

The Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor
BILL JENKINS
Managing Editor

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Diet Season

By BILL JENKINS

Now that the frantic whirl of Klamath's social season is upon us I find it appropriate to offer an avenue of escape to fellow members of the fat men's club during their hour of trial.

Any of us who span over thirty eight inches at the belt line are considered fair game for the holiday season game of bailing the overweight. The hunting preserve is that region around the cañon tray of the table loaded with goodies in the form of sandwiches, cheese straws, nuts, spice cake, all varieties of sugar cookies and other fattening foods. All those things, in fact, which bring joy to the man who loves to eat and which turn the diet-conscious into hunting animals, blinded by the pain of their own abstemiousness into a homicidal rage that leads to the vicious attack, just as a hunter sometimes drives the lowly cougar to prey upon mankind and his sheltered stock.

I bring you words of cheer and encouragement, men from the office of the president of the club: me. There is no way to do away with the chronic dieter. He, or she, is a blot upon the earth, led into the darkest pits of depression and despair over the matter of a few inches in girth or a few pounds in weight. Their agony is intensified at the Yuletide season because the Xmas season is traditionally one of enjoyment of the good things of life. Good spirit towards our fellow man, enjoyment of our families, our children and our possessions, and perhaps most of all, enjoyment of the good food that nature has provided. It is at this season that we enjoy to the full the bounties of the field. Locked in by snow and ice, we sit by warm hearthside breathing in the aroma of succulent items baking, broiling, roasting and frying over the various stoves and ovens. It is the time of the year when that extra helping of gravy isn't only a pleasure, it's a must. To refuse would be to appear impolite. And not to offer would brand one as a surly, inhospitable brute fit only for second table.

This, also, is the season of tears and travail for the dieter who has come so successfully through the summer season of pristine lettuce salads, indigestible raw vegetables and sugary tea. They have emerged from the comparative safety of their mounds of cold meats, saltless eggs and rivers of non-fattening beverages into the dangerous jungles of baked ham, roast turkey, mashed potatoes, roast of beef thick with rich gravy and the creamy mounds of baked desserts. Their only defense is to fight back.

So I say to fellow fat men and to members, don't let this spoil your fun. Be tolerant of the failings of others and look upon them with a Christian spirit, not so much as sinners beyond redemption but as frailer vessels who have fallen from the path. Don't let the Christmas spirit sour in your soul because of the half-starved comments of those who have been weighed and found wanting.

Isn't Christmas and the start of the New Year a time for feasting and celebration? The traditional cards of the season speak eloquently of the foods and better things in life, few of which are free but all of which are enjoyable. Our forefathers for generations back have told of the cheerful preparations for the holidays. Of the food put down in preservatives for use during the season of the steaming, fragrant wonders of the kitchen for days before Christmas and of the pleasures of the table during the celebration.

In fact, show me a thin Santa Claus!

From here on out I give fair warning. One more remark about how many calories the particular goodie I happen to be tucking into contains and I'll let go with a lecture myself.

People who work at diets should gather in thin little groups of their own during the holiday season. I'm willing to let 'em be the king of the hill all summer if they want to, but leave us fat boys alone at Christmas and New Years.

Jackson County showed an increase of 28.1 percent. Douglas showed a whopping increase of 50.3 percent. Lake County was up 30.8 percent. Klamath County was up 5.6 percent.

Before you get down in the mouth, let's point out that this is total sales, which points up the overall growth of economy of the counties but does not reflect the well being of the individual. Klamath still leads both in per capita effective buying income and in per capita sales per family. Here are the estimates of "Sales Management" magazine, which are accepted as the most authentic until the census of business is complete.

Per capita effective buying income: Jackson, \$1486; Douglas, \$1471; Lane, \$1631; and Klamath, \$1717.

Per capita sales per family: Jackson, \$3765; Douglas, \$3539; Lane, \$4376; and Klamath \$4999.

Individual economic well being is still high in Klamath County, though overall economic expansion has been far greater across the mountains during the past seven years.

Pearl Harbor

By MAX WAUCHOPE

On this 14th anniversary of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, December 7, 1941—surely one of the blackest days in American history—it would be well to remember that at least once in every generation America has been faced with the desperate business of fighting a war.

The present generation has had to face two of these major national crises. The stunning magnitude of World War II and the fierce, desperate fighting that characterized our nearly lost venture in Korea should awaken all thinking Americans to the fact that peace is not the normal state of world affairs.

In our 175 years of history we have fought eight major wars, not including the more than 1000 separate engagements of the Indian Frontier and in the pacification of the Philippines.

After winning our freedom from the British in 1776 we entrusted the safe keeping of the nation to a force of 80 men.

By the time the Civil War engulfed the states the regular army had grown to 16,000. After four years of war two million from the North faced more than one million from the South. Two years after the peace was won 25,000 men faced the huge task of pacifying the Indian Frontier.

The same old story was repeated at the beginning of World War I. The armed services were expanded from 200,000 to 4 million before the crisis was resolved.

With only 120,000 men in the regular army in 1939 we expanded to 10,400,000 in the U.S. Army—exclusive of the Navy—before victory was obtained in World War II.

Over 600,000 veterans of World War II were called on for a second helping in 1950. A far, far, far more than a million and a half since World War II were never called to duty because they could not be made ready in time.

In every one of our major wars we have fought with might and ferocity—once we were committed to the battle. We know now how foolishly and sometimes purposelessly we have acted in ignoring the clear and sinister facts that have foredoomed each conflict.

The warning rain over the world today are even more sinister. The godless tyranny of Communism has openly boasted that its main aim is the destruction of everything that we as Americans cherish.

The one thing the Communists respect is force—force so strong they will forever be deterred from launching World War III—which might mean the end of civilization regardless of who wins.

The prevention of war is the primary duty of all our armed services. It is also the vital concern and responsibility of every man, woman and child in the U.S.

Although we spend huge amounts on our defense establishments—a tentative \$24 billion dollar budget for fiscal year 1956-57 was approved by President Eisenhower Tuesday—the regular forces of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Air Force must be backed up by their various reserve components.

Realizing the need for an improved reserve program the President signed the Armed Forces Reserve Act of 1953 in August. Although the law has many ramifications, it is primarily designed to give us the strength in reserve needed to assure victory in any future Pearl Harbor or Korea's.

So far the military leaders of the nation have been somewhat disappointed in the reception of draft-age youths to the possibilities of service offered by the law. The bill was designed to equalize the service obligations of every able-bodied young American.

Examined in the light of present world conditions it's safe to assume that every able-bodied young American will sooner or later be required to perform military service under the provisions of the law. It offers several ways to fulfill the obligation of service—it's up to the young man, and his family to decide which type fits his particular personality or needs.

Wilderness

By KEN McLEOD

There have been many battles between the lovers of wilderness and those "practical" people who

see only the dollars they can derive from exploiting wilderness areas. The purpose that motivates the lover of the wildwood is difficult to understand—"there's dollars there for the taking," yet these long-haired dreamers have no interest in the "almighty" they want it preserved as when Mother Nature left it to the Indian and the buffalo. The exploiter seeks to undermine the stand of the wilderness lover by dubbing him with all sorts of names in an effort to deride the lover of the aesthetic dreamer who has no place in the modern world.

There have been many people who have tempted to define this urge of wilderness as the love of nature, uncluttered by the things of modern civilization. The man who lives in the country has difficulty in understanding this urge for wilderness that is rising among the people in the city. The late Bernard De Voto writing in Horner's Magazine in September 1955 had this to say about his feeling for the wildwood:

"I have got to have the sight of clean water and the sound of running water. I have got to get to places where the sky-shine of cities does not dim the stars, where you can smell land and foliage grasses and marshes, forest duff and aromatic plants, and hot underbrush turning cool. Most of all, I have to learn again what quiet is. I believe that our culture is always doing its best to drown us in the worst torture we inflict on one another."

"Nothing in this is sentimental or poetic. It is a necessity. And to get my point, it is a necessity to a hundred million other Americans."

"And the population keeps on growing, the suburbs extend farther and farther into the fields, a high school boy has to be driven a hundred miles to find some trout and the ordinary citizen must go always farther to find clean air and natural silence. If we do not soon acquire a little business sense and some social intelligence, our nation will collapse from spiritual hemorrhage."

The great power of the lovers of the wilderness centers in the great cities, the greater the city the stronger the urge and it becomes more than just a movement, a passing fad, to the individual of a smog ridden city who learns that the sky is something more than what he sees at the end of the street—it becomes a religion to the pent up city dweller.

"Those of the country have a similar feeling for the wildwood, the urge there is latent for they are still fairly close to Nature and many a dweller in the country has picked up his things and moved when pressed by the spread of civilization. Perhaps he did not define the urge, nor could he define it, nevertheless it was the call of the wilderness to which his soul responded."

The great battle that was fought over wilderness in regard to the Quetico Superior International Peace Memorial Forest on the Minnesota-Canadian border has definitely focused attention on the wilderness problem and is working out human relationship problems to the wildwood. Don Hough, writing in "Lincoln" - Mercury Times" for July-August 1955, states:

"Ely, Minnesota is one of those towns you never see unless you're going in there. That is, you don't pass through it on your way to someplace else, because there isn't any place else, not in that neck of the woods—and Ely lies literally in a neck of the woods, right up at the end of it. When you get to Ely, you have arrived. End of the line. If you want to go on, you go by canoe in summer or dog team in winter; if you want to go back you turn around."

"For here is the jumping off place for the great lake and forest wilderness that lies along the Minnesota-Canadian border, from Rainey Lake on the west to Grand Portage on the north shore of Lake Superior, some 200 miles eastward as the loon flies. On the American side is the Superior National Forest, on the Canadian side, the Quetico Provincial Park. It is all a natural entity, thousands of square miles of labyrinthine green and blue lying there in the heart of the continent."

"You come out of that country tanned and clear-eyed, with refurbished lungs and a new brain, better equipped to tackle the problems of our time."

Here in the west we too have our wilderness areas tucked away in the Sierras and the Cascades, areas that too few of us have yet discovered and areas over which battles have been fought bitterly in the past and even more bitterly in the future as those who seek to impose the bonds of industrial civilization upon every square foot of American soil. I am sure that we actually do not want this to happen, we too want a place to escape where the sky is not something one sees at the end of the street.

Ups And Downs

By JAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — A table: Once upon a time there was a horribly rich old man. He stacked money in towers and spread it around in trees.

When the leaves had fallen, he replaced them with \$1,000 bills. This horribly rich old man was a hereditary prince, whose father had been a king who had had his head lopped off by the common people.

Well, naturally, as the horribly rich prince survived and grew older and older he distrusted the common people more and more.

So he withdrew into a castle on a hilltop where he could enjoy his money trees undisturbed. But he had a daughter, the beautiful princess, Alva. She became lonely and wept, and the echo of her weeping came down and in time disturbed the common people, so that they cried sternly:

"Our princess must have a husband."

The horribly rich old prince, remembering the gallows fate of his father, figured it was time to throw a fig to popular demand.

He surrounded his mountain citadel with mirror glass, then announced that any man who climbed it would have his daughter's hand.

Well, knights and princes from far lands came and tried to mount the hill of glass. But one after the other they climbed until they were tired, paused to admire their reflection in the mirrored glass, then lost their strength and slid down hill to defeat.

They were and departed, year after year.

And year after year Otis, the local milkman, came to the bottom of the hill and sent his wares to the top of the hill in a lowered silver bucket, and never tried to climb the hill at all. And after many years, when all the princes had failed, he looked up and saw the fair face of Alva, the golden princess, smiling down at him. She was a princess, but she was lonely.

The milkman was there to see Alva, deep in the woods only 40 miles from Helsinki. Yet he has not been to the capital for over 10 years.

Tomorrow he will have his birthday dinner with his wife, Alno Jarnefelt, member of an old noble and artistic family, and other relatives.

Nevertheless, the Helsinki Orchestra will honor him with a program of his works. There will be other Sibelius concerts at music centers around the world, many of them conducted by Finns.

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Why the GOC?

Klamath Falls, Ore. (To the Editor)—This is a question that almost everyone has asked at one time or another.

The answer very likely is that our country has to have protection of the skies and that radar couldn't do the job alone. This is our radar reason for our organization but I would like to add into a more detailed explanation and give you a better understanding of this reason. The only function of the highly complicated electronic device called radar is to send out a sound wave that will be reflected back, received and transmitted to the radar screen as a blurred spot called a blip. The size and distance of the object the sound wave strikes determining the size of the blip on the radar screen. These blips can then be read as clouds, mountains, objects flying, etc. . . . In the instance of aircraft, a blip will tell you the number of aircraft, the size, or whether the aircraft is friendly or otherwise.

We have other major limitations of radar, such as earth curvature, ground reflection, temperature inversion, and mechanical or personnel breakdown. The sound wave goes out and returns in a straight line, the earth's curve falls away from this line in ratio to the distance the sound wave is traveling. This means that the farther out the sound wave travels from the radar site, the greater the clearance is for aircraft to come in under this beam. This clearance is again created when the radar antenna. This is to be elevated to clear hills, mountains, etc. . . . Even on level ground the antenna has to have a certain elevation or the beam will strike the ground directly and cause a complete blackout of the screen.

The screen is again blacked out by heavy cloud formations, because the heavy moisture of the clouds causes a reflection of the sound wave and leaves any object on the other side of the clouds undetected.

Once more the screen can be completely blacked out on the ground, by peculiar circumstances of the temperature in the air that causes the sound wave to be reflected back to the ground.

We also face mechanical breakdowns at the site, and sickness or sudden absence of some of the men. Our scientists say that they can develop a fully automatic, near perfect radar set if they were to be given \$3,000,000 for research and sole concentration on the project. Each of our present radar sites costs approximately this much and the ones for a more complicated radar set would cost several times this amount. Also there would have to be a great number of them to cover the border of our country.

In looking over the above facts we can see that our present radar is not giving us sufficient protection. We also see that to develop the proper radar and build enough sites to protect us would cost many millions of dollars that would have to be raised by higher taxes. It is therefore easy to understand why the government chose to have the Air Force ask our citizens to volunteer for the Ground Observer Corps and give our country the protection we have to maintain if we desire to keep the freedoms we now enjoy.

T-Sgt. James B. Shrum
Klamath Falls
GOC Sector Sgt.

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

PUTTING THE BIG MAN-ABOUT-TOWN UNDER THE MICROSCOPE TO SEE WHAT MAKES HIM SLICK...

Sibelius To See 90th Birthday

HELINKI, Finland (AP) — Jean Sibelius, famed Finnish composer, observes his 90th birthday tomorrow in the seclusion of his forest home and wants no solemn festival concert for the occasion.

Nevertheless, the Helsinki Orchestra will honor him with a program of his works. There will be other Sibelius concerts at music centers around the world, many of them conducted by Finns.

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WHO IS MR. JAYWALKER

SEE PAGE 8

MR. MOTORIST — Remember, when you park your car, you become a pedestrian (A Jaycee Project)

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