in that at the end of the day none of the series of reporters who inherited it ever had the muscle-power to use it to ask for a raise.

I have heard since that Jake Hamel, the managing editor, leased it during the last war, powered it with an airplane motor and rented it as a tractor. But I'll bet it is now back at work again, chronicling the exploits of the University of Missouri athletic teams—with the same old ribbon.

There never was a typewriter like that old covered wagon. You couldn't break it with a sledgehammer.

But never since then have I had a typewriter that you could even start to fill out any expense account upon but what it would collapse.

The Doctor Says

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M. D.

Mrs. C. in a recent letter, raises an interesting question which I imagine has troubled many mothers. She says, "I am hesitant in having my eight-month-old baby vaccinated against smallpox, thinking it too young for this. My pediatrician advises, however, that no harm will come of it. What is your opinion?"

I agree emphatically with the pediatrician. Here is why:

For several hundred years smallpox was a scourge of mankind throughout most of the world. At one time it was more common than measles. During the 18th century nearly everyone contracted smallpox before reaching maturity. More than one-half million persons died every year, and during that century alone 60,000,000 persons were lost as a result of smallpox.

Smallpox now is fortunately rare in civilized countries. The fight against this horrible disease took a new turn in 1718 when Lady Mary Wortley Montagu introduced into England the practice of inoculation.

This simply involved taking material from a pock or pustule of a person suffering with the disease and scratching it on the skin of a person (usually a child) who had never had the disease. This produced the disease in the inoculated person, but it was usually less severe and caused less scarring than if the disease had been caught in the usual way.

The great discovery came about 1796 when Edward Jenner, a country practitioner and son of a clergyman in Gloucestershire, England, made his famous experiment on a boy, James Phipps.

Jenner noticed that the milkmaids of the district in which he lived did not seem to get smallpox even when almost all others in the community came down with the disease. He pondered this fact, observing that most of the milkmaids had small scars on their hands as a result of a mild disease, called cowpox, present on the udders of cows.

Finally, on a farm close to his home there was an outbreak of cowpox. One of the milkmaids, Sarah Nelmes, was infected and, with pus taken from a pustule on her hand, Jenner inoculated James Phipps. This boy developed the usual changes on the skin which are characteristic of what we now call vaccination.

Six weeks later Jenner inoculated young Phipps with pus from a patient with smallpox and sat down to wait anxiously. The vaccination "took" and later the boy proved resistant to smallpox. It was in this way that modern vaccination was born.

Since Jenner's classic experiment, vaccination has proved its worth thousands of times and has prevented millions of deaths. It is the only real safeguard we have against this terrifying disease; original vaccination at six months of age or even earlier is advised.

TELLING THE EDITOR

KLAMATH FALLS — Congratulations to the Herald and News for initiating a movement long overdue, and perfectly timed to the cries and struggles of the captive peoples and the gallant stand of Syngman Rhee. If any phrase, thought or part of such can be gleaned herein used in any way to weave a simple, striking declaration of policy, you are welcome, and more so, to you, Suteiry America, born, nurtured and grown to greatness in freedom, owes a debt to humanity—not to France, for Lafayette did not have the blessing of his king and court, who would have acted only in self interest anyway.

But appeasement, the secret poison of the age, has so shackled our once bold, clean courage that we are unable to stand against entrenched evil. The demand for safety, selfish interests, corruption, clamoring minorities and a spate of secondary principles have been allowed to outrank freedom—the mightiest of them all. Consider the shabby measures, the makeshifts of policy, the base and trivial considerations that have moved our leaders these last twenty years, while freedom and justice—principles as much greater than they as the sun is greater than a candle—has languished in neglect.

We cannot indefinitely endure the present strain of spreading our wealth and our armies over half the earth, maintaining an arms race with a treacherous, unprincipled enemy, while we wait in bemused uncertainty for another Pearl Harbor.

The good heart of humanity bleeds for enslaved peoples anywhere, and in all times and climes. To give aid and comfort to their hopes and struggles is no more than this nation owes to mankind for its birthright.

However, we have drifted so far down the primrose path, it is doubtful if a mere policy will be of any practical use. At the first objection, the first hint of criticism, we shall probably rush madly hither and thither to placate, policy or no.

We are the heirs of a tragic drift from the hard and rugged road our fathers trod. America is formed in the grand style, for adventure and high principle—not for the timid and querulous ways of the aged and carping.

Look up America! Look up and recognize your historic destiny. Look at the fountain of your strength, and do not deny it—it is freedom! Honor and worship wherever it grows or strives to grow; it is your guiding star. The

captive peoples are not your burdians. America! They are your last, best hope; a hope that through them you may regain your once clear view. Generous and unselfish at the core of your being, the orles and writhings of the captive peoples may yet regain for you your long lost nobility!

The United States believes that only free men may find the full growth and glory for which God created them; that, therefore, all peoples should be free to choose their government, their leaders, their religion and their works, to assemble as they wish and to read, write and speak as they choose, save only proved and harmful deceipts.

The faith of the United States is pledged to give aid and comfort to any people openly fighting and dying for their freedom; first through legal and accustomed means; second by tacit consent to persons and groups willing to go beyond the scope of government and, at the last, by military force if need be.

In pursuance of which policy, the lives, the honor and the might of the people of the United States are dedicated, so long as their nation endure.

Gomer Caseman
100 S. 6th St.

OUR PUPPY

We had him just a day or so "Twas such a little while. And everything he did was cute No one could help but smile.

His chubby little body, On his wobbly little paws, His twinkly eyes and stubby nose, Brought forth a lot of grins. His little bark was sharp and clear. Each day he'd stand and wait And wagging madly his bobbed off tail. He'd meet us at the gate.

But someone saw our puppy And wanted a puppy, too. There are lots of baby dogs around But only ours would do.

So now we miss the happy bark Of the cheerful little cuss. Please find a dog that's all your own And bring ours back to us.

Bill Chambers
3240 Altamont Dr.
(Written about "Puddles," a male Australian Shepherd)

HAL BOYLE

COLUMBIA, Mo. (AP)—Mr. Hal Boyle, The Associated Press New York, N. Y. Dear Hal:

About that old typewriter that you and Charlie Grumlich and Huel Warren and a lot of other young guys—used to punish. It's gone high hat. It's moved into a deal which you and I probably will never achieve—the Business Office. Where they take in money and pay it out you know.

When your piece came over the wire today it stirred my curiosity. I started looking for the old mill, I could remember it used to hang on the side of the old AP desk, and finally fell off. I could remember we had a strange little gal on the women's desk who liked those funny letters on it—it wrote all caps—and who used it awhile. But today it stirred my curiosity.

Of course not. The Business Manager—you remember—M. D. Jenner had cabbaged onto it. He explains that he traded the little gal on the women's desk out of it because she couldn't remember that it had a figure 1 on it and she always came out with 1949 instead of 1948.

So he had it cleaned and polished and installed in that big desk of his with a safe and secure place to put a typewriter away—the kind of a desk you and I'd just dream about. To answer your question—he put a new ribbon in and he writes about dollars and cents on it, instead of about farm crops and football like you and Grumlich used to do.

"And he says, 'you can call Jenner. He can't have it back. He owes us a storage bill on it that neither he nor the AP would ever be able to pay.'"

So, old pal, there you have it. The old mill is doing better than the likes of you and me—and it looks like it's gone forever.

But the best of luck to you anyway.

Jake Hamel

SLICK TRICK

Rick Casares, the University of Florida's hard-charging fullback, made the All-Southeastern Conference second teams in both football and basketball in 1952.

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Economic Outlook for Log Industry in West Sound

(Eds. note: The following is the first of five releases concerning the present and future of the lumber industry in the Pacific Northwest. The articles were prepared by Walter J. DeLong, chief of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company's public relations department, and were presented before the Klamath Falls Rotary Club last week.)

By WALTER J. DeLONG

Today, the economic future of the world seems to be the great question mark. The economic future of our own country is a much-discussed subject. People are asking, "What effect would a Korean peace have upon our economy?" "Whether a nation shifts from war to peace or peace to war, the stock market usually declines upon either event. This is not a reaction to peace or war—it is a barometer of the people's cautious reaction to the prospect of a great change. This uncertainty has undoubtedly been intensified by the philosophy long held in Washington and long preached by some self-appointed political economists that prosperity is made by government spending—and that if peace stops the war spending, the prosperity will collapse."

Those who fret over reduced government spending, ignore the fact that less government spending makes possible a lesser tax burden. The government will spend less money on goods useless for anything except destruction; and the citizens—the taxpayers—will have more money to spend for economically useful goods or investment in new plants and new equipment.

What people want today is an economy of reasonably full and steady employment. The big public fear is one of boom and bust and unemployment. It is not too much to say that our American business system will stand or fall on its ability to provide full and steady employment.

This is industry's number one problem. It means good planning to level out the peaks and the valleys of production and unemployment—and it means restraint and refusal to become panicked into wholesale lay-offs and into reducing inventories in anticipation of a depression which we thus help to create. It means aggressive selling and lower prices—possibly on a narrower margin, but with the over-all probability of an increase of value in our dollar.

The economic stability of the nation depends greatly upon four things:

- First—Material resources.
- Second—Individual initiative and freedom of action.
- Third—Ability of labor and management to work together.
- Fourth—Honest, efficient and economically sound government.

Now let's look at one of our material or natural resources—our forest lands. Until a few years ago there was no economic incentive to grow timber or even to conserve the timber we did have. One could purchase more stumpage whenever needed at less than the cost of growing it—and without the risk from fire, disease or taxes.

It is easy to condemn—much more difficult to understand—the conditions that influenced logging lumbering methods a few years ago. The lumbermen were not alone in wasting our forests. Farmers cleared away thousands of acres for purposes then considered more productive. Many thousands of acres of forest lands were cleared and burned in the building of roads and railroads. City and town sites were cleared and burned off. All this, to make way for civilization. Acres and acres of new growth on cut-over lands were burned and re-burned for grazing lands. The public permitted millions of acres to burn because it wasn't considered worth while to spend the necessary money to prevent or suppress forest fires. But now this attitude has changed.

Today, the basic law of supply and demand, as functioning between timber supply and the demand for products from woods, is the primary motivation of "forest management" or "tree farming."

A sincere effort is being made by many private owners of forest lands to put their lands on a perma-

Telling The Editor

GUTTENBERG, N.J.—I wonder if you might have a spot in your paper such as "Letters to the Editor," "Notes of the People," "Notes of Interest," A Question and Answer Column, or something similar whereby I may contact your readers.

I would like to appeal to your readers in the pursuit of my hobby. You see, I am a collector of old Reach or Spalding Baseball Guides. These are annual baseball record books which were published yearly between 1876 and 1941 and are now out of print. I am having difficulty in completing my set and I believe that there may be some of these copies in the hands of your subscribers who are no longer interested in them and which they may wish to dispose of. There must be innumerable copies just lying in the way around the house or gathering dust on the bookshelves of your readers. I will gladly reimburse them and would appreciate it very much if they would write to me if they have any to offer.

Hoping that there is an element of interest and unusual novelty in my hobby and that at the same time your readers might find it to their benefit also, I am

Most sincerely,
William Fucker
13 - 68th Street

Cardinal Lashes Beach Nudism

MILAN, Italy (AP)—Eldon Cardinal Schuster Saturday decried the "new paganism of the flesh" that makes itself more and more manifest during the summer season.

Writing in L'Italia, Roman Catholic newspaper of the Archdiocese of Milan, the frequently outspoken Cardinal said the summer's heat should not be an excuse for nudism on beaches and in mountains.

"When the impudence of nudism becomes common," he said, "it is at the cost of public morality, as experience has shown."

The Cardinal told priests of his archdiocese to tell their parishioners to dress appropriately and to warn them that if they are not properly dressed they will be denied admittance to church and denied the sacraments.

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