

Herald and News

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

Not being the cultured type we are seldom caught in praise of those engaged in the cultural pursuits. But we couldn't help taking an instant liking to Rubinoff when he blew into the office for a few moments that yesterday morning. He's a violinist, in case you didn't know, one who was dubbed a fiddler by Will Rogers because, said Rogers, a violinist stands up to play and a fiddler sits down. Rubinoff sits down.

He has a watch given him by Will Rogers a good many years ago and which he still carries. That watch is big enough to serve as a briefcase in case you wanted to take the works out and convert it. He packs a Stradivarius around in a battered case, has a fund of small talk that covers a huge variety of subjects and is the kind of a fellow you get on a first name basis with quickly.

He has invented a walking cane which, when taken apart, becomes a violin complete with hidden bow and all. A native of Texas, as is his wife, he sports a license plate bearing the letter "O" and a likeness of himself and his violin. He has been named an honorary citizen of Nevada, and proved to be a favorite of the boys overseas during the last great war.

When he dropped in to see us early in the morning he was just taking off on a day's schedule here that included appearances in ten

of our schools. All this on his own time. On Sunday, while he was killing time in our city, he put in four hours of practice on his instrument.

He'll be back in town Friday night for a concert. And we just might go. Uncle Dave's a real nice guy.

Governor Patterson has been going around keeping busy by proclaiming things lately. Starting yesterday and lasting until October second we are in that period which shall be known by official proclamation as "register to vote."

A move with which we have no complaint whatsoever. The bigger the turnout the better for the country. And even in a year with no presidential race there is a good deal at stake.

We shall take due note, Paul, and do our best to see to it that the voters reach the polls.

Then, apparently in a more jovial mood, the governor came out with a month to be known as "beef stew month" which will last from now until the fifteenth of next month.

During this period you are to eat all the Oregon beef and Oregon vegetables you can.

We shall go right along with this move. Very heartily in fact. Particularly on the beef and those good spuds. No combination in the world any better. Not even ham and eggs.

CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DEB ADDISON

RETAIL MEMO:

In one of the biggest single day newspaper campaigns (23 full pages) ever carried out by a store of its type, Jackson's jewelry store, Gary, Indiana, advertised a jewelry and appliance exposition for Consumers, reports Jewelers' Circular - Keystone.

Taking his cue from annual expositions he had attended, E. W. Jackson, owner of the Gary jewelry store, decided to have a similar trade show for his customers, giving them a chance to see merchandise in the same spectacular way that he had enjoyed at the various trade shows.

Klamath Falls furniture and floor covering stores and departments had something of the same thing in mind in planning "Home Fashion Time" for this week. In addition to magnificent displays of home furnishings in the stores all week and for the Saturday open house, each store is giving \$100 in merchandise awards to its visitors.

The stores aren't saying it this way, but one of the things that prompts their slogan, "Be proud of your home when you say Come In," is an anachronism of buying habits. A family that wears the latest style clothes and drives a latest model automobile often eats dinner off a dining table passed down by Grandma or Aunt Het.

Americans increased their savings accounts 7 percent in the year ended June 30, it was reported by the Federal Deposit Insurance Corp. in the Journal of Commerce.

Individual savings are running well over \$20 billion for 1954, reflecting the largest volume of personal savings since World War II.

years, when people saved an abnormal part of their incomes because of the lack of goods to buy. The increased savings are going mainly into savings institutions while life insurance companies and savings and loans companies are also reporting larger gains this year.

Here in Klamath Falls there were savings deposits amounting to \$18,673,312 in the three banks and First Federal on June 30. That's about \$450 for every man, woman and child in Klamath County, and doesn't take into consideration all the insurance, U.S. Savings Bonds and all the other savings plans that are in effect.

It leads to a feeling that Klamath people are both thrifty and solvent.

Getting back to furniture stores, it's learned from the National Retail Furniture Association as reported in Retailing Daily, that furniture stores that are in effect, showed an operating profit of 1.8 percent for the first half of the year.

Profit before taxes equaled 3.3 percent, with sales dropping 10.8 percent behind the same period a year ago. Gross margins averaged exactly 40 percent, expenses 38.1.

COST OF LIVING MEMO:

The Dun & Bradstreet Daily Wholesale Commodity Price Index of 30 basic commodities was 276.41 on September 16, against 276.83 a week earlier.

The Weekly Wholesale Food Price Index, representing the total in general use, fell one cent last week to \$6.69. This was 1.8 percent below the corresponding level of last year.

THE DOCTOR SAYS

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.

The opening of schools in the fall is the time when the common contagious diseases of childhood are most likely to cause trouble.

The big four are measles, mumps, chicken pox and whooping cough. They are so common among children that I have been asked frequently if it isn't best to expose small children to such infections and "get it over with."

The answer (with the possible exception of chicken pox) is no. They are not harmless and it is better to avoid them if possible, though mumps and whooping cough may be worse for grownups or the elderly than for youngsters.

Measles, for example, is not the simple thing many seem to feel. In many years more youngsters die from measles than from polio; it often causes serious complications such as bronchopneumonia or bronchitis; even when mild the five hundred thousand more or less who have measles each year are kept out of school or other activity for quite a long time.

The eyes, too, should be protected during the early acute

phase of the disease.

The cause of measles is a virus and this tiny living organism is present in the secretions of the mouth and nose during the first two days, during which a person is "coming down" with the disease.

A sneeze or cough will carry the virus into the air where it can be breathed in by anyone else around. This makes measles especially contagious even before the skin rash appears.

It is difficult to avoid exposure once an outbreak of measles has started in a school. Exposure certainly should not be sought but if it does occur one has to consider the use of a substance known as immune globulin. If this is given to a youngster who has been exposed, at just the right time, it tends to make the disease exceedingly mild and cut down on the number of serious complications.

The main purpose of this discussion of measles is to point out that the disease should not be taken as a joke and as something every child must have. Too often the disease has been considered lightly, sometimes with tragic results.

They'll Do It Every Time



HAL BOYLE

By SAUL PETT

(For Hal Boyle)

NEW YORK (AP) — Charley Butterfield— you know the byline as "C. E. Butterfield"—is retiring as radio-TV editor of The Associated Press.

Around here, that's a little like saying the RCA building is going to be torn down for a parking lot. Matter of fact, most of us were happily convinced that Charley would still be writing about radio long after NBC became a faded dividend memory in the minds of David Sarnoff's descendants.

But Charley says he's tired and wants to go down to Florida and raise chickens. I don't know why. The kid doesn't deserve a rest. We were just getting him broken in.

After all, he has only been writing about radio for more than 30 years. He has been radio editor for only 27 years. He has done his column for only 22 years.

With all that, the boy is only 62. He started young, at 14, on his family's kitchen table in Champaign, Ill. Charley built an amateur wireless station in 1906.

"In those days," he recalled, "there were no commercial stations. All I got was coded signals from the government stations. I couldn't understand the code but it was fun for me, anyway. It wasn't for the rest of the neighborhood."

"You see, I used an electrically rectifier to cut in on the house current, which was A. C. Every time I pressed down on the telegraphic key, it dimmed all the lights in the neighborhood. You should've heard the squawks."

In 1910, he came up to Chicago to do general bureau work for the AP. Within a few years, he was finding stories to write about radio at a time when many people still couldn't spell the word. For example, he wrote about Chicago's "silent nights."

On those nights every station in town closed up so radio owners could begin whirling their dials to see how many long distance stations they could pick up. On a good, clear night you could get Los Angeles.

Charley came to New York as AP radio editor in 1927. This was at a time when radio fans were just switching from battery sets, which frequently spilled over and burned a hole in the living room rug, to receivers using house current.

James Marlow

The big attractions then were the A & P Gypsies, the "Cluot Club Eskimos" (an orchestra), Graham McNamee, and the Revelers Quartet, of whom only Frank Parker is still singing. Charley also tuned in on the first broadcast by a couple of fellows known then as Sam and Henry. When the boys left Chicago they had to leave the name behind with the local radio station. In New York they became known as "Amos and Andy."

In 1932, Charley made the front pages with an exclusive story. It was the first trans-atlantic short-wave interview on record. The man on the other end in Vatican City was Guglielmo Marconi.

Even in those days, Charley was firing questions at the experts about a fantastic bit of nonsense known as television. In that interview, Marconi told Charley television was changing so rapidly improving.

Charley's writings so long ago about TV had the headline writers hadn't even had time to catch up with the name of the new medium. One head over a Butterfield story was: "Sight-seeing by radio."

Charley was not only writing about the new gadget in the early thirties; he even built his own first TV set out of a kit of parts. His first receiver used a neon lamp instead of a cathode ray tube. The picture was dark red and light red instead of black and white.

You didn't have to be a grasshopper to enjoy the first experimental programs that came over Charley's set but it would have helped. Even with a magnifier, that set provided a picture only one and a half inches wide and one inch long. To see anything, he couldn't be any more than two feet away.

In those days, about all there was to watch was experimental pictures transmitted by NBC. Charley particularly remembers one in which all that happened was that a wooden figure of a cat, one inch long, to see anything, he couldn't be any more than two feet away.

Now he says he's going to retire in November, which just goes to show you how tough it is to hold on to help these days.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN MCLEOD

The Klamath Basin is confronted with several important conservation problems, problems that are not only of vital interest to the community itself but which reach the interest of the state and nation as well. We are familiar with the water problem and have two commissions working upon this phase of conservation because it is of intra-state importance. A second problem that has not developed public interest in relation to its importance, conservation wise, is the problem of the Klamath Indian Reservation. Perhaps a good many people will say: "That's the Indians' worry," and shrug the problem off on the opinion that anything which results in the break up of the Klamath Reservation will be of benefit to the state. The problem of the dissolution of the Klamath Reservation, however, is not a matter to be taken lightly — whatever may happen to this large tract of land in Klamath County in the future can very easily affect the people of the Klamath Basin for good or evil. Since the Klamath Indian Reservation occupies a very large portion of the Klamath River watershed — how that watershed will be treated is of direct concern to every water user. How that watershed will be managed is of direct concern to every person interested in outdoor recreation for the dissolution of the Indian Reservation will open a vast new recreational area to the general public.

The act to terminate federal jurisdiction over the property of the Klamath Indians has become law. In this law we find not one single statement that will insure good management of the timber land after it is sold. It is perfectly clear that no provision was made for continued sustained yield or for multiple use management of the land which clearly illustrates that our legislatures are still a half a century behind the world in concept of land management necessary to meet the requirements of modern day civilization. The future economy of the Klamath Basin demands sustained yield management of the timber, and the needs of the resident Indians and of the people of Oregon make multiple use management a matter of public concern.

Just how big is this problem? The gross area of the Klamath Indian Reservation is 1,107,850 acres — an area that is a third larger than the state of Rhode Island and is almost one third of the land area of Klamath County. What happens to one third of the land area of Klamath County is of decided concern to the people of Klamath County.

Of the 1,107,850 acres in the

FRANK TRIPP

A wagish philosopher, who must have been a city editor some time, lately came up with a salty definition of news which may never impress lexicographers, yet belongs somewhere in newspaper annals. He said:

"News is anything that happens to, or near, a publisher."

Unless he knows some fuzzy publisher, the reader will not enjoy the chuckle that this quip sent through newsrooms; nor did newsmen immediately appreciate how close it comes to a true definition of news.

Though a wisecrack, apply it generally and Webster would buy it: "Anything unusual that happens to or near anybody."

What makes it a newsroom laugh is the omission of "unusual"; plus hassels with the eager beaver type of head man who phones his editors a dozen times a week about some already covered detail of news that happened to "to" — with emphasis on "to" — and with pictures.

Yet that is exactly what they'd love to hear from readers. Show me a live editor who wouldn't gladly provide a bank of phones, like in the want ad department, to receive news tips from readers, if he could get them.

The lifeblood of a newspaper is its local news, and becoming more so every day; with the flow of global broadcasts.

It is one function of newspapers to expand and analyze the news that comes over the air; to put it into orderly, preservable form where the confused listener can digest the facts leisurely and correct his memory.

Airway news is largely the equivalent of the newspaper "extras" of the past; hurried, epitomized early reports, later to be amplified and revised, sometimes contradicted, in regular editions.

Broadcasting has made people more conscious of news, more determined to keep abreast of it, more eager to get it all and get it straight. It has been an important factor in developing the largest and most consistently increasing newspaper readership in history, second only to the newspaper's birthright — local news.

Every newspaper is local, the great and the small. Each has its area of local interest, no matter how far its circulation extends beyond its own parish.

The news of its neighborhood is the thing that distinguishes it from other means of communication;

Telling The Editor

LOW DOWN

The other day I read in the paper where a very learned doctor said that cigarettes and "coffee breaks" were giving ulcers to American ladies.

I think this is ridiculous. What gives ulcers to the ladies in the United States — and gentlemen too — is not the coffee break. It is, hurry, hurry, hurry and worry, worry, worry.

In my city of Port Limon, Costa Rica, life is one long coffee break. Everybody drinks coffee from the time of waking to the time of going to sleep — and nobody has any ulcers. That is because in Port Limon we seldom worry, worry, worry, and never under any circumstances do we hurry, hurry, hurry.

What the American ladies need to do is to learn to relax when they take the coffee break. Maybe here in the U.S. it is not possible to relax as completely as we do in Port Limon — where time is something to be savored slowly — but if the ladies will sit back and enjoy drinking their coffee without haste they will feel better. And, as in Port Limon, there'll be none of the ulcers that come from hurry — worry.

Sincerely yours,
Jose Gonzales

TOO MUCH

I would appreciate it very much if you would print this letter in your column, on some sportsman.

I hear talk, from some of the so-called sportsmen, every day about not being able to find a place to hunt.

I have never posted my property before, but since dove season opened, I am forced to post it. Why? Because some of these so-called sportsmen don't have enough sense to show any respect for a man's crop or property.

A few nights ago, just after dove season opened, I went out to combine, and my oat field looked as though a herd of cattle had gone through it. I wouldn't have thought too much of it if it had been cattle because they don't know any better, and men should.

So I warn you hunters from now on, the birds on my property will live off my grain, for they will be protected by the man who feeds them, and not be killed by the so-called sportsmen who have no respect for others property.

It is my sincere hope that those who read this will try and put himself in the farmers place, who plants grain to harvest, and doesn't care to have it tramped down by hunters who have but one thought in mind — get that bird no matter what damage you do.

Thank you for printing this.
Floyd Buck
6305 Simmers Ave.
P.S. This isn't the first year this has happened, it's every year.

Poet's Corner

PROOF

By Orpha Collins

We know the summer is on the wane
For the "casual observer" sees
Mosquito bites are thinning out
On citizens' shins and knees.

WHAT DO THEY MEAN?
By Orpha Collins

We read some "seek asylum"
Of what folk in the world are they speaking?
Most folks have to be careful indeed
Or they'll be put there without any seeking.

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It's me... GROUCHO in the POST

Millions are reading and talking about the life story of Groucho Marx in The Saturday Evening Post. Last week's issue was a sell-out. Get this week's Post today, and start laughing at My Old Man Groucho, by his son, Arthur.

NOTRE DAME'S TERRY BRENNAN

Fans were amazed when Leahy's job went to a 25-year-old lawyer with no varsity coaching experience. Fred Russell reports on The New Wonder Boy of Notre Dame.

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