

# The Herald and News

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### Classification

By BILL JENKINS  
In these days when one can't really be termed fashionable unless he can put a series of symbols after his name it might be just as well to make some sort of general classification to be applied to the common man.

In an attempt to give everyone something in the way of letters after his name and also to clear up any misunderstandings that might exist between people when talking about other people I offer the following rough outline of human classifications. Of course, it will be up to the individual to add his own terms.

At the head of the list we might put down what might be called Nature's Nobleman. (NN) This fellow is the classic example of all that is good. He is a better than average wing shot, hunts for horns, not meat. He is kind to children, dogs and horses. He listens to your stories instead of telling his own and lets your first lie stand up. He roots for Milwaukee, mixes martinis at the ratio of 3.5 to 1, abhors the Ivy League suit, pays his debts and believes in the doctrine of life and let live. An all around good fellow.

Next in line comes the Stout Fellow. (SF) This type is noted for being stalwart, a friend in need type, but not a bore nor a do-gooder. He will loan you up to five dollars without interest, keeps his nose out of your business and seldom tips you in achievement. A type to cleave to. Probably a better bet as a friend than the NN, since few of us are of such moral fibre as to be able to rub up against an NN without wearing through in short order.

Next comes the Splendid Chap. (SC) This type is on the same order as the pewter tankard that someone tries to pass off as being silver. All right, but not quite the genuine article. Usually a safe bet but may turn out to have at least toes of clay. The kind of fellow that people often say of "... splendid chap, really, but ...!"

About the middle of the scale is the Good Guy. (GG) Most fall into this category. A safe team to run on. Nothing too outstanding, but on the other hand, nothing very bad, either. Takes the middle of the road. Stays out of arguments unless they are popular. Thinks a pump action shotgun is "good enough." Will argue stoutly for political theories but tends to waver when the chips are down. Likes underdogs. May be a Yankee fan. On the other end of the scale will cheer on the Dodgers. Believes in the sanctity of the home, motherhood, daylight saving time, but secretly admits he'd like to see the old time saloon come back. Really a pretty solid chap.

Next in line comes the Perennial Undergrad. (PU) The fair-haired darling of the head shrinkers. Has a sheepskin, but mentally never got beyond his sophomore year. Remembers all his old college songs. What is worse, sings them every time he gets a chance. Gives his all for the old team and goes temporarily insane around Big Game time. Great booster for the football team of his choice. Drinks either ale or bourbon and ditch, wears brogues at all times and sleeps in a Harris tweed night-shirt. Tends to run in packs. Generally a hopeless case and must be considered merely as an interesting species of Homo Sapiens.

Somewhere on the scale comes the Sport. (S) I don't know where to put him exactly. He could be at the top or the bottom, depending on where you stand. He believes in fast cars, nightclubs, go now-pay later vacations, Wilson Mizner, cocktails and late hours. Strictly a class man. Favors toggles rather than buttons on his coat. Claims he can distinguish between one horse and another at a race. A risky type.

That will give at least an idea of what I'm driving at. There are other types, of course. The Sour Old Bat (SOB), the Do-Gooder (DG), the absolute bottom of the scale: the Bird Watcher (BW), the Political Fan (PF) and many others.

I am seriously considering making up a glossary of such terms and will appreciate your sending in any ideas you may have.

After all, we never know when this type of thing will come in handy.

**Progress**  
By FLORENCE JENKINS  
Time marches on and the old sheepherder's checkbooks are on their way out.  
The electronic age is advancing.  
Instead of those nice, old, flat checkbooks with black paper backs and fronts, newangled

checks are coming in. Some of the banks are giving blank checks which have squares and oblongs on them they aren't even using yet. But they'll use them.

They've already got the machines in some larger population centers.

Inquiry has brought to light the fact that there is a future use for that oblong blank space just below the signature line on some of the checks we've seen. It's not just decoration as we forlornly hoped.

That blank space will contain a number. All of us will have numbers—that is, if we have checking accounts.

Those numbers will be written or stamped in with magnetic ink. When we cash a check, and whoever accepts it sends it to the bank for clearance, it will go through a new electronic machine which will pick up the number. It will be posted to our account automatically.

When that day comes we'll have to watch our checkbook as carefully as our pocketbook. The machines can't read. They only absorb numbers.

Counter checks will be a thing of the past.

Also, you won't be able to ask your neighbor to tear out a blank check at the back of his book for your use. His checks will be his own and his alone.

Personalizing checks with a printed name of the user was sort of complimentary. There may be a little resistance to being known as a number.

And known only to a machine, at that.

**Off Beat Notes**  
By TOM STIMMEL  
A never runs into lots of things, but sheriff before had Sheriff Red Britton been asked to cope with a rabbit.

Mrs. Gladys Kilgore of Bonanza brought up the matter. A wild rabbit, she said, was becoming a nuisance in her yard. Could she have it shot? she asked the sheriff.

Red gave the matter thought, then asked for patience. Reminding Mrs. Kilgore that the rabbit is a symbol of Easter, the sheriff wrote: "Spring causes people, animals and practically all plants ... to behave in a strange way about this time of the year."

"We must take this into consideration and try to guess what is on the rabbit's mind," he suggested.

Red asked Mrs. Kilgore to keep him informed of the rabbit's actions (and presumably its thoughts). Should an emergency arise, he promised yesterday, "we will rush out in full force and get the situation in hand. . . ."

At the Homemaker's Festival last week, Ruth Gustavson and the Home Extension staff erected a very special American flag. It had 51 stars—one for the State of Jefferson.

Consistent expansion of facilities at Kingsley Field is raising our combination airport-air base to a level comparable to many international airports in the country. So says Col. Jack Williams, Air Force base commander.

A planned high-intensity lighting system is so elaborate, he said, that very few fields in the country have one like it—not even Idlewild Airport in New York City.

Interested in wilderness real estate? Chamber of Commerce Manager Frank Tucker heard about an optimistic outfit in Portland that offers a "Centennial Landstead" . . . an "actual deed to land in Oregon's Cascade Wonderland."

Your \$1 will buy, says the very fine print, "An undivided 1-800-000th interest" in one-quarter or

one-quarter of a section off Lane County mountain wonderland. That amounts to 2.9 square feet of real estate, according to the boys in the assessor's office. Good thing the interest is "undivided."

**New York**  
By HAL BOYLE  
NEW YORK (AP)—New York is a beautiful town.

Right now after a hard spring and a winter so stern its icicles stuck out like cactus thorns, eight million New Yorkers listen to the drum of revival.

In the warm, bright air, Manhattan turns toward tomorrow with a yawn of sureness.

It is wonder all over. Now you don't know where the next bud or smile or traffic ticket will bloom from.

The sun, emerging from weeks of clouds, breaks out dark glasses and decrees ten times ten million freckles.

The magic moment of difference has come. The policeman gives an unfinished lecture. Traffic goes more slowly than usual because this is a day when everybody is going to be later than usual and not mind it.

At this time of the year, New York gives you the feeling of a bubble coming out of a bottle.

The town has an ever-renewable champagne excitement.

New York is the place where George Washington was sworn in as president and gruff Mark Twain growled about his chow and put out the "welcome mat" for mysterious strangers from heaven.

New York is a seedbed of talent, known or unknown.

New York is a place of adventure to strangers. Millions journey around the world to see it.

New York is as colloquial as the smallest country town, able with its gossip to stir mighty echoes.

New York is the world's greatest landscape for dreamers, a pasture beyond individual ownership.

New York is the most open and hospitable municipality in the land. It's the kind of place where the first thing a guy wants to do when he comes here is to bring in a relative.

New York is the only city in the world which has a running race over whether it can tear itself down faster than it can build itself up.

**Man Of The Week**  
By PHIL NEWSOM  
UPI Foreign Editor  
The man of - the week: Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi of Iran. The place: London.

The quote: "There is a common bond between my people and the inhabitants of this great country; the love of freedom and the resolution to defend their mode of life in any contingency."

The Shah of Iran had earned the hard way his right to link himself with England's love of freedom and determination to defend a way of life.

In his 18-year reign he has been wounded by assassins' bullets, broken with tradition and incurred the enmity of the big landowners of his own country, successfully survived an attempt by one-time Premier Mohammed Mossadegh to overthrow him and persisted in his friendship for the West despite the frowns and threats of Moscow.

In the life of the 40-year-old Shah, one of the last two remaining kings in the Middle East, there has been more tension than tranquility, more strife than peace, more unhappiness than happiness.

Both word and deed have portrayed the Shah as an idealist and a Romanticist.

In 1951, he began breaking up his own huge estates to turn them into small landholdings at

bargain rates for the peasants who worked them.

He warned stubborn landowners in the Iranian parliament:

"Very soon you should take fundamental steps to insure work, bread and health for every individual of the country."

At his marriage to the beautiful Soraya in 1951 he urged his friends to contribute to a charity rather than to lavish wedding presents.

In 1954, on a visit to the United States, he said he and President Eisenhower would have no difficulty understanding each other through the "language of truth and friendship."

Of his ascent to the throne, he said:

"My father had to take power and practically proclaim himself king, although he had the support of the people. His was the career of a self-made man. I ascended the throne without having to struggle for it. It was the gift of God, my father and the people."

In 1956, at a diplomatic reception in the Kremlin, he replied to Marshal Kliment Y. Voroshilov's pious hope that Iranian territory "never be used to threaten our southern borders", with this:

"If the Iranian government has undertaken measures for defense they have been dictated by needs of state on the basis of past experience and the general international situation."

It was a forthright reply to Russia in the Russian Bear's own den.

**Helpful Hints**  
By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.  
Written for NEA Service

The possibility of being attacked with a thermonuclear bomb is something I would rather not think about at all. But it is surely a hazard which all of us should contemplate in a cold-blooded sort of way and then try to forget.

On this subject, Lt. Col. Ingalls H. Simmons made some important points in an address to the Ninth Annual County Medical Societies Civil Defense Conference.

Americans, he said, are just too curious. This could cause a major problem if a bomb is ever dropped.

To overcome this native curiosity, Col. Simmons made the following suggestions:

Stay where you are and don't rush outside. You may rush out at just the wrong moment.

Regardless of where you are, keep your face down and count off at least 20 seconds.

Remain calm and don't rush wildly about. This may cause injury or death to you or your family.

Besides ill-advised curiosity, Col. Simmons considers apathy, stupidity and delay as major qualities which could increase the casualty toll following the dropping of a bomb. Thus he believes that all of us should plan ahead and learn all that is now known about civil defense in order to protect ourselves should such a disaster occur.

The first necessities after a disaster, the colonel pointed out, will be water, food and shelter. These are generally close at hand, though people are likely to forget where to obtain them in the confusion of an attack.

Every home, office building and eating establishment, he said, has many sources of emergency water supply. These include melted ice cubes, the water in bottles in refrigerators, water-packed fruits and vegetables, and home water heaters.

Furthermore, most homes have an adequate supply of emergency foods such as canned fruit, fruit juices, vegetables, meats, soups, milk, baby food and packaged cereals. Thus the immediate hazards of thirst or starvation are rather remote.

There are many problems, both known and unknown, which would arise in the event of the dropping of a thermonuclear bomb. As Col. Simmons points out, however, survival during the initial stages following a disaster depends largely on the initiative and preplanning of the individual.

Undoubtedly these suggestions are worth remembering. Indeed, many of them could be applied in other kinds of disasters such as hurricanes, tornadoes or floods.

**Quotes**  
United Press International

LONDON — Chancellor of the Exchequer Derick Heathcoat Amory on the U.S. government's economic policies aimed at halting last year's recession:

"I am glad to have this opportunity of paying tribute to the calm and enlightened U.S. policies which did so much to prevent the spread of serious recession throughout the world."

### They'll Do It Every Time



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### Prosperity Hike Forecast Finds General Agreement

HOT SPRINGS, Va. (AP)—An unofficial government forecast of rising prosperity for the next 12 months or longer found general agreement today among the country's top industrialists—but with some reservations.

Members of the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council, starting a closed-door, weekend session with federal officials, mentioned two big uncertainties in the 1959 business outlook:

First, the possible summer steel strike, which could retard an otherwise steady advance to a record production rate as high as 490 billion dollars annually in the final quarter of this year.

Second, the unforeseeable impact of the entry of major American auto producers into the small car field.

Concern over some longer range problems—the shrinkage of American export markets and the persistence of high unemployment—was also mentioned by some BAC members in private interviews.

About 100 businessmen, including the heads of many of the country's largest corporations were here for BAC's spring meeting with Secretary of Commerce Strauss and other Washington officials.

Strauss' appearance was delayed by a bitter fight in the Senate Commerce Committee over confirmation of his nomination.

But his economists came prepared with an appraisal of the business outlook. It foresaw the business recovery continuing to mid-1960 at least.

### AN INSIDE JOB

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. (UPI)—Police quickly solved the "theft" of \$150 Wednesday night from John Maples.

The money had fallen through a hole in Maples' pocket—into the hollow center of his artificial leg.

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### Ten Rotarians Divide Lottery

TEXCOCO, Mexico (AP) — Ten of the luckiest Rotarians in the world today are Texcoco businessmen who decided at a club meeting to buy a lottery ticket together.

Their ticket won the main prize of \$800,000 in the national drawing Wednesday night. Each man will get \$80,000.

The town of 12,000, 20 miles from Mexico City, went wild at the news. There were reports some of the winnings might be donated for public works, including a stadium.

Leonard Bernstein, director of the New York Philharmonic, was born in Lawrence, Mass.

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### SHORT RIBS



### By Frank O'Neal

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