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A THOUGHT FOR TODAY

Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man.—Genesis 9:6.

They came with banner, spear, and shield;
And it was proved in Bosworth field.
Not long the Avenger was withstood—
Earth help'd him with the cry of blood.
—Wadsworth.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

The members of the group were discussing "the international situation."
And their attention was centered chiefly on the somewhat heated exchanges between Messrs. Byrnes and Molotov, and the prospects for the peace conference.

Then we put in our spoke.
"Whose about those mysterious missiles that have been passing over Sweden?" we asked.

There was silence in the group for a moment or two; and then one asked: "Well, what are they, and where do they come from?"

"They have been traveling in a northwesterly direction," we observed, "so they must have come from some spot to the southeast of Sweden. And very little has been said as to where they have been dropping.

"The reports have been specific in stating that the missiles—radio-controlled rockets, probably—have passed high over Sweden.

"The best thing to do is to get out a map of the world, and try to figure out for ourselves just where those rockets would be likely to land, under actual war conditions; and why those who shot them off would want them to land there."

We added that in our humble opinion those rockets that are passing over Sweden are of much greater importance than anything that is happening at the "peace conference" in Paris.

Since that conversation, we have seen what a few competent observers have had to say as to rockets and things.

Here, for instance, is Executive Secretary John F. Victory, of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, the organization which does much of our advanced air research.

"Aeronautical science today is on the threshold of a new era," he declares. "It is due largely to the advent of new forms of propulsion."

Here's Captain Steadman Teller, of the United States Navy, and head of the Navy's "guided missile section":

"Anti-aircraft missiles launched from both ships and planes, guided or homed to the target by electronic beams or target-generated intelligence, are an important segment of our program. Anti-submarine and anti-ship missiles which will dive deep and speed unerringly to a fast maneuvering target are under development. Heavy missiles to be launched at shore objectives from ships or submerged submarines will extend the striking range of our mobile task forces."

Now absorb what Rear Admiral Sallada, Navy aeronautics chief, has to say:

"In immediate prospect are supersonic (speeds up to several thousand miles PER HOUR) jet-propelled, pilotless aircraft carrying 'payloads' from a small charge capable of knocking down an airplane to an atomic bomb capable of 'snuffing out' the prescribed target with no help from human hands or brains.

"A little farther in the future are satellite vehicles, circling the earth hundreds of miles up, like moons. Interplanetary travel, in case someone feels the urge to visit far places, might be only a short step from the satellite vehicle."

And lastly, Vice-Admiral Cochrane, chief of the Navy's ship bureau:

"We have not looked upon atomic power solely from a defensive point of view. Most important to the security of our nation are the problems of offensive utilization of atomic energy by the Navy. The first is the use of atomic energy in missiles. The second is the utilization of atomic power for ship propulsion."

Disturbing?
Just a little.
But no more disturbing than those huge rockets that are continually passing over Sweden.
And far less disturbing than the realization that those rockets passing over Sweden are not just "happening."
Someone is firing them.

ECHOES Of The Past

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

August 17, 1921
Third annual reunion of the Scheiber family is held at Riverhurst.

W. L. Pelton and E. V. Quinn are named team captains for golf matches to be played at the Hamilton Country Club.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

August 17, 1926
Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks and the Salvation Army play host to hundreds of blind, crippled and needy children at a picnic at Riverhurst.

Olean Independents football team holds its first practice session with twenty-two candidates seeking places on the team.

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

August 17, 1931
Series of life saving tests are started at the municipal swimming pool.

Richmond Holmes defeats Dr. J. A. Johnson and retains his title as golf champion of the Bartlett Country Club.

TEN YEARS AGO

August 17, 1936
Junior Chamber of Commerce sponsors the organization of a Wild Life Federation to unite all Rod and Gun Clubs in Cattaraugus and Allegany counties into one group.

Veterans of Foreign Wars present their annual clambake and outing at the John P. Ford farm on the Five Mile Road.

FIVE YEARS AGO

August 17, 1941
Citizens Defense Council begins working on plans to promote sale of bonds in this area.

Harlow Waldeck of 216 1/2 South Union Street, leaves for Jackson, Miss., where he will teach Canadian fliers at a basic flying school there.

Looks Like It'll Be A Handicap Race



Blaming It On The Press

By JAMES THRASHER

The free press (Western style) and its practitioners seem to have become exceedingly handy scapegoats for the disgruntled. We note that in recent days such dissimilar persons as the Soviet journalist Ilya Ehrenburg and Father Devine have been taking pot-shots at the reporters and their bosses. But we are more interested today in the complaint of Mr. H. Hynd, parliamentary secretary to Britain's First Lord of the Admiralty.

Mr. Hynd thinks that newsmen are making things unduly hard for the British government. "We find in the press," he says, "not only rather queer reports, as sometimes happens, but also little bits slipped in here and there—sometimes in a humorist column—all little digs at the Labor government."

Mr. Hynd would probably chide us for lifting these "little bits" from the body of the speech that contained them, but they seem to contain the gist of his complaint. And if we were one of the Labor government's many British supporters, we should be a little disturbed if we thought that this complaint represented a widespread official feeling.

For Mr. Hynd's objections seem to betoken a feeling of uncertainty, if not of discouragement. That feeling is often revealed in an acute sensitivity to criticism and a susceptibility to severe bruises at the impact of the least unkind word.

One might be led to believe that since Mr. Hynd considers the Labor government's political cause to be just, he expects the press to maintain an attitude of dedicated reverence unmarred by levity or fault-finding.

Impatience with criticism is natural and usual. But the strong politician, sure of popular support of his goals and methods, can afford to ignore the petty fault-finding and answer his critics sharply on major issues. That was the technique of the confident Mr. Roosevelt and the confident Mr. Churchill. It is not the technique of Mr. Stalin.

It might seem that Mr. Hynd, instead of giving rather peevish voice to his grievances, could be thankful that criticism of his party's government finds expression in bits of humor and little digs.

The Labor government cannot be blamed for the unhappy circumstances under which it had to begin its reforms. It bravely undertook an intricate bit of juggling in which social revolution, physical and economic reconstruction, continuance of many traditional Empire policies, and domestic tranquility were all supposed to be kept going at once. The result to date is a continued low, drab, dismal standard of wartime "austerity" living.

And yet the British remain good-naturedly patient. A reflection of—and perhaps one reason for—their cheerfulness is a free press which can act as a safety valve for their occasional resentment of continuing hardships and governmental slowness and mistakes. As long as "little digs" keep on appearing in the public prints, the Attlee government and Mr. Hynd may have little cause to fear any more sinister expression of criticism and discontent.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Danish Middies Show U. S. New Dance Step!

By AUSTINE CASSINI

Times Herald Washington Correspondent

WASHINGTON—For one of the few times in the history of the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, 45 midshipmen stayed out after hours and got off scot-free!

Not only stayed out . . . but with girls! One of them an admiral's daughter, and the others 20 of her friends.

The boys had supper, were entertained, and even learned how to dance an American step they had never heard of, with the daughter of Adm. Stuart Ingersoll (assistant superintendent of the Academy), 20 of her comely friends, and some officers and midshipmen of the Royal Danish Navy. . . . All aboard the training cruiser, Holger Danske, which was bought by the Danes from the British government and is now making a world cruise.

The Danish midships, who introduced the new dance, insisted the name of this United States step they were showing to the United States midshipmen was the "Okey-Dokey."

"But everybody's doing it in Copenhagen and they think it's American. It must be American," one young Dane insisted feverishly.

The next day at a big, bang-up reception given by the charge d'affaires and Mme. Bang-Jensen, the Danish midships saw Washington and met more American girls.

United States Maritime Service Adm. Tiltair Knight at the party watched a group of Danish boys talking to an American girl.

"They take to each other like, er—uh . . ." he laughed, "like boys to girls!" Danish Count Adam Moltke, embassy secretary, put his two bits in about the meeting not long ago between Crown Prince Frederik of Denmark and a group of journalists in London.

He was to escort them to the International Journalists conference back in Copenhagen. . . . After a comfortable dinner at Ambassadors hotel in London, everyone was urged to give a toast in his native language.

Milton Murray, president of the American Newspaper Guild and United States delegate to the conference, arose when his turn came, and with his glass held high intoned: "Gentlemen, I give you a good old American toast—Skool!"

NEW CHINESE ambassador, Dr. Wellington Koo, was holding his first press conference in the garden of the embassy at Twin Oaks when—

Crash! Down came a heavy bough, barely missing the newsreel cameras, grazing a prominent Washington correspondent on his nose for no reason.

All eyes shot upward. All that could be seen was a squirrel's fuzzy tail as he scampered back up the tree.

Sylvester, the White House squirrel, of course! He most likely had wandered last week . . . Leaving his comfortable home in Lafayette park, just opposite the White House, he straightened his spade, adjusted his small white gloves, and attended the press conference. . . . In fact, he almost broke it up!

Sylvester had sized up the new envoy, an alert-looking, mustached, slightly graying man, neatly dressed in a white suit and a maroon-dotted bow tie, gray socks, brown shoes.

GALLUS-SNAPPIN' GENE TALMADGE'S victory over smart young lawyer Jerry Carmichael in the Georgia primary elections for governor can be traced, oddly enough to the United States Supreme court.

Anyway, that is, according to one of those Washington wise-shots. Early last June the Supreme court handed down a decision which Gene Talmadge figured would suit him to a "T" a campaign issue. That single issue carried him to victory. In a suit brought by a Virginia Negro against a Virginia bus company, the high court declared Jim Crow laws illegal.

"Nobody has any right to tell us what to do in Georgia!" shouted Talmadge. He knew that in Georgia, which has thousands of under-privileged backward whites, he had a good case. Talmadge out-Bilboed Bilbo. Result:—the governor's mansion.

EDITORIAL OF THE DAY

"DOCTOR JONES" SAYS

Thirty or forty years ago a considerable part of the doctors' practice, around this time of year, was treating people with acute "bowel trouble." Sometimes, if it was particularly sudden and violent, especially if they'd been eating meat or fish or something that wasn't too fresh, we labeled it "pomaine poisoning." Anyway, we always took it for granted everybody'd have a touch of it and we prepared accordingly.

Pomaine poisoning—it wasn't long before the laboratory people were telling us that was a misnomer. A pomaine, it seems, is a chemical substance that can result from the action of bacteria on nitrogenous matter—like meat and such stuff; a putrefactive product, the result of spoilage. Their point, I believe, was that most of the so-called pomaines weren't poisonous. In other words, they didn't think the trouble usually came from chemical change in the food itself. But they were working on the bacteria end of it.

Then the public health people—they observed that these cases ran in bunches: maybe a hundred or so in one place, all coming down about the same time, then another lot somewhere else. In short, they were occurring in separate outbreaks. In one place it looked like a polluted water supply; another lot—they'd had the same milk, or maybe, been to a picnic or something and eaten the same food. So the epidemiologists and the laboratory folks joined forces to find out "why?"

The ultimate answer was, the trouble, practically always, was the bacteria themselves. In one place somebody with boils had handled milk or some other food. It hadn't been refrigerated and their staphylococci had multiplied and formed a poison. Another place the water or milk or what not had been contaminated with certain intestinal germs and the folks'd been directly infected by 'em. The bugs went to work on 'em and, a few days later, the symptoms showed up.

After the causes were known, the methods of prevention were obvious: Chlorination of water supplies, refrigeration of foods, pasteurization of milk and the rest. Getting these things done—that used to occasion some "gripes" too. The best treatment for them was large doses of education. Anyway, they were less disturbing than the gastrointestinal variety.—Paul B. Brooks, M. D., in "Health News."

SOME FREEZER EXPERIENCES

This spring we were fortunate in being able to buy a large farm freezer. So, like the squirrels, we have been busy storing things to eat for the long winter ahead.

You may not save much money with a freezer, but, if you pay some attention to producing your own living on the farm, the freezer will give you an immense amount of satisfaction. Properly handled, a freezer will help you to provide fresh meat, vegetables and fruit the year around. It will greatly improve the variety and quality of your diet. Already we have opened peas and berries, frozen early in the season, that taste exactly as they did when they came from the garden.

But speaking of quality, nothing will come out of a freezer better than it was when it was put in. If you think of a freezer as a device for saving surplus, overripe or under-quality foods, which you cannot sell, then you are sure to be disappointed.

One of the big advantages of zero freezing is that you can freeze any fruit or vegetable which deteriorates quickly after picking and keep that flavor that you never get in these products after they go on to the market. This is one reason why a home freezer is much better than a locker. It is difficult to get the products picked and to the locker in a distant town before they have lost some of their flavor.

Then, too, a home freezer is handy. You don't have to drive to town when you want some frozen product, and it isn't necessary to plan so far ahead. However, a locker and a locker plant are excellent for processing and freezing your meat and some other products and for storage of some foods that you may not have room for in your home freezer.

During the storm the other night, our power went off for a few minutes, and we started worrying about the freezer. Later I found out that a good freezer will hold the products for at least 48 hours without current providing you don't open it. It's a good plan, anyway, never to open your freezer except when you absolutely have to. If you keep your freezer in the cellar, as we do, be sure to keep the windows light shut to prevent moisture condensation.

When buying a machine you will be sorry if you don't get one big enough. If sugar is short, it is possible to freeze many products without it and sweeten them when you are ready to serve them.

Help others by sending in suggestions from your own quick freezing experience. One dollar will be paid for each letter which we can use with suggestions from your own quick freezing experience.—American Agriculturist.

ALL ABOARD—BUT WHERE?

For a brief space the other day it began to look as if that arch-villain, inflation, not content with whisking milk almost out of sight, had caught up the milk train itself. For the Utica-Water-town milk train had vanished into the not-so-thin air of the roadbeds, without a toot, a whistle.

Now, had it been the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe, officials merely would have paged radio station cronies for the latest episode of their errant offspring.

But this early morning traveler of the staid New York Central Railroad had been running long enough to know its way about without calling in the cops. It was therefore a bit of a surprise for those past masters in the art of locating lost children and pet poochies to be asked to track down a train. It was a relief to have the train finally report on its own, broken down but blameless, a mile and a half east of Rome—New York, that is.—Christian Science Monitor.

THEY SAY

Peace can come only from preparedness. Peace can only exist, if the would-be aggressor nation knows that it will be opposed arm for arm and man for man.—F. P. Brails, past president, Canadian Bar Association.

A great mistake was made in fixing prices at the consumer level. From this condition, rose the greatest system of black markets the world ever saw.—Rep. Thomas A. Jenkins of Ohio.

SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith



"You don't seem at all interested in your job. Gladly I'd be tickled to death if I could dash off downtown and spend the day doing exciting office work!"

TODAY'S POEM

QUARRY

We are granted yet a little hour
But not more than that hour in the sun;
At appointed time and place the arrow
Designates our course is run.
Hide we cannot from time's shadow;
Upon far peak or swift on alien sea;
Star and clock will find us for a target;
We can no longer flee.
Hurry, for the Archer moves already,
Though with neither haste nor wrath;
Bright fatal stars are in their courses;
The hounds unleashed upon the path!

FREDERICK BRJGHT, in the New York Times.