

# Herald and News

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## BILLBOARD

I've spent the last week on the news desk, the regular man being on vacation. Can't remember when I've put in a stint where so much bad news happened. It just seemed to come down in a steady shower. There have been hurricanes, floods, blasts, plane crashes, murder, violence, eruptions, earthquakes, kidnappings, people falling off mountains, political turms and backstabbing, riots and every other form of trouble.

It all seems to come in bunches. And, as a newspaperman, I found myself in a spot where I had to use it if I wanted to fill up all that white space surrounding the advertisements.

But of it all I think the most discouraging was a release last Saturday from Los Angeles which stated that in the future a telephone will be a part of man's life. At birth he, or she, will be given a number and when the child can talk it will be given a device with ten numbered buttons on one side and a screen on the other. Then at any time he or she can dial a number and talk to anyone anywhere in the world. Not only talk to him, but he can see the screen — in three dimensional perspective and in color.

Great Scott! I can't think of anything more discouraging, more soul shattering than this simple little announcement from B.S. Gilmer, who happens to be a vice president of F.T.A.T.

Imagine not being able to get away from a telephone. And, worse yet, imagine having someone call you up and then be able to see you. There are plenty of times when I don't even want to look in a mirror, much less let anyone else see me. It looks bad enough from inside, think what it must be from the outside?

I suppose more money has been spent in the last decade by people trying to get away from the curse of the telephone than has been spent on Gutenberg's Bible since the first printing. At least twice as much. Why do you think hunting trips to the Canadian wilds are so popular, because someone wants to hunt? Shucks no. He-men with hair on their chests and a thirst on their tongues tie themselves into the insect packed tundras for the sole purpose of getting away from that telephone. The simple ABC's (artillery, booze and cards) of the situation become apparent at a glance when you get around these camps. I've known men that wouldn't even go into the trading post store if there was a crank-up phone hanging on the wall for fear their secretary would be on the line waiting to tell them of a business deal they couldn't afford to miss.

It's all well and good to say that you don't have to answer the telephone, but show me the man who can sit and let one of the devilish instruments ring without answering it. I tell you, it takes more will power than I've got. And you, too, I'll be willing to bet.

It's just as well for these rational people and don't think they don't pride themselves on being rational and telling you about it at the drop of a hat — or even a handkerchief or the dropping of your guard for a moment) to say that you don't have to carry the instrument with you. I will gladly bet you half of my bank notes that there'll be someone around to see to it that you have your telephone right with you. I was once issued a sub-machine gun during the height of a tropical campaign and found out all about this business of trying to walk off and leave something I didn't want. If I left that 15-pound monstrosity behind one palm tree I left it behind a hundred. It was always returned to me. In desperation I finally pitched it into the ocean at the foot of a coral reef and fled screaming into the jungle. After returning to camp a process which took a little time since I had run into a job of chain-socket white lightning and loused myself rather severely) and finding the miserable object tearing, wet and dripping, against my back, I suffered what is still referred to as "the first time he slipped a cog."

It just doesn't do any good to assume a Pollyanna attitude and say you won't carry the damned thing with you. You will, whether you will. There'll always be someone on hand to see to it that you take it. Just like there is always someone to see that you wear your rubbers on a rainy day and carry a spare handkerchief when going out to a tea party.

The thing assumes such gigantic proportions of horror that it raises goose bumps just to think about it. How is one going to sleep with a telephone strapped to his wrist?

How can you escape? What avenues are left open to those who would retain some smidgen of personal privacy? Can you imagine yourself hidden away in some romantic nook with the babe of your choice only to have the phone ring and a rival ask for her? And see the look on your face at the same time? And what are we going to do about the practical joker? I can remember sitting in an apartment high atop Telegraph Hill one night when we ran across a name in the phone book that I recall as being Punkpink. The poor chap didn't get a minute's rest for the rest of the night and we were handicapped by having to work with an old fashioned table model telephone. Or, if you want to go into the bloody end of things, what happens to the woman who is driving down the highway when her personal phone rings and some gossipy friend of hers wants to pass along the latest scandal? Show me the woman (or man) who can do a good job of driving while trying to listen in on a good case of scandal and look at the speaker at the same time.

And what it will do to business deals I just wouldn't know. I pride myself that I can read character in a face. In fact I was only taken in by a more handily of sharpies last year due to this facility. How will the man who makes his deals over the phone be able to put over the same old line of oil if he has to show his face? It happens to all the ferret-faced, beady-eyed operators. They'll have to turn to plastic surgery. When old J.B. is trying to tell C.E. into believing that selling is the only answer he'll have to disguise more than his voice.

Stock transactions will rapidly deteriorate into a shambles because with all this instantaneous communication the seller will know as much as the buyer and vice versa. All the fun, and the skull-duggery, will be gone. The garage poker games will become a thing of the past. The quickie sneakaway for a ten minute break will also go the way of all flesh. Or phone calls. No hideaway will be secure against the invisible rays or whatever it is that carries a voice through pure air and brings it out to you in the form of unpleasant news.

I have been taken to task before because of my credo on modernity. I have stated, and still believe, that progress as such should have stopped with the invention of the frying pan and the double barreled shotgun. (A credo, incidentally, which I stole lock, stock and barrel from a writer by the name of Joe Mitchell because it fitted my own situation so well.) I find, however, that there are fewer people every year willing to come to blows about it. This constant march of progress, all of it designed to rob us of more liberties and pleasures, seems to be dawning on people as the age of horror rather than the age of advancement. The rack, the iron maiden and the water torture were no nothing compared to what having a portable telephone would be.

I'm only glad that Gilmer merely said the "phone of the future." Had he nailed it down to a definite date I'm afraid I'd have lost my mind worrying about it.

**RETURNED**  
VIENNA — Soviet Russia Saturday handed back to Austria the rich Zisterdorf oil fields, 28 oil refineries and 319 factories which it has held since the end of World War II.

**'55 CHEVROLET**  
**'1845**  
**DUGAN & MEST**  
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**NOW... Sheer... Beautiful... Nylon**  
**ELASTIC STOCKINGS**  
Leg flattering beauty—firm comfortable support... at a price you can pay.  
First quality. Wear them with or without overhose. They launder easily, dry fast—and they last!  
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2212 So. 6th Phone 4321

## They'll Do It Every Time - By Jimmy Hatlo



## CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

**By DEB ADDISON**

WE HOPE nobody took seriously that the "Algae Fleet" of the Chamber of Commerce cruised the lake Thursday for purposes of studying the algae situation. Actually it turned out to be pretty much of a celebration of the fact that a full scale algae study is under way. The study isn't going full steam yet, no results are promised, and you can't look for any conclusions on what can be done for three years, but it is actually under way.

It is underwritten by the Oregon Klamath River Commission (with the California commission's promise of help), by Klamath County and the City of Klamath Falls.

It is under the direction of Dr. Harry K. Phinney of Oregon State College, with a graduate student, the on-the-job project director. This student will be working for his doctor's degree. He will come here in a couple of weeks on completion of the project for the University of Wyoming experiment station.

Headquarters will be in Gene Gross' experiment station laboratory here.

Putting this study together has been a long time project of the Chamber, and we want to say again what it is and isn't.

It is not a course of action or treatment to try to clear the algae out of Klamath Lake. It is not a study of algae as such because there is no end of scientific data on all kinds of algae.

It is a study of all the physical conditions in Klamath Lake which might have a bearing on algae growth with the aim of finding out what, if anything, can be done to control that growth.

The "Algae Fleet" was called out to transport the Klamath-busador the "visiting-green" group of the Chamber to Rocky Point Resort, Herriman Lodge and Premier Guest Ranch in the Pelican Bay area.

It was a bit of mid-summer madness you might say, and it was a darned enjoyable day on the lake.

It did impress some of the landlubbers (and long time Klamath residents who never had been on the middle of the lake before) with the magnitude of that reservoir of our life blood and with the magnitude of the amount of algae there in solution.

(Maybe we had better learn how to harvest algae and make use of it rather than how to hold it down.)

Another point on algae that we'd like to make clear (as far as this writer is concerned at least) is that the reason for going after this study is in hopes of keeping that reservoir full of plain old Klamath

## Along NATURE'S TRAIL with Ken McLeod

Dr. Richard E. McArdle, Chief, United States Forest Service, in speaking to the 33rd national convention of the Isaac Walton League of America this year drew a very interesting comparison of the progress of the Nation during the past fifty years of conservation.

"I am unable to think of conservation as abstract ideas," stated the Chief Forester. "Progress in the use of resources and progress in the restoration and perpetuation of resources moves along with progress in all things that depend on these resources. Neither use or restoration of resources can be considered in an economic and social vacuum."

McArdle then goes on to draw a comparison between two years separated by half a century—"So to see how far we've come in resource conservation in 50 years let's see where we were a half a century ago in our resource conservation, social and economic life. Let's turn back the pages and pretend for just a few minutes that today is not April 1, 1955, but April 1, 1905. Remembering now that today is 1905, the American flag has 45 stars; Oklahoma is known as Indian Territory; Arizona and New Mexico are territories, too. Theodore Roosevelt is President. Gifford Pinchot is in his prime, and a trusted presidential adviser.

"Our population in this great country has reached 83 million which seems like a lot of people to us here today in 1955, but in only fifty years this figure is going to double. Chicago is a big city too—nearly two million people but only a third of what its metropolitan area is going to have half a century later. Los Angeles has 100,000 people and some day will do things in a big way, but right now doesn't even dream of having more than 20 times that number of people.

"The Russians and Japanese are at war, and next month the Japanese will destroy the Russian fleet. Admiral Peary is making plans to make another attempt to reach the North Pole but he won't succeed for another four years. We are just getting started digging the Panama Canal. At the St. Louis World's Fair, which closed three months ago, the ice cream cone made its first appearance. In this April of

## Holiday Crash Fatal For 25

**BOURG ST. PIERRE, Switzerland** — At least 25 French holiday makers were killed when the bus on which they were traveling up the great St. Bernard Pass plunged over a precipice near here Saturday morning.

Police said five persons were extracted still alive from the shattered wreckage of the bus, but all the other occupants, including the driver, were killed.

The bus was enroute from the French resort of Chamonix to the monastery at the top of the pass.

More than 30 men, women and children spending their holiday at Chamonix had gone on the one-day outing to see the monastery and its famous dog kennels.

## CLOSING OUT SALE

continues  
**KLAMATH FURNITURE CO.**  
221 Main

**Open Sunday**  
**FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE**

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— TWO LOCATIONS —

8th & Pine Store S. 6th St. Store  
9 A.M. TO 6 P.M. 9 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

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**TOWN & COUNTRY SHOPPING CENTER**

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Dinners From 11 A.M.  
Phone 8855 for large family reservations  
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Your PABCO Paint Dealer  
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EQUIPMENT!

Government Pays Up To **\$35,000 Bonus**

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**Robert Berry**

Geo-physics engineer, Mining Consultant and expert on theory & practice of Uranium Prospecting with instruments will be Present at Voight's Monday & Tuesday August 15th & 16th, to answer questions and give advice to anyone interested. He will be here the two days only. So Come in and learn how to make your fortune in URANIUM.

"You Don't have to be a Geologist with a Detectron Nuclimeter or Geiger Counter

**Model DR-299 \$545**  
**Most Versatile Uranium Detector Ever Built**

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Probe with cable for use as a Geiger Counter.  
More sensitive than Scintillation Machines using 1" x 1 1/2" Crystal

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