The Herald and News

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Remarks:

By BILL JENKINS

Just back from a business trip to Portland. Found out while there that the big city is not all big business.

While paying a call to a pretty staid and plush investment house observed a hatted and coated gentleman, obviously an investor, duck into an office and demand of the dignitary behind the desk "Hey, Fred, gimme a pencil. I haven't even got a lead sinker to write with."

Must have been a retired investor.

Fellow in the same business, Whit Pierson, an investment counselor well known in these parts, told this one over lunch. If you've already heard it don't read any further.

Seems a man was going down the streets of Portland recently when he met a woman walking in the opposite direction. Both dodged politely, in the same direction of course. On the next shuffle they succeeded in blocking each other again.

Not to be thrown by any such common mishap the man paused, doffed his hat and murmered "Once more, madam, and then I really must be going."

Pierson, incidentally, is the chap who covers the state by plane and scooter.

Literally.

He has a plane, an old military job of some sort, and carries a scooter with him to provide transportation from the aiport to town. He has now, he tells us, acquired a scooter that is small enough to fold up and be carried like a briefcase.

Promised he would be down and see us soon and show us the contraption.

He won't be flying down if this weather persists.

Dropped in at the Benson Hotel and had a quick chat with ex-Klamathite Tom Gee.

Tom said they, the hotel, were holding their annual carpet inspection and had gotten as far as the seventh floor when they took a coffee break to rest their weary faculties.

The Benson is the only place I know of where they have Mexican Maguey worms on the menu.

I haven't tried them.

Noticed that with the exception of the early morning crowd people still have difficulty keeping up to the 70 mph speed limit on the Baldock Freeway. They try but keep falling behind and loafing along at a mere 60.

It was raining in Portland.

Coming down yesterday we ran into a dense fog at Odell Lake and crawled through it all the way to Collier Park where it eased up a little. The edge of it was exactly at the 58 junction. A brief hundred yards of sunshine there and then back into the haze.

Getting as bad over here as it is in the valley.

Resolutions

By FLOYD L. WYNNE

I've taken a look at the resolutions I made last year, and decided that I didn't keep them so well.

Of course everyone knows that New Year resolutions are only made to be broken anyway, but sometime, somewhere, there must be someone who has kept his or her resolutions right to the letter.

In case there isn't, however, I decided that I would become a candidate for such an honor when 1960 rolls around.

I'm drafting a set of resolutions that, barring some cataclysmic catastrophe, I should be able to keep.

If you're interested, here they are:

First, I'm going to resolve not to be the first to volunteer for that first trip to the moon. (There may be romance in looking at it from down here, but very little from up there.)

Second, I'm not going to become rich in 1959. (That's pretty much a cinch. I don't have any secret investments, I don't have any rich relatives, I don't buy sweepstake tickets, I only gamble a dollar at a time, and I can't think of any earth-shaking inventions.)

Third, I'm going to resolve to be my usual pleasant, grouchy hard - to - get - along with self. (I couldn't do much about that if I wanted to, and I don't.)

Fourth, I'm going to continue being nosey, and poke my nose into things that are none of my business. (This is always somewhat exciting, even though dangerous, but what's a punch in the nose among friends.)

I can think of a lot of others like not having an interview with Russia's Khrushchev like almost everyone else, not going to Berlin (unless they put me back in the service), not becoming president, and a few others, but the four I've mentioned cover the situation pretty well. These I should be able to keep.

Now, on the other hand, if I were going to make New Year resolutions to be broken, they might read something like this:

First, I'm going to be kind to everyone. (That's the first one that would go down the drain, probably somewhere in the early hours of New Year's Day.)

Second, I'm not going to argue. (Better I should lose my voice completely.)

Third, I'm going to be on time for every appointment I make. (This may show my business sense, but not my common sense.)

Fourth, I'm not going to smoke, drink, tell stories or gamble. (These are fine for sentiment, but not very realistic. Life itself is something of a gamble, not to mention church bazaars, school carnivals, club money-raising projects, coffee-matching and sundries. I don't think this one would last long either.)

It may not seem fair not to have a list of easily-broken resolutions, but the realist in me forces me to face the New Year with my bleary eyes wide open, my resolutions properly made so they won't be broken, ready for come what may, and it may.

After Christmas

By NELSON REED

'Twas the day after Xmas, and Santa was sunk,
As he stabled his reindeer and fell in his bunk.
Those terrible neckties he could not forget,
And the reek of those cigars was in his beard yet.
The trains he intended to make the kids glad
Were already busted by Uncle and Dad.
Those coals for "sweet Mamas," who thought they got mink,
Were turning out "bunny" — now what would they think?
Those drums that are broken, those horns that won't toot,
Those nylons that ran, and those guns that won't shoot.
Those Xmas tree lights that went out with a flicker,
And that beautiful bottle of terrible likker.
The eating and drinking, with all of its ills,
And worst, oh by far, those post Xmas bills.
"I wonder," thought Santa, "if I'm doing right,"
And the old man's kind face was a pitiful sight.
And then he remembered a little child's eyes
As it gazed on that tree with such aw and surprise,
And the joy in its heart that shone through that look
As with eager excitement its little hands shook.
Old Santa jumped up, and he let out a shout:
"I'LL SEE YOU NEXT YEAR, OF THAT THERE'S NO DOUBT!"

How To Survive

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — Advice to celebrators:

This is the night of opportunity—the opportunity of living to see New Year's Day dawn.

Many won't make it. But you can. All it takes is a little care and forethought for the next 12 hours or so.

Then careworn old 1958 will be behind you, and you'll be alive and eager—well, alive anyway—to face the challenge of the brave new world of 1959.

Many people honestly want to survive New Year's Eve, but don't know how. Here are a few tips for the careless liver:

Sell your car this afternoon. If you sell it, you can't drive it to a party tonight.

If you can't sell your car, lend it to a neighbor and let him drive it to whatever party he's attending. If someone has to get into an accident, better him than you.

Take an airplane trip to Europe. Statistics prove there are fewer safer places on New Year's Eve than aboard a commercial plane flying over an ocean.

Has your doctor been bothering you for years to have your tonsils or an ulcer cut out? Why not have the operation done tonight? The nurses would rather welcome you as a routine patient than an accident case.

If you are a serious drinker, be proud. Remember, New Year's Eve is for the amateurs. Stick to ginger ale this night. Then you can have the fun of watching the beginners make fools of themselves.

If you are the last to leave the party and are walking home, don't cross in the middle of the block. In fact, don't cross any street anywhere. Just walk around the block until the sun comes up.

Personal safety suggests you avoid discussing the following topics at a New Year's Eve party: National politics, baseball, football, sex, and such questions as who's the prettiest girl in the room. Topics you can feel free to give your views on include the weather, income taxes, and why hasn't the government done more for the whooping crane?

Some people feel the urge to adventure with weird new drinks at New Year's Eve parties. If this temptation overwhelms you, try vodka and epsom salts. It is non-habit-forming, and you will wake up Thursday with a clear head.

The best thing of all to do is to stay home, toss the cat out at 10 p.m., bolt and lock the doors and windows, take a sleeping pill and go to bed. You are not only safe from all forms of revelry and personal tomfoolery — you can't even be hit by lightning.

Happy New Year's Eve.

"Ho-Hum Year"

By JAMES MARLOW
Associated Press News Analyst

WASHINGTON (AP)—The little guy, any little guy going home this New Year's Eve, looked back on 1958 and could hardly see it. It wasn't much of a year, a kind of ho-hum year, a real second-rater, as years ago.

Nothing was settled. It was a kind of in-between year, full of things left over to be settled later. It was like a boy carrying a bunch of packages from 1957 to 1959.

He had mixed feelings about it, and about himself too: both glad and uneasy.

When the recession hit, it was like being missed by lightning. Millions of guys lost their jobs but he kept his. He knew a recession is like lightning. It would hit again some time. Next time it might not miss him.

There was something to be uneasy about. Not too uneasy, but a little unsure, like all the times on the way to work when he wondered if he had put out that last cigarette before he left the house.

There was one thing didn't make him happy: it was the feeling that in the whole year he should have done more with his life. Maybe he could have done better if he were smarter, or thought harder. Baloney.

He had this same feeling of time being wasted at the end of every year. No reason to. This was the way he was; he had no illusions: he had realized long ago he'd never set the world afire. So why feel disappointed?

He knew he felt smaller in 1958 than in any year of his life, and the world looked bigger. He felt less and less a part of things, more and more left out. It was easy to tell when that started with him.

It was in the fall of 1957 when the Russians sent their first Sputniks up. It was like being thrown bodily into a new world and he was unprepared for it. He had spent his whole life earthbound, looking down, not up.

The Sputniks were like a can-opener: they lifted the lid on a whole new world over his head and men were talking of sailing out into it, to the moon and even to the planets beyond.

All of a sudden scientists were the princes of the new order, the guides to the future, the magicians of time and space. He wished his kids would fit into the new world coming, better than he knew he'd ever be able to.

He told himself: "You sound a little phony, moaning about all you don't know about space and rockets and things like that. How much do you know about what's going on around you down here?

It was a good question. He knew he wouldn't get high marks on that one either. There were too many things happening in too many ways and in too many places for him to know more than just little pieces.

Politics, for instance. He knew American politics pretty well. He could spot a big mouth in an empty head as fast as the next guy. What about economics? He was glad there was no one around to pin him down on economics. But then even the economists themselves never seemed to agree. So he felt he could sound off on prices and wages without sounding too bad.

But he really bogged down when he began thinking of what went on between the United States, and the Soviet Union, and Red China, and other countries. Then he didn't know what to think.

Was anybody — say the United States or the Soviet Union—getting ahead of anybody? He knew all the talking, all the dickering, was just preparation for something. He didn't know. Maybe he'd never know in his lifetime.

He was living better than he hade ver lived. He liked to think it would always be like that: better every year. Not so much for himself. For his kids. He didn't know. He couldn't be sure.

All he knew, when he reached his house this New Year's Eve and went inside, it wasn't so much like closing a door on a year as it was like closing a door on just another day.

Quotes

United Press International

NEW YORK — Police Commissioner Stephen B. Kennedy, on teamster plans to picket New York City police installations with a view toward organizing the city's 24,000 policemen:

"No group is going to paralyze the operation of government in this city."

CHICAGO—The National Safety Council, predicting that 390 persons will be killed in traffic accidents over the long New Year's holiday weekend:

"Surely the tragic highway toll over the Christmas holiday must have shocked all of us into more sober, thoughtful, considerate behavior behind the wheel."

MIAMI—Jack Robertson, head of the Flight Engineers Union, on the 38-day-old strike against Eastern Airlines:

"We are ready to meet with the company at any time. The flight engineers will not return to work until a settlement is reached on all issues."

BRISBANE, Australia—Alex Olmedo, on defeating Australia's Ashley Cooper to clinch the Davis Cup for the United States:

"I felt confident when I went out there despite the fact I was aware I was playing the world's greatest amateur."

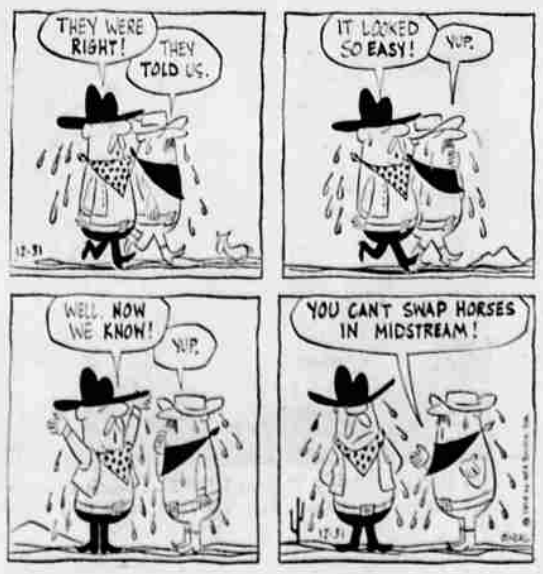
WASHINGTON—Dr. James R. Killian Jr., the President's special assistant for science and technology, calling for an expanded science training program:

"We need to give more national attention to the quality and content of courses and curricula in science both in high schools and colleges."

CHICAGO—Dr. M. Edward Davis, head of the University of Chicago's Lying-In Hospital, on the premature birth of 12-ounce Gloria Diana Hanses:

"A premature baby loses one-third to one-fourth its weight after birth. That would mean a 12-ounce child would go down to eight ounces."

SHORT RIBS By Frank O'Neal



Court Records

KLAMATH FALLS MUNICIPAL COURT

Thomas Chaney, drunk, $25 or 12½ days.

Lorena Ernestine Hill, vagrancy, $100 or 30 days.

Raymond Monroe Faithful, vagrancy, $100 or 30 days.

Winfield Glenn Chiloquin, vagrancy, $100 or 30 days.

Elizabeth Emeline Nelson, vagrancy, $100 or $30 days.

Donald Ray Collins, disorderly conduct, $25 forfeit.

Edward Carte, drunk and disorderly conduct, $50 forfeit.

Charles Calvin Carte, drunk, $25 forfeit.

Alexander Pratt, drunk, $25 or 12½ days.

John Brune, drunk, $25 or 12½ days.

Joseph L. Rogers, drunk, $25 forfeit.

Marilyn Charles, drunk, $50 or 25 days.

Stanley Mack John, drunk, $25 or 12½ days.

KLAMATH COUNTY DISTRICT COURT

Ross Hobson Jordan, no p.u.c. permit, dismissed motion district attorney.

Ellis Dwight Combs, combination overload, $71 forfeited.

Harold Chester Millard, combination overload, $71 forfeited.

Robert Warren Baty, combination overload, $20 forfeited.

Shelvy Lawvor, giving liquor to minor, requested trial with jury; set April 8, 10 a.m.; bond set at $400; remanded to sheriff.

Ronnie Monroe Call, driving while intoxicated, requested jury trial; set January 8, 10 a.m.; released on $400 bond.

Lawrence Evarts Shearer, improper vehicles, $5.

Suzanne Gale Brouillard, no license plates, $5.

Charles Hood Jr. being intoxicated public highway, $50 or 22½ days; committed.

Edison P. Chiloquin, intoxicated public highway, $50.

David Lee Cox, no operator's license, $5 forfeited.

Robert Charles Handy, passing crest of a hill, $7.50.

Theodore Grave's McClure, axle overload, $31 forfeited.

Barney Eugene Fagan, combination overload, $27 forfeited.

Cecil Calvin Teeter, combination overload, $20 forfeited.

Charles Raymond Hoffman, no operator's license, $5.

Bradford D. Howard, vagrancy, time to enter plea set December 31 at 10 a.m.; bond set at $500; remanded to custody of sheriff.

Kenneth Emanuel Banes, fail stop at stop sign, $5.

Cleve Michael Rutledge, driving while intoxicated, request time to enter plea; set December 31 at 10 a.m.; bond set at $400. Remanded to custody of sheriff.

Billy Charles Bowles, driving while intoxicated, 30 days and $250 fine and costs or 122½ days in lieu of fine; committed.

On The Record

KLAMATH FALLS
BIRTHS
BOYS

DURANT — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Durant, December 27 in Klamath Valley Hospital a boy, weighing 7 lbs. 1½ ozs.

FERGUSON — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Donald F. Ferguson, December 27 in Klamath Valley Hospital a boy, weighing 6 lbs. 12½ ozs.

GOVAN — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Govan, December 27 in Klamath Valley Hospital a boy, weighing 7 lbs. 14 ozs.

KENSLER — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Kensler, December 24 in Klamath Valley Hospital a boy, weighing 6 lbs. 6½ ozs.

MONO — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Dale Mono, December 25 in Klamath Valley Hospital a boy, weighing 5 lbs. 3 ozs.

PETZOLD — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Petzold, December 28 in Klamath Valley Hospital a boy, weighing 8 lbs. 3 ozs.

TAYLOR — Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Taylor, December 27 Klamath Valley Hospital a boy, weighing 8 lbs. 3 ozs.

MONROE—Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Monroe December 29 in Klamath Valley Hospital a boy, weighing 9 lbs., 6½ ozs.

GIRLS

ANSON — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Newell D. Anson, December 28 in Klamath Valley Hospital a girl, weighing 6 lbs. 11½ ozs.

BOTHUM — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Keith Bothum, December 23 in Klamath Valley Hospital a girl, weighing 8 lbs. 3 ozs.

CATMULL — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Catmull, December 26 in Klamath Valley Hospital a girl, weighing 7 lbs. 12 ozs.

COOK — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cook, December 27 in Klamath Valley Hospital a girl, weighing 6 lbs. 13 ozs.

HANAN — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hanan, December 26 in Klamath Valley Hospital a girl, weighing 6 lbs. 12½ ozs.

HOOGE — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jerald Hooge, December 27 in Klamath Valley Hospital a girl, weighing 7 lbs. 1 oz.

NYGREN — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Vance Nygren, December 23 in Klamath Valley Hospital a girl, weighing 6 lbs. 12 ozs.

PEDERSEN — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pedersen, December 28 in Klamath Valley Hospital a girl, weighing 6 lbs. 5 ozs.

RAINES — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Raines, December 24 in Klamath Valley Hospital a girl, weighing 6 lbs. 5 ozs.

VASSELLO—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Vassello December 29 in Klamath Valley Hospital a girl, weighing 7 lbs., 13 ozs.

1958 ROUNDUP
Boys: 500 Girls: 483

SISKIYOU COUNTY
BIRTHS

BOUCEK — Born in Mount Shasta Community Hospital on December 23 to Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boucek, Weed, a son.

COBUN—Born in Mount Shasta Community Hospital on December 25 to Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Cobun, Mount Shasta, a son.

ANDRIGHETTO — Born in Mount Shasta Community Hospital on December 26 to Mr. and Mrs. Mario Andrighetto, Weed, a son.

PENSERINO—Born in Mount Shasta Community Hospital on December 26 to Mr. and Mrs. Victor E. Penserino, Mount Shasta, a son.

Christmas Slate Held By School

NEW PINE CREEK—All pupils in both classrooms of the Kelly Creek School participated in a Christmas program held here last week.

A quiz show with Tommy Butler as quizmaster and the lower grade children as contestants opened the program. The show ended with a Christmas song.

The upper grades sang a medley of Christmas songs, followed by three plays, "Happy Christmas to All," "Santa on Trial" and "Who is My Neighbor."

Santa Claus, garbed in the traditional costume but with a cowboy hat replacing his red and white cap, closed the program.

The festivities were under the direction of the two teachers of the school, Mrs. Mary Padgett, who teaches the upper room, and Mrs. Doris Colohan of the lower room.

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Wall Street Guessips See Many Stock Splits

By ELMER C. WALZER
UPI Financial Editor

NEW YORK (UPI) — Since American Telephone & Telegraph Co. proposed a stock split of three-for-one, the gossip channels have been running over with talk of splits coming up for dozens of other stocks.

The past year wasn't a very good one for stock splits. There have been 63 of them against 152 last year, according to a Standard & Poor's tabulation. This year's is the smallest total since 1949 when there were only 55.

Standard notes there were four reverse splits this year. These reduce the number of shares instead of increasing them. Those making such splits were American Machinery Corp., Barium Steel, C & C Television, and U.S. Air Conditioning. The reverse splits ranged from 1 to 4 to 1 to 25. The latter means one new share for each 25 held.

Wall Street generally guesses a stock split is in prospect when a stock gets above $75 a share. At such price the corporation involved may desire to get a broader participation in its issue which usually comes when the stock is split and the price comes down.

Companies often hold back on splits until they can see their way clear to boost the dividend. Without a dividend rise a stock split means nothing, it is noted.

A stock split adds nothing to the stock or to the equity one has in a company. Suppose a company had 1,000 shares of stock outstanding and you owned 100 shares. That would be 10 per cent of the outstanding shares. If the stock were split two-for-one, there would be 2,000 shares outstanding and you would then have 200 shares, which still is 10 per cent of the outstanding stock.

According to Standard & Poors, "all indications are that 1959 will be a fairly active year for stock splits. It will get off to a good start as already there are 22 split proposals for approval by stockholders in the early part of next year, against only 8 at this time a year ago."

Some companies instead of splitting the stock declare stock dividends, ranging upward to 100 per cent. These have the same effect as a stock split and also do not change one's equity in the company.

The only difference between a stock split and a stock dividend is in accounting. The stock dividend involves a transfer to capital account of a portion of earned surplus, leaving par value unchanged. A stock split involves no change in capital or surplus but changes the par of the stock.

Stock splits, says Standard & Poor's, are regarded as bullish, especially when it has appeal for other reasons, such as a dividend increase. Reasons for this bullish interpretation, include:

1. The lower price for the split shares broadens the market by placing the stock within reach of a greater number of investors, leading to greater activity.

2. A split frequently is accompanied by a rise in the cash dividend.

3. Splits draw attention to the growth of a company, a trend the market may not have taken fully into account.

Standard notes that the good news usually is anticipated by the market with information leaks or shrewd guessing bringing an active price rise.

Standard & Poor's lists a group of candidates for splits in 1959, including Coca-Cola, Corning Glass, Eastman Kodak, Firestone Tire, Goodyear, Gulf Oil, International Business Machines, Merck, Minnesota Mining, National Tea, Richfield Oil, Smith, Kline & French, Warner-Lambert, Western Maryland, and Zenith Radio.

Newsmen Agree To Lift Boycott

JERUSALEM, Israeli Sector (AP) — Members of Parliament have arranged to get into the papers again by placating reporters who have been boycotting their proceedings.

The newsmen had been banned from the parliamentary cafeteria at meal time. They said this unduly limited their contacts with deputies and in retaliation quit reporting Parliament for more than a week.

The newsmen agreed to lift their boycott today after the Parliamentary Presidium said it would discuss new arrangements for press facilities.

Air Building Work Slated

PORTLAND (AP)—A Portland Air Base building will be renovated for storage of Falcon missiles, the Air Force announced Tuesday.

The Falcon missiles can be fired from an airplane at other aircraft, and guide themselves to the target. The missiles probably will be brought here next summer.

The building to be remodelled in the $47,000 project now houses little 2.75 inch rockets—the only armaments the Portland base's supersonic F-102 jet fighters now have. The Air Force said the new depot would be temporary.

Storage of the Falcons in Portland was postponed while the Air Force tried to put through plans for a $370,000 permanent storage depot on a government - owned tract at Vancouver.

Those plans were dropped before the opposition of civic groups, the city administration and Oregon congressmen.

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of our December STOREWIDE SALE!
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Lucas Furniture
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HOLIDAY TOAST!

Make it Milk
WHEN YOU'RE HOMEWARD BOUND
"Who Ever Heard of a Milk Hangover?"
-- Bessy, the Basin Bossy
KLAMATH BASIN GRADE A MILK PRODUCERS ASSN.

Suburban Volunteer Fire Dept.
11th ANNUAL
NEW YEAR'S DANCE

New Year's Eve
Wed., December 31st
DANCING FROM 9 to 1
Music by Cederville Rhythmaires
Admission $1.00
Klamath Auditorium (Old Armory)
★ Horns ★ Hats ★ Noise Makers
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