Herald and News

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They'll Do It Every Time — By Jimmy Hatlo

BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

The old town seems to be full of people these days. Some buying things in stores, some just taking in the sights and others in for various business reasons. But at least it gives the old place a pleasant look of hustling activity. Things seem to be looking up a little.

Talk about taking coals to Newcastle. Ask Chuck Van from down Merrill way about his recent trip over to the coast. He went over there to see a brother he hadn't talked with in some twenty seven years and wound up having — of all things—a big feed of moose meat.

Seems odd to drive all the way out of the desert over to the land of salt water beaches and all that and then eat moose.

But Chuck tells us that they also got their fill of various crustaceans and salt water fish so I guess its alright.

Speaking of moose, Emmett Sisemore from Fort Klamath blew into town a day or so ago from a trip over through the Yellowstone country and down through the fabulous Jackson Hole country. Emmett says he saw his first moose on that trip, wandering around wild in the woods. I'm like him, seen a million (more or less — probably less) elk and deer, but never a real live moose.

He says it's a great country, that Jackson country, and comes closer to being like his beloved Fort Klamath than any he's seen so far.

He was also good enough to give us detailed instructions on the making of sourdough biscuits. The pioneer spirit lingers on.

Bill Lorenz, the Chiloquin livewire, has come up with a new idea. Real timely, too. Bill is one of the guiding hands behind a big Republican picnic slated for Collier Park on the twenty sixth of this month. And just to make sure that he gets 'em all in, Bill says he's gonna run a bus around to pick up those without transportation.

"We figure there'll be a lot of those cattlemen over in the Wood River Valley that'll want to come, but can't afford to, what with the low price of cattle these days," says Bill, "and we aim to see to it that they manage to make it without trouble. Just stand out in front of the house, boys, and we'll be by to pick you up."

Free eats, coffee, pop and the rest of the trimmings plus plenty of speakers. More dope on it later.

(Loren Miller, one of the "broke" cattlemen of the area, was there when the plan was announced and gave it his hearty endorsement. "Darn white of the man," he says.)

Notice anything different about the train whistles the last few days? If you do it's because the Great Northern has a couple of the big, new (1953) double diesel units operating on the Bend-Klamath run. These have a new and different whistle on 'em, one that is more chimelike and musical than the usual coarse bellowing of the horns.

The big pair are working for only a couple of weeks and will then be put back on the main line run. They were the ones that haul the Boy Scouts from the East in here and are waiting for the convention to end before they go back to their regular duty.

Gordon Loomis, our ear-to-the-rails agent for GN railroaders passed along the dope.

Among other visitors to our fair city over the past few days was Perry DeLap, over to chin with brother Charley for a little while. He looks hale and hearty and he and Charley are still arguing about various dates concerning the past. Come over more often, Perry.

Earliest man to work these days, at least that we've run into, is Frank Fleet, who is getting to the office (the ice company) about four a.m. But he says he likes the hours, so we won't complain for him. He's the chap that seems to have time outside his office hours to do such things as fix up the gear at camp Esther Applegate, give a hand at Hart Mountain in the chef department and other civic services.

FRANK TRIPP

This was written Fourth of July morning, just after breakfast, while looking across Seneca Lake, over the impatient, unhappy heads of a dozen children, 4 to 12, who appeared and disappeared, trying to figure some way to celebrate the Ever Glorious.

Two or three of them had tiny paper caps that they pounded between beach stones, under the longing eyes of groups that gathered about them. The explosions were little louder than the snap of a parlor match when lighted with the thumb nail.

But it was a noise and was significant of a day and a freedom which the older kids told the younger has been wrestled from children—the right to make whoopee on the Fourth of July. Some had never seen a firecracker.

I overheard the exaggerated tale of what childlife was in "the olden days," as a boy of 11 described a Fourth of his "youth." How he put the neighborhood on the bum at 4 a.m. with a firecracker "big as a fire hydrant" and took charge of an all-day demonstraton; so many dynamite crackers that he had some left when dark came and his skyrockets and Roman candles tailed off a boisterous occasion such as his young listeners would never see.

The little liar was around 3 when the last of such celebrations took place, legally. The extent to which he participated was the swishing of a few sparklers, lighted by his elders, who watched him like hawks.

To hear him tell it he was the custodian, manipulator and detonator of a gigantic arsenal of explosives which shook the countryside from dawn to midnight; the hero of the day "when the Fourth of July meant something—now look at it; you kids'll never know!" he concluded in doleful disgust.

"When the Fourth of July meant something." The little fellow said a mouthful, I thought and reached for my pen.

Fanny and Anna jumped in the car and went to Watkins, looking for anything noisy, from the courtyard cannon to a Model T. They returned empty-handed. Watkins was law-abiding, or sold out; I'm not sure which.

I thought of my shotgun and rifles. No, not those for kids, but if I'd had any blank shells I would have weakened. I was that sorry for them. There was the Yacht Club cannon down the beach, which Teddy had dared fire at 6 a.m., but only enough shells remained to signal the afternoon's sailboat race.

There wasn't a blamed thing around the place to make a bang that didn't have a dangerous bullet connected to it. I was ashamed of myself. Back in town, 30 miles away, was my pistol and a whole box of .32 blanks. "You're a hell of a patriot," I thought.

"When the Fourth of July meant something." I keep hearing those words from a child. They disturb me.

Though wisely done, to save life and limb, why did we take the bang out of the Fourth without something to take its place in the lives of our children?

It was so significant to them, so expressive of how came the independence of their country and the freedom in which they live. It taught them patriotism and gratitude that whole libraries cannot impart. It made them the reincarnation of the minutemen who fired muskets at Lexington and Concord; of the pioneers who blazed the trails across the continent; of everything that was daring and courageous in American history.

We have robbed our posterity of an exemplification of valor that made us better Americans, better citizens. And we live to hear little people saying, "When the Fourth of July meant something."

It is a challenge. For the future of our nation, we should set about to make next Fourth "mean something" to the smallest of our little ones; some way for all of them to participate and be a part of the most important anniversary in the history of their country.

And it should be noisy. They understand noise — and respond to it.

Wife Reminds Scoutmaster Of Scout Law

JAMBOREE CITY, Calif. (AP)—An Oklahoma scoutmaster attending the Boy Scouts' third National Jamboree was notified yesterday by his wife that their home had been leveled by lightning.

The message to school teacher Russell Rathjens said his wife and daughter were away from their home in Tahlequah, Cherokee County at the time. It concluded:

"Remember a scout is cheerful. Stay at the jamboree. We're okay."

HAL BOYLE

(Editor's Note: A June bride often worries in July that her marriage is already heading for the rocks. In the following article, last of a series, a panel of elderly husbands give 10 golden guides to help her live happily ever after with the beast of her choice.)

NEW YORK (AP) — After the honeymoon rainbow fades, a June bride often finds her rosy theory of matrimony is full of more holes than a Swiss cheese at a picnic of mice.

Everything is going wrong, and the girl wails desperately:

"What can I do to save my marriage?"

It is hard for her to realize that things aren't really as bad as they seem, and that her plight is normal. She doesn't understand yet the difference between breaking in a husband and breaking in a girdle—namely, that a husband has something to say about the matter, in this case.

Trouble often is deepened because the bride, in her panic, usually turns for advice to —

A. A sympathetic girl friend, who says, "Honey, everybody knows you got a sweet personality, and it couldn't be your fault."

B. A cynical neighbor lady who quit working at her own marriage years before and now says, "all men are bums."

C. Her lonely mother, who says, "Dear, I warned you that man was below your level. His eyes are too close together. You come home to daddy and me, baby."

It takes a pretty level-headed bride, fed all that sugar feminine flattery, not to end up feeling she is a brave, pitiful heroine dogged by more misfortune than anybody since "Liza skipped from icecake to icecake."

Why shouldn't a bride balance the picture by asking some male councel? A man might tactfully point out to her that her husband, although undoubtedly pockmarked by sin and guilt since birth, probably doesn't lie awake at nights thinking up new ways to stick pins in her.

As a contribution to the welfare of June brides, 1953 model, I asked a panel of weatherbeaten old husbands to give me 10 rules — from their point of view — that would help guide a bride to married happiness.

"There is no point in thinking up these rules for a bride who just feels sorry for herself," one said.

"They would help only a girl who really wanted her marriage to work, and thought about them seriously over the years. No one can help a woman in the grip of self-pity, unless he knows her well enough to face her north and boot her from the south."

The other husbands said that was certainly true, even though they wouldn't put it in such robust terms.

After much head-scratching, they came up with 29 rules, which included some purely personal prejudices such as, "Don't try to blow smoke rings at cocktail parties," and "Don't chomp toast at breakfast—men don't like grinding noise in the morning."

Finally, they weeded them down to the following "10 golden guides for brides:"

1. Your husband is neither your father nor the man of your dreams. He is only the man you married. You must face the fact he is a human being and has spent years developing his own personality, revolting as it is. By law, he is protected by the Bill of Rights just as much as you are.

2. Don't be hasty about trying to change your husband's small faults. He may go on to bigger ones. Anyway, you'll never learn to like olives if you insist they have to taste like grapes.

3. Great emotions are generally silent, including love. Don't fret because your husband takes your love for granted. What is love but a willing grant? You can teach a Parrott to say "I love you" all day long—but he won't bring you home a paycheck.

4. Put your 'home-keeping and the comfort of your husband above every outside interest. Joan of Arc did save France, but—remember—she was a single girl.

5. If you run your house well, you couldn't possibly have the time to run your husband's job well, too. Let him run it.

6. Don't try to make him jealous by telling him how attractive other men find you. He is more likely to worry that you have been behaving cheaply.

7. A well-fed husband is usually a good-tempered husband. Never throw three cold meals at him in a row, unless you want to bring out the beast in him.

8. A man yearns to be proud of his wife. She can destroy that pride most easily by personal untidiness and by making a fool of herself in public.

9. No matter how small your budget, try to get out together one night a week, even if you only go for a walk and look up and count the stars.

10. Never forget a woman is stronger than a man, and your husband needs your love and loyalty and understanding even more than you need these things from him. Marriage is a 50-50 deal only over a lifetime. The score varies from day to day. A wise wife, no matter how foolish her husband has been, will never make him feel the score is 100-0 against him.

One member of this all-male panel of advisers stubbornly held out for one other rule.

"A bride should never bet the rent money at a racetrack," he said. "That'll curdle a marriage quicker than anything I know."

16 Water Firm Customers May Have To Buy It

BALTIMORE (AP)—The Maryland Public Service Commission had a Maryland water company before it yesterday.

The service hasn't been too good, it was testified.

Glenn Leyde, president of the firm, said if any improvements are made the company might have to raise its rates. It took in only $240 last year.

Then it was suggested that the customers, all 16 of them, pitch in and buy the company. A purchase price of $1,400 was mentioned.

The PSC took the case under advisement.

No A-Cannon Overseas

WASHINGTON (AP)—None of the new atomic cannons are overseas, the Army said yesterday in response to questions prompted by rumors that some of the big weapons have been sent to Korea.

It is known, however, that the Army has enough of the 280-millimeter guns to equip some American forces in Korea if President Eisenhower should consider it advisable.

Such a step presumably would be considered anew if the Communists do not quickly agree to an armistice and if they continue all-out offensive operations.

James Marlow

WASHINGTON (AP)—More journalism schools have sprung up on college campuses across the nation in past years than Republican job-hunters in Washington this season. But not one of these schools gives a course on a subject vital to all newsmen—the expense account.

Anybody can learn to write a story who can put one word after another. He doesn't even have to know how to spell. A smart copy desk takes care of that anyway.

Yet, there is more drama, more good, terse writing packed into expense accounts than you'll find in most stories on the front page of your newspaper. And not a line of this technique is taught in the schools.

The reward for mastering this art (which I never have been able to do) is to break even. You start a trip with so much money. You come home with considerably less, plus a missing chunk of your own dough. Then comes the awful time of explaining to your wife and the office what happened to all that cash. Only a few can ever succeed.

In Cairo, they still talk about the reporter who cabled his office for $500. Needed it to buy two camels, he said, to get him into the desert for an important story.

The home office sent the money. And they reminded him that after the trip the camels should be sold and the money returned.

This fellow got the story, but instead of returning the money from the sale of two camels he sent a note saying: "Please send another $100 to cover attached expenses." And there was a postscript: "Camels died. Cost of burying camels: $100."

They say that fellow is an editor now.

Another time, a fellow put in an expense account of 50 cents for a haircut. The front office asked him to justify a personal item like a haircut.

He said: "I spent $1.25 for the haircut. I figure 50 cents worth of that hair grew on company time."

They don't teach you things like that in journalism school.

Recently I went into Kentucky and West Virginia on a story. I drove for days across miles of winding, narrow mountain roads where occasionally a sign said: "Winding Road."

Heading home, I reached the broad, straight highway in Virginia's Shenandoah Valley. No winding road signs. Just straight, beautiful highway with gentle curves where your speed sneaked up on you before you realized it.

Everything was fine until a siren screamed and a patrolman waved me to the side of the road. He was a courteous young man, but he still pressed a summons into my damp little hand.

Now, the question is will the front office every accept that fine as legitimate business expense? I figure the speed of the car, like that reporter's hair, just sort of grew on company time.

It's a pity they don't give you the answers in journalism schools.

Sam Dawson

NEW YORK (AP) — The first flash flood of profit statements show business earnings after taxes almost one-fourth better than this time last year.

The first 36 corporations reporting on net income in the second quarter show more than two-thirds of them are outdistancing their profits for the same three months in 1952. The 11 whose second quarter earnings are trailing last year, in most cases report only slight drops.

Stockholders should be happier, too. Corporations paid out about four billion dollars in dividends in the first half of this year, a gain of four per cent over the year-end figures.

Still another pleasant report is in the day's news. The Securities and Exchange Commission and the Federal Trade Commission join to report that manufacturing companies alone made 2¾ billion dollars in net profits after taxes in the first three months of the year. This was 11 per cent better than in the first quarter of 1952.

The first 36 corporations reporting so far on their second quarter earnings are widely distributed through the various industries. They are both large and small. Some of them report for three-month periods ending May 31, but most for the April, May and June period.

Combined, they made net profits after taxes of $223,720,541 in the second quarter. This is a gain of 23.7 per cent over the year ago combined earnings of $180,801,358.

Heavily weighing the report on the bright side, however, is the big come-back of the steel companies. Three of them report their combined earnings in the last three months ran 212.5 per cent over the year ago future.

That, of course, is because in most of June, 1952, their mills were idled by a strike, and profits slumped.

The same weakness in comparisons carries over also into other industries. Some oil companies were struck during part of the 1952 period.

But the profit picture is definitely better this year. First quarter earnings of all corporations—transportation, utility, retail, and financial as well as manufacturing—ran around 10 per cent ahead of the year before.

$236,814 Bank Loss Probed

SCRANTON, Pa., (AP)—The Federal Bureau of Investigation probed today into the background of a 40-year-old assistant cashier charged with misapplying $236,814 in funds of the Third National Bank of Scranton over a period of five years.

The FBI was hastily summoned into the case yesterday by bank officials who discovered the shortage after a business firm asked for a tally of its balance.

Free on $10,000 bail is Gilbert J. McCauley, 40, recently promoted to the $3,500-a-year post of assistant cashier in charge of bookkeeping.

McCauley was on his two-week vacation when arrested yesterday at his West Scranton home.

Ray J. Abbattichio, special agent in charge of the FBI's Eastern Pennsylvania district said McCauley readily admitted misapplying the funds. The man contended, however, Abbattichio said, that he gained no personal benefit from the money. The FBI is trying to find out just where the money went.

The Scranton Tribune quoted McCauley as saying he was "covering up for three other people." McCauley did not elaborate, the newspaper said.

McCauley started with the bank 24 years ago as a messenger.

Bank officials said federal insurance fully covered the loss.

Careful Management Can Result in Profitable And Lasting Lumber Industry

(Eds note: This is the last of five articles dealing with the economic future of the lumber industry in the Pacific Northwest.

By WALTER J. DeLONG

Now, it has also been the thinking many people that the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company has much to do with the setting of lumber prices. I am sure that all of you understand that lumber prices are established like any other price—wholly upon supply and demand.

Our company manufacturers about 3 per cent of the total lumber produced in the United States; only about 3.2 per cent of the pulp; and 2.7 per cent of the plywood. Those percentages could not control the market nor allow our company to set the price.

Lumber prices are higher than they were 10 years ago. So is everything else you buy—so are wages and salaries. But, in spite of today's prices, lumber is still the cheapest — the best — lightweight, most versatile, most beautiful building product on the market.

There are many people who have the opinion that the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company does not pay a fair share of taxes. Last year the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company paid $33,810,357 in taxes. That seems to be a reasonalby fair share for us to pay.

Getting back to the economic stability of the forest industry here in the Pacific Northwest, there are three things that can upset our economic stability:

First, Forest Fires. When forest fires destroy several hundred acres of 10 or 20 year-old second growth, it throws a complete operating cycle out of balance.

Second, Taxes. An excessive tax burden could force timberland owners to liquidate their timber stands. Taxes ciphon off money for plant expansion and for research.

In the last 5 years our company has plowed back into the business $150,000,000 in new plants, plant additions and roads. Some of this money came from profits—some of it came through depreciation—but a great part of it came through the liquidation of our old growth timber holdings.

Here we see how the company has converted monies from its timber stands into new manufacturing units—into research and development, new equipment and new methods, and the merchandising of new products. Where we go in the years ahead depend upon the economic conditions over which our industry has little control.

The third thing that could upset our economic stability is government intervention in production. Government controls of our forest lands and cutting practices could be so tight that we could be unable to operate our tree farms. However, if we can prevent disease and forest fires — unreasonable taxation — and keep government controls from becoming too great a hindrance, the economic future of the forest industry in the Pacific Northwest look brighter than ever, for this major industry will have stability around which you, as businessmen, may build your businesses — around which the communities may expand—and upon which the government may depend for a stable tax structure.

Telling The Editor

NEEDS HELP

KLAMATH FALLS—The Ground Observers need you.

The Ground Observers need your help. The people of Klamath Falls have not yet realized the importance of the Ground Observers. Most of the people of this city say they haven't time to do this work. Two hours a week would be such a large help to the Ground Observers, if all or most were to help.

For most of the people it would take a bomb on our city to make them realize the importance of this organization. People say they have children to take care of.

I ask you this: Is taking care of your children just staying home with them, clothing and feeding them? Not by a long shot. If a bomb was to fall on our city think how many innocent people would be killed.

I am urgently calling on you for help. Please become a member of the Ground Observers Corps.

Leland Bernard

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