

The Herald and News

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Here And There

By BILL JENKINS

According to Dr. John Verhooen, a professor of geology at the University of California, the temperature inside the earth is going down.

At any rate it is lower than was generally accepted a few years ago.

The doctor says present figures show a temperature of about 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit at the bottom of the crust and about 3,500 degrees at the outer boundary of its core.

In case you were worried about this I hope the doctor's statement will calm any fears you may have had.

How dumb can one get department: The other night I went to the store and bought several items which I put in the back end of my ancient station wagon. When I got home I was unable to open the door at the rear and nearly popped a couple of vertebrae yanking at the handle before I gave up and hauled the stuff out over the seat.

The next morning I took it to the garage where I wept all over the foreman's lapels.

These mechanic chaps are wizards.

He opened it easily and promptly by getting the key out of the ignition, unlocking the door and pulling it open.

Next question—how did it get locked between the store and the house? I didn't do it. That I know.

Grem-lins? Ghosts?

Speaking of ghosts reminds me that the current copy of True, the man's magazine (I have permission to subscribe), carries quite a little story about the what-it-is that was in the news down along Brush Creek in Humboldt County earlier this year.

If you remember the story it concerned a creature supposed to stand seven or eight feet tall, weigh better than 700 pounds and possessed of enormous strength. It left a footprint 16 inches long.

The author of the piece maintains that there is surely something there and it is more than a mere prank or hoax.

I am inclined to go along. It is always more fun to imagine that giants still walk the earth rather than just sit back and say it couldn't happen here.

If I can talk my boss into it I'd like to go down there next spring, right after fishing season opens, and look around for this creature for a few months.

Apple Cider

By FLORENCE JENKINS

This could well be apple week in Klamath Falls.

Some official recognition should be given the fact that more than 10,000 bags of beautiful, crisp, sweet apples were brought in for the promotion being announced today in a full page, full color advertisement in this newspaper.

Ripe apples and the autumn harvest season recalls the apple cider of childhood days.

Sweet apple cider has been the chosen beverage of the harvest festivals since America's fall traditions began. Right around Thanksgiving week the apples are at their best and the weather has just the right coolness for cider pressing.

In this season many families still make cider the old-fashioned way. An afternoon's work should produce enough cider to fill most of the available jugs at the rate of about three gallons from each bushel of apples.

To give cider a sweet flavor, the apples should be tree-ripened and taken before too much frost. Green apples give a starchy taste and overripe apples a moldy taste and little juice.

After washing, the apples are fed into a grinder and reduced to a pulp which is known to the trade as "cheese." In horse-and-buggy days, most farms used mail order hand grinders. The one we remember had a wide mouth at the top and blades somewhat like a meat grinder. The pulp dropped into a barrel-shaped affair with slat sides and a wooden lid was forced down on top of this with a turn screw to squeeze out the juice.

The pressed pulp (technically pomace) brought all the bees and yellow jackets in the area swarming around if not disposed of right away. We remember, also, that it would ferment if let stand for a few warm days and then—if fed to the hogs—resulted in a regular farmyard sideshow.

Washing of those apples on most of the farms consisted in turning the hose on them. If the trees hadn't been sprayed the crop was wormy, of course. If spray had been used—and it was usually

Black Leaf 40—a sprinkling of cold water certainly didn't remove all of the residue.

Yet that cider was the sweetest and most refreshing drink in the entire experience of childhood. And, you know, one never thought about the worms at all. After all, a worm's entire diet had been the apple in which he lived and so what was the difference?

International Club

By JAMES MARLOW

Associated Press News Analyst
WASHINGTON (AP)—If things go right—and they probably won't—future heads of government will have a kind of international club where one push on the buzzer will bring them together for a week-end summit.

Prime Minister Harold Macmillan of Britain has just hammered on an old theme of his again: The coming summit conference must be followed by a series of such meetings. Premier Nikita Khrushchev is all for frequent get-togethers, too.

That isn't the way President Eisenhower saw it, at least until recently. Maybe he's changing his mind. No longer ago than last summer he was talking against summit meetings and yearning for the good old days of foreign ministers' meetings.

Yet, in the short time since then these things have happened:

Later in the summer he made a fast trip around Western Europe to see the Allied leaders; he had Khrushchev over here and promises to return the visit; next month he's going to 11 foreign countries to see the leaders; then he joins a pre-summit meeting in Paris; and in the spring will be off to the summit itself.

Macmillan became a sturdy advocate of frequent meetings between heads of government after he journeyed to Moscow early this year, talked with Khrushchev and felt this was the way to get things done, although what he got done isn't clear.

At the same time Khrushchev dismissed and belittled foreign ministers as a bunch of messenger boys who could do only what the top men permitted them anyway. And, since this was the case, he reasoned, then:

Since only the top men—the heavyweights—could really decide anything, then let them meet and get going.

This was what Eisenhower was saying in mid-summer:

1. He doesn't like the modern development of diplomacy—the summit conferences. He considered it a step backward for heads of state to spend their time on work that belongs to specialists, like foreign ministers.

2. He preferred seeing the ministers enjoy the exercise of the great authority given them in the 19th century.

As an example of what he didn't like about the summit idea he cited the 1897 meeting between Napoleon and Czar Alexander of Russia on a raft in the River Niemen near Tilsit. They talked of dividing up the world but later became fierce enemies.

But there were some very practical and excellent reasons for letting foreign ministers do the meeting in the 19th century. Getting to and from an international meeting in those days of sail, stagecoach, steam and trains took weeks or months.

No president would want to be out of the country—and actually out of touch—so long. But with modern air travel presidents and prime ministers can go half way around the world in a day, meet several days, and be home within a week.

And while away they can be kept just as fully informed about events and problems at home, through modern communications like radio, as they would if they had never left Washington.

True, foreign ministers, being specialists in their field, can go into vast detail in reaching agreements that would be beyond the scope of presidents and prime ministers who, not being specialists, know problems only in a general way.

But, before the ministers can even get into detail, there must be a general agreement. And, as Khrushchev points out, they can't agree on anything unless the top man at home says so.

That brings the argument back to Khrushchev: Since only the top men can really reach agreements, then let them meet, try to agree in a general way, and, having done that, turn the details over to the foreign ministers.

If the spring summit meeting proves fruitful at all, it will increase the pressure on government heads to meet more often. Even a failure wouldn't discourage the idea they should try again.

One thing seems certain: That in the modern world the role of the foreign minister—as a settler of problems—will move further into the background while more of the spotlight stays on the top man.

Angry Ike

By MERRIMAN SMITH

UPI White House Reporter
AUGUSTA, Ga. (UPI)—Backstairs at the White House: The news photographers seldom have seen President Eisenhower as openly angry as he was here the other day.

It was the day he conferred with the high command of the Defense Department on next year's military budget. The President and Defense Secretary Neil H. McElroy were walking from the President's office to the trophy room of the Augusta National Golf Club where the main meeting was to be held.

When the President saw the newsmen start to snap pictures of him walking with McElroy, Eisenhower swore audibly to the secretary, "you'd think those blankety blank men would have enough pictures of me by now."

Then, when the President discovered that arrangements had been made to make a group picture of the Defense Department conferees inside the trophy room, he hit the ceiling.

He said that under no conditions would the cameramen be permitted to step inside the club building.

The photographers had no choice but to stand there and take Eisenhower's displeasure full blast, this despite the fact that it was a member of the President's own staff who made arrangements for shooting the pictures inside.

The cameramen were told when to be at the club, where to set up lights for the television movie cameras and where to place the cameras.

When Eisenhower said curtly, "I'm not going to have them in the club," the newsmen quickly disassembled their lights, grabbed their hand cameras and made pictures of the group standing outside the building.

These photographers are not particularly delicate or unduly sensitive people. Neither are they completely insensitive. As far as the Washington men are concerned, there is no known instance of any cameraman trying to invade the President's privacy at the Augusta National. They go inside the club only on invitation.

Thus, it seems only natural that they should be puzzled by the President's outbursts and scowls in their direction, and all over something a member of his own staff had arranged, apparently in the blissful belief that this was the way Eisenhower would want it.

A President is only human in complaining occasionally about the incessant demands for more and more newspaper coverage. But a President might find his own life a bit more comfortable if he realized that constant photographic attention really reflects the constant desire of the American public to see, read and hear more and more about the man in the White House.

Milestones

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—There are certain milestones in living which, once reached, change your life forever.

Such a milestone is your first real case of puppy love, the first time you break a bone and realize that your body is not immortal but mortal, marriage, and your first child.

After that the milestones become a bit glum. I am thinking of your 40th birthday, the day the dentist says, "I'm sorry, but I'll have to put in a partial plate," and the day you finally decide to wear glasses.

I am at this last landmark now.

For months I have been getting more and more like that near-sighted comic character who lives in a foggy world where everything looks like something else. The harder I squint the less I see.

"Your eyes are your work," my wife has been saying for a long time now, "and you're straining them so you'll wind up blind as a bat."

"It's just vanity with you anyway. Why don't you give up and go get yourself tested for some glasses? Glasses are attractive on middle-aged men. It makes them look like executives."

"I don't want to look like an executive," I tell her. "I just want to go on looking like Clark Gable—or maybe Marshal Dillon."

I was in a railway terminal the other day and couldn't make out the number on the phone directory. I hailed an elderly stranger and asked his help.

"Certainly," he said, pulling a pair of glasses from his pocket. He gave me the number.

"Sonny, why don't you quit fighting time, and get yourself some glasses. You don't know what you're missing," he told me. "Such as what?" I asked.

"Well, are you a girl watcher?" he demanded. I looked quickly in both directions and lowered my voice as I answered, "Isn't every boy?"

"Can you see that pretty girl at the other end of the terminal?" he inquired. I looked where he pointed and had to admit she was pretty much of a blur to me.

Then the old fellow had me don his spectacles. The distant girl leaped into clear vision. She was startlingly beautiful.

I made up my mind that instant. I'm going to make an appointment with an eye doctor right away.

A middle-aged man who fights glasses doesn't know what he's missing.

The Almanac

United Press International
Today is Thursday, Nov. 19, the 323rd day of the year, with 42 more days in 1959.

The moon is approaching its last quarter.

The morning star is Venus. The evening star is Saturn.

On this date in history:

In 1794, Britain and the United States signed the famed "Jay's Treaty."

In 1831, James Garfield, 20th president of the United States, was born.

In 1863, President Abraham Lincoln delivered his famous Gettysburg Address.

In 1874, political boss of Tammany Hall, William Tweed, was sentenced to 12 years in jail on charges of defrauding New York City.

In 1919, the U.S. Senate rejected the Treaty of Versailles.

In 1948, the Shah of Iran and his brother-in-law King Farouk of Egypt, announced their intentions to divorce their wives.

A thought for today: American playwright William Inge wrote: "Literature flourishes best when it is half a trade and half an art."

Quotes

United Press International
NEW YORK — A city weights and measures inspector quoted by butcher Manny Seligman in a shakedown for monthly payments in the short-weight scandal:

"If you don't pay up you will have to give 16 ounces to the pound, and you know you can't exist that way."

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



Health Aide Hit, Lauded On Berries

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

Secretary of Health Arthur Flemming received criticism and support Wednesday in the controversy over cranberries.

Herbert Thompson of Cowiche, president of the Washington State Farm Bureau, said in Seattle that Flemming "chose to take punitive action against an entire industry in a totally unwarranted show of power."

The National Milk Producers Federation, meeting in Washington, D. C., said Flemming's warning against eating cranberries was issued "without adequate regard for the rights and property of those growers whose product was not contaminated."

But at Coos Bay, Ore., Dr. J. J. Van Gasse, Coos County health officer, told reporters that cranberry growers were "unsophisticated" if they were really surprised at Flemming's announcement.

Van Gasse said some Washington and Oregon growers used the weed killer aminotriazole although they "certainly knew there was a question" about it.

"There are many indications they misused it," he added. Flemming cautioned housewives last week against serving cranberries unless they were sure the berries had not been contaminated by the weed killer. He said it had been shown to produce cancer in rats.

Nolan Servoss, Pacific County extension agent, agreed in South Bend, Wash., that some cranberry growers in the northwest used the weed killer in violation of instructions. But he added:

"I'm convinced the bulk of the growers who used it, and they were only a small percentage of growers, knew what they were doing and did not put berries on the market. A lot of sprayed berries were deliberately sacrificed, to clean up the weeds."

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KE SENDS CONGRATS

WASHINGTON (UPI) — President Eisenhower sent a message Wednesday to King Mohamed IV of Morocco telling the King he was looking forward to his visit next month to the North African nation.

The President's message was in a telegram of congratulations to the King and the people of Morocco who are celebrating their national holiday.

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Paul M. Dorrance, Housing Project Representative in Klamath Falls for next few days at City Center Lodge Motel, 11 Main Street, 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. TUXedo 2-3449.