

The Herald and News

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Classified

By BILL JENKINS

Archaeologists are going to run into a dead end when they come to sifting the ruins of the current civilization—if there are any ruins or any archaeologists to do the sifting.

Since we have turned almost entirely to plastics it doesn't stand to reason that there is going to be much left. Plastic, despite the ballyhoo, just doesn't have the lasting qualities where the time-lapse ages are concerned that the stone metals did.

But in the long run it doesn't look as if they would miss anything. Because we are already living in what could only be called the "classified age."

Classified is a fancy government term that originated sometime during the war years and means "don't peek." The practice also offers a fur-lined excuse to government VIP's to keep information from the public when they fear it might harm the country—like when they don't know what they are talking about or when they fear that the truth might affect the vote.

I'm not sure in which war the term was born. Back in the comparatively sane days of the war between the states, the Spanish American War and a few of those other ancient altercations the term was not in general use. They were more honest in their approach and stamped things "secret" in red ink and let it go at that. Some of these records, such as the records of the Custer expedition to the Greasy Grass and the work of espionage teams during the Civil War, are just now being released for public consumption. It is to be supposed that no political damage can be done now.

The American public has grown so used to the term that no stench is aired when a benevolent Uncle Sam comes out years after the fact and tells us that we had an all-purpose weapon during 1944 or that the first jet planes flew at such-and-such a speed.

But I wonder how much of a howl would go up from the other side of the American people adopted a classified system of their own?

Suppose the voters, those poor, forgotten people who are allowed to survive only because they continue to pungle up money, were to refuse to tell politicians how they felt—and more important, how they were going to vote? I can well imagine the consternation that would reign. Heart failure would be the badge of office.

Suppose that the tax payers as a whole adopted a classified attitude toward the IRS? Estimates by that department now say that one per cent of the taxpayers deliberately cheat on their returns. Magnify that by a hundred-fold and there would be a real mess.

And think what would happen to the business world if we all put a classified stamp on plans. Everything would collapse because no one would be able to plan ahead or gain any firm financial footing.

And yet we are still living in the classified age. The most important cog in our lives, the federal government, is still going ahead on the basis of not letting the people know.

When you think about it it is a pretty ridiculous situation, isn't it?

But do you suppose anyone is going to do anything about it? I doubt it.

And if anyone wants to know who is responsible for this column I can't say.

That's classified material.

I Wonder

By FLOYD L. WYNNE

Man is supposed to be the most intelligent of all the animal species.

At least, that's the way science explains the fact that man can bend all other animals to his will, and make them work for him.

I'll buy that theory up to a certain point. And, I think I've reached that point.

While I'm agonizingly trying to figure out where I got the crick in my neck, the blisters on my hand, and that usual worn-out feeling, the thought comes that perhaps I've failed the human race somewhere.

I was never rated a junior genius . . . nor a senior one, either. But, in the back of my brain, the conviction is growing that instead of bending nature to my own uses, I'm being bent to nature's will.

Most men are willing to sit back quietly and let nature come to them, in some things. The things I have in mind is grass,

the kind that makes a verdant lawn.

They don't hurry the task of making it grow. But, not me.

Rather than just let it lie there and gradually turn the winter brown to spring and summer green, counting each day it took as a day gained, I foolishly succumb to the propaganda furthered by wives that the lawn is dead.

Instead of crying out for joy and holding a handsome wake for it, I wind up buying bags of fertilizer to get it growing, spend weekends fighting off frost-bite while I rake and water, and the neighbors wonder if it's the grass that needs attention.

Now, the lawn is beautifully green, fears that it is dead have subsided, the fertilizer is doing the job excellently, and what about me?

All I've done is increased my weekly mowing chore to a twice-a-week basis. Instead of bending nature to my will, I'm bent to it.

It's a never ending battle. I put in a sprinkling system to save myself some time and wind up putting more time into maintaining it than if I watered it all by hand.

Then, I have to put up a fence, because the wind blows the water from the sprinklers around and it doesn't go where I want it to go. Then, after the fence is built, the sprinklers spray the fence and I'm afraid that I'll have to move them so they won't ruin the fence.

And all the while that green grass just keeps right on growing, and I keep right on cutting.

If it gets any worse, I'll be running into myself somewhere among the fertilizing, the watering and the mowing.

While other men are hitting for the old fishing hole, I'm hitting for the garage and my mowing chores.

I know how the scientist must have felt when he turned out Frankenstein.

As I reach for the rubbing alcohol and the heating pad, I wonder if it's worth it all.

And the grass keeps growing.

Traffic Safety

By FLORENCE JENKINS

A nationwide program designed to encourage women to work for traffic safety at the community or state level is sponsored by the Shell Oil Company.

It is called the Carol Lane Awards for Traffic Safety. It is administered by the National Safety Council and is the only one of its kind in the nation.

Individual women and women's groups can compete.

Awards have gone for programs promoting pedestrian and bicycle safety, school bus safety, teen-age driver training, vehicle registration and inspection and traffic legislation.

Winners are well rewarded for outstanding efforts. Top prizes of \$1,000 savings bonds and trips to Chicago for award presentation are greatly coveted and competition is keen.

Deadline for entries this year is June 15. Details are available through the National Safety Council, 145 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

The Carol Lane department of the oil company acts also in a travel advisory capacity, particularly at the family level.

We were fortunate in Klamath Falls a few years back to have "Carol Lane" with us for a day and there has been correspondence earlier this year concerning a repeat visit. The stop-over was to be planned to coincide with a weekly dinner or luncheon meeting of one of the women's clubs in the community. She features travel tips (and quips) and shows how to pack for a trip and suggests items for a complete travel wardrobe.

When the President's plane, the Columbine III, is approaching a landing field away from Washington, personnel of the Army Signal Corps aboard the aircraft and on

Street Warning

By LUCILE GAYNOR

Local citizens, motorists, deliverymen . . . yes and all who are parents, have called attention this week to the Weed Police Department of the hazardous roadways throughout the town of Weed.

Hazardous (?) . . . not from road conditions, but from children (even toddlers) using the streets as a playground to an unlimited degree morning, afternoon, and night.

The citizens, who some indignant mothers will call complainants, have expressed their wholehearted interest and concern to be for the safety of children and their own responsibility in initiating their service of employment without accident or injury to a child.

Some of the children are too young to know the difference from playing in the street or their yard, because they haven't been taught the difference by parents by being kept in their yards under supervision.

Motorists have reported youngsters daring a driver to stop or run over them, refusing to get completely off the roadway when motorists are attempting to pass and of throwing sticks and stones at the auto wheels when passing.

Where are their mothers? On the phone, taking a nap, having coffee . . . somewhere out of sight and taking for granted and expecting the general public to "Watch out for my unsupervised child."

Remarks have been heard in the past, "I won't allow our children to go to the playground without supervision there." Mothers, there are no roadways or motorists in the Weed playgrounds.

The majority of the streets used for play areas are located not too far from a public tax-maintained playground and include: All of the south highway area; Pine Street and others in the Angel Valley area; Stringtown Avenue; Camino Avenue; Gilman Avenue; Davis Street; Clay Street; and Inez Avenue.

David L. Dawson, Weed police chief, warns that Weed children should not be allowed to take over the roadways and daringly refuse to yield the right of way to motorists. Conditions are generally bad all over town, however, the streets mentioned are considered the most dangerous, Chief Dawson stated.

The Weed Police Department is urgently warning all parents to cooperate and curb the existing conditions and prevent a child from being injured.

If necessary, Weed police officers will cite parents to court for allowing such conditions to exist in a move to promote children's safety and protection on our local streets for motorists and pedestrians.

A parent may be held responsible in the event of an accident or injury under Section 562 of the California Vehicle Code, quote: "Any person using a roadway other than the crosswalk or intersection shall always yield the right of way to all vehicles upon the roadway."

Any person walking on the roadway or bicycling should conform to regulation traffic rules.

White House Notes

By MERRIMAN SMITH

UPI White House Reporter

AUGUSTA, Ga. (UPI)—Backstairs at the White House: Know what President Eisenhower is called over the ground-to-air communications system of the White House?

"The Prominent."

That's code, see.

When the President's plane, the Columbine III, is approaching a landing field away from Washington, personnel of the Army Signal Corps aboard the aircraft and on

the ground are in communication via portable shortwave radios which are about the size of portable typewriters.

This system permits the exchange of last-minute details between the air-borne party and the advance group on the ground. It also frees the plane crew from having to transmit this type of information when they have their hands full bringing the Columbine in for a landing.

The other day here in Augusta, airport spectators could follow this drama of the airwaves quite easily. One of the signal corps sets, sometimes manned by agents of the secret service, was perched atop a parked car and the nearby crowd could hear the monotone interchange with the plane.

"Angel, this is Spicy," squawked the loudspeaker.

"Angel" is the Columbine and "Spicy" was the ground unit.

The radio traffic dealt at some length with the last-minute addition of an Army general to the welcoming party which would greet Eisenhower after landing.

"The general has just landed here by military aircraft and will be in the party greeting the Prominent," said one voice on the radio.

"Thank you," said another voice, obviously speaking from "Angel," and adding, "we'll pass this word back to Prominent immediately."

Which amused the daylight out of the airport crowd. They'd come to the airport to see President Eisenhower land and learned that behind the scenes, he's not referred to as the President, but simply as plain old "The Prominent."

Freedom of information note: The President's Augusta National Golf Club simply will not disclose publicly the precise number of paid admissions to the annual Masters Championship tournament.

As a point of reference, the paid attendance at major league baseball parks is announced before the game is over.

Cliff Roberts, moving spirit of the Augusta National along with Bobby Jones, has several reasons for this policy. He says newspaper estimates of the crowds are invariably high. He and Jones think this adds to the crowd-pulling qualities of the tournament.

And Roberts insists that the annual tournament could well use some additional paying guests, even though the crowds last week were the highest ever. Roberts, who is board chairman of the club, says the Augusta National has parking space for 10,000 cars, yet last week when the reporters estimated the crowds at between 40,000 and 50,000 the parking field was by no means full.

Maybe somebody walked.

Quotes

United Press International

NEW YORK — Vice President Nixon, urging this country and Russia to accept the International Court of Justice as an impartial umpire to enforce future East-West agreements:

"The time has now come to take the initiative in the direction of establishment of the rule of law in the world to replace the rule of force."

VANDENBERG AFB, Calif. — William H. Godel, director of planning for the Advanced Research Projects Agency, quoting the odds on first-attempt recovery of the Discoverer satellite instrument capsule:

"The chances are one to 1,000 of getting the satellite into proper position and achieving all other necessary conditions."

WASHINGTON — White House Press Secretary James C. Hagerty, replying to a question as to whether ailing Secretary of State Dulles had offered to resign:

"There has been no resignation submitted."

WASHINGTON — President Eisenhower, answering critics who have accused him of overemphasizing the danger of inflation:

"They forget that it is too late to repair a leaky roof when the rain is pouring down."

INDIANAPOLIS — Mrs. Connie Nicholas, on her trial on charges of murdering her lover, Forrest Teel:

"I'm still hopeful for that jury to acquit me."

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

AT A HAPPY EVENT THE TV NEWS CREW HAS A TOUGH TIME GETTING THE SUBJECTS AND BYSTANDERS TO SMILE

C'MON!! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE HAPPY! YOU WON THE SWEEPSTAKES! SMILE!! C'MON!! SLAP HIM ON THE BACK!! WHOOP IT UP!! YOU'RE GLAD

BUT AT A HOLDUP, A FIRE OR A FLOOD, THE FOLKS TO BE TELEVIEWED ACT LIKE HAPPY DAYS AT THE LAUGHING ACADEMY

NO! NO! YOU'RE SAD! DON'T WAVE!! POINT TO WHERE THE GUARD WAS SHOT!! BE SERIOUS LOOK GLUM



Judge Postpones FDR Son's Trial

SCOTTSDALE, Ariz. (AP) — A Scottsdale justice of the peace Monday postponed indefinitely the setting of a trial date for Elliott Roosevelt, charged with drunk driving.

Justice Ben E. Fox said prosecution and defense attorneys are attempting to agree on a trial date.

Roosevelt, 48-year-old son of the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, was arrested April 4 when found asleep and slumped over the steering wheel of his parked car.

Roosevelt, a winter resident of Scottsdale, pleaded innocent to the charge.

Ex-Educator Lauds Dulles

BOSTON, Mass. (AP) — Henry M. Wriston, former president of Brown University, says the Soviets are "diplomatically stupid beyond belief."

"Just as NATO was getting weaker, they pull a Berlin crisis and reunited the Western nations," he told a news conference Monday night before the annual dinner of the Brown Club of Boston.

"The way our State Department is running now in his absence has made observers realize just how strong are the subordinates Dulles has chosen."

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GOOD REASON

SALT LAKE CITY, (AP) — The little woman may have good reason to complain of a headache after a day of housework.

A Los Angeles eye expert, Dr. James R. Gregg, told the Utah Optometric Assn. Sunday a survey of 200 occupations showed the housewife's job is more demanding on the eyes than any other.



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