

Herald and News

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

Nothing seems to be going on around the old place. Nothing out of the ordinary, that is. Everyone talking about the weather, the crops, the vacation they are going to take or what the prospects for winter are.

Every once in a while we hear a few more encouraging words about the old place. And all in all, everyone seems to be pretty happy.

Our apologies to Chet Irving (Chester L.) for misspelling his name in this column the other night. All we could do, upon being so informed, was assume the angle and hope that Chet would try and keep his best foot in shape for fishing.

He did.

In return for which we'll amplify our statements about his office quarters a trifle. In the earlier squib we said that the office was done in a series of pine finishes. To that we now add that Chet's office, for instance, is done in in-

cense cedar. A beautiful clear wood that has a finish of some kind on it that gives it a soft patina that is really out of this world. There are also represented such forest giants as white fir plywood, a wall surfacing called "Velvair" and another termed "Velvair" not to mention Philippine mahogany and East-of-the-Cascades Douglas fir studding inside the walls.

And I hope all that is correct. Otherwise I'll have to take to dealing with Chet over the phone to save the seat of my pants.

Moore Park is really coming into its own these days. Every day you see throngs of people out there during the lunch hour, spreading out a cloth on the grass and enjoying a quick lunch. And on Sunday the place is jammed. You can hardly find room to drive through. Last Sunday we even noticed quite a group that had set up a croquet set and were really going into it. And, after all, why not. It's really one of the prettiest parks in the state, and is growing and expanding every year.

CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DER ADDISON

IT MENTIONED HERE yesterday, on authority of the Wall Street Journal, that houses and what goes into them cost a little less than a year ago. We can beat that all hollow on what it takes to heat the houses—on one kind of fuel, that is.

How much do you think the cost of bodywood has gone up in the past 20 years? Whatever amount you say, it's wrong. You can buy bodywood cheaper today, in dollars and cents, than you could 20 years ago.

That's on the authority of Harold Rush, and he ought to know because he sells a lot of the fuel wood for the town at Frankford Fuel Co. Bodywood is \$13.50 a cord today; it was \$14.50 a cord 20 years ago. Slabs are just the same price, \$6.50 a double load. With all the push-button heating that has gone in in recent years you might be surprised that there's any call left for wood. There is. Rush admits to a nice increase in the wood business.

We've often bemoaned the fact that you can't buy good old pine limbs for the fireplace any more. The trouble is, Rush said, that, what with unemployment compensation and all, no one will go to the woods to gather limbs nowadays. If he sent his regular men for limbs the cost would be more than you could afford.

Anyway, it's news when any commodity costs less than it did 20 years ago. Try your hat to the next stack of bodywood that you see.

SAM DAWSON

NEW YORK (AP) — Headache for many a firm today is finding the right man or woman for an overseas job—and making the job attractive enough to him and his family.

Turn-over is much more of a problem when it involves jobs in distant lands. At the same time, the man tapped for overseas assignment has many problems of his own: Finding a home for his family abroad, shipping his household belongings; schooling for his children, coming back for deaths or illness in the family. These and like problems keep many from taking overseas jobs.

How are American firms meeting these personal problems of their expatriate employees? The National Industrial Conference Board asked 37 of them, big and little, in the fields of finance, transportation and communication, manufacturing, chemicals, oil and mercantile.

Fourteen of them have more than 100 employees abroad in executive, technical, office or production roles. Eleven send women employees abroad, and 34 also hire nationals in the lands where they have foreign branches. The board says the names of the companies are confidential.

Homes and furniture are the first problems. Shipping costs for all household effects are paid by 22 of the firms. One pays none of the costs, explaining that since their employees usually rotate among many posts, furniture shipping isn't practicable. Costs within limits, are paid by the other 14.

For instance, one will pay for 10,000 pounds of furnishings for married employees, only 4,000 pounds for single ones. Some won't pay for certain things, like pianos or autos. Some will pay for only six rooms of furniture. Others will pay costs to some countries but not to others where custom duties

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP)—Congress is putting off until next year what it didn't do this year. From the standpoint of lawmaking, this was an undistinguished year. There's no guarantee next year will be any more productive.

This year's legislative dreariness was obscured by the lightning flashes of personality which illuminated the Capitol from time to time and gave it a liveliness otherwise lacking.

There was the picture of President Eisenhower, new in his job, trying to push and pull his Republican controlled Congress along the road he wanted it to travel while still learning how to deal with the lawmakers.

Individuals like Sen. Joseph McCarthy (R-Wis.) looking for subversives and aging Rep. Daniel A. Reed (R-N.Y.) fighting against extension of the excess profits tax lent color to the show.

There was also the very human drama of Eisenhower and Sen. Taft (R-Ohio), who had been rivals for their party's presidential nomination in 1952, learning to work together in 1953.

If the congressional performance was slow this year, it could be excused on the ground that a new administration was trying to get adjusted to its new responsibilities, and was feeling its way along.

Next year it will have no such excuse. Next year the Republican administration can be fairly judged on its performance. And it will have a particularly good reason for wanting to put on a satisfactory one in 1954.

Next year is an election year, the first time the Republicans have had to face the judgment of the voters since taking office in January 1953. All 435 House seats and one-third of the 96 Senate seats are at stake in the elections of November 1954.

At present the Republican majorities are so half-hint that a few changes in the 1954 election results could give the Democrats control of Congress.

This would mean for President Eisenhower, still in charge of the executive branch of the government, that for the following two

years he'd have to depend upon a Democratic-controlled Congress for the success of any programs he offered.

It is one of the political legends, not necessarily true at all, that members of Congress, more conscious of the voters, always do more in an election year.

Actually the 1954 election results may be determined by factors not at all connected with the record established by Congress—perhaps by events not even dreamed of at this moment.

For instance, if the elections were being held this November, and if the Eisenhower administration had managed to get a truce in Korea, the Republicans probably would be swept back into office.

The same may not be true in November 1954. For in that year the results of the truce—possibly drawn out, frustrating peace negotiations and even ugly developments—might sway the voters the other way.

So Eisenhower will have his hands full in 1954, not only in trying to lead his Republicans in Congress to a good showing, but in making a record for his Republican administration in foreign affairs as well.

This year the biggest single piece of controversial legislation was on giving the states rights, out to their historic boundaries, to the oil in the waters off their shores. And Eisenhower succeeded, after a bitter struggle, in getting the excess profits tax extended another six months.

He seems reasonably sure, before this session of Congress ends, of getting the reciprocal trade agreement program extended another year. And before it quits this year Congress has some other pieces of "must" legislation on its books: a decision of perhaps 240,000 European refugees over a three-year period; authority for Eisenhower to send surplus food abroad in an emergency.

But put off until next year, with no certainty of achievement, are extension of social security; changes in the Taft-Hartley Act; the question of statehood for Hawaii and Alaska.

And the Republicans will have to find ways of raising money to meet government expenses and deciding whether to scuttle foreign aid, a step which might wreck Eisenhower's foreign program.

Most of the 37 send employees to places where housing facilities are adequate. Some help with the rent where homes are hard to find or rents are abnormally high. Three furnish the housing. Eleven others do where housing is a problem, such as in field camps.

Pension plans for overseas employees are offered by 33 of the firms. Twenty-two also have plans for nationals they employ in foreign cities.

If employees should belong to social clubs for business reasons, 16 of the companies pay the initiation and dues, while 7 others provide their own recreation quarters or clubs.

Even so, home often looks better to a lot of men the companies would like to send abroad.

Telling The Editor

BIRD-ACQUAINTANCES

SACRAMENTO — Midsummer means seaside vacations. Here is a rare opportunity to widen one's bird-acquaintances. There is one that uses dive-bomber tactics. It recalls a Dakota yarn about an old Indian. Tapping his breast, he said: "Me Gray Eagle. This my son, Kicking Horse. This my grandson, Billy Dive-Bomber." And that redskin had actually WAS an airman!

The bird that uses Dive-bomber tactics is the pelican. Kiddies who themselves instinctively like to go fishing become interested in this fisherman. He has a fine fishing kit in his 2-foot bill, with its hooked end. It has a most efficient fishnet in the bag attached. It has powerful wing bones, reptilian foot-skin. The pelican was an ancient symbol of motherhood. The bird was supposed to feed its young by blood from its breast. The ancient nature writers must have lacked spectacles. What really happens is that the parents feed their nestlings regurgitated fish. Such superstitions persist. The device of Louisiana's seal is a pelican mother thus feeding half a dozen hungry babies.

Writer studied pelicans from California thru the tropics to Chile. The black ribbon of birds, sometimes seen on entire day's journey by steamer, that fishes on the "anchovies" of the Humboldt Current off Peru has tens of thousands of pelicans. The various birds that follow the Current are the principal source of guano. So greedy were the pelicans for guano taxes that the guano birds once were exploited almost to extinction. Then a wise and patriotic Peruvian scientist showed how Government must return to the old Inca conservation law if they wanted permanent guano taxes.

Very earnestly,
C. M. Goethe

To Whom It May Concern:

For the information to whoever wrote the letter bearing the title of "Slick Pair of Women Work J. C. Penny Co." we would like to write an answer.

We do not feel it a privilege to sit in jail accused of some things lied about in the for-profit letter. Neither one of us represented ourselves as an official to the Klamath Indian Agency. I think it only fair to us that the truth be stated when anyone else prints any more on this situation.

Thank you,
Laura Jackson
and Myona Jackson

ANNAPOLIS, Md. (AP)—While the mercury bubbled into the 90s outside the Statehouse yesterday, Gov. Theodore R. McKeldin was inside making like it was winter.

He transcribed a Christmas message for broadcast on the Salvation Army's annual "Army of Stars" show.

McKeldin had to get into a Christmas mood, so he called in an early call for his tape recording.

HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — Nothing will turn an optimist into a cynic faster than a black eye.

It is then one learns the depth of hypocrisy in friendship, and how false a thing is man's pretended faith in his fellow man.

A man with a black eye is the loneliest figure in the world. Everybody wants to hear his tale about how he got it, and nobody ever believes he is telling the truth.

The cringing wretch goes from desk to desk in his office, saying pleadingly, "I know you won't believe this, but I bumped into this open door in the dark, and—"

And sure enough nobody will believe him. Nobody really listens to his words. Everyone insists on taking him at his face value — and a black eye is universally regarded as a sign of guilt.

When you have a black eye no one sends you flowers. No one has sympathy enough to ask, "Does it hurt?" All you hear are the timeworn clichés:

"Next time I guess you'll learn to duck."

"That ought to teach you to quit peeking through keyholes."

There are many examples in his story of black eyes acquired innocently, accidentally, or through gallantry and kindness, such as:

A. You are helping an old lady across the street during a heavy rain, and she jabs you in the eye with her umbrella.

B. You bang your head hurrying to get out of a cab to help your wife alight.

C. You slip in the bathtub.

D. You are helping your wife hang a picture, and she drops the hammer on your upturned face — presumably by accident.

E. You are feeding sugar lumps to a policeman's horse, and it suddenly tosses its head and gives you a lump under your lamp.

The medical literature on the

subject of black eyes is full of such cases. But there is no record that the victim's story was believed by either his friends or foes.

A man with a black eye is like the defendant in a Russian spy trial. He might as well quit trying. The verdict has already been reached before he opens his mouth — "Guilty."

I knew a fellow once who actually got a black eye by bumping into a door, and came into work the next day bent over double with the door on his back to prove he was telling the truth. That made everybody sure he was a liar.

I knew another fellow who got a black eye from a bee sting. He carried the carcass of the bee around in a little box for days, showing it to all. Same result. He just blackened his own reputation.

There ought to be a society for the extension of goodwill and understanding to people with black eyes, and I'd like to join it right now.

Yes, I have a black eye. It is a result of food poisoning. That's right — food poisoning.

I know you'll find this hard to believe, for it is an odd story. I love watermelon. Well, I was in this grocery store, and it was a very hot day, and I picked up this watermelon in one arm. I began thumping it with my hand, when — bang! — it blew up right in my face, exploded, and hit me in the eye.

No, I never heard of a watermelon exploding before. But you see, as I said, it was a very hot day, and anything can happen in a heat wave.

Look, I can show you the bill the cleaner sent me for taking the watermelon stains out of my suit. I got it right here in my pocket. I guess that proves it, doesn't it?

(Editor's Note: I guess that'll teach Boyle to quit peeking through keyholes. Wonder how he really got that black eye?)

FRANK TRIPP

The episode two-weeks ago about old-timers who "took pen in hand" roused a lusty guffaw from the brave compositors who have to tussle with this copy. "Why didn't you tell 'em the whole truth?" he asked me, smiling slyly.

He meant that the column didn't tell that I haven't uncovered a typewriter for a year, yet go right on boring the populace with a dollar pen or a stub pencil, which is plenty fast enough, considering the product that results.

As a matter of fact, it isn't slow at all, nor laborious, save to those who must edit the hen tracks and put them into type. I've found it easier and far more convenient than the most scientifically designed typewriter desk and chair ever devised.

You can lie flat on your back, or roll over on your stomach, in bed, or on a grassy plot overlooking the lake. You can get the job done between trains or planes, or on them, without lugging along a portable. All you need is in your pocket — and your head. Although too often it all seemed to have been in the pocket.

The pen itself is an eminent editor. He who uses it suffers no temptation to keep his fingers hopping over the keys, grinding out useless words, while the next essential thought crystallizes in his mind.

I've recommended the idea to young writers, but doubt if one accepted the advice. Certainly no editor or copy reader would settle for the notion, which to them is just another screwy idiosyncrasy out of the past.

Still, even when I began, the typewriter seemed so essential that reporters either bought their own or paid half in cash, while the office paid the other half in advertising space. Then we quarreled about who owned the typewriter, and when we switched jobs had to sneak it out during the night.

One of the best writers I know says he can't turn a wheel unless

coalless in front of a typewriter in the din of a newsroom, where a half dozen reporters are doing as many different stories over a have dozen telephones, each oblivious of the confusion or the presence of the others.

That's something newsmen must learn early. Not only to think and write amid confusion that would distract the uninitiated but to think straight amid the confusion that surrounds the assembling of big stories.

You'd think that once pastured to the peaceful chore of columnizing they'd be glad to be rid of it. But they aren't. Few revert to the dignity of the quill. They go to the end punching out two-finger yarns on a rattling old crate that they've come to love.

Just the same, if you putter with writing, try this stunt: Let's assume that you need to do a story in about 600 words. This column contains nearly 600. That's two double-spaced, 8 1/2 x 11 typewritten pages, or about four school tablet sheets handwritten.

First do the story on a type writer, two pages worth. Put it aside. A week later write the same story by hand. Omit no essential fact or feature; write it all and stop, no matter how few the words. Don't copy the typewritten story, or refer to it.

If you're average, you'll tell the story in fewer words with a pen; with shorter sentences, fewer conjunctions, superlatives and adjectives. Which trial reads smoother, pen or typewriter, will tell where your forte lies, if anywhere.

The pen has rescued many a writer from verbosity, involved sentences, rambling context, overemphasis and typewriter tirade. Don't fear the slower tool. Often it's faster than one's worthwhile thoughts.

Have something to write: write it, and stop. Which I'm doing right now. And might well have done 500 words back, you're thinking.

Charter Study Group Named

SALEM (AP) — Gov. Paul L. Patterson appointed nine persons Tuesday to serve on the committee to recommend to the 1955 Legislature whether the Oregon constitution should be rewritten or revised.

They will serve in addition to the eight legislators already named.

The committee will hold its first meeting July 28.

Those appointed by the governor are:

Lloyd G. Hammel, Salem; Bob Ingalls, Corvallis; Colin R. Eberhard, La Grande; Mrs. Twyla Ferguson, Klamath Falls; Former Justice J. O. Bailey, Portland; Mrs. William D. Hagenstein, Portland; Dr. Robert S. Wengert, Eugene; Mrs. V. N. Freeman, Eugene; and Justice Hall S. Luck, Salem.

The legislators previously appointed are:

Senate President Eugene E. Marsh, McMinnville; House Speaker Rudie Wilhelm, Portland; Sens. S. Eugene Allen and Dean Bryson, both Portland; and John P. Housell, Hood River; and Reps. Mark C. Hatfield, Salem; Alfred H. Corbett, Portland; and John Misko, Oregon City.

The governor also named Chester B. Benson and Lawrence F. Barber, both of Portland, to the committee to study recreational facilities and economic values of the Columbia Gorge.

He appointed these persons to the committee to study whether the state should build a historical building:

David L. Davies and Fred Meek, both of Portland; Phil Brogar, Bend; Mrs. Claire Hanley, Medford; Robert B. Wilson, Madras; and Miss Eleanor Stephens, Salem.

Tulelake Units Install Officers

TULELAKE—James (Bud) Pettigrew has been installed as commander of Tulelake Post 184, American Legion and Mrs. Harvey Bateman is the new president of the auxiliary.

New officers for the local groups were jointly installed with the officers of the Dorris Post and Auxiliary 478, July 14, here.

Installed with Pettigrew were Tom Frey, first vice-commander; Clinton Proctor, second vice-commander; Kuno Scheut, sergeant-at-arms; Leon Van Norwick, finance officer; Clark W. Fensler, chaplain; George Frey, historian; Olney Rudd, service officer.

Serving with Mrs. Bateman will be Mrs. Paul Tschirky, first vice-president; Mrs. Elmer Rudd, second vice-president; Mrs. Larry Suedmeyer, secretary; Mrs. Ross Daniels, treasurer; Mrs. L. C. Kirby, historian; Mrs. Clyde Todd, chaplain; Mrs. Tom Frey, sergeant-at-arms; Mrs. Albert Scott, marshal.

Installing officers were Olney Rudd, 2nd district commander and Mrs. Rudd, substituting for District President Elsie Bosworth, Fall River Mills; Mrs. George Kuris, department marshal acted.

During the entertainment hour, Bob Parker, sponsored by the post for Boy's State at Sacramento reported on the week he spent south. Musical numbers were presented by Marguerite Moore, Joyce Larson and Polly Haynes.

Hostesses for the refreshment hour were Mrs. Hildur Larson, Mrs. Frank Moserbar, Mrs. William Hooper, Mrs. Frank Holzhauser.

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