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Today's Roundup

By MALCOLM EPLEY
MOBRIDGE, S. D.—(Travel Correspondence)
This is written in the corner of an auto court cabin, with our feet held up out of water that came into the place in the night.

It was hot last night, and we went to bed with all windows and the door of the place wide open. A clap of thunder woke us up about 3 a. m. There followed a terrific downpour that sent water creeping over the floor through the open door before we realized what was happening.

It was the kind of rain that fills the Main street underpass at Klamath. It continued for about an hour, accompanied by the loudest claps of rolling thunder we've heard since our Nebraska boyhood. It's still raining a little this morning. A rain with that much vigor can't give up without continuing to sprinkle a while.

WE came on to the prairie country from St. Paul yesterday, following highway US 12, the Yellowstone Trail. We stopped for the night at Mobridge (Missouri bridge) because the map doesn't show much promise in the way of towns for miles ahead.

So far, we've been on good pavement. But the map says there is "improved" but not paved road for about 140 miles ahead of us. The local weekly newspaper, which we read in a restaurant, gives highway authorities the devil for the "deplorable condition" of US 12 west of here. The service station man says not to worry—it's officially deplorable, but not really bad.

We'll let you know.

Where Does The West Begin?

BILLINGS, Mont.—(Travel Correspondence)—
Where does the west begin? Where is that "ridge where the west commences" toward which the singer yearns in the ditty so popular a year or two ago, "Don't Fence Me In"? Probably every homebound westerner reaches a spot where, after a look from train or car window, he says to himself or a companion—nostalgia in his voice—something like: "This is it" or "Back in God's country" or "That's the west, all right!"

For lack of anything more important to do, we weighed the issues carefully today to determine just where the west began for us, personally, on this auto trip from New York to Klamath Falls.

We began the day at Mobridge, South Dakota, certainly far out in the west to many people—but not quite, to us. Our west must have rime rock, and pine or juniper-studded ridges, sage brush ("rolling plains of artemisia with some pasture in the valleys," it says on an old map somewhere) flat-top buttes, a purple ridge in the distance that seems to break off at the end into nothing, aspen in the gulches and wild hay in the meadows. (You see, we're a little nuts about the high desert.)

Coming west, you don't get all of these at once, but when you've seen several, and some of them together, you know you've reached it. We did today, just after crossing the Missouri river west of Mobridge and climbing the crinkly-faced ridge there. From there, one after another of our western features came into sight, and our studied conclusion was that the hills just west of the Missouri river, on this particular route, form the "ridge where the west commences."

IN the last installment of these chronicles, we promised a report on the condition of unpaved portions of US 12 west of Mobridge.

As gravelled roads go, they probably are not bad, but we, like most other motorists, have come to expect paved roads on even the remote country sections of a transcontinental US highway. We're probably spoiled, but that's the situation.

Furthermore, today the road had just been treated to a terrific downpour of rain. It was slick in spots; we did considerable careening and splashing, and cut our speed drastically.

US 12 is the "Yellowstone Trail" crossing over northern South Dakota and swinging over into the southwestern tip of North Dakota before entering Montana east of Miles City. It has about 140 miles of unpaved road between Mobridge and the Montana line.

A young man who sat by us in a restaurant at Bowman, N. D., said that North Dakota politicians are uninterested in US 12 because it touches just a corner of that state. A lot of the unpaved road, however, is in South Dakota, whose politicians apparently aren't interested west of Mobridge. The road is an orphan in there, and evidently is treated like one. It was the worst road we've encountered on this two-way transcontinental jaunt.

AT Bowman, an incident occurred that proved we were in the west. For the first time on this long trip, we forgot our gasoline credit card, leaving it at the station at the edge of Bowman. We drove into the town, and at the station at the hotel cafe. The service station operator, Gary Gunderson, discovered our card, got into his car, drove into the town,

hunted us up, and returned it to us. Gary Gunderson operates a station on US 12 at Bowman, N. D. We hope they finish paving that road, that the traffic increases many-fold, and that Gary Gunderson gets a big share of it into his service station.

OUT on the Dakota prairie, a man hailed us down and told us to take it easy—over the next hill, they were moving a house on the road. Sure enough, way out in that remote region, we came upon a six-room two-story house, being towed slowly up the road. The man who stopped us with a red flag had his car parked by the side of the road. It bore a California license. That leads to interesting speculation, but it really didn't look like a California house.

They weren't having any trouble getting it under street car trolley lines when we saw it.

People who make a lot of distance in a day shouldn't complain about the roads. We did come 450 miles today, right into Billings. A lot of hours went into that driving, and we were glad to find a good hotel room and a bath. Our room is right over a busy street of this busy western city, but we don't anticipate any difficulty sleeping.

News Behind The News

By PAUL MALLON

WASHINGTON, July 23—The returning youth of the country has found little to his liking. Bulging with a few hundred dollars extra pay, he finds himself largely unable to take advantage of preferments offered by the government. He cannot buy an automobile or rent a house, as there are none, but the increasing cost of living will soon devour his preferred status if he chooses to loaf. The ambitious young prospective leaders of the forthcoming generation have in droves taken the government up in its offer of two years' help in college, and it promises to develop the largest educated generation this world ever had. But in this field again the young man will find most colleges overflowing, with trailer camps and conques huts disfiguring campuses like the University of Chicago, and shortages of teaching and housing facilities everywhere blocking his path.

Now this young man, as I have met him upon three graduation campuses around the country, does not want more government help. He is already awakening from the delusions of the past. No government need kiss him, put him in government nightgowns and slip him to bed at night. He knows he must make his own place in the world. No one can provide it for him. So what he wants is a chance.

An opportunity providing him that chance, practically free of government mothering and muddling, has been developed since 1944 (only two years) in one of the nation's leading colleges. It should be copied by every school of higher education, every college and university in the land, and I can see it is adaptable even to high schools.

Holy Cross System

THIS is the Holy Cross system, operating in Worcester, Massachusetts, specifically in the form of its "Holy Cross placement bureau." About 300 returning servicemen have been led to their niche in life by this bureau in a comparatively small college in a comparatively small time—think of it, 300, or about 30 per cent of Holy Cross men in the service. Between 25 and 50 of this year's graduating class of 194—roughly a third—will receive positions through the placement office.

The job is well done. It is worked largely through alumni clubs in 41 various cities of the country. Each of these clubs has a placement committee, made up of employers or people with contacts with employers. While I was there recently, a national tire and rubber company took three of this year's graduating class, after sending a man to Worcester to interview approximately 25 applicants in one day. A dozen of the largest concerns in the country whose names are familiar to you (but cannot be used by me solely because I did not obtain their authorization), take the best they can get for their purposes, of the unspecialized graduating class each year. Holy Cross gets the jobs for its people. Indeed, business is happy to have this source of new employment, and small concerns get more than the large ones because of the opportunity for faster advancement and experience which they offer.

But to do this you must have a system. A lad may half-frivolously be led to a job for which he is not suited and will quit in a few weeks. To get around this, the central Holy Cross placement bureau keeps a full questionnaire record on both students and graduates who wish to file. It knows the experience and preferences of every man of them, his marks, background and education, and what he wants. The questionnaires are worded along psychological lines, designed to produce a knowledge of temperament and adaptability. So the central bureau knows what the man is suited for. The alumni committee and employers know the jobs. The system fits the two together.

Others Improperly Organized

NOW there are a few other colleges having placement bureaus of various types, few of which work as well because they were not properly organized. I know half a dozen (but none for service men in colleges), which function from moderate to worse, because some old dodo of an alumnus has been put in charge as he needs a job or something. A placement bureau, like an individual, must find its place in life. No system is any better than its results, and I mean permanent results. I think the main secret of the Holy Cross system is that

SIDE GLANCES



"I wouldn't be too particular about waiting for that dream man of yours—why, some of these nice boys at the beach may be future grocers or butchers!"

The World Today

By DeWITT MacKENZIE AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

Madam Sun Yat-sen's blunt statement yesterday that China is heading for disaster not only is reminiscent of the fire and leadership of her late husband, revolutionary idol of his people, but is highly significant of the terrible straits in which her unhappy country finds itself.

It's rarely indeed that the noted widow of the Reverend Dr. Sun (she also is sister-in-law of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek) talks for publication about the political affairs with which she has been familiar these many years. She maintains very close touch with public matters, as I found when I visited her in her Chungking home in 1943, but she shuns publicity. It takes an emergency to make her talk and so when she does speak it is of double interest.

Madame Sun made the startling charge that reactionaries in the Kuomintang party (the Kuomintang) are striving to incite war between the United States and Russia in the hope that in this way the government can crush the Chinese communists. She declared that American reactionaries are abetting Chinese reactionaries.

Wants Troops Evacuated She wants all American troops withdrawn from China, as their presence "is not strengthening peace and order among the Chinese people." She advocates that the United States stop sending war materials and other military assistance.

With this preface Madame Sun urges the formation of a coalition government between the Kuomintang and the communists. She wants to see the application of the people's nationalism as advocated by her husband. She says that by this

it knows its men thoroughly, and the 41 alumni clubs around the country merely furnish opportunity. They do this by counseling, occupational testing and interviews with men of practical experience in the field.

No wonder the youth is restless. Nowadays, this feeling is given big social names. In my early time the same thing was merely called growing up. There is nothing the matter with the younger generation which cannot be attributed to unwise leadership from my own existing generation. They were led to admire the wrong things, like government mothering which can never work because of the very political nature of incompetence in government, and the human nature of the individual. It will not work for labor unions any more than for college graduates. It will not work for a government employment service, which, in my community, is a half-baked thing which few employers or employees use. The private ones are better.

No wonder, furthermore, why Holy Cross was listed by the navy during the war as the most difficult Catholic ROTC college in discipline and scholastic requirements, second only to its own beloved Annapolis.

STATIC

By BILL JENKINS

While driving around the countryside yesterday with several Klamath Falls men, the question of parking meters and one-way streets came up in the conversation, with startling results. Everyone agreed. Parking meters are not lovable objects, but they do afford more parking and pay the city. And one-way streets are the answer to a maiden's—or a merchant's prayer. General consensus of opinion hinged on the fact that unless you get both meters and one-way streets, Main street might as well fold up its tents and steal away. Maybe there's a lot in that.

The YMCA group, under the leadership of Paul Lee, will go up before the budget committee tomorrow night to ask for a place in the community chest. If ever a town needed a "Y" this is it. What little we have in the way of facilities is in full use now, and any program that can afford more is well worth the small donation it will take from the people of Klamath Falls. The "Y" doesn't intend, by the way, to go into full production right off the bat, either. All they ask is the money necessary to get an experienced man in here to organize the thing, and to outline wholesome amusement for Klamath's youngsters. It's a good deal.

Hal Ogle, head of the KPFA, pulled a new one on me the other day. He has a method of transplanting squaw carpet, that long, lean, tenacious growth you see straggling down ditch banks and cuts in the road. You gather the seeds in July or August, put them in a cold storage locker—and keep them there for a year at a constant temperature of 60 degrees. Then you take them out, put them in a canister of sand, and shake it out until the outside hull is almost worn through. Following that all you do is plant them. Sounds easy, doesn't it? But once they're planted there isn't anything better to keep dirt solid and prevent erosion.

Now that Charley Stark, chamber manager, is out of town I can safely relate what I think must be the most naive remark of the week. At a meeting of the airport committee of the chamber, Charley was outlining grandiose plans for Klamath's "air day." When the question came up as to who would handle the crowds, Charley said, and I quote—"Oh, there's lots of marines sitting up at the Barracks. I imagine they'd be glad to stand a little guard duty." As an ex-marine, Charley, I can tell you that the marines would not be "glad" to stand a little guard duty. Not the ones who wear their rank on their sleeves instead of their shoulders, anyway.

Another Coincidence But coincidence didn't stop there. John M. Hightower, Associated Press diplomatic reporter in Washington, disclosed at the weekend that high American officials had been considering a shut-down on shipments of arms and munitions to the Chinese government in hope that this might assist in unifying China. Report had it that large quantities of lend-lease weapons had given the extreme nationalists the idea that they could whip the reds quickly and they wanted to have a go at it. The generalissimo himself was said to have come to this view.

This would mean all-out civil war and the defeat of American policy for unification of China. Such a development also would create delicate problems affecting Russo-American relations, and consequently the peace of the world.

These three coincidental developments provide fertile ground for wide speculation. However, there are outstanding points on which there seems to be agreement in important quarters in America, China and Russia. These points are: (1) China is riding for disaster; (2) military supplies might encourage the nationalists to push the war against the Chinese communists; (3) all-out civil war in China would endanger world peace.

The corollary to all this, as Mme. Sun indicates, is that "this calamity must be stopped at its beginning."

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Catholics Schedule Oregon Centennial
MOUNT ANGEL, July 23 (AP) Plans for the centennial observance of establishment of the Catholic church in Oregon were completed here yesterday.
The observance, July 28, at Champeog park, will include a solemn pontifical high mass celebrated by the Most Rev. Edward D. Howard, archbishop.

Liquor Ban Asked For Marion County
SALEM, July 23 (AP)—Petitions to ban liquor from Marion county were circulated here today by church and temperance groups.
If the sponsors get 3504 names by August 25, the measure would go on the November general election ballot.

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6:25 World News Summary
6:30 Music of Manhattan
6:45 Bella Spawack Reports ABC
6:55 Sports by Wismar ABC
7:00 Year Navy Recruiters
7:15 Say It With Music
7:20 Malcolm Epley
7:30 Navtimes
8:00 Lum 'n Abner ABC
8:15 Jumping Jacks
8:30 Dark Venture ABC
9:00 Retribution ABC
9:15
9:30 News
9:35 Richard Lethier, Organ
10:00 Cal Timney ABC
10:15 Elmer Davis ABC
10:30 Doctors Talk It Over ABC
10:45 Ambassador Orch ABC
11:00 Sign Off
11:20
11:48