The Herald and News

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Anniversary

By BILL JENKINS

Whether you know it or not this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the "Big Ben" alarm clock.

In those five decades of clangor the company (Westclox) has produced about 45 million of the famous timepieces. They, the company, estimate that in that same period these old clocks have jarred 156 billion people out of their dreams.

That is a lot of awakening. Most of it rude.

The clock was named after the famous Big Ben in London where its thirteen and a half ton bell hangs in the House of Parliament. This world famous clock will celebrate its hundredth anniversary next July.

It has scared a lot of people, too. Rumor has it that it also has done its bit in the fogs to reassure lost citizens. I have never heard it. I have never even been in London. A fact which causes me almost no regret.

But, to get back to the alarm clock. A lot of people nowadays would not recognize one of the old timers if they saw it. The original Big Ben made back in 1908 was a man's clock. It was about the size of a good head of cabbage, constructed of a metal heavier than today's car bodies and was nearly indestructible. It was equipped with a ring at the top so you could hang it on a nail in the wall far enough away from bed that you had to get out from under the covers to turn it off. If you didn't get out fairly promptly the clock shook the shingles off the roof, unhooked the frying pan from its nail behind the stove and finally broke through the wall.

I have had some experience with a couple of these old timers. The first when I was flunkey on a ranch as a youth. This monster would go off about five minutes after I got to sleep and remind me that it was time to get up and do those chores that always seem to require doing long before daylight. I can still remember the tones of that knell.

The second, and more intimate, came from another of the wall-hanger types that for years hung in the shack of a hunting camp. This old timer had a wheeze in its get-along that kept you half awake all night—a fact that made up for its somewhat roupy alarm. The bell was about half rusted away and the striker would only make contact part of the time. The rest of the time it whirred and rattled like an alarmed snake. Either one was usually enough to get you out of bed in plenty of time for the opening gun of the day.

If you didn't respond to the alarm the jet method of arousing late sleepers was by pouring cold coffee in their ears.

Wheezy as it was, the cold floor and the necessity of building a fire in the rain-down stove was better than the cold coffee treatment. Anything is better than the cold coffee treatment. Externally or internally.

Anyway, the old fire alarm gang lasted for a while but civilization had its way and the clock changed. The bell became softer and finally, in the 30's, an electric model was introduced. About then the company also started making a Baby Ben for those who were not rugged enough to stand the old timer.

The old timer in the hunting camp was the last I knew of personally. It met a fitting end. Finally, when an enraged occupant hurled it at a mouse one night. The mouse survived with no injuries but a stack of plates on the table and the clock will never be the same.

Too bad, too. It was a fine old clock. Now we are getting up to the dulcent tones of an electric creation that really does little but purr.

Somehow the mornings just aren't the same.

One thing about that old clock. You started the day wide awake. Fact is, you drank your first cup of camp coffee to get the hair on the back of your neck settled back into place.

Togetherness

By FLORENCE JENKINS

The togetherness theme seems to have spread to the book publishing world.

Paper-backed books have received the approval of the reading public. Millions of them are read every year covering practically any subject imaginable. Paper-backed cook books are welcome additions to the cook book shelf. Westerns and mystery stories accompany a large proportion of the traveling public. Reproductions of old classics are easy to handle for school book reviews. Top flight authors and book lovers alike are turning to the paper back. One thing they have overlooked, however, is the fact that husbands and fathers, when a couple of them get together, have found a bonanza at the paper-back counters.

But, like every other manufacturer, the book publishers have not been content to leave a good product alone.

In this week's new murder mystery there were no less than four inserts.

The inserts aren't just little coupons in the back to be torn out and used if one wishes, they are stiff paper full-page inserts. Their removal almost rips a book apart and they clutter up the ash tray on the bedside table.

The previous offers to enroll the reader in a mystery (or Western or electronics or geophysics) book club were bad enough. But with one card only to tear out, it could serve as a bookmark and didn't louse up the housekeeping.

In the last offending instance, a double card offered an "exciting, guided tour of France" for only a dime — until you read the fine print. In addition, there was the usual book club offer — only there were two of them and one recognized magazine got into the act this time.

It's high time somebody started a movement for just plain, separateness.

The Alaska Story

Editor's Note: This is the last in a series of reports of life in Alaska, written by the United Press International.

Ketchikan, Alaska's city of salmon, sawdust saloons, and the sea.

It is an island city, the first big one on the way north.

Some 7,000 persons call Ketchikan home, and they're proud of it. To the passing traveler it has the look of a pioneer western village, but in actuality it is Alaska's biggest industrial center. Canneries do a 15 to 20 million dollar business each year. Ketchikan has a new paper mill, and claims it is the closest to a self-supporting city in Alaska.

Centered on an island, the city is 800 miles from Seattle, but getting there is a problem. Unless you fly or take a boat, there is no way to reach Ketchikan. There are no roads connecting the city to the mainland.

But once on the island you will find one of civilization's old problems — the traffic jam. There are only 37 miles of paved roads on the island, but there are some 2,000 cars spread over the 55-mile long area.

All in all, it may sound picturesque to the adventurous soul, but look before you leave.

The annual rainfall runs about 160 inches a year, more than twice as much as any place in the United States. The ground is sour, because it never dries out, and the cost of living is 22 per cent higher than Seattle, one of the highest in the nation.

A trip to the grocery store is enough to weaken the boldest homesteader. Bread is 40 cents a loaf, bananas 33 cents a pound, and watermelon 11 cents a pound.

Ketchikan's cost-of-living is due to an almost universal failing in Alaska. Its food has to be brought in. The lack of roads rules out trucking, planes are too expensive, and slow moving ships have to bring in all the needed staples from Seattle.

But on the credit side, there is little snow in the area. Last year none at all fell, but most winters it does get some. As for the temperature, it is moderate, about five degrees cooler than Seattle.

But nothing is standing still in Ketchikan, it is building, it expects a tourist boom next year, and is proud of the fact it has been dubbed Alaska's all-American city.

The Wail Of A Hunting Widow

AS RECORDED BY NELSON REED

Perhaps you have heard that in the days of the aborigines man hunted to live? Well, my husband proves he is civilized by living to hunt! From the time the quail season opens in October, 'til the last lone duck has gone south on its annual cook's tour, Ned is either just about to go hunting, just gone hunting, or just recovering from hunting!

The quail season is bad enough, goodness knows, for he comes home with his arches flat and his wits flatter. He and that dog of his are covered with burrs and Spanish needles from their sore feet to their empty heads! It's no wonder it keeps a man busy all summer weeding our lawn; it's a wonder we don't have to mow the rugs in the house to keep them down, from the amount of litter those two dumb brutes drag in.

Ned is always too lame to walk to work, and after supper, even if you held up his head, you couldn't prop his eyes open so he could read. When he isn't asleep, he is about as sociable as a coyote with rabies.

He leaves you a note in the morning that he has gone hunting (as if you couldn't hear him making about as much noise as a van load of furniture going into a second story duplex). The note says that he will be back by six o'clock —he may get in by ten. He has given up trying to argue that his watch stopped, but that famous lord dog of his, which he boasts has the greatest nose in the state, always gets lost. Maybe it can't find its way home, but it can always find a beefsteak the minute the butcher boy puts it on the table if somebody isn't on hand to save it for supper. And when Ned's dog doesn't get lost, one of his partners or one of their fleatraps does.

As I said before, the quail season is bad enough, but when the duck season opens, it's just war, and I don't mean on the ducks either! If Ned's getting up at three or four or some such ungodly hour that ducks seem to fancy — you would think that they were owls, really — he can't sleep, he is so excited. Every hour he has to turn on the light to see what time it is, for fear he may oversleep and not hear the alarm. About the second illumination, I remove to the other bedroom, and then that nice, quiet little alarm, that he is so afraid he will not hear, lets go. I know just how a fireman feels in the dead of night when the gong clangs and the siren shrieks!

I got over getting breakfast for Ned just after our honeymoon, out from the racket he makes, and the number of pots and pans he uses when getting his own. (I'd put yourself out I'd rope any wind he wanted to, as when he hung' 'em would swear he was green up and was a dog was "That dirty like my daddy. he answered as I fell in a swoon.

other nuts come in for breakfast. About half the time he leaves the stove on, and when I get to the kitchen, there is a nice little puddle of solder on the stove — that used to be my best aluminum pan.

Just before midnight, after I have debated for hours between calling the sheriff's office to search for him, or just gleefully notifying the lawyer and the insurance company, in he comes. Dog tired, wet and cold, mud to the ears: he is either as crabby as a porcupine with ingrown quills, or he is cockeyed, which means the same thing next day. He either leaves his bloody ducks and geese dangling on the kitchen wall, or else his fool dog proves that he is a retriever by packing a particularly messy duck off the back porch to deposit it in the center of my light Chinese rug in the living room.

Every radiator in the house is decorated with soggy socks and dirty underwear. You can't move in the hall without falling over muddy boots, and if you open a closet door, hunting clothes leap at you like wild beasts, and guns maliciously kick you in the shins. All my best rugs are stained with gun oil — for guns, of course, must be kept clean even if the rest of the house is filthy. Sure, all my best tea towels are torn into gun rags regularly.

If we happen to be invited out in the evening, Ned always has to go home early, just when other people are beginning to enjoy themselves, for he is either getting up before dawn the next day, or else he has only had three hours sleep the night before, not counting the time he lay awake wondering what time it was.

He insults his host and hostess openly by either hurrying home, or else falling asleep in the middle of Contract. His conversation is deadly. All he talks about is 20 gauges, and number seven shot, and limits of geese, and they didn't fly because there wasn't any wind or the moon was full, or else he was and couldn't hit any. He won't poke his nose into a good book before the middle of winter, and we haven't seen a movie or show we could talk about since last September.

And our meals! I could quack. I have eaten so many ducks that the butcher thinks we have turned vegetarians. When I wake up in the morning I want to flap my wings and preen my feathers. My teeth are all scarred up with birdshot. I've consumed so much wild rice, I could be a Chinese bandit. My kitchen, garage and cellar are full of feathers. It's getting so I think I'm Mother Goose.

I used to comfort myself with the thought that "Oh well, when Ned gets old and stiff, he can't hunt anymore, and I'll get a little rest before I die." Then one day I asked our 6-year-old son what he wanted to be when he grew up and was a dog was "That dirty like my daddy. he answered as I fell in a swoon.

Young Snob

By SAUL PETT

NEW YORK (AP)—I think it's time we dull old people struck back at the young intellectual.

I have in mind a particular kind of young intellectual. I visualize him lying around his room at college, for which his father was gauche enough to borrow the money. I see this young man lying there on his bed, smug, vague, contemptuous.

He wears sandals, khaki pants, and a white T-shirt. His room is studied disorder. A vigil light flickering under the Picasso print. Esoteric jazz records stacked in the corner. Elsewhere books on Zen Buddhism, existentialism. On the wall, an African mask. On the floor, no chairs, just Japanese straw mats.

This is the young rebel who thinks he is history's first rebel. He has no idea what he's for, but he's against everything positive—like a decision about what he will do in life. In his mind, anyone over 30, who is married, who has kids and a job and a house and a routine is, at best, pitiful; at worst, a soulless, unimaginative clod.

Meet this young man, and he can throw you easily, if you happen to be over 30 and have a family and work for a living. He will whistle jazz tunes you never heard of, quote Kafka, Camus, Sarte and other authors you're vague about, he will order a vodka martini as if he invented it, with a brand you never heard of. In every way, he will make you feel drab, dull, old, old-fashioned, a creature of habit, conformity and fear.

This is the kind of young snob I hink we should clobber. Don't let him intimidate you. Let's hit him where it hurts. Let him know he is anything but original. Let him know you were once a rebel, too, until you had to start thinking and living.

Let him know that life seldom presents such easy black and white choices. Suggest to him that he, too, when he wriggles loose from the mire of his self-centeredness, may fall in love and want to get married and even may want to support the girl.

Let him know he's distinctly an amateur at life so far. Tell him to withhold his cracks, his disdain, his condescension until a later time. Come back, little rebel, when you've been a father and tried to find the wisdom to answer your son's questions.

Come back, little rebel, when you've had to deal with a waiting room full of frightened patients. Come back, little rebel, when you have stayed up all night working on a brief. Come back, little rebel, when you've faced the stark terror of a deadline or searched your soul for the words to fire a man from his job.

Come back, little rebel, and make your cracks when you're dry behind the ears, when you're a professional. No one is so brave as the amateur because no one is so safe.

Quotes

United Press International

BLACKPOOL, England—British Defense Minister Duncan Sandys, on why Britain will not give up its nuclear arms until a comprehensive disarmament system has been devised:

"We are not suckers."

MINOT, N. D.—Former President Truman, on Republican claims the Eisenhower administration has been helpful in business:

"The greatest business the Republicans have created is the bankruptcy business."

PITTSBURGH — Vice President Richard M. Nixon, on the administration's stand on the Formosa Strait crisis:

"The difference between nations must be settled at a conference table and not on the battlefield. This principle can never be compromised. Once it is compromised, it is destroyed."

LITTLE ROCK, Ark. — Gov. Orval Faubus, on why the local U. S. Internal Revenue office sent him a "premature" bill for federal income taxes:

"I think it could have been an honest mistake by a man figuring out what he thought I might owe."

WASHINGTON—Democratic National Chairman Paul M. Butler, on charges by Vice President Nixon that the Truman administration was "one of the most corrupt in history":

"More heads of more government agencies in the current administration have been involved [illegible]

They'll Do It Every Time — By Jimmy Hatlo

Drawing Classes Planned For KU

General Extension Division classes, AA-291, in drawing, primarily figures, will be conducted in Room 325, Klamath Union High School during the next few weeks. The second class will be held from 7 to 9:45 on Tuesday, October 13. Howard Hall, KUHS art instructer, will conduct the class.

Two hours college credit will be given for the course which can be taken up to six hours on a repeat basis.

Anyone interested can attend the second meeting without having missed needed instruction. Registrations have not yet been closed.

About one out of seven people in the United States engage in fishing as a sport. They spend nearly one billion dollars a year on this pastime.

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