

The Herald and News

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A Tragedy

By FLOYD L. WYNNE
Tragedy struck our family some time Sunday evening or early Monday morning.

It was a tragedy to us, although to many people it might be given only passing notice, if that.

Yet, we remember when he was born. We recalled sadly the many antics he would go through, the stages he encountered as he grew to maturity.

We also recalled the comfort and pleasure he had left behind him as a legacy of his passage through this life.

He bore the score of numerous encounters and walked with a limp, the results of a bout with pneumonia in his early years.

We remembered also the problem child that he was at times, until he learned the rules of the household, but these were submerged in the realization that he would be a problem no longer.

In our family there is no such thing as a pet. All things are a part of the household, whether they be cat, dogs, goldfish or something else.

The tragedy was the loss of our gray, battle-scarred, mangy looking, 100 per cent alley cat.

He was as extraordinary as any ordinary cat could have been.

There was no question in our minds but what he had used up his other eight lives in his five short years, and he was working on his final stint when uremic poisoning felled him.

What to others was trivial was to us a tragedy.

Our two young sons recruited the assistance of the neighboring children to prepare a suitable headstone of wood, duly inscribing it, "Fella Wynne," marking it in loving memory of a friendly cat.

The oldest one wrapped it all up when he suggested we bury him with a flag. "He wasn't a military cat," he said, "he wasn't a soldier, but he was everybody's friend."

So, with proper dignity befitting a departed friend, we relegated "Fella" to the limbo of departed felines.

Post Mortem

By DAVE COHEN

"No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; if a clod be washed away by the sea, Europe is the less, as well as if a promontory were, as well as if a manor of thy friends or of thine own were; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee."

John Donne, Devotions XII

A week ago last Saturday night, I attended a wake.

Only a handful of mourners came to drink a toast to the deceased. And when it came right down to it there were very little drinking. Perhaps they were too shocked, too stunned by the impact that the San Francisco Call-Bulletin, which had been the source of their bread and butter, was no more.

Monday afternoon's edition of the News-Call Bulletin, the product of a merger, Volume I, Number 1, ran an eight column banner across the top of page one, replete with a proclamation by Mayor George Christopher, hailing the city's "brand new paper."

Missing were the facts behind the story.

Omitted in the scrivener's tale, bannered in blue on the familiar pink of the C-B, was that of about 30 reporters, desk men, printers, photographers, et al., from the Call Bulletin side, and even the kids on the streets who used to holler "wuxtry," who no longer employed.

At the home of Hugh Bernhard, city editor of the Call, a few showed up to drink one last toast to the ghost and to recall what great newsmen they were. As nearly as could be figured, 11 years of service was the cutoff point, at least in the city room of Mr. Hearst's afternoon paper. However, 11 years was not the hard and fast rule.

Bob Hall, ex-rewrite man, who a few years ago decided he wanted to be drama editor, lost out to the News' Emilia Hodel, who had been longer at her desk. Hall's service with the Hearst firm, though interrupted, extended over more than 11 years.

And then there was Jim McLean.

During the depths of depression, a young kid out of high school gained employment as a copy boy in order to help support his family.

About five years ago, McLean was named managing editor, responsible only to the publisher: the publisher to Mr. Hearst; and

Mr. Hearst only to God, and the board of directors.

Saturday morning, Jim McLean was called into the publisher's office and told his services were no longer required.

McLean was a man who knew Call Bulletin, Call Bulletin policy, Call Bulletin style, and who knew how to club the brains out of the News, the opposition daily. Jim McLean was never too busy to talk to a copy boy, this one, and to explain some of the whys and wherefores of metropolitan journalism as he understood it.

It was McLean who used to holler, "Boy, get me Eisenhower," when he meant Marv Eisenberg, sports makeup editor, who also lost his job. McLean, who in the dead-end business of putting out a daily paper, could laugh when a new copy boy one day ran into the library to get the file on the President, instead of summoning Marv, who always turned pale when the boss beckoned.

During his early days as a copy boy, an office joker, without maliciousness, told McLean that "this is a great place to work. At Christmas time, they give you a turkey and a \$20 gold piece."

Running home he informed his family of what to expect and they quickly "spent" the money, allotting presents for this one and that one and thankful to the Almighty, that there would be something in the stocking and on the tree that year.

On December 25, at 10 a.m. it grew obvious to the slender red-haired youth, that the turkey and the gold piece was just a gag. He quickly left the Call for the day, he says in telling this anecdote, and went to a store in Chinatown, got the owner to open up and to give him on credit, a 12-pound bird. Then he went someplace else, perhaps to a friend, and borrowed the gold coin, unsure as to when it or the turkey would be repaid.

Then, on Saturday last, a quarter of a century or so later, the H-Bomb went off in Jim McLean's face with not so much as a thank you for a job well done. All he had to show was a check for severance pay.

After coming home from that ruptured appendix known as Korea, I went to work for the Call and Mr. Hearst. There had been talk then, and I don't know how far back it went, of the folding of the News, the survival of the Call and greater glory.

But such talk is common. There has been for 20 years or more the chit-chat that the great independent, the San Francisco Chronicle, was going to call it a day. Yet today, this paper is stronger than ever.

Many dailies suffer from the "el foldo" rumor and not without reason. At one time there were about 11 dailies in New York. Today there are seven, roughly one paper for each million people.

I guess, however, it was all summed up by Hugh Bernhard who said, "To rewrite an old phrase, 'if you can't beat 'em, buy 'em.'"

Or by Don McLaughlin, ex-assistant news editor, now of the phone company's public relations staff: "I feel like the man who got off the plane before it crashed. Glad to get off, yet sorry for those who died."

Disaster Victim

By BILL HENRY JR.

In Roseburg News-Review

Eight days ago Alvin Kuykendall was one of Roseburg's more solidly established and contented small businessmen. He operated Al's Bike Shop on Washington Street. He had a wife, two married daughters, a son in service, and two

younger daughters rounded out his home.

Today Al Kuykendall has no home, no business. One daughter, Virginia Lee, who would have been four in September, is gone. And this morning his wife Lela Belle, 41, became Victim No. 13 of the blast.

Al and daughter Janet, 21, remain in the hospital, and for him it's a long uphill road. His family is hardest hit of all.

When you look at his plight, \$1,600 in checks would seem almost a trivial item. But if Al could get them it would help—and help is certainly what the man needs now.

Checks paid to Al Kuykendall, receipts of Al's Bike Shop, accumulated in the amount of \$1,600 since July 7 and burned in the fire. He remembers but two of them. They came, besides Roseburg, from Sutherlin, Oakland, Klamath Falls, Ashland, Canyonville and Myrtle Creek.

Beside the checks, he lost \$1,000 in currency, but that is gone for good. He hopes to receive checks back. "It may make all the difference trying to get back into business," he said. He owes \$2,050 to jobbers which he intended to pay out of this cash, he explained. And, of course, his shop at 616 SE Washington Avenue was wiped out, and so was his home. Insurance won't cover one fourth of it.

Kuykendall, a plucky, slight-built, quiet-mannered man whose friends have forgotten he had any other name but Al, awoke Friday morning to the scream of fire sirens and a little later saw a red glow in his bedroom. He and his "three girls," as he called them, watched the fire from their big front window for a time. He left the group and went to the bathroom just before the blast. His arm was crushed as he was blown under a cabinet. Unable to get to his family, he screamed. A couple of men came quickly, he said, and carried him to the lawn. Then they went back and brought out the others.

The ambulance took Al's girls, but volunteers rushed him three blocks to a pickup truck and then sped him to Douglas Community Hospital. Like other victims he had nothing but praise for assistance given him and his family.

It's the future which bothers Al, even though he's the kind who takes adversity with a philosophical calm. There would hardly be enough philosophical calm to go around for anybody in this situation, even up to his latest tragedy this morning.

He sustained a broken right arm and broken right leg and will be in a cast for three months and on crutches for another three months, according to his physician.

The daughter, Janet, temporarily lost her sight because of flying glass, but the physician feels this will return to normalcy and is now showing improvement. She also suffered multiple cuts and abrasions about the chest. Physically, she is in the best condition and should shortly leave the hospital, said her physicians.

A son, Pfc. Alvin Douglas Kuykendall, has been given extended leave from Camp Pendleton, California, and is doing what he can in holding the fort on business affairs.

But that isn't very much, with the property gone and insurance low. The Red Cross will help with the hospital bills. But—

Al Kuykendall sure could use those checks.

Mattresses For Cows

TACOMA NEWS-TRIBUNE

It seems that forces are at work to make life easier for cows. Now a British farmer has discovered that his Holsteins give more milk if allowed to sleep on foam rubber. He claims his animals are

"happy, contented and comfortable" because they like to sleep and loll about longer.

This important news follows an item only last month that Japanese herdsmen are sending their sterile cows to beach resorts to enjoy bracing breezes and medicinal waters, all with excellent results.

Evidently the nervous systems of cows differ widely from those of hens. Some poultrymen insist they get more eggs if they keep their layers wide awake and pecking away at food on overtime hours. A few even opine that it helps a lot if the hens are kept jumpy by the blatant music that dominates the radio output these days.

But before the experts make a final decision on whether to turn cattle barns into comfy dormitories, they might reflect that not all domestic animals, aside from dogs and cats, can absorb the advantages and penalties of family life.

Three decades or so ago there was a Baptist preacher at Fern Hill who had a remarkable horse. He had a high IQ and was a great pet of the pastor and his wife. They invited him into the kitchen as a member of the family. He soon learned to open the kitchen door at mealtime. He had good manners and was always the perfect gentleman.

Then one morning when he dropped in for breakfast with the couple, his appetite got the best of his training. He decided to filch a fat brown pancake off the griddle. The result was a burned low-morning to the scream of fire sirens and a little later saw a red glow in his bedroom. He and his "three girls," as he called them, watched the fire from their big front window for a time. He left the group and went to the bathroom just before the blast. His arm was crushed as he was blown under a cabinet. Unable to get to his family, he screamed. A couple of men came quickly, he said, and carried him to the lawn. Then they went back and brought out the others.

This should be a warning to all mattress factories to delay any extensive expansion to meet the demands of the bovine trade. First dairymen will want to know just how contented a contented cow can become with modern bedroom living before she becomes discontented.

The Almanac

United Press International
Today is Wednesday, August 19th the 231st day of the year, with 134 more days to follow in 1959.

The moon is in its full phase. The morning star is Mercury. The evening stars are Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Venus.

On this date in history:
In 1812, the American warship "Constitution" won its famous victory over the British "Guerriere" to give the United States one of its greatest morale boosters in history.

In 1870, Bernard Baruch was born at Camden, South Carolina. In 1871, Orville Wright — first man to pilot a heavier-than-air flying machine—was born.

In 1918, a musical comedy about Army life opened on Broadway. Written by Sergeant Irving Berlin and called "Yip Yaphank," the score included "Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning" and "Mandy."

In 1934, citizens of Germany overwhelmingly voted in favor of making Adolf Hitler successor to President Von Hindenburg.

In 1945, Lieutenant General Jonathan Wainwright, the hero of Corregidor, was found safe in Manchuria.

Thought for today: Irving Berlin wrote: "You've got to get up, you've got to get up, you've got to get up this morning."

Quotes

United Press International
ENNIS, Mont.—Mrs. Irene Bennett, of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, describing the earthquake and collapse of a mountain top that killed her husband and three of her children:

"Suddenly we all heard that terrible rumbling. I saw my husband yelling. He told me to grab a tree. I saw him grab a tree, but I never saw him again."

LITTLE ROCK, Ark. — Joe McCoy, a 15-year-old white student at Central High School, contradicting a report that there had been a fight between whites and a Negro student, Jefferson Thomas:

"There has been absolutely no trouble at all. Some shout names at him as he walks down the hall, but I have never seen anyone hit him or molest him in any way."

OCONOMOWOC, Wis. — Clyde Pfeiffer, 32, promising to stand by his wife as she is tried on charges of plotting with her married lover to kill him:

"We had nine wonderful years together. I am not going to throw that away for one bad one."

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

DIMWIDDY DOES A BIG BURN ANY TIME HIS MISSUS KEEPS HIM WAITING TWO MINUTES OR SO



BUT WHEN THE GALOSH IS ON THE OTHER FOOT WIFEY IS SUPPOSED TO STICK IT OUT AND LIKE IT



VISITING LAKEVIEW Rotarians were guests this week of the Klamath Falls Rotary Club to announce plans for the Rotary-sponsored Junior Livestock Show and Sale in their city. The Klamath Falls 24th annual show and sale sponsored by the local club is on the agenda for August 23, 24, 25 at the fairgrounds. Committees for all events are on the ball in preparation to make this year's show an outstanding event. Seated, left to right, "Cold Shivers" Chet Hamaker, bull of the woods, Klamath Falls and Herb Pollard, chairman of the Lakeview junior show auction. Standing, same order, Dorman Turner, little push; "Flyboy" Ned Putnam, big push; "Hopeful" Wilbur Haskins, wee push; Ed Castro, president, chamber of commerce, Lakeview and Al Haslebacher, 4-H club agent, Lakeview. This group heads committees for the Rotary free beef barbecue that will be served to the some 1,700 exhibitors, buyers, Rotarians, wives and guests.

Lawmakers Join Forces To Block Grain Exports

WASHINGTON (UPI) — Lawmakers from Gulf and Atlantic ports joined forces today to try to block expansion in American grain exports through the newly opened St. Lawrence Seaway.

Lined up against them were congressmen from Great Lakes ports eager to boost still further their new-found business of exporting corn, oats and barley.

The sectional fight over the nation's multi-million dollar grain export business developed as the House called up for floor action a bill granting the administration's request for a one-year extension in the farm surplus disposal program.

This program, under which farm surpluses are sold abroad for foreign currency, now accounts for close to half the American grain shipped abroad.

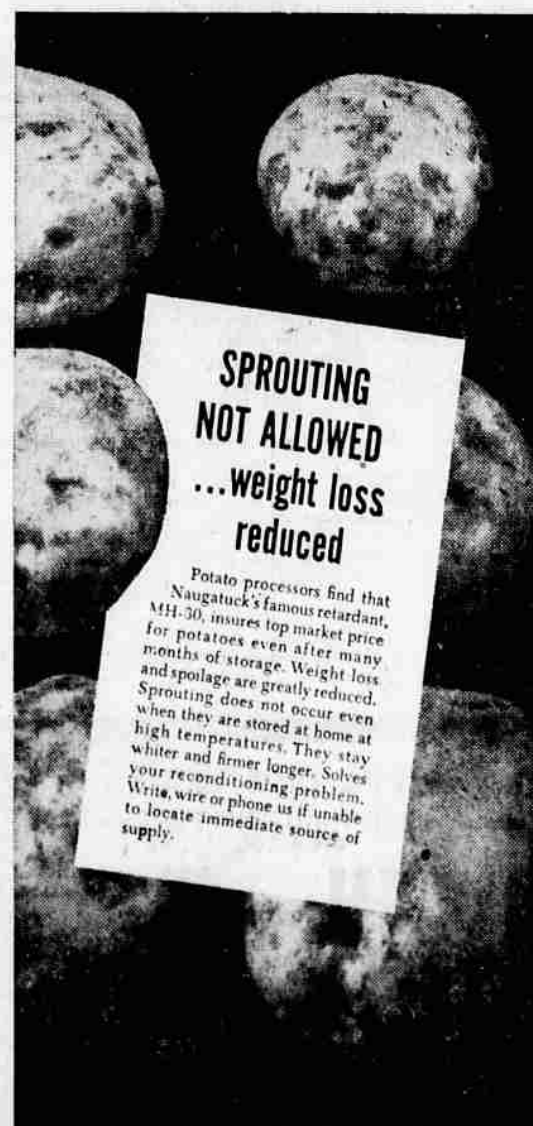
House members from Gulf and Atlantic Coast ports were backing

CONVENT CONVERT

Sarah Bernhardt, famous actress was of Jewish descent, but was sent to a convent for her education and was baptized as a Roman Catholic while there.

MH-30

SPROUT CONTROL



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