

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor

BILL JENKINS
Managing Editor

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

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for publication of all local news printed in this newspaper as well as all AP news.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

MAIL		BY CARRIER	
1 Month	\$ 1.35	1 Month	\$ 1.35
6 Months	\$ 6.50	6 Months	\$ 6.10
1 Year	\$11.00	1 Year	\$16.20

BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

It seems that a fellow in business these days, particularly if he has anything to do with writing, spends about as much time filling out questionnaires as he does conducting his business.

And almost all of the firms, groups, foundations and graduate students putting out these forms make the same mistake. They send you a blank that takes an hour or more to fill out, and enclose a stamped envelope just a half inch smaller than the form.

This morning I spent at least an hour filling out a complicated form stating various preferences in everything from collecting butterflies to cooking in a restaurant. When it came time to send it in, lo and behold, the form was exactly half an inch longer, no matter how you folded it, than the envelope.

From here on out we will test the container first and answer the questions later.

As the continuing years pile their dusty weight on our weary shoulders we become convinced that a good many of our well founded beliefs are nothing but so much hogwash.

We are referring at the moment to the belief, long current around my household at least, that you eat less meat in the summer months than you do in the winter, say, off the hot dishes and go in for nothing but salads, seafood, deviled eggs and lemonade.

After a long spell of almost believing this myself I have come to the conclusion that it is an old wives' tale with no foundation in fact. A large succulent juicy meat tastes just as good to me on a hot summer night as it does on the coldest night of the winter. The same goes for steak and potatoes, lots of gravy and hot biscuits. Not to mention such goodies as spare-ribs, spaghetti with hot sauce, chil-

reloso, onion soup and lamb curry. From here on out we shall eat as our appetite dictates and not as the popular beliefs would have us. It tastes so much better, stays with you so much longer and keeps up your energy so much better.

Having just come back to civilization again following a few days out in the hills with a crowd of men we are justified, I guess, in giving out with a little philosophy on the subject of men in the woods.

Seems that the minute you take a man out of his comfortable home and park him in the middle of the woods the first thing he does is break out a jug and start remembering all about home and his life there. On top of that he raises his voice about four octaves, leaves off his g's, swears at least once in every sentence and works the conversation around to women within three minutes.

With all the great outdoors, pine trees looming overhead, a beautiful moon soaring above the treetops, the wind moaning in the sagebrush and all the other beauties of nature unfolded for him he spends half the evening rousing up a coal oil lantern and then sits around for the rest of the night playing poker or shooting craps.

And it doesn't matter a whit what sort of an expedition he's on at the moment. It can be a fishing trip, a hunting trip, a picnic, a ride, a hike. Anything.

At home he sits around on a sofa filled with pillows, a beautiful view of the wind in the trees and the deep and dreamless sleep that comes to those who sleep under the stars. And when he's out under those stars he thinks about the clean sheets at home, the shower before tumbling in the icebox full of cold milk and all the other comforts.

There are times when I wonder if mankind as a whole is really rational.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN McLEOD

This problem of increasing population is not merely a subject of academic interest as it is a subject that affects the lives of our people and every one of us as to our occupation and opportunities for recreation. A third and least pressing of the problems, though being stressed by the alarmists as the most important, is the subject of food supply. This writer has little regard for the "mortality hawks," who, by grovelling at the feet of a deliberately distorted Malthusian doctrine hope that the guillotine American public will follow their leadership. I doubt if one out of a thousand who so skillfully quote Malthus has ever read the works of that eminent scholar; they are content to distort the evolutionary hypothesis of Darwin — it has paid well to do so.

The fundamental problem is no different today than in 1798 when Malthus published the first edition of his great work, "An Essay on the Principle of Population as it Effects the Future Improvement of Society." There was no shortage of food in the days of Malthus; the basic economic problem was the lack of money to purchase food which was ample and abundant. And why was this so? Any student of history can tell you the story of the oppressive taxation that was the burden of the people. The officials of government and their servants lived in comparative splendor upon the forced sacrifice of the people.

Sometime ago I read an article in which the writer sought to use the tale of Robin Hood as a parable of our times. The King and his court (the government) were presumably, honest business men of the free enterprise system and Robin Hood, the "New Dealer" who robbed the honest merchant and gave to the poor. I think the writer badly missed the point of the story for we, the people of America, may like the early chivalry of Britain but we are not Robin Hood in the undeniable coming battle over the subject of oppressive taxation. You see, the writer who sought to use the tale of Robin Hood as the point of his story failed to recognize the true conflict of economic forces involved — why were the people poor and who made them that way?

It could be, a glib American public may have thought the "New Deal" it's Robin Hood — I wouldn't know, however, the result is quite apparent and new Robin Hoods will appear to knock at our door to save us from oppression. But — so much for Malthus and Robin Hood as elements of economic history those days are past and we have to face a future.

The rise of population growth is an undeniable factor with which we are faced and with which we must cope, there will be plenty of

food so long as we have money to purchase it. The problem then is not food but jobs and government is required in the conduct of the business of government. Most regions in the past have been able to keep pace with the normal expansion of a resident population; the increase of birth's over deaths. In the case of our western country, as Varden Fuller has pointed out, in California, for each person the state gains by natural increase it has had five or six additional persons come in from other states. What has been true in California has had its counterpart in our other western states; though, probably not in such a marked degree as in California where "Native Sons or Daughters" are still a comparative curiosity.

In the early history of our country, such immigration from the country east of the Rocky Mountains was largely absorbed by agriculture, that condition has long since passed and today the task must fall upon industry to absorb such increases in population, to provide jobs, and the money necessary for the maintenance of a suitable standard of living in the American tradition. However, if jobs are not available to absorb the growing influx and natural increase in our population then we will be reduced to the same economic problem that faced Malthus 156 years ago.

Labor Unions have been one of the present day forms of organization that have played a part to raise the standard of living for the American workman to the highest standard of any people ever in the history of the world; and, though they may have been the Robin Hood for a vast body of American workmen in the attempt to establish an aristocracy of labor, even such efforts must fail in the face of this threat of population for people must eat unless new industry is developed to absorb the expanding population. The world has seen the set repeated again and again of people starving in the midst of plenty.

The first problem I would place in our planning for the future is that of occupations to absorb the efforts of our people, however, how little is this most important problem realized. Today our government is spending billions to develop new lands to feed new people — the cart is decidedly before the horse.

PALMIST READING
—will tell your past, present and future. Love, marriage, business. A complete \$5 life reading for \$1 and this ad.

2804 So. 6th St.
Hours: 10 a.m. to 11 p.m.

Frank Tripp

The chore of parenthood became vastly more intricate with the advent of television. It never was simple to wheedle youngsters into reading and homework. Now it approaches a task for a genius.

The day when Junior would speed forth in the family car used to be the dread of every household. Television has moved anxiously ahead at least ten years for a parent who has dreams to rear a boy and girl equipped to take a worthwhile place in our complex society. They must read to get there.

The scene in the average home today is a far cry from young Abraham Lincoln, prone on a log cabin floor, a small erly searching knowledge from borrowed books by the flickering light of a fire-place.

The scene is less disturbing than the lay era it depicts, the habits it instills. Our kids still sprawl on the floor full length as did young Abe; but there is little year for knowledge — mostly insatiable desire for amusement, without effort; neglect even of body-building play.

All around them are publications and books for which Lincoln would have given his eyeteeth. One's guess is as good as another's whether or not there ever would have been an Abraham Lincoln had he been beset by the diversions which surround our youth.

The odds are high that no diversion could overcome the ambition of a Lincoln, then or now. But what of the millions of others without such capacity and urge to learn?

This is no indictment of television or the formula it must pursue to be acceptable. Neither is it a diatribe advocating all work and no play. Some of television is grand for kids. Play and diversion are essentials of a full life. The joker lies in the prescription and control of the dosage.

Right there rests the obligation of the parent, and a new problem, vastly more complicated than ever in the past.

We all know men who have blundered through life half equipped; failures compared to what they might have been, because of the indulgence of their parents in their childhood. We even know those who curse their parents for their laxity.

Such dismal cases came from days of few diversions compared to now. Temptations to be lax with children then did not beset every waking hour, stand on every street corner, in every garage, in every living room, to distract youngsters from the essential things they should be doing to develop their minds and bodies.

Hours that belong to play, reading and homework are being spent absorbing pictures and stories which contribute nothing to their future, some which children might better not see and hear.

It seems so easy, such a slick way to keep the kids occupied, while we too enjoy ourselves. Yet it engenders indolence and habits that may wreck our children's lives. Most dangerous is the lazy habit of watching and listening, at the expense of reading, which is the very foundation of education.

The more youngsters read, beginning as tots with Mother Goose and Peter Rabbit, mounting gradually as their minds develop. When more will they read and learn through life; by searching knowledge rather than accidentally encountering it on a picture screen.

The sooner they must leave school, the more important reading becomes. Successful people never stop reading — textbooks, classics, old masters for their foundation; newspapers, magazines, and current literature to be abreast of the era in which they must compete.

There are few places, none at the top, for the person who doesn't know what's going on in the world. He can't converse intelligently; without the newspaper, not even about his own neighbors.

Knowledge is free to every youth who will read; none so doomed as one who will not. That which one reads cannot be tainted by the savvy or whims of an airway narrator. Only savages hand down shifty legends by word of mouth.

Parents who condone or abet ignorance of the printed word, both past and current, are more than enemies of society.

If you love your children, insist that they read. Some day they will bless you for it. And remember that the newspaper is the poor man's university.

THIEF
SANTA MONICA, Calif. (AP) — Three pairs of silk panties disappeared from Mrs. Delores D. Stack's closet yesterday. In their place, attached to the line with a clothespin, was a dollar bill.

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — Fighting between married people often ends in black eyes and divorce suits.

But 22 years of almost continuous verbal warfare have made Albert Hackett and Frances' most successful husband-and-wife marriage teams.

Their long wordy quarrel has resulted in several jointly written Broadway plays, 25 movie scripts, and an annual income in the high clear financial stratosphere somewhere above \$50,000.

"But if we take time off to do a play, as we have this year, we sometimes don't earn a nickel," said Miss Goodrich.

Both started out as actors. They turned to writing during lean seasons. After their third play, "Up Pops the Devil," made the grade on Broadway, they went to Hollywood, married, and settled down with the M-G-M studio.

"We were in the doghouse for a long time," Miss Goodrich recalled. "It was easy to get lost out there then. The studio had 155 writers, and everybody was taking a fling at everybody else's script."

"Now they have only 30 writers, and they cast a writer almost as they do an actor for a part. They try to fit the writer to the kind of material he is best at."

"We fight, fight, fight — every line the way we said Frances," said Hackett.

"And rewrite, rewrite, rewrite," murmured Hackett.

"We used to have separate rooms, but now we write together in the same room, and that's better," continued his wife. "We're closest in the kitchen. We don't have so far to walk to fight, do we, Albert?"

"Um-m-m-m," murmured Hackett.

"I think it's a good thing we fight so much over our work," said Frances. "That way we avoid the quarrel that other married writers rust for three years."

"It was a lovely nervous breakdown," said Frances. "And we enjoyed it together. We just broke down at the typewriter and started crying, and neither of us could stop crying."

"In a relationship like ours," said Hackett, "if one partner gets sick, he soon puts the other one in the same condition."

Now they pick the scripts they want, knock off other long vacations abroad together to keep from getting into a writing rut.

"We do everything together," said Frances, smiling. "Poor Hackett, he never gets away from me. He never gets to take advantage of all the opportunities in Hollywood — and there are so many."

"Um-m-m-m-m-m-m!" murmured Hackett, a look of distance on his face.

Sam Dawson

NEW YORK (AP) — Cross a scientist with a practical joker and you get a way to knock the breath out of the long-winded speaker at a businessmen's get-together.

Many a convention-goer won't believe it possible to stop a speaker or pounce on his hit list.

But scientists of the Standard Oil Development Co. say they have found ways to make a convention sound businesslike, run along on schedule, and induce a minimum of sleeping sickness among the captive audience.

With the aid of electronic gadgets they see to it that a speaker keeps to his allotted time.

If the speaker doesn't — lights flash on the rostrum panel before him; comic cartoons appear upon the projection screen behind him, bringing guffaws from the audience. He thinks he is impressing; or clouds of smoke puff up in his face.

Emily Post might take a dim view of such practical jokes, might even call them juvenile.

But the scientists who have to listen to some 50 or more formal presentations during a four-day convention think the end justifies the means.

They've worked out an elaborate, electrical control center to do the trick. The convention's secretary and an assistant operate it.

When the speaker still has two minutes left, a "ye-eh" light flashes on the rostrum. When his time is up, a red light blinks brightly in his eyes — and the rosy reflection lets his listeners also know that he's talking too long. The wise one will shut up and sit down.

The secretary who controls the gadgets can even pull a dirty trick on a scientist who proves too bold. He can cut off some of the speaker's time, if he appears to be wasting it.

This is done through souped-up electric clocks — one at the control center synchronized with the second on the speaker's reading stand. The secretary at the console board can regulate the frequency of the current to the speaker's clock, unknown to the speaker. The control man can use this setup to cut off up to 20 per cent of a speaker's time.

The souped-up clock and most of the electronic devices are designed and made by the employees of Standard Oil Development Co. — doubtless in self-defense.

Brevity, however, isn't the prime object of the meetings. Actually some 400 petroleum scientists and plant operations officials representing Jersey Standard Oil affiliates located in many countries gather for the serious purpose of comparing notes on research and techniques of practical application.

They read papers on "production of cyclohexane" and "hydro-desulfurization" and come to conclusions about the "conversion of residual."

In cases like that you need terminal facilities.

House Group Files Charges

WASHINGTON (AP) — The House Un-American Activities Committee Tuesday named 17 persons it wants cited for contempt of Congress for refusing to answer questions concerning alleged Communist ties.

Chairman Velde (R-Ill.) said the committee decided unanimously to recommend to the House Thursday that it vote the citations. They would be based on testimony at hearings here, on the West Coast and in Michigan.

Recommended for contempt on the basis of testimony at the West Coast hearings were Carl Harvey Jackson and George Tony Starke vitch, who appeared before a subcommittee in Seattle; Thomas F. Moore, John Rogers, Mackenzie Donald M. Wollam and Herbert Simpson, who testified in Portland, Ore., and Richard E. Adams, a witness at San Diego.

Velde said the 17 either failed to invoke the Fifth Amendment in refusing to answer questions or did it improperly.

The Fifth Amendment says no one may be forced to give self-incriminating testimony and has been held a valid reason for failing to answer questions in court and before congressional committees.

In several instances, Velde said, the witnesses testified freely regarding their own Communist associations but remained silent when asked about other reasons.

It voted by the House, the contempt citations would go to the Justice Department for prosecution. Conviction carries a maximum sentence of a year in prison and a \$1,000 fine.

Special Counsel Put On Ballot

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. (AP) — Ray H. Jenkins said recently he would not run for the Senate, but his name will be on the Republican primary ballot Aug. 5 anyway.

Jenkins neglected to give official notification needed to cancel qualifying petitions filed by friends after he gained the public eye as special counsel in the televised Army-McCarthy hearings.

Jenkins could not be reached for comment, but his wife said, "Ray isn't a candidate for any office."

QUICKIES

By Ken Reynolds

"Listen, Hackett," said Frances, "that three days I didn't speak to you — it was a quarrel about work. Remember? It's more interesting to fight about work than about whether you can afford a new dress."

"M-m-m-m," murmured Hackett.

In 1939 they both wearied of the writing strain and let their typewriters rust for three years.

"It was a lovely nervous breakdown," said Frances. "And we enjoyed it together. We just broke down at the typewriter and started crying, and neither of us could stop crying."

"In a relationship like ours," said Hackett, "if one partner gets sick, he soon puts the other one in the same condition."

Now they pick the scripts they want, knock off other long vacations abroad together to keep from getting into a writing rut.

"We do everything together," said Frances, smiling. "Poor Hackett, he never gets away from me. He never gets to take advantage of all the opportunities in Hollywood — and there are so many."

"Um-m-m-m-m-m-m!" murmured Hackett, a look of distance on his face.

Anniversary Of Futile Try On Hitler's Life Recalled

BERLIN (AP) — Ten years ago today a Prussian nobleman, crippled by war wounds and disillusioned by Nazism, placed a briefcase against a pillar in Adolf Hitler's Rastenburg military headquarters.

Count Claus von Stauffenberg had worked hard to reach a position of confidence that made his "briefcase" visit possible.

No one noticed, when he left the headquarters in East Prussia, that he had left anything behind.

As he reached the outer barriers of the tightly guarded area, a giant explosion rocked the building and the walls of the Hitler hideout belched smoke, dust and flame. The deadly bomb contained in the briefcase had gone off right on time.

But Hitler was only wounded in the left arm. He lived to compel Germany to struggle on another year with a war that already was lost.

ANTI-NAZIS

Had the July 20 putsch succeeded, government headed by honorable anti-Nazi military men would have taken over Germany and sued for peace while the Allied nations were still outside its border. A million lives would have been spared and the Soviet Union might not now be planted solidly in central Europe.

Despite this, in Germany today there is still argument whether the men who planned and executed the attempted assassination were heroes or traitors. Aside from the physical danger involved in bucking the dictatorship, a moral principle was involved. All of them had at one time sworn the traditional military oath of fealty. In their secret councils they decided, however, that the Fuehrer had prostituted the oath by exacting it personally rather than directing it toward the interest of the fatherland.

The West German government has taken its stand definitely on the side of the band of patriots who thought of their nation first and their personal lives and liberty second.

SWORN OATHS

But die-hard Nazis had sticklers for sworn oaths, regardless of the implications, still regard the attempted putsch as treasonable. History as it is being taught in the German schools does not pin down the decision either way. However, the textbooks cautiously point out that the 10 months of war that followed smashed the nation for many years to come.

The mainsprings of the plot were senior officers trained for years to know when a battle is won or lost. Top man was Col. Gen. Ludwig Beck, former chief of state. With him was Col. Gen. Fritz Oster, his boon companion. Adm. Wilhelm Canaris, head of Hitler's military secret service, was executive officer. Another high official connected with the group was Field Marshal Erwin von Wittleben.

Their plan had one gigantic flaw: no one was assigned to seize Radio Berlin. Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels capitalized on this weakness immediately. He quickly

look to the air and told the German people the Fuehrer was alive and well and presented Hitler's voice in a recording. This turned the tide in a revolt that conceivably could have succeeded even without Hitler's immediate death.

SUCIDE

Beck took the Prussian officer's traditional way out. His pistol beat approaching SS guards by a matter of hours. Three of his closest associates in the old Wehrmacht headquarters on Bendlerstrasse were hauled into the courtyard, lined up against a wall and summarily shot without trial.

The headquarters now is a refuge center. A bronze statue in the center honors the conspirators as men who fought for liberty.

SS squads in various parts of Germany mowed down several thousand suspects, again without trial.

The total had been estimated at slightly less than 5,000.

Witzleben, Leipzig Mayor Karl Goerdeler, Canaris and Oster were jailed. Hitler ordered a trial and put in charge the notorious "hangman" of the people's courts, Roland Freisler. There was no doubt about the trial's outcome.

HANGINGS

Witzleben and five lesser figures in the plot were hanged in Ploetzensee prison as "examples." They were strung up with wire nooses on meathooks. Motion pictures were made to be shown to Hitler later. The Fuehrer chuckled with sadistic glee when he saw them.

Canaris and Oster were executed in Flossenburg concentration camp.

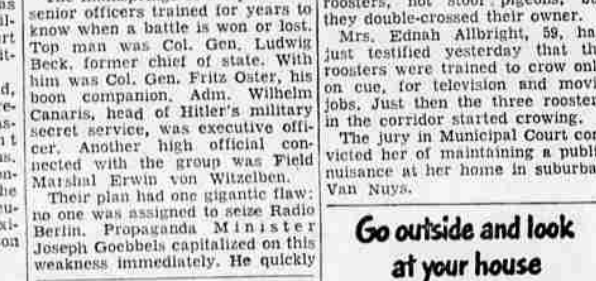
In most official circles today, the Beck-Witzleben group has a position of honor ranking with the current victims of Soviet Communist dictatorship. The Reds, planted firmly from the Elbe to the Oder, have done more to increase public sympathy toward the victims of the plot than anyone else. Those who can forge or minimize the oath of loyalty to Hitler, sworn by every German, think with some bitterness that the Russians might never have seen the soil of Deutschland had Stauffenberg's bomb succeeded.

Pigeons Cause Nuisance Charge

LOS ANGELES (AP) — They were roosters, not stool pigeons, but they double-crossed their owner. Mrs. Edna Albright, 58, had just justified yesterday that the roosters were trained to crow only on cue, for television and movie jobs. Just then the three roosters in the corridor started crowing.

The jury in Municipal Court convicted her of maintaining a public nuisance at her home in suburban Van Nuys.

Go outside and look at your house RIGHT NOW!



Introducing Contour Makeup

Contour makeup is being introduced in our store this week and we want to be sure you don't miss it. It's Helena Rubinstein's marvelous new technique for changing shapes and shadows to hide the years. Her beauty consultant is introducing this good news to our customers and giving them a complimentary bottle of Silk-Tone Foundation. Come in today!

CURRIN'S for Drugs

9th & Main Phone 2-3475

DALEWOOD MARGARINE

Dalewood is fresh, because it's made on order and rushed to your store. Dalewood is foil-wrapped to preserve all its delicate flavor.

and yet this fine margarine costs less at **SAFEWAY**

ONLY **25¢** PER POUND

Summer Salads

Quick n' easy with Canned Shrimp



RECIPE

They're already cooked, ready to eat — economical. No shells or waste — 100% shrimp meat. Insist on Blue Plate Canned Shrimp.

SHRIMP SALAD BOWL

Crumbed crisp bacon
Blue Plate Brand Canned Shrimp
Bailed white onions. Sliced celery
Coral curls. Tomato wedges. Sliced green
Use French Dressing, made with Weston Oil
The flavor secret is in these plump, tender shrimp. They're light and tempting to the taste, yet rich in nourishing vitamins, minerals, protein, iodine.



THE KING SIZE "UP" IS COMING!