

Herald and News

Editorial Page

Handling Surplus Foods

Klamath County is about to embark on the distribution of surplus foods to welfare recipients.

The problem has been thoroughly discussed and the Klamath County Welfare Commission has decided to avail itself of the foods available under the surplus foods distribution arrangement.

This program is not just a simple case of handing out the food, but is rather a complex problem of distribution, financing and future effects of such a program.

Cost of administering the program will fall on the county which has agreed to take on the distribution task. Freight on the commodities must be paid and arrangements made to package and hand out the foods.

A tentative program has been arranged to ship in the foods in bulk form, store them in the basement of the Veterans Memorial building and then have the work of packaging and distribution handled by welfare recipients and county jail prisoners.

This is a commendable move and one that will cut down the administrative costs of the program greatly.

It has been the practice in this county and elsewhere in the state in the past to hand out assistance in the form of money, permitting the recipient to determine where he best wants to spend it.

In some cases, this has led to abuses and the money has not arrived at its intended destination, but been spent for other purposes.

This practice was upheld by many welfare workers under the assumption that giving the recipient money instead of paying for such things, as food, rent, clothing, tended to improve the morale of the recipient and enable that person to maintain his individual dignity.

It has been this attitude, apparently,

which has held up the use of surplus foods throughout the state.

However, we must commend our county welfare commission on this score. Several months ago they inaugurated a work program for welfare recipients, and now are determined to push ahead with the food distribution method. It is quite apparent that they are doing everything possible to cope with the situation.

While we commend the surplus food program, we must also call attention to another danger inherent in such a program.

Use of surplus foods will cut down on government storage costs and use up the surpluses which have plagued the agricultural economy.

However, a big danger in the situation is that we may now inaugurate a policy of producing foods for the surplus food distribution program.

Just as the farmers were asked to produce their utmost during the war years, and then continued that production in the post-war years, it is conceivable that such a food surplus program would generate a program of subsidies to produce additional surplus for just this purpose.

If the food surplus program is utilized only to the extent of reducing appreciably or eliminating present on-hand surpluses, then it is good.

No one can, in good conscience, oppose an effort to assist the more unfortunate members of our society in this manner, but, every one, in good conscience, can and should oppose anything resembling a perpetual dole.

Carried out over an extended period of time, that's what the surplus food program becomes . . . a perpetual dole.

Let's use it as a temporary relief measure, and leave it that way — temporary.



JIM BISHOP: REPORTER . . .

A Policeman Is Many Things To Most People

MIAMI, Fla.—The policeman is on trial all the time. He is in almost constant communication with the people who pay his salary—the taxpayers. They judge the policeman by his attitude toward them. He judges them by the amount of lawlessness he finds. In time, the policeman becomes jaded, suspicious, short-tempered. I was raised on a police salary. My father was a lieutenant, my grandfather was a patrolman. When times were difficult, we often bought clothes on time, and groceries, too. Grandpa retired in 1913 on a pension of \$50 a month. My father retired in 1933 on \$181 a month. Nothing came easy to the Bishop family. I had a job when I was 14.

In my house there are many trophies. Some were earned. Some are phony. The most treasured is my father's police shield. It reposes in a worn leather case. He gave it to me hesitantly, half afraid that maybe I wouldn't want it. To my way of thinking, it is more than a memento; it represents all of my childhood and most of his manhood.

Whenever I come to a strange city, policemen get in touch with me and I make the rounds with

them. I feel at home with them. I've been in squad cars in Los Angeles, New York, Chicago, Rome, Cairo, and a lot of cities between. From Capt. James Hamilton of Los Angeles Intelligence to Lieut. Jack Tuckfield of the Metro Police in Miami may seem like a long jump, but they speak the same language; they have the same problems.

Policemen, ironically, are also people. There are good ones, stupid ones, clever ones like Ross Anderson of the Florida Sheriff's Bureau, and crooks. There are men who use a shield, and men who abuse it. The one thing that no policeman can afford is bad manners. If he looks upon himself as the master of the people, rather than their servant, he is off on the wrong foot.

He is also costly. When a police department asks the people to vote for a raise in salary, or better working conditions, they sometimes find that the few sadists among them have cost them the good will of the citizens. From coast to coast, attractive young women have suffered unspeakable indignities at the hands of cops who should be in prison.

There is no city I've been where the manners of policemen are worse than in Miami. The city police here taunt the motorist with insolence to test his restraint. They are the masters of the people.

A few evenings ago, I passed the Miami Colonial Hotel. It was 5:30 and a policeman stood in the road between a cement mixer and a truck. I slowed to ask him for the nearest parking lot. "Git goin'," he shouted. I kept moving, but said: "May I ask a question?" He looked in and said: "The answer to that is no. Get out of here." I said: "Okay." He said: "Don't okay me. Just go away."

I found a parking lot and walked back to the hotel. I had an appointment with lawyer Carlton Welch of Jacksonville. I identified myself to the policeman and showed him my police card. I told him that I was the man who wanted to ask the question.

"You the one driving that car with New Jersey plates?" he said. He didn't remember the make of the car, but he recalled the out-of-state plates, I said yes. "You see that traffic behind you?" he said, pointing. "That traffic has got to move, and I don't care who you are or where you come from, don't you ever stop to ask any questions."

I said I was sorry. I thought that it was permissible to ask a

policeman a question, especially in an area which often has more tourists than natives. "That's where you're wrong, mister," he said. "I don't answer no questions and I don't know of any city where you can stop and ask one."

He had the badge. He had the authority. I said that it is possible to ask a question of a policeman in any other city. "Maybe," he said, staring hard. "Maybe. But not here. You're in Miami, mister. This is different."

He's right. It is different. He placed his knuckles on his hips to see if I had one more word to say. I hadn't. I thanked him and walked into the hotel. He is the worst kind. In New York, when a motorist asks a question, a policeman usually points to the curb. "Pull in there and wait," he will say. The stream of traffic goes on. When he has a minute, he will answer a civil question with a civil answer.

It is not enough for a police chief to issue orders about proper law enforcement. He may not realize it, but he is also in the field of public relations and he is deeper in it than any publicity man.

The policeman is paid to protect, not to badger. . . .

THEY SAY . . .

Being ourselves one of the most mongrel of all the strains of the human race, we somehow are not very adventurous about marriages of mixed color. We are, stated in a word, prejudiced.

—Sir John Wolfenden, British educator.

When the Kremlin now speaks of peaceful coexistence, we all understand that this means communizing the world without war.

—Sir Anthony Eden.

I think President Kennedy made one of the great inaugural addresses. . . . He gave hope to people. . . . I think he has a program, and whether a man is a Republican or a Democrat, he should be willing to have that program considered.

—Speaker Sam Rayburn (D-Tex.), attempting to get House to liberalize its Rules Committee.



THE VIEW FROM HERE . . . by F.L.W. 50-Year-Old Problem Refuses To Go Away!

OFF STREET PARKING is a problem that appears to be plaguing the downtown business area of Klamath Falls.

However, give the alert merchants of the area credit because they have recognized this problem and aren't just standing still waiting for the problem to solve itself.

THE PARK AND SHOP corporation holds good promise of not only providing some new parking areas but also getting better use of the existing parking lots. The system will take quite a bit of putting together and will demand the cooperation of merchants and customers as well, but it can provide a workable solution to the problem.

ACTUALLY, the off-street parking problem in the city is not new. The need has apparently existed for many many years.

I have some historical background to back me up on this. The background was researched by Hal Ogilvie who is currently doing some work on both the past history of the Elks Club for their Golden Anniversary as well as cataloging many of his own old pictures.

IN THE PROCESS, Hal ran across some very interesting information about the parking problems that beset the city.

It seems that the vexing problem first reared its head in 1917. As a matter of fact, the old newspaper edition for May 13, carried this story . . . "Watering troughs, owned, installed and operated by the city is to be the latest example of municipal ownership of public utilities in Klamath Falls, if the present plan of the members of the city council are carried out."

"The subject occasioned much comment at last night's meeting of the board. The hat was thrown in the ring when the Klamath

Falls Creamery Company asked permission to put a watering trough on Seventh Street at their building. The creamery is visited by hundreds of farmers every week and a trough would be a great convenience to them as they have no place to water their steeds in Klamath Falls.

"There is no question in the minds of the city fathers that there could be suitable watering troughs in different parts of the city to relieve the thirst of the horses from the outlying farms."

BUT LIKE MANY OTHER city matters, the problem takes some time to find a proper solution.

It wasn't until Oct. 15 of 1913, that a solution turned up to this problem.

This item read as follows: . . . "After being compelled to take his team to a livery stable in case the only hitching rack in the city was in use, the Klamath County farmer is to be given a little better treatment. At last night's council meeting, the street committee was authorized to look up a suitable site for plenty of hitching racks and take steps toward their construction."

"Hitching posts are badly needed here," said Councilman Townsend. "And the farmers have a right to make a complaint. If a farmer goes to tie his team to a telephone post, he is ordered away by the police. He is then forced to put his teams in a livery stable during the short time he is doing his trading. The city should welcome the farmer instead of treating him that way. If there is no city property available, a site should be rented."

"O. D. Matthews supported this and moved the authorization of the Street Committee to act in the matter."

THE PROBLEM WAS SOLVED, because, on Oct. 31, 1913, appeared this followup story: . . . "The prayer of the farmer for a

place to tie his team while in the city for a short trading trip has at last been answered. The city has just completed a set of hitching racks for the use of the public.

"These racks are at the city's property on Walnut, near Fifth Street and are easy to reach. There is accommodation ample for 30 or 40 teams, said Councilman Townsend, who brought the matter before the council."

OUR THANKS to Hal for this fine bit of research. The moral of the story is obvious, namely, that a city can never stand still because problems have a tendency to grow as the city does.

But the problems are seldom of such magnitude that an alert, aggressive group of merchants, energetic council and cooperative customers cannot overcome them.

Almanac

By United Press International

Today is Friday, March 10, the 69th day of the year with 296 more in 1961.

The moon is approaching its new quarter.

The morning stars are Jupiter and Saturn.

The evening stars are Venus and Mars.

On this day in history: In 1862, the U.S. Government issued its first paper money, in notes valued at \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50, \$100, \$500, and \$1,000.

In 1876, Alexander Graham Bell transmitted the first clear and distinct telephone message in Boston. His message: "Come here, Watson, I want you."

In 1942, Gen. Joseph Stilwell was appointed chief of staff of allied armies in the Chinese theater of operations.

In 1945, B29 bombers of the U.S. Air Force began their incendiary raids on Japan.

Thought for today: American writer Henry David Thoreau said: "Beware of all enterprises that require new clothes."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR Not Members

Feb. 21, 1961, the paper mentioned that three youths were picked up for fighting and liquor possession. It also stated that they were boxers on the Chiloquin community boxing team. I feel that was unfair and certainly not necessary for such advertisement for the boxing club. First one youth does not belong to the club, second, one youth was barred from the club because of a heart condition, and for our own protection cannot belong to the club until he has presented a release from his doctor. The 17-year-old youth has just joined and has only come to one session. Neither youth represented the Chiloquin community boxing team.

Bob Farris



NOTHING SPECIAL

(W. B. S.)

In the mail: "Sometime ago you wrote something about many people thought Mr. Bell crazy about his telephone idea."

"Are you aware of the fact that 20 years earlier—one Mr. Carpenter had invented the telephone, and in trying to finance construction was arrested and confined because he must be insane—because who could talk on wires?"

"Also, on the same day, you wrote something about nature must be, because of the size of your dentist and doctor bills, conniving with them."

"Are you sure nature is conniving, but that you are the guilty culprit, because instead of using her good wholesome foods, you are using pre-cooked, instant, de-vitalized and otherwise tampered with foods, which can only partly give you the nourishment you need."

"You know the good Creator did not create man to be sick, if he, man, would only obey the laws of life and use the good things created for him, man, to use."

This gentleman's letter reminded me that this is about the time of year for the seed catalogs to pop into the boxes, and the stores to put up their seed displays. As far as tampering with food, the only tampering done around our place is by the kids who must tamp the cookies down their gullets—so fast do they disappear.

But the whole topic did get me to thinking about one of my pet hates — gardening. Now I for years put up a strong and good fight against putting in a garden. My main argument has been centered around the unavailability of space in limited yards, and the fact that back yards should be used for baseball fields.

I cannot say, in good faith, that these arguments have prevailed with the food tamperer — I mean cook. To make the most of a bad deal, therefore, I have resorted to and into the various garden, flower, and petal books and columns which, for no good reason, seem to prevail abundantly.

Not that I expect anyone to give a thrip, but I can't shake the word. It says in one of those garden columns that gladioli can be harvested come September or so. It also says to "loosen the ground with the spade or spading fork, then lift the corms and shake the surplus dirt off. Cut the tops off as soon as the corms have been dug to avoid possible travel of thrips down the stalk to the corm after digging."

I looked at the sentence two or three times and realized how little I know about gardening. (And if you're wondering why I'm worrying at this point about the harvest, remember that I'm in this only as one of the vanquished.) It sounded like double talk. If this column sounds corny, I'm sure you'll understand.

I have always believed that



THE DOCTOR SAYS . . .

Circles Under Eyes No Cause For Worry

By HAROLD T. HYMAN, M.D.

Written for
Newspaper Enterprise Assn.

A trio of minor disturbances appear to be of major importance to a trio of correspondents. Circles under the eyes cause one writer to "feel terrible." A husband's snores "make the night impossible" for another. And a dropped stomach is so "distressing" to a third that she's contemplating surgery to "rid her of her agonies."

Almost without exception, circles under the eyes are a family characteristic of no medical importance.

Unless a physical examination reveals some unusual finding that, in the doctor's opinion, is a direct cause for darkening beneath the lower lid, the condition is one with which the person must learn to live. Admittedly, it appears more marked as a consequence of fatigue, menstruation or loss of sleep.

Nevertheless, medical mythology to the contrary, it is not due to "bad habits," "worms," anemia or excesses of any kind. And if it is a cause for embarrassment, it can be lightened with make-up just as the upper lid can be darkened for cosmetic reasons with eye-shade.

It is true, as the wife of the snorer has been told, that almost all of us make some sort of noise during sleep. If the husband in question has no particular defect of his nasal passages to account for his particular nocturnal noises,

there should be a classification of words called "succulents." In this group I would place such words as: fiducial, judiciary, fashionable, fissionable, etc. If you're thirsty just roll a few of these around on your tongue. But I doubt that the word thrip would fit in as a succulent. Here's what Noah W. says about thrips: "Thrips: Any of an order (Thysanoptera) of sucking insects of small, often minute size, most of which feed on plant juices, as of the onion or tobacco."

Up to now, I had always thought the term was used only in those stories which say somewhere, "Shure, now, and should we be after making a thrip to Erin?" Corny? Of course, but it does reveal a staggering ignorance of the gardening process, don't you agree?

This word crops up every now and then in the lisp department, such as thrip teeth, or in Army usage as, "hup, hup, thrip." And if you're still with me on this "corn"—a corn is a stem with thin membranous fibers. It actually has nothing to do with the popular song "Corny Weather." Bankers have been heard to use the word "thripsy" but that is exaggerated usage, and, at best, corny.

Back to the thrips, which I must say we have not developed as fully as we might. Thrips feed on plant juices such as those of an onion or tobacco. (No, no filter.) While I have no intention of raising either, I do suppose we'll always have a few thrips around. So off to a pamphlet, "Care and Feeding of Thrips." (The USDA also has one on care and feeding of babies for those so inclined.) It is recommended that two parts of tobacco juice and one part of onion juice be used on thrips age two or three months. Often thrips will cry for this formula at night. The wise thrip nurse will dilute the tobacco and onion juices with four parts of water or Scotch for night feeding. (This formula is not recommended at this time for babies.)

In the famous mystery story "Who Stole Pa's Tobacco?" by Merry Pagan, the author tells of a central character who goes mad from hearing the "thrip, thrip, thrip" of the tobacco juice day in and day out. It was bad enough in that story that Pa's tobacco was filched, but when someone entered the onion sack in the basement like a thrip in the night, Pa really blew up and ran for the shotgun even though his feet hurt because of his corms.

But this whole thing has gone far enough. We should consider the warning of our correspondent who is concerned about our attitude in the eating of food as nature. I do think he has a point. But what is to become of those poor thrips and corms? Perhaps that problem is one to be tackled by the new Peace Corps. As I recall, it is one of the few in which there is no government intervention—up to this point.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q—What distinction was recently attained by Dwight D. Eisenhower?
A—Oldest man ever to serve as president.

Q—What marriage of an American woman was once annulled by Napoleon Bonaparte?
A—That of his younger brother, Jerome, to Elizabeth Patterson of Baltimore, Md.

Q—Of what is the copper cent really made?
A—Bronze.

Q—What is legal tender?
A—Any particular form of money which must be accepted by a creditor in payment of a debt.

Q—Which nation first used coal as fuel?
A—Wales used coal 3,000 years ago.

Q—What stars are on Alaska highway markers?
A—North Star and Dipper.