Herald and News

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

See by a small item in the news that back in New Jersey they are planning to try out a moving sidewalk to handle their commuter flood.

Another step forward, they say, getting people to and from work.

Having put in a spell as a commuter in one of the larger West Coast cities for a while I can sympathize with the idea of a problem, although if I had had to stand up for forty two miles every morning on the way to work I don't think I would have made it.

However, there are still problems to be solved, and not all of them in the larger metropolitan centers.

For instance: What would you suggest doing about the fact that invariably in Klamath Falls you drive directly into the sun on your way to work and directly into it again on your way home?

What would you suggest doing about the dogs who spend the early morning hours lying luxuriously in the middle of the street and refusing to move?

What about the overnight parker who leaves his car two feet from the curb on a narrow street? Or the broken bottles last night's roisterers so graciously tossed out in the street to shatter there for your benefit?

What are we going to do about the fact that even though you come to work at six o'clock in the morning you still can't park within two city blocks of the office?

Although it may sound a trifle impractical, the only solution I see to the whole thing is to build your town on a turntable, with the business section in a counter-rotating ring in the center. In this manner you can swing the town about in such a manner that no one has to look into the sun, and about every so often your office will go swooping past the house and you can duck in.

This method would also keep you out of the rain, solve the parking problem and cut down on the gas bill.

It would also be noisy.

Better yet, maybe perhaps we'd all better just head for the hills and wait and see what New Jersey does. If they make out perhaps there is some hope.

Klamath's own problem, that of the one way couplet on the downtown section and the proposed truck route will be coming up for a final decision very soon. It might be well for everyone to give these matters some very serious thought. What the voters decide will in a large measure determine just how much work will be done on the highways around this area for some time to come. And how easy we make it on ourselves to handle the always increasing burden of traffic.

We'd say that the proposal for one way through the center of town and for a truck route was the thing to do. If we don't get around it somehow we're going to have to build new streets over the tops of the stalled cars that got caught in a traffic jam and never got out.

And truck shipping is on the increase, not on the wane.

Anyway, think it over and then go out and vote for what you sincerely think is the best thing for the city.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL
by KEN McLEOD

There are many people who profess to see no value in the intangible products of nature. A lawyer acquaintance of mine who spends a great deal of time dreaming up new ways to get around the objections of conservationists in order that his clients make more money out of the public's natural resources, and, incidentally more fees for himself, made the implication to me one day that those of us who defended outdoor recreational areas were slightly off our rocker: "Why! He exlaimed, "I can get as much recreation laying on the lawn in the shade of the trees surrounding the state capitol."

An eminent engineering friend who works for the Bureau of Reclamation said to me one day: "I get a bigger thrill out of watching water run down an irigation ditch than to see it wasting away to the sea."

I have a number of forestry friends who profess to see nothing more in a forest than "annual increment" and to them a virgin wilderness is a detriment to the human race because trees in the area are dying and not being utilized by man.

I could go on and on with examples of thinking by people who earn their living because it so pays them to think, and so we see a strange thing in this conservation battle for it is usually the "hired-hands" of exploitation who are out in fronf beating the drum for all it is worth. The generals of industry who supply the sinews to keep the drum beaters going seldom appear on the battle front in front in person for they would much prefer to stay at home and pose as philanthropists.

As the old saying goes: "It takes all kinds of people to make a world." Those of us who feel that it takes more than gadgets to make a dynamic civilization expect to be met by opposition which would dearly love to find a way to prove to the American public that we place too great a value on the things we call the "intangible" values of the outdoors and their influence upon the health and mental well being of the American people.

One man who knows the value of these "intangibles" of which I speak and who has been dealing with them for over twenty years is Judge William G. Long of the Superior Court in Seattle, Washington. Judge Long recently wrote a letter to my friend "doc" Eschmeyer of the Sport Fishing Institute which is worth while repeating here. I think, when you have read the Judge's statement, you will agree that the Judge is firmly convinced a place of recreation must be something more than a piece of lawn in the shade of a Chinese Elm, or, that the only place for water is down a farmer's irrigation ditch.

Judge Long writes: "I have been Juvenile Court Judge in King County, Washington, for over twenty years, and during that time I have handled some forty-five thousand juvenile cases. As a result of that experience I have come to the conclusion that most youngsters go wrong simply because they do not have anything else to do. City kids do not have the chores to do that most of us had when we were growing up. It is more difficult for them to get out into the hills and on the waters and in the mountains. Paved streets and alleys are not very wholesome places in which youngsters can give vent to their abundant energies and their hunger for adventure. Many of them turn to stealing cars and burglary for their outlets.

"It has been my observation, however, that these same kids respond naturally when given an opportunity to hike and fish and climb, and I can not recall a single case, in twenty years, of serious juvenile conduct involving a youngster whose hobby and recreation outlet was fishing."

This testimony by Judge Long is one of the things we speak about when we speak about the "intangible" of outdoor recreation, and, the Judge's statement emphasizes the increasing importance the "intangibles" are becoming in our growing gadget civilization. We must preserve some of the outdoor America we knew in our youth for the youth of future America. We must change our attitude toward the evaluation of our natural resources' wealth from a sole regard for their relative monetary productiveness to their value to the production of human well-being.

In our opposition to those who champion the cause of exploitation without regard of human values destroyed we have not been unreasonable extremists, even though the boomers would dearly like the American public to believe so, we have not demanded the "whole chicken" even though we insist on our full share of it. Our aim is the wise over-all use; and, in determining what is wise, it is clear that there are basic human needs which outweight the material "wants."

Ty Cobb made his debut with the Detroit Tigers late in the 1905 season. But it was 1908 before the Georgia Peach played in an opening day game.

The Doctor Says

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M. D.

Among the challenging mental disorders with which we are sometimes faced is a condition known as "hysteria." This should not be confused with the condition meant by the expression, "don't be hysterical."

The latter condition occurs when some person becomes emotionally upset, laughs, or cries too hard or has an uncontrollable fit of rage.

Hysteria, from the medical viewpoint, is something quite different. The patient with true hysteria has disturbances in sensation, perhaps convulsions, or is unable to move certain muscles.

Such symptoms, however, are not caused by a recognizable disease of the nervous system, like a brain tumor or polio.

In hysteria, an attack of convulsions may be started because of some emotional situation. The convulsions allow the victim of hysteria to escape from a difficult situation.

Of course, not all convulsions are caused by hysteria, and they must be distinguished from the convulsions produced by epilepsy or other nervous conditions.

Loss of power over muscular movement caused by hysteria may occur in almost any part of the body. It is important, but sometimes difficult, to make a correct diagnosis.

In this form, as in other forms of hysteria, the probable cause is an unconscious attempt to develop an excuse for not facing a difficult situation.

The change in sensation often present in hysteria is a most interesting condition. The ability of some part of the skin to "feel" is generally lost entirely; a pin can be stuck deep into that area without causing any pain.

The treatment of symptoms of true hysteria is often difficult. The cause of the mental strain must be sought and studied.

Gradual persuasion and reeducation is helpful for some, but other methods must be used on many occasions. The successful treatment of hysteria is a challenging problem.

As with the other mental disorders, the ultimate aim of research is to find out more about its cause so that it can be prevented or promptly treated.

GARDEN EXPERTS were on hand at Standard Feed Store, 2710 South Sixth, at its first annual garden bazaar, Saturday, co-sponsored by the Poe Valley and Bonanza garden clubs. Inspecting a Mustang Roto-Tiller are, from left: Eldon Waldron, Portland, Chas. H. Lilly Seed Co.; Frank Parsons of Standard Feed, who was in charge of the show; Bernie Grass, Portland representative of California Spray Chemical Co.; and Harold Oxley of the Portland Seed Company. An estimated crowd of between 4000 and 5000 persons attended the bazaar. All net proceeds went to the garden clubs. It is Standard Feed's plan to rotate the show among all Klamath Basin garden clubs on an annual basis.

NEW UNIFORMS FOR THE GOC were shown at a recent Ground Observer Corps meeting at the airport. Here Lt. Guon adjusts the cap at just the right angle for Shirley Winteringer. Looking on are Lucille Jones, Russ Avery and Bill Stewart. The uniform consists of a two-tone blue cap, light blue blouse, navy blue tie and navy skirt for women, light blue shirt and dark blue pants for men.

HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — The Oddity Almanac-facts and fancies from a world of wonders:

What feature of American civilization do you think would most startle a visitor from darkest Africa? . . . our skyscrapers, movie palaces, traffic jams, or supermarkets?

Well, none of these impressed James Ngaiyaye, a native African minister en route through Denver to a church conference in San Francisco, as much as America's ornate cemeteries and its restaurants.

"Burial in South Africa is such a simple thing it is difficult to comprehend the lavishness put upon it in the outside world," he said. "And eating in Africa is a personal or clan affair. The many, many eating places here are most surprising. It is difficult for me to get used to the custom."

Tell that to your wife the next time she wants to eat out . . . But this African minister would have been even more amazed if he had visited the Wall Street section here a few years ago, when financial clerks used to eat their lunch while perched on the crumbling tombstones in the old Trinity Church cemetery.

Woman's - place - is - in - the - home note: When Mrs. Edith Friedman, mother of five children, decided to build a housing development in the Philadelphia area, a big real estate broker told her, "Forget it. You don't even know how to climb a step ladder." But Mrs. Friedman didn't take the brushoff. She has finished one 108-home community, now has started another of 138 homes. Her secret? The problem of building many homes is the same faced by any wife in building a single home: "Coordinating manpower and materials" . . She found workmen willing to do things for a woman contractor they wouldn't do for a male boss.

Almanac Editorial: The Russians have come up with a couple of new home made perfumes called "Spirit of Red Moscow" and "Jubilee of the Red Army."

Why can't America come to its own scents — and quit leaning on the French for our perfume nomenclature? It's time we put some patriotic, star-spangled allure in our own bottled smell merchandise.

Just to get the ball rolling we suggest: "Rebel Delight," "Reno Remorse," "Yankee Bliss," "Moment in Pittsburgh, "Potomac Passion," "Seattle Mist," "Washington Whiff," "Tennessee Throb," "Montana Madness," "Kansas City Caper," "Mistake in Milwaukee," "Madcap Memphis Mama," "Aroma Keokuk," "Eau de Chicago," "Madcap," "Eau de Chicago,' and and "Erie Canal No. 5."

Almanac science department: There are over 900,000 known species of animal life on the earth, and about 675,000 are insects . . . The animals with stiff spines, known as chordates, total about 45,000 species, including birds, frogs, fishes . . . and an unknown number of husbands.

Know - your - America department: You can win wagers by betting your friends they can't name the two American states that have no official motto. Oregon has never had one . . . In 1860 Ohio adopted as its motto, "Imperium in Imperio — a government within a government," but repealed it in 1867.

Little Rhode Island has the shortest motto: "Hope" . . . Texas got both its motto — "Friendship" — and its own name from an Indian word, tejas, meaning friends . . . Washington State has the most restful motto: "Bye and bye" . . . The motto of the District of Columbia is "Justitia Omnibus," which some politicians believe means "Just always stay on the right bus." Actually, of course, it is Latin for "Justice for all."

Almanac long — range weather forecast: Better buy that air conditioner early. Hay fever sneezing season starts promptly on Aug. 15, and a flourishing crop of ragweed is in prospect.

POET'S CORNER

MY MOTHER'S DAY MEMORY

Mother of mine you are dear to me,
And I remember the days that used to be,
When you told me the story of the Prinkle pigs,
That lived out under an old corn crib.
There was Mother, and Baby, and Billie, too,
And so we agreed what we would do.
You were Mamma; brother was Baby, and I was Billie Pig,
And we played we lived under our old corn crib.
It was years ago that we did all this,
And I have always been Billie Prinkle, altho I'm SIS.
I wish I could go back to days of yore,
And sit upon your knee once more,
And listen while you tell me of Love and GOD,
And be just Billie Prinkle—the little hog.

By Billie Prinkle

They'll Do It Every Time — By Jimmy Hatlo

JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON —For 13 days as a witness at the Senate inquiry into Sen. McCarthy's row with Pentagon officials, Secretary of the Army Stevens has been sitting upright, and just as dignified, as a man on a high-handled bicycle.

He pedals along, trying to avoid the holes as McCarthy leads him down a new road with questions. He says yes or no or says he doesn't remember or gets a little indignant. When they collide, it's like a bicycle hitting a truck.

McCarthy and Stevens have been about equally humorless. There have been few attempts to subject McCarthy to doses of humor or ridicule.

Stevens tried to be funny yesterday at McCarthy's expense. That's when he bumped into the senator. McCarthy rode right over him.

McCarthy was digging back into history eight and nine years before Stevens became secretary to try to show there had been a lot of Communists in the Army. He cited Earl Browder, onetime head of the Communist party.

Browder, McCarthy said, once testified that in 1944 and 1945 there had been 13,000 Communists in uniform. In a mood rare for him in dealing with the senators, Stevens shot back with a question that was sarcastic but hardly witty:

"Does this mean I'm a Communist, senator?"

McCarthy turned away with contempt. His reply, while not witty either, was an obvious attempt to flatten Stevens in public. He said:

"That's awfully funny, isn't it, Mr. Secretary? I doubt very much they would accept you as a member."

Stevens probably won't try that approach again. But since Stevens is clearly not a comical man, it's still not demonstrated how McCarthy can handle himself when a real wit collides with him.

It was thought that maybe Joseph N. Welch, the Boston lawyer hired by the Army to cross-examine McCarthy, might be the one to needle him into exasperation.

Welch has delighted TV watchers with his light touches and he hasn't had a thorough chance to work on McCarthy. But he's had one. And his lightness got smashed up against McCarthy.

McCarthy had taken the stand briefly last week to explain how he came into possession of some confidential FBI information on a question of espionage at Ft. Monmouth, N. J.

Although McCarthy had just sworn to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth, he blandly told the investigating senators he would not reveal the name of the Army officer who had given him the information.

Welch could have reminded the senator that he had just sworn to tell the whole truth. Instead, Welch asked the stenographer to read back the oath.

McCarthy turned away and told Welch to cut out the nonsense.

For the rest of Welch's questioning, McCarthy deliberately showed more contempt for him than anyone at the hearing so far.

McCarthy, having seen some of Welch's light touches earlier in the hearing, may have worked out a plan for meeting the Bostonian's technique, deft or otherwise: steady, studied contempt.

Welch has been far from as active as he might have been in this inquiry so far.

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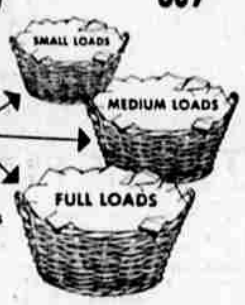

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