

Herald and News

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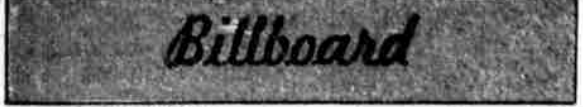
Entered as second class matter at the post office of Klamath Falls, Ore., on August 20, 1906, under act of congress, March 3, 1879.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By Mail 6 months \$6.50 By Mail year \$11.00



By BILL JENKINS

They went that way!
And so did my neck!
If you've never attended a sports car race you've never known the fanatical joy that comes with alternately freezing and roasting to death, dislocating your neck trying to watch a bunch of cars come roaring up at ninety miles per hour and try to negotiate a turn, all the while fending off curious youngsters, dodging spilled soft drinks, trying to keep from stepping in a puddle and at the same time trying to do without breathing to keep from urging over the smell of motor oil.

And if that doesn't discourage you nothing will. You're a sports car fan.

Reason for all this outdoor? The weekend sports car road races held at Reno. Through some unaccountable circumstance of fate we found ourselves, woe and bloody to be had unbowed, standing behind a bale of hay while a Jaguar 120 came roaring down the stretch with every intention, apparently, of doing his best to get at us and end the misery of living. The first one was followed by a howling, bellowing, screaming, roaring horde of other Jags, MG's, both TD and TC, Cadillac-Allards, Crosleys, Austins, Frazer, Nash, BMW's, Healeys, Morris Minors, Simcas and an all-American special known as an Edwards special. All of them running under the auspices of the Sports Car Club of America with the blessing and backing of the Reno chamber of commerce.

If you've never seen one of these events I strongly urge you to waste no time in looking up the next one and making plans to attend. There's nothing like it in the world. It takes any other type of car racing seen weak and simple. In the first place you don't have a regular oval track. The race is held around a rough, bumpy mass of city streets, highways and eight angle corners. The Reno race was held alongside the golf course on Plumas street and extended down and around Virginia Lake and back to Plumas street. The start and finish being located right off the course.

Drivers, most of 'em amateurs, climb into their cars, which are stock sports cars, and start out to see who can negotiate the course in the least time.

The first race of the day, the Virginia Lake handicap, was for

the novices. Only drivers who had not competed in more than one officially sanctioned road race were allowed to enter. A bunch of MG's, mostly, with a couple of other small cars tossed in, gathered for a ten lap race of the two and a half mile course. The newcomers didn't get into the corners as fast as some others did later, but there were some beautiful jams around turn one and eight. And they all had fun. Caddy, a couple of Jags and a Nash Healey made up the big car contingent.

Comes then, after an appropriate pause for soft drinks, hot dogs (they ran out of buns) and a general churning and then the Comstock Cup, a twenty lap race for the seasoned drivers, all MG's except for a Simca and a tiny little Singer. (The MG's are those little British cars you see pottering about the street with the spare on the back. Et cetera for Morris Garages.) No particular excitement here but all fun to watch.

And then comes the big boy, the Nevada State cup. A one hundred and fifty mile race with the best drivers in the big car really putting it on. At the starting line thirty eight cars line up, get the starter's flag and take off with a jump. Tires scream on the pavement and leave long ribbons of rubber on the hard asphalt, the big boys, Jags and Allards, roar up to forty or so before shifting out of low, jam it into second and pile it up to eighty or ninety before ripping it into third and hit the back straight for Morris Garage when they finally drop back into the top slot. Then jam it into a lower gear and skidding into a right angle street corner at better than fifty, hit the throttle and send them flying for the finish. Imagine four or five cars closely bunched at a turn and you see where the excitement lies. In this particular race the Cadillac-Allard got off to a head start piloted by Bill Pollock and stayed there all the way with Phil Hill, driving a Jaguar XK-120 Silverstone hanging right on his heels. The big race was called after some forty seven laps because of a pair of spills. A Jag and an MG went over. No serious injuries. Dislocated shoulder and a broken wrist I believe.

Anyway, it's a lot of fun. recommend the races more highly. Watching \$4000 worth of car burn the least bit more exciting than driving a few hundred miles to see.

By DEB ADDISON

Wow! What a field day that parison, tub-thumping newspaper of Central Oregon will have. Our ears are burning right now in anticipation of what's going to be the first when we pick up the next copy of the Bend Bulletin.

Those spud growers from the northern provinces brought down their best potatoes to Merrill for the spud festival as anticipated. They not only made money, but they took all prizes, made a clean sweep, in the important commercial russet division.

Ever since they found out how good netted gem potatoes are from Klamath they've been hollering about their own. It's been hollering in a rain barrel until now, but now they have something to hang it on: First, second and third cups for the potato championship of Oregon.

The Klamath Basin is the potato capital of this part of the world, of course, and that's a condition as must exist until the potato festival a year from now is intolerable.

One last ditch move would be to follow the example Los Angeles. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. Or, more better, get a temporary expedient to make the best of a bad situation for the next 12 months. We reworded declare that Deschutes, Crook and Jefferson counties be annexed as suburbs of the Klamath Basin. This is to be in effect only until the 1952 Klamath Basin Potato Festival.

Annexation doesn't solve the long range problem though. We'd have to have to send to Bend for a sack of gems to fill that vacant corner in the cellar room in our basement.

Before another day has passed, try Lydia Pinkham's Compound. The Vegetable Compound, with added iron, and it will cover how much easier your "change of life" may be.

Younger women and girls suffering from functional pains and distress of a reproductive system—restless, wonderful! It contains no pain-deadening drugs!

Rhodes Heads U.S. Workers

SALEM (AP)—J. R. Rhodes, Klamath Falls, is the new president of the Oregon Federation of Federal Employees. He was elected at a meeting at Chemawa Saturday.

Other officers: Charlie Lee, Portland, vice president; Mark Taylor Jr., Klamath Falls, secretary.

The next meeting will be at Roseburg.

VETS' SUPPORT AID

WASHINGTON (AP)—Senate passage sent to the president Friday night a bill to speed federal aid payments to states which maintain homes for the support of disabled veterans.

SAN JOSE (AP)—The Army's first armored combat vehicle produced in the West since the present defense emergency began rolled off the assembly line Wednesday—nine months after it was ordered.

Suffocating "Hot Flashes" stopped
or strikingly relieved
in 63-80% of cases in doctors' tests!

Are you going through "change of life" ... suffering the "hot flashes," nervous tension, irritability, weakness and other types of functionally-caused distress of this difficult time?

Then ... here's hope for you! In tests by doctors, Lydia Pinkham's Compound and Tablets gave relief from such distress ... in 63 and 80% (respectively) of the cases tested. Complete or striking relief!

Surely you know that Lydia Pinkham's is scientific/modern in action! Surely you know what it has done for you? Not if you haven't experienced the relief and tranquillity it so often brings at such times!

Before another day has passed, try Lydia Pinkham's Compound, the Vegetable Compound, with added iron, and it will cover how much easier your "change of life" may be.

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They'll Do It Every Time



THEY'LL DO IT EVERY TIME. BY JIMMY HARLO

By Jimmy Harlo



BUT—WHEN SHE TAKES A SHORT JAUNT FOR HERSELF—OH, TRAVELER'S AID SOCIETY—HOW FOULED UP CAN YOU GET? BY JIMMY HARLO

NEW YORK

People who live all alone on an island usually end up by talking to themselves. This is particularly true of Manhattan Island, one of the most crowded and lonely islands in the world. More people talk to themselves here than anywhere.

The human trait of self-address is a fascinating thing. It has always interested me. Everywhere I see people talking to themselves. I mutter under my breath, "why is he talking to himself?" And then my brain asks me, "why are you? You're doing the same thing yourself right now, you dope."

DIFFERENT REASONS

It is often appealing to watch the very young and the very old talking out loud to themselves because of a secret conviction that is the only way to be sure of an intelligent audience. If you reply, they don't even hear you.

The most frightening self-conversations are those who are mentally disturbed—drunken bums, senile refugees from reality, young people whose minds have erupted in chaos.

I remember once seeing a troupe of ghostly men mumbling to himself as he pushed through a throng near Rockefeller Center. Suddenly he wheeled, lifted his arms as if to sweep everyone in sight into the gutter and shouted, "sheep, get ready. You won't be here long."

Everyone who heard him turned eyes to the ground and walked on faster, feeling perhaps that the man who talked to himself said something true of them all.

SCIENTISTS

Argue Food Limitation

By HOWARD W. BLAKELEE
AP Science Editor

NEW YORK (AP)—The recent scientific prediction that we now have the know-how to feed four billion persons, twice the world's present population, has been challenged as a double-talk.

This was at a meeting on world population and birth control held by the New York Academy of Sciences.

The four billion prediction was made at last month's international chemistry meetings here by Arthur Virtanen, Finnish Nobel prize winner.

The challenge was by Dr. Robert Cook, of Washington, secretary of the American Genetics Assoc. He named a number of other scientists and economists as making similar predictions, and said:

The committee recognized there would be difficulties in enforcing the gambling tax, said the internal revenue bureau ought to overcome these with a vigorous program of collecting the tax.

Frank Tripp

Sage Sideglances

When the moths get after you, you're in for it. The miserable critters don't take any summer vacation and when you get back from yours like as not they've perforated your best suit right where it shows most and left you to find it out suddenly when you need it badly.

The weather got a mite nippy and I got out a heavier suit; one that was to keep me through the winter. In the blue suit, the moths had spent the summer on the front of the coat; bored two holes big as dimes right where you couldn't miss 'em.

So I says to Fanny: "How come, you frightened us all the time about a bomb squad? Look at my good coat! Your department is slipping."

She felt awful bad about it and rushed to the closet where the coat had hung to see what further toll the moths had taken. She came back and said: "Strange, nothing else in there has been touched."

"Well," I says, "moths are smart. They saw the price tag that you frightened us all the time about a bomb squad? Look at my good coat! Your department is slipping."

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CAUGHT

There was a call waiting when I arrived at the office.

"Anna and I had the microphone on the coast of yours," Fanny phoned.

"Did you catch the culprit?" I asked her.

"Culprits, nothing," she said. "They aren't nothole."

"Well, now, don't tell me that I saw 'em."

"They're cigaret burns," she said gaily. "—and don't try to blame your own carelessness on my housekeeping. You know they are cigaret burns."

"Couldn't possibly be," I said. "When I last wore that coat I was off cigaret smoking a pipe. Pipes don't burn holes."

"What do you mean they don't?" You used to burn up a shirt a week when you were a baseball writer," she remembered.

"That wasn't a pipe," I told her. "That was when I rolled my own with the Bull Durham that I got for reporting the players' homes to the company. You'll find that moths made the holes all right."

"If they did they carried matches for the lining too." Then she hung up.

She had me. And where the hair is short, because I've burned as many holes in clothes as moths have eaten. Nevertheless, I was proud of tickled. On account of the

Fearless Utah Congresswoman

Fiery Champion of Fair Play

By JOHN KAMPS

WASHINGTON (AP)—Reva Beck Bosone is earning a reputation as a congresswoman who doesn't like to be pushed around.

The middle-aged, red-haired Democratic representative from Utah let her colleagues know early in her first term that she has a backbone.

In 1949, when numerous congressmen received invitations for a weekend cruise on the navy aircraft carrier, the Midway, Mrs. Bosone got one by mistake. It was a mistake because regulations say women can't weekend on navy ships.

Rules or no rules, Mrs. Bosone insisted that she and two other women would junkie with the men. She raised such a ruckus that the navy retreated and gave Mrs. Bosone the admiral's cabin on the flatboat. The admiral stayed home.

The feminine lawmaker a Salt Lake City lawyer and former judge got her dander up on the house floor last March.

This was because a representative said an investigation should be made into what he called Eleanor Roosevelt's "influence in the promotion of communism and immorality and indecency among minority groups" in Washington.

Mrs. Bosone rose immediately to make a fiery defense of the widow of the president. She declared, "Among other things, that 'character assassination is worse than murder.'"

The congressman said lamely he had intended to make no personal attack on Mrs. Roosevelt. He had his words erased from the congressional record.

Mrs. Bosone stands for no money business in the house interior committee. She's a member of that committee because it deals with matters of Utah interest, including mining, reclamation and Indian affairs.

When she attends committee hearings on proposed legislation there's a noticeable slackening in the high-heating of witnesses.

Heckling seems to be a favorite pastime of some congressmen, especially Republicans questioning government witnesses.

Republicans had an Indian service attorney on the stand in connection with a bill for a Chippewa tribe last July 10. They complained because he couldn't answer certain questions, and accused him of being evasive.

REPLY

The witness was getting flustered, and Mrs. Bosone apparently decided he was being heckled unduly. Mrs. Bosone declared heatedly:

"It is unfair and reflects on the integrity of the witnesses to expect them to be subject to examination as though they are in a pillory. I resent it."

"I want to tell you right now that if I were in court and I were subject to some of the questions which are asked some of the witnesses I would be held in contempt because I would not take it."

The line of questioning changed.

Reed College Ranked High

PORTLAND (AP)—Reed college is turning out more scientists in proportion to its male enrollment than any other college in the country, the Journal of Higher Education says.

And another Oregon institution, Willamette university, is in 14th place among the 438 colleges studied.

This report is the second this year calling attention to Reed's rating as the top producer of future scientists. The earlier one, conducted at Wesleyan university under a Carnegie Foundation grant, covered 500 institutions including technical schools. In it, Willamette rated 31st.

RATINGS

In the Journal of Higher Education, an Ohio State university publication, with Reed in top place with 11 future scientists per 100 male graduates in the study period 1932-41, Oberlin was rated second and Chicago third. There were no institutions in the West other than Reed ahead of Willamette's 2.2 per 100.

The Wesleyan study, covering the period 1934-31, gave Reed an index of 131.8 scientists per 1000 male graduates—and Caltech was second at 70.1 Willamette's 21.2 led all other Western institutions, with 16.9. Oregon State, Montana State and Utah State.

Both studies defined a scientist as a person earning a doctoral degree in any of the natural sciences.

The two investigations differed on the type of institutions most productive of scientists. The Wesleyan study placed state agricultural colleges first as a group, with liberal arts colleges and major universities close behind. The Journal of Higher Education, which lumped agricultural colleges and universities, found them a slightly more productive source than liberal arts institutions. Technical institutes, where training is chiefly for engineers rather than scientists, ranked low in both reports, with Caltech a notable exception.

PRaise

In a summary of their findings published in Scientific American, the Wesleyan investigators said of Reed:

"The college's claim to distinction is not confined to the natural sciences; it is probably as well known for its graduates who have done outstanding work in the social sciences. Though salaries have been relatively low, many toponuch men have come to Reed to teach and have stayed there, displacing more lucrative positions.

"Among the students, the campus hero is the scholar."

Death Takes Hotel Man

Carl Hendrickson, 69, manager of the Hot Springs hotel the past two years, died early this morning at Hillside hospital of a heart condition. He had been in the hospital since September 28.

Born in Sweden, Hendrickson would have been 70 years old November 2. He is known to have two sisters, Mrs. Alfred Olson and Mrs. Agnes Lundgreen in Minnesota, and a brother in the eastern U.S.

Before becoming hotel manager, Hendrickson worked for Weberhauser. He had been a resident of Klamath county since 1928.

Funeral arrangements will be handled by Ward's funeral home.

Now you Know!

The answers to everyday insurance problems

By JERRY THOMAS

QUESTION: In turning to avoid a little dog which ran into the street, I ran right through a neighbor's lawn. I ruined the lawn and some expensive shrubs. Does my Property Damage insurance cover this damage?

ANSWER: Yes, you are fully protected and your insurance company will be glad to estimate and settle for the damage.

* If you'll address your own insurance questions to this office, we'll try to give you the correct answers and there will be no charge or obligation of any kind.

Jerry Thomas
119 S. 6th Ph. 6463

To The General Public

We have NOT sold this business nor do we contemplate doing so. We will continue to operate under our same name and give the same courteous service as we have for the past ten years, regardless of rumors to the contrary, of other firms buying us out and taking over this territory.

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Scientists Argue Food Limitation

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REAL ESTATE HEAD

GEARHART (AP)—Max H. Landon, Sweet Home, is the new president of the Oregon Assoc. of Real Estate Boards. He was elected at the group's convention here Saturday.

A Type for Every Need

STOVES-HEATERS

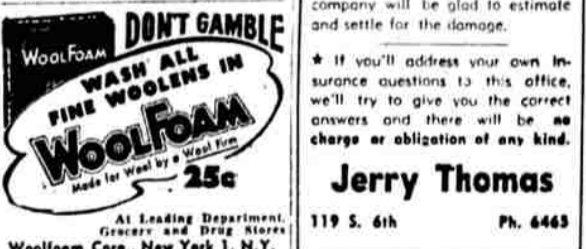
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- Oil
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- Wood
- and Electrical

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