

The Herald and News

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Wine Cellars

By BILL JENKINS

Wound up our tour of the Bay area today with a flying visit to a couple of wineries in the Sonoma district. There are a whole host of these wineries tucked away in the wooded canyons of Sonoma County, some full-fledged and growing their own grapes, others merely blending and aging from grapes purchased elsewhere.

We chose the Napa-Sonoma Wine Company for our first visit because of its natural beauty. Situated about a mile and a half out of the little town of Sonoma, it is hidden in a green and restful valley with tall, green trees guarding the entrance of the ancient stone building.

It looks almost like something out of a movie set. The vast door hanging on massive hinges and the tremendous walls stretching away from row inside all add up to the one word, romance.

The first vineyard in this area was established in 1824 by Padre Jose Altamira. A decade later Agoston Haraszthy, probably the best known figure in California's wine industry, imported European grape varieties to the Sonoma valleys and established the winery which is now the Napa and Sonoma and the Buena Vista. It was he who built the winery and beamed out the cellars from the solid stone of the region.

We were introduced to the winery by our friend, Al Gordon, who knows as much as any amateur about the wine business, who saw to it that we were well prepared. We had not only an avid curiosity but a big wedge of camembert cheese and a box of crackers. Luck played along with us, because we found out that the winery was ordinarily closed on Mondays, the day on which we visited it.

But the door was open, and peeking inside we came across Mike Bertolucci, the vintner, who had just come down on a tour of inspection. Mike, who is a boss man, led us through a maze of aging vats and barrels through winding passageways and finally deep into the heart of the cellars to the sampling room.

This is a long, cool, dimly lighted, cobweb hung room chilled out of the soft stone and lined with barrels and hundreds and hundreds of bottles of aging wine. The various products of the winery are displayed on upended wine casks, and visitors are urged to sample at their leisure.

As it turned out, Mike had his choice of staying with us and explaining the whole thing or going home and mowing his lawn. Since it was a blistering hot day outside, that cool cellar was appealing. Mike stayed.

In fact, we all stayed until several bottles had been emptied, the cheese and crackers consumed and a case of assorted wines purchased for home consumption.

Figuring we might as well do a whole-hog job of it, we left the Napa and Sonoma, along with Mike, and dropped over next door to the Buena Vista winery.

This winery, one of the finest in California, is now owned by Frank Bartholomew, president of the United Press. Bart got into the wine industry as a hobby a good many years ago and has now built his institution up into one of the best known wineries on the West Coast.

It, again, is a beautiful winery in a fairyland setting with stone buildings and cellars and a good deal of wrought iron work. It is a sample bar is more formalized than the Napa and Sonoma's and better lighted.

Caught Bart, who headquarters in New York City, for a few moments of conversation and then shoved off for Sonoma where we had dinner.

Wound up our wine hopping tour with a visit to the Sebastiana winery, also in Sonoma, where we picked up a few more bottles to bring home.

If there is a more peaceful and soothing atmosphere anywhere in the world than the aging rooms of a winery, I don't know where you'd find it. There is an air of rest and composure and an atmosphere of easy going comfort that soothes the nerves and gives you an entirely fresh outlook on life. I think vintners must be happy men.

Everyone, I suppose, has a different idea of them in mind when they take a trip. Some go for the scenery, some combine business with pleasure, some go to visit friends, others to attend the theater. When we travel we delight in finding new places to eat.

We found one of the finest we've run across in many years on this trip in the Golden Bear Lodge just north of Kenwood. Operated by Neal and Les Fastbaugh, the place is a little corner of New England with a California touch.

You turn off Highway 12 just north of Kenwood and wind your way up a green and beautiful canyon, at the bottom of which trickles one of the few running streams in the area. Near the head of the canyon in a vast grove of oaks and walnuts is the Golden Bear.

A sprawling redwood structure, it has its own trout pool, a miniature waterfall, outdoor dining, and features a mouth-watering smorgasbord inside. The food, the cooking, the service and the hospitalities are beyond compare. I highly recommend it.

At the other end of the line, we are very possible that Jerry built went down to the ever-popular settlements that would be an eye-fisherman's Wharf in San Francisco to the county could arise new to us, at least, Castagnolas.

which was built, I believe, about two years ago. It is just beyond and opposite DiMaggio's and is built out over the water so that from almost any spot, either in the restaurant or in the bar, you can look out and see the fishing boats coming and going and watch the gulls fight each other for scraps of food.

The tiny little bay shrimp were at the height of their season and made delicious eating. One thing is certain. The people you find in places like the Golden Bear and Castagnolas are not the types who are constantly dying, praise be. There is no more pitiful sight in the world than to see a confirmed dieter standing outside a real good eating place, faint from hunger and trembling with desire but still placing more value on a trim waistline than he does on life.

I am firmly convinced that the diet is a greater menace to mankind than the atom bomb. Oh well, to each his own.

Developments

By MAX WAUCHOPE

New industrial developments that add to the economic strength and well being of an area are always greeted with enthusiasm by those residents of the community who are concerned with its growth. And the ground breaking ceremony held last week for the new Johns-Manville Corp. plant was just such good news for the entire Klamath Basin.

But all good things have a price and bring added responsibilities to the communities involved and to the governing bodies of the area. With the establishment of the plant at its site on the Williams River about 22 miles north of Klamath Falls, problems of traffic on the highway leading to site must be met (although these will probably be slight).

Zoning and building regulations of homesites and business buildings which will undoubtedly spring up to serve some of the 250 employees of the plant should be considered by the Klamath County Court. The county court is the only regulatory body having jurisdiction along these lines in this unincorporated area of the county.

Although many of the employees of the plant may decide to live in Klamath Falls and commute, as many of the workers at the old Algoma and Lumber Mills did in years past, some of the J-M men may wish to live closer to work.

If a community does grow near the plant without any zoning or building supervision, it could develop many problems of sanitation and public health, inadequate streets, police and fire protection which would have to be solved in the future. And when a bad condition occurs due to unsupervised community growth, it is always twice as hard to solve in the future as it would have been to prevent in the first place.

As stated, the county court is the only governing body which has jurisdiction of the area around the plant site. But the present Oregon laws give the county courts very little actual authority to take care of these pressing problems. It's the old story of responsibility for an area without adequate or clearly defined authority to really govern it efficiently and in the best interests of the area's residents.

An enabling act passed by the Oregon Legislature in 1947, and amended in 1949 and 1955, provides a procedure for guiding and controlling development in the more densely populated suburban areas of Oregon counties. Under this act county courts may appoint county planning commissions to be responsible for planning a pattern for county development.

Such a county planning commission was appointed in Klamath County several years ago but to date has not been very active. Earlier this year a joint city-county planning department was urged by interested groups in the county.

This department, it is hoped, will be in being by the end of the year with a full-time planning engineer running it. The city, county, and the three school districts of the county are participating financially in the support of the department.

But the real fly in the ointment is the wording of the state laws governing zoning and building codes. They can only be established in any area if the residents of the area petition the area or if a vote of all or part of residents of the county authorize such zoning in an election. The county cannot act on the recommendations of the planning engineer without the authorization of the voters.

It would seem self evident that with the Johns-Manville development and the planned construction of the California Oregon Power Co. dams on the Klamath River some attempt should be made by the Klamath County governing body to obtain authorization for authority to handle any problems in the two areas by such an election as prescribed by state laws. If such action on zoning and building codes is not taken it

Invention

By KEN McLEOD

A trip down into the Tule Lake Basin these days is one that is really impressive as to the ingenuity and invention of man. The extensive fields of grain are being harvested by mechanical machines now so common that few people ever give a thought to what methods were used in the past. One man operated machines go at a rapid pace across the fields of grain and are accepted without a thought since they are perfectly natural in the modern scene. However, it was not always this way since it was not so many years ago man was forced to do the task by hand.

Undoubtedly the greatest single machine that has ever been perfected for the production of food was that of the reaper. Though man had been harvesting grains for centuries since the dawn of history it was only a few years ago that the first really practical reaping machine clicked its way through an American wheat field—an achievement due to individual American ingenuity and persistence and no brain-child of a bureaucracy.

Without cheap bread, the whole structure of our civilization would in all probability be withered by the blight of famine today. In the past, the great nations of the times based their supremacy upon their armies, intellect and numerous other qualities, yet not one of them based their greatness upon the ability to have large amounts of cheap food without being constantly menaced by the fear of famine. It was not until America came upon the scene and the ingenuity of the people of the new nation demonstrated that the fear of famine was no problem, today we have problems of surpluses in the face of a tremendous increase in the number of population.

A hundred years ago, farm machinery was almost as crude as it was during the Roman Empire; though for hundreds of centuries farmers had been tilling the soil and raising crops. Just what did this labor mean in terms of civilization?

It took three hours of a man's life to reap a bushel of wheat and for his labor he received 17½ cents for his wages on the basis of an honest dollar value not degraded by inflation. The man's wages for a day varied between 30 and 75 cents. Today a bushel of wheat may be harvested in less than ten minutes by labor that is the highest paid of any period in world history. The reaper has done much to abolish poverty and drudgery upon the farm and has raised the farmer from the position of a serf to that of a master—and with the master's problems.

The first reaping tool was the sickle which reached its highest development during the early days of Egypt but even then it was continually undergoing change until centuries later we find it, in the Roman Empire, changed to form the scythe—now the sickle is but a symbol of a foreign nation clinging to ideologies of the past. The sickle is the true symbol of drudgery and the common tool of Asia.

After the fall of the Roman Empire and the advent of the Dark Ages all things seemed to slump, agriculture in particular. The land was constantly beset by war with the result that the agricultural population took to rearing cattle and sheep rather than the growing of crops. Animals could be moved readily to places of safety during times of danger while crops could not. This condition continued in existence for about 10 centuries and then around the year 1500 we began to find conditions in the world settling down, becoming more stable and people starting to raise crops again. The sickle and the scythe again became the important tools of agriculture.

The scythe was not for long to remain in its primitive state but was continually being improved with place in the shape of the handle which passed through many stages from a straight handle to the peculiarly curved handle of the present day. Modern machines present a great contrast to these simple tools of the hand.

Discontent

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—Curbsome reflections of a pavement Plato: Now is the time to feel sorry for yourself.

If there is any one month in the year when practically everybody gives way to the yearning to be someone else, it is in September.

The child, stricken with the feeling his days of barefoot freedom are over, tells his Dad: "Boy, do I wish I was you! Then I wouldn't have to go to school."

The father, if he is equally frank, replies:

"Boy, don't I wish I was you, and could go to school instead of work!"

And Mather, hearing their both, murmurs silently to himself:

"My, don't I wish I was either of you. Then I wouldn't have to worry about taking down the summer draperies, and starting fall housecleaning."

Each has his point. The grass always looks greener on the other side of the fence that turns us in during the final days of summer.

The mere mention of school brings a shudder to the politician. That's all he'll be doing from now on—election time—mending and fence after another.

This disease of discontent we're all going through now is like a late attack of spring fever, a veritable regret that vacation time is over and we must return again to the reality of the daily struggle.

The average slave, unwilling as any schoolboy goes back to a desk piled high with postponed chores, and has little heart to tackle them. He has to shake his head to dispel the recurring daydream of a silver fish leaping at twilight in a quiet mountain lake, the fish he almost caught just a few days before.

The office stenographer, wistfully noting as she puts on her morning lipstick that her vacation tan is already beginning to fade, also dreams of "the one that got away"—the bachelor she met on her cruise to Bermuda.

The boss, trying to restore a little pep in the place, calls a conference and tells his salesmen: "All right boys, the jowls are over. It's time to hit the ball again. We've got a lot of good hard selling to do between now and Christmas to make our quota. And I don't mind telling you right now that if we don't make our quota, there'll be some new faces around here after the first of the year."

After the conference is over, the boss cautiously closes his door, lies down on his couch and wonders if he really wouldn't enjoy life more if he were a beachcomber.

So it goes with schoolchild, housewife, bus driver or business executive—each wonders if it wouldn't be better to be somebody else. Anybody else.

What we all really need right now is a good heavy snowfall. Then we'd all snap out of our end-of-summer doldrums and get back to the hurry-up tempo of normal civilized living.

Vaccinations

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.

When I was a youngster the only vaccination which was given to practically all children was that against smallpox. Now, a great many more are available and are largely responsible for today's lessened risk from several contagious or infectious diseases.

One should consider first protective inoculations for the infant. It was formerly customary to start at about the age of six months with vaccination against smallpox, and either at this time or a little later shots for some of the other diseases such as diphtheria or whooping cough.

Some physicians still follow this program but there is a tendency to give at least some of these protective inoculations soon after birth.

This changed viewpoint comes from the fact that some diseases such as whooping cough can be caught by the very young child because he does not carry any immunity from the mother.

Thus, there is a good deal of medical opinion favoring the inoculation of newborn infants against diphtheria, whooping cough, and tetanus simultaneously.

At any rate these immunizations, together with vaccination for smallpox, are generally considered essential for all children if unnecessary risk of catching the diseases in question is to be avoided.

This subject cannot be discussed without including mention of polio inoculations.

Probably this vaccination also should be included though it is somewhat uncertain as to the age at which it should be given first. Protective vaccinations for the older child cannot be ignored.

Reinoculation for smallpox and booster toxoid injections against diphtheria and tetanus are indicated once or more during the school age period.

For one reason or another—perhaps because they were not available during extreme youth—some of these essential inoculations may have been omitted in some older youngsters. It would be well, therefore, to check the records of your school age children. Make sure that they have received the protective shots which they should have. And see that they are given the reinoculations or booster shots which prudence dictates.

There are some other diseases for which immunization may be desirable. For example, typhoid fever, while relatively rare on the North American continent, is still a hazard in some parts of the world. Consequently, a family taking children to such areas should make sure that they are injected against this disease and perhaps others for which there may be preventive measures.

Eleven Marines Drown Off Shore Of Okinawa

NAHA, Okinawa (AP)—Eleven U.S. Marines drowned off the north shore of Okinawa yesterday while swimming during a break in field exercises, the Marine Corps announced.

The men were knocked off their feet by a strong undercurrent which was believed due to typhoon conditions, it was said.

Brig. Gen. Victor H. Krulak, commander of the 3rd Marine Division, said a break ocean current caused the drownings.

At least 25 other Marines were saved by other beachcombers in the area.

An extensive land and sea search was under way for remains of the 11 who drowned. All available planes were searching the sea within 100 miles of shore and two patrol boats combed the shoreline.

The Marine Corps said that the drowned took a break from their field exercises on the coast of Okinawa and went for a swim in apparently calm water.

"Before they got waist deep, the men were in trouble," an eye-witness was quoted. "They were knocked from their feet by a vicious undercurrent and tumbled seaward on the bottom."

Capt. Jack Westerman, commanding officer of Co. F of the 2nd Battalion, 9th Marine Regiment, immediately called off the swimming and ordered a human chain formed to aid the bathers.

The chain was unable to keep its footing due to the intensity of the current, the Marines said. Lt. Col. James A. Donovan, battalion commander, called helicopters and 2nd Lt. John L. Shanahan, a skin diver, played a large role in the rescue.

Hearing of trouble, Shanahan raced to the beach with a rubber raft and pulled many bathers to safety.

Unable to swim against the heavy currents, the men clung to the raft until arrival of the helicopter, piloted by Lt. James M. Middleton, Balboa, Calif., which dropped a 100-foot rope and towed the raft to shore.

After all visible Marines were rescued a roll call indicated 11 Marines missing. Persons familiar with ocean currents during a typhoon attributed the unusual accident to Typhoon Emma, now 500 miles south of here.

The names of the Marines listed as missing were withheld.

In Washington, a Marine Corps duty officer said early today he had received no report of the accident.

At Taipei, Formosa, Gov. C. K. Yen told the Cabinet today that typhoon Dinah, which cut through Formosa Monday, caused the death of 27 persons.

Thirteen others are missing, and 150 were injured. More than 20,000 persons were left homeless.

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Will Their Eyes Make The Grade?

Now, with school bells ringing once again, will your youngster be able to make the grade?

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You will be frankly told if glasses are not needed; but, if needed, you get the finest of lenses plus good-looking, sturdy frames designed especially for your children. For added protection for active youngsters, lenses may be hardened.

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All Dancers Invited
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The first reaping tool was the sickle which reached its highest development during the early days of Egypt but even then it was continually undergoing change until centuries later we find it, in the Roman Empire, changed to form the scythe—now the sickle is but a symbol of a foreign nation clinging to ideologies of the past. The sickle is the true symbol of drudgery and the common tool of Asia.

After the fall of the Roman Empire and the advent of the Dark Ages all things seemed to slump, agriculture in particular. The land was constantly beset by war with the result that the agricultural population took to rearing cattle and sheep rather than the growing of crops. Animals could be moved readily to places of safety during times of danger while crops could not. This condition continued in existence for about 10 centuries and then around the year 1500 we began to find conditions in the world settling down, becoming more stable and people starting to raise crops again. The sickle and the scythe again became the important tools of agriculture.

The scythe was not for long to remain in its primitive state but was continually being improved with place in the shape of the handle which passed through many stages from a straight handle to the peculiarly curved handle of the present day. Modern machines present a great contrast to these simple tools of the hand.

Undoubtedly the greatest single machine that has ever been perfected for the production of food was that of the reaper. Though man had been harvesting grains for centuries since the dawn of history it was only a few years ago that the first really practical reaping machine clicked its way through an American wheat field—an achievement due to individual American ingenuity and persistence and no brain-child of a bureaucracy.

Without cheap bread, the whole structure of our civilization would in all probability be withered by the blight of famine today. In the past, the great nations of the times based their supremacy upon their armies, intellect and numerous other qualities, yet not one of them based their greatness upon the ability to have large amounts of cheap food without being constantly menaced by the fear of famine. It was not until America came upon the scene and the ingenuity of the people of the new nation demonstrated that the fear of famine was no problem, today we have problems of surpluses in the face of a tremendous increase in the number of population.

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