The Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS Editor
BILL JENKINS Managing Editor
FLOYD WYNNE City Editor
MAURICE MILLER Circulation Mgr Ph. TU 4-4752

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Modern?

By BILL JENKINS

It is a peculiar fact that most of us are inclined to look at the modern automobile as being the last word in everything.

A real modern device for sudden death. We have refined the horseless buggy to the stage of having tilt-out seats, electronic mirrors, automatic shifts, electric seat and window controls and probably all manner of other gimcracks to bring them up to date.

But we are still lacking on one field of automobile travel.

Tire chains haven't changed a bit in the last two or three decades as far as basic principles are concerned. Nor has the language invoked by the unfortunate drivers who are forced to put them on.

Having just come up from California and being informed by the highway patrol that I had a choice of staying where I was or putting on chains the whole subject is pretty fresh in my mind.

Snow tires are not, in California at least, any answer. In Oregon they are a partial answer.

But it does seem that someone would come up with a solution to the whole thing. At least devise a chain that could be put on with a minimum of trouble. I have tried them all, including one that was advertised as slipping on as easily as a cap on a bottle. None of them were any improvement. In every case you get out and get all muddy and dirty putting 'em on in the first place and taking 'em off in the second. Due, I must admit, mostly to the design of the car, not necessarily the chain. These low rear fenders make putting them on a practical impossibility.

But it does seem that with all the know-how we have in this country—a man on the moon in ten years?—we should be able to take a few swipes at this business of chains.

The only solution that comes to mind presently would be a financial switch in the great American highway swindle now masquerading under the federal highway project cognomen. Perhaps if we got along with the highways we have now and spent the extra money to heat them so we wouldn't have a snow or ice problem it would solve the problem.

Or perhaps it would be simpler to just wait until the inevitable day when the highways are jammed beyond recall and then leave all the cars where they are. In this case the heaters could all be hooked up to a central unit and serve the same purpose on a new road overhead.

Or maybe some scientist who can knock out a few minutes from figuring out a quicker way to the moon could turn out a chain that was easy or a tire that would be acceptable to the authorities for driving.

It wouldn't be much of an achievement, perhaps, viewed at the Nobel level, but it would net the fellow several million dollars a year in spending money.

While we are on the subject of travel why is it that so many people are prone to say that a man "knows a road like he knows the palm of his hand?"

I don't know the palm of my hand very well. I know that sometimes it itches which means either that I am going to get a letter or kiss a fool, according to which witch book you subscribe to.

I know that there are usually five fingers attached to it. Or four fingers and a thumb.

This is only partly true as on some days I know there are more. 'Specially thumbs.

On the palm of that hand are a lot of little squiggly lines that people who profess to know inform me will tell me my fate. I have not had my palm read for several years at which time a gypsy-type old woman with wise eyes told me I was going to be wealthy. I am still waiting and am not just about to take any chances on a possible switch with another palmist).

I know that on some occasions that same palm is dirty and on others clean. Usually at the wrong times.

Other than that I know almost nothing about it.

If I had to travel a road I knew as well as the palm of my hand I'd still be there.

Agriculture

By FLORENCE JENKINS

As Oregon becomes 100 years of age, it is noted by the Oregon State College extension agricultural economist that there are now 55,000 farms within the state. This is nearly 50,000 more than a century ago when Oregon became the thirty-third state in the Union.

It is, however, nearly 10,000 fewer than the peak number reached about 25 years ago.

The story of the pioneers coming to Oregon by covered wagon and carving out homesites in a virgin land is full of romance—and a story of hard work and long hours of toil. Most of the early day farms started as 320-acre or 640-acre donation land claims, but today there are nearly 46,000 farms in the state containing less than 320 acres of land.

As the population of the state grew, the number of farms increased until 1935 which was the high point. In that year, the average size farm contained 268 acres of land of which 76 acres were in crops. By 1954, the average was up to 387 acres including 96 acres of cropland.

The trend is definitely toward fewer farms and larger ones. Improved technology, including mechanization, fertilization and a multitude of developments, has made it possible for each farm operator to produce more with less manual labor.

In 1958, on the average, four American farmers supplied 100 persons with food and fiber. Twenty years before, it took 10 farmers to do the same job and a century ago, more than double that number was required.

In the Klamath Basin, according to 1957 figures, the agricultural income for the year was $32.9 million. Much of this is what may be called "new wealth" in that actual products are brought out of the ground and sold for money as opposed to money exchanged for services.

There is a new agricultural census in progress now and the Klamath County Agent's office has reason to believe it will reflect the national and state trend toward fewer and larger farms.

At the time of the last agricultural census here—in 1954—there were nearly 1,600 farms in Klamath County and the average size was 1212.3 acres. Eleven hundred and eighty-eight farm operators lived on their own farms. More than a hundred operated farms on which they did not reside and 542 reporting working more than 180 days a year off the farm. Other property was worked on a rental or lease basis.

Of the total number of farms in Klamath County, 1,100 are under 260 acres in size, but 251 are between 220 and 259 acres. There are 144 farms between 260 and 499 acres; 96 between 500 and 999 acres and 157 over 1,000 acres in size.

It is still pretty safe to say that farm crops, livestock and manufacturing from agriculture accounts for nearly half of the economy of the Klamath Basin.

Odd-Post Notes

By TOM STIMMEL

Mrs. Roy Nichols of 444 Riverside Street sells "Night Crawlers" to fishermen, and she advertises the fact on a sign on her lawn facing the highway.

Very late one night a weary motorist aroused Mrs. Nichols and asked for a room. Mrs. Nichols said she had no rooms for rent, what made him think she did?

"I saw your sign," he said. "I thought that was for people driving around late at night."

The chamber of commerce cooked up an attractive little brochure to explain its current "Keep Pace With Tomorrow" program and decided to order 1,100 from a local printer.

When the order was ready, girls in the chamber office thought deliveries never would stop. The printer shipped 11,000 copies instead of 1,100.

Alas, he had to take all the extras back.

For almost six years, the county court had been trying to buy a lot in the Homedale Addition for a bridge site to link Wiard and Hope streets across an irrigation canal.

The owners finally agreed and made a special trip from California to sign the deed. The cost was $8,000, but the court expects to sell unneeded portions of the lot and regain about $5,000 of the cost.

Significantly, completion of that long-standing project was the last official act by County Judge Charley Mack before he took office as a state tax commissioner in Salem.

A motorist summoned into district court to answer a charge of driving while his license was suspended must have anticipated his sentence.

He showed up with an overnight case in hand—and was sentenced to five months in the county jail.

The Post Office Department continued to perform the miracles expected of it. Properly delivered to our office was a package addressed to: Harold News, Klamath Falls, Oregon.

Farm Picture

By LYLE C. WILSON

WASHINGTON (UPI) — Today it will be C. F. Knickrehm versus the Wall Street Journal, a kind of David and Goliath contest in which Knickrehm, like David, is loaded.

Knickrehm is a farmer and a manager of farm properties in St. James, Minn., a small town in the southern tier of counties. His county is Watonwan, an area of lakes and rich farmland, fit for corn, wheat, sugar beets, flax, dairy and beef cattle.

About 280 Watonwan County acres are under Knickrehm's management. He is a good manager. A check for $1000 fluttered out of the envelope which reached me Thursday with Knickrehm's report on how things were on the farms in the upper Mississippi Valley.

Knickrehm's report seemed not to jibe precisely with a survey which appeared this week in the Wall Street Journal. This was a survey of the farm machinery business at the manufacture and retail levels which the journal reported were booming fit to bust.

Manufacturers and retailers alike were happy. Resale prices for used farm equipment were substantially higher. Farmers were making larger down payments and even paying off their equipment notes well ahead of due date to save interest. This was a happy-days-are-here-again survey. It unquestionably was accurate because the Wall Street Journal is well edited and its reporters are experienced newsmen.

The survey, however, reflected the seller's point of view. The point of view of the buyer—the farmer—is something else again. Hear this from my friend, Knickrehm who, in typical farm fashion, begins with the weather report:

"We have had some real winter here the past four weeks. The thermometer has been below the zero line quite regularly. And the past week we have been getting some snow. We have had about five inches of new snow since Monday, Feb. 2.

"Our markets on the farm produce have been somewhat uneasy the past weeks. It seems since the livestock prices are slipping, especially the hog markets, everything else is uneasy.

"Farmers are all hoping it won't get going much worse than it is. The price of farm produce alone would not be so much hurting if the cost of farm equipment would not be climbing up higher and higher. Many of the smaller farmers do not have enough income to keep on farming, after paying all the expenses such as taxes and cost of repairs or machine hire where it is not advisable to have all the necessary machines such as combines and corn pickers and hay balers and other large equipment.

"The small farmer either needs to get more acreage to farm, if there is land available, or else rent his land to someone else, and find work elsewhere.

"I guess the farmers are not the ones that have problems, so I think we will all just have to try and work things out, best we can for all. We people in our American country have much to be thankful for. We have freedom of speech and religion and many other conveniences.

"Hoping that you and all of yours are enjoying good health, as I can say for myself and family.

Sincerely
(Signed) C. F. Knickrehm
(agent)"

No Clothes

Klamath Falls (To the Editor)—Read something the other day on the fact that clothes do make the person. For example, if everyone were suddenly rendered nude, one could not tell the policeman from the thief, the nurse from the doctor, Mrs. Elite from the barmaid, and so on along the line.

This brings one to the unwitting solution of how to end all wars. As many of us live in a country where exposure of one's anatomy to the winter winds would not be desirable, it could be accomplished by passing a law that all the peoples of the world must dress in all ways alike. How could one fight a war if one couldn't tell the enemy from the ally or the alien from the native? Besides there would be many side benefits, such as friend husband never being asked for money to get a new dress because Mrs. Doe next door got a new one.

Emma Burk

Curbstone Plato

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — Curbstone comments of a Pavement Plato:

America seems to have lost one of its safety valves — the old-fashioned Sunday afternoon nap.

It is hard to say just when civilization went astray in our country. Some say it happened right after the first World War when the Russians embraced communism and the Americans adopted prohibition.

Some date it from the time when U. S. women were given the ballot and also started smoking cigarettes in public. Still others claim civilization died with the five-cent glass of beer.

But a good case could be made for the contention that civilized living began to decline when the average man gave up his Sunday afternoon nap and took up Sunday driving. Life has been one mad whirl ever since.

The old-fashioned Sunday afternoon nap in most homes was a ceremony as full of ritual as a lodge meeting.

It started with a massive Sunday dinner, a loving work of art that took mother all morning to prepare. This was served promptly at two o'clock.

After a meal that would fell three of today's modest trenchermen, the head of the house would push back his chair, yawn and say, "Well, guess it's time for the nap."

He would go into his bedroom, and when he took off his shoes you could hear his sigh of relief all through the house. In taking off his shoes father symbolically also shed the woes, griefs and annoyances of his whole work week.

He'd then stretch out on the bed, cover his face with the Sunday newspaper — and in five seconds be sound asleep.

"If any of you children dare wake him up, I'll--" said mother, leaving her threat unfinished as she waved a warning finger. Then she would retire to a comfortable chair in the living room, and doze herself over the pile of undarned socks in her lap.

Three hours after he hit the pillow, father let out a series of cacophonous grunts, wheezes and groans, like an old steam engine on a hard uphill grade. Then he woke up.

Where is the family peace of those vanished Sundays? Today people work so hard on Sunday trying to find joy somewhere outside the home they are still worn-out on Monday morning.

Quotes

United Press International

EL MONTE, Calif.—Jim Glenn, 21, who heeded a tearful plea from a mother and rescued her five children from a blazing house:

"It's just that I can't stand to see women cry."

SHORT RIBS By Frank O'Neal

Timber Sale Results Told

SALEM — A total of 172,984,000 board feet of timber was sold by the state forestry department during 1958 at bid prices which totaled $2,305,698 according to a statement issued today by State Forester Dwight L. Phipps. This included 65 separate blocks of timber he added.

The main activity centered in Forest Grove where the management section sold 28 separate tracts of timber for a total of $681,379.05. A large part of the timber consisted of snags that were the result of the disastrous Tillamook fires.

Phipps stated that these two sales marked the beginning of the end of the big time logging in the burn. The only remaining block of merchantable fire killed timber of any extent is in this watershed and the final sale will be made within a year or so. When all the timber is harvested it is expected that the total recovery from the burn will be about 6 billion board feet. An estimate of the total kill resulting from the three Tillamook burn fires places it at 13.5 billion board feet.

Phipps stated that the income included the sale of timber from the state owned lands and from the forested state school lands which have been under management by the department. The major portion of the income has been from the departmental lands of which approximately 75 per cent of the total income has gone to the respective counties with 25 per cent to the department for administration. The balance has gone into the irreducible school fund after administrative costs.

Pupils Attend Science Fair

LAKEVIEW—Ten students from Lakeview High School science classes were selected on the basis of scholarship to attend the Ninth Annual Science Fair at Linfield College in McMinnville on Saturday, February 7. Ratings in biology and chemistry earned the trip for the students. A few of the students selected were unable to make the trip.

This was the first time that the local high school has been represented at the meeting and was the only school group east of the Cascades registered. Payment of two-thirds of the transportation expense from school district funds was approved.

R. C. Rowe, instructor in biology and chemistry, accompanied the group and furnished one of the cars. The other was furnished by Mrs. John Scoville. The students attending included Gayle Teet, Sandra Watts, Margery Blair, Sherry Jarman, Mary Scoville, Melvin Adams, Walter Williams, Arpad Kovacsy, Michael Counts and Jim Clinton.

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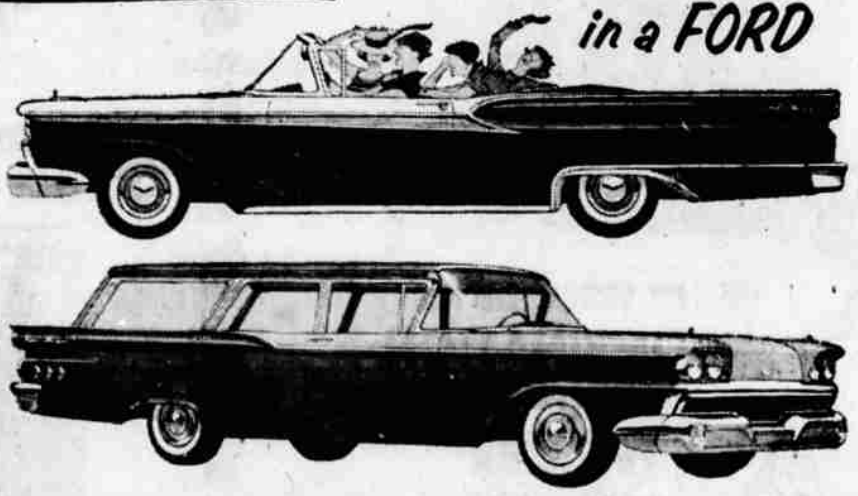

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