

Herald and News

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Managing Editor

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By BILL JENKINS
You can stop waiting now. Today is the first day of spring. If you don't believe it look at any calendar. Usually spring falls on the 21st of March, but due to leap year or something like that it came a day early this year. In theory, that is.

If you don't like the weather you can (1) shoot yourself (2) move away (3) stay inside and read Plato (4) write essays on weather in general, or (5) take up the study of Buddhism and concentrate on contemplation, thus kidding yourself into believing that you are surrounded by Lotus blossoms, beautiful maids and sunshine like wine.

You can turn to the Bible, the old testament, Job I think, and learn that "... fair weather cometh out of the North."

Or you can seek to rationalize the whole thing. Perhaps by turning back to your high school days of study and remembering a few careless lines by Sir John Suckling:

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

If you follow this system you keep threatening to leave the Basin immediately but stick around to see it maybe it won't clear up just a little. Also known as the sour grapes theory.

You can forecast the weather at will. Not that it'll do any good, but if it makes you feel better—go ahead.

You won't come as close as Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens) did in a speech before a bunch of New Englanders, though. He said:

"Probably no east to southwest winds, varying to the south and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, sweeping round from place to place probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning."

Or, if you choose, you can sit around and listen to the homespun theories of the Basin:

"If you don't like the weather here—wait five minutes."

"If Spring comes on Tuesday this year I'm gonna take the day off and enjoy it. It came on a weekday last year and I missed it—had to work."

"This country only has two seasons: Winter and August."

Old Thad when he said: "Easy to explain the chill, stranger. Snow can't go off the hills 'till it warms up in the valley, and can't warm up in the valley 'till the snow goes off the hills."

"Toughest winter I ever saw."

"If you think this is tough you oughta been here ..."

Or, as Mac Egan used to say on looking out at a raging snowstorm: "That isn't snow, that's winter sunshine."

Any way you slice it spring in the Basin is just spring in the Basin and all you can do is sit back and take it. As this is written (6 a.m.) the sun is shining brightly, the snow is sparkling, the sky is a bright blue with only a fringe of cloud and it really looks like the McCoy.

You would almost think spring is here.

The biggest news of the day, any

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

OKAY—PENCILS, RIBBONS AND CLIPS—THERE YARE, HAZEL—OH, BY THE WAY—WILL YOU TYPE UP A COUPLE OF LETTERS FOR ME? MY CLUB IS HAVING A DANCE AND I'M CHAIRMAN...

EVERY TIME HE GIVES SOMETHING OUT HE ASKS YOU TO DO SOMETHING FOR HIM—YOU'D THINK IT WAS HIS OWN STUFF HE WAS GIVIN' AWAY...

SEE—I'M AWFUL BUSY, MR. ANSLEWORM!

THAT CLUB OF HIS MUST BE A JOOLY GROUP—PROBABLY A POLITE STRONGARM OR BLACKMAIL GANG!

IT'S CHEAPER TO BUY ANY SUPPLIES OUTSIDE—LAST TIME I GOT A BALL OF TWINE FROM HIM HE SOLD ME TWO TICKETS TO BLOCK DANCE.

A COUPLE OF LETTERS HE SEZ—IT LOOKS LIKE A THREE-ACT PLAY HE'S HANDING HER!

WATCHING THE STOCKROOM DOLER-OUTER LIVE UP TO HIS REPUTATION...

TRUNK AND A TIP OF THE HATLO HAT TO ST. BRUCE WALTERS, ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

Frank Tripp

Sage Sideglances

Truman Rightmire ran the most unique motion picture show that I ever saw, and one of the earliest. He had a system that many a modern cinema exhibitor would be glad to follow. He only opened up when there were enough customers to make it pay.

The minimum audience to which Tru would exhibit was five people. At ten cents a head, he figured five paid his costs and a mite of profit. Tru didn't aim to get rich quick, but you can guess that he never got rich slow either.

Those days, the city saw John Bunny for a nickel; in the Nickelodeons where the movies were born. But Tru could justify his dime price. He took the movies into the sticks, where he came and where he flourished: the little town where I was born.

Tru was a close student of the Sears-Roebuck catalogue. Well before he got into movies he was intrigued by the magic lantern—and he sent for one, also the must slides of the day, Niagara Falls.

Then Tru started a picture show. His first spot news feature had a run never beaten until came "Abie's Irish Rose." It was the funeral of President McKinley at Canton, Ohio, with accompanying lecture. Before motion pictures became a part of his ten-cent venture, the whole countryside had laid the martyred President away many times, at a nickel a lay. Every yokel thereabouts had heard the lecture so often that he knew it by heart.

Regardless, when Impresario Rightmire broke into the movies he took the old reliable with him, to round out his programs. "Twain smart" because this feature brought many shekels from city folks who daintily motored that far in their unpredictable horseless carriages to see Tru's show and make a lark out of it.

My first visit to Tru's colossal exhibit was as an invited passenger in a four-cylinder Cadillac. In this snooty conveyance we ventured the whole 12 miles, over which, as a babe of two, I had been transported in a lumber wagon. I mentioned this historical exodus en route—with no noticeable effect upon my companions, who were more concerned with a two-quoted cocktail shaker.

We found Tru's house in darkness, but knew the formula. A knock brought his head from an upper window; then the determination question, "How many of you?" We were admitted, upon payment of four bits. Potato crates appeared and a plank was placed across them; ample room for five.

Tru produced his projector and placed it on the kitchen range, lighting the wood fire within. We faced a bed sheet on the wall, which we guessed from the wrinkles in it, would return with Tru when he went back to bed.

McKinley's funeral came first. Tru's 14-year-old towhead did not know the lecture as well as the natives. She read it, although Tru inserted the cracked slide bottom side up, the lecturer had

Telling the Editor

GAIN NOTHING
KLAMATH FALLS — We have noted much talk of racial prejudices, some in the local paper. We feel that many of these prejudices are spotlighted by the so-called minor groups themselves.

Referring to the recent article about minstrel shows, almost every group or race in the United States, taken as a group, is a minority. But we do not feel that by outlawing minstrel shows one group would gain anything.

We see the Italian and his grind organ and monkey; we laugh at the Swede and his accent; we enjoy the Jew and his many expressions which have grown to be part of the American language; we laugh at the Chinaman's peculiar philosophy and manner of speech and on Saint Patrick's Day most of us wish we were Irishmen with their love for a good time and a good fight.

What we don't understand is why any one group or race should take offense at our American way of preserving a part of each race's folklore and making it a part of American life.

Any fool knows that an Irishman or a Swede or any other race is as good as any colored man so long as he behaves himself.

With racial bars down on intermarrying we are only a few generations away from coming up with any color baby on the color chart. We don't believe that we are making fun of or ridiculing any one group because of their race, creed or color. It is all part of America and all of it can be enjoyed by all Americans. There is no substitute for a good sense of humor.

All of us live in glass houses and a callous can be grown where skin is thin.

C. M.

Charity Gets Huge Fortune

NEW YORK (AP) — Mrs. Sylvia Wilks, the wealthy eccentric who inherited nearly 100 million dollars from her mother, the fabulous Hetty Green, kept the tidy sum of 31 millions in just one checking account.

Like her mother, Mrs. Wilks left an estate of nearly 100 millions. Most of her wealth will go to 63 charitable institutions.

The banking practices of Mrs. Wilks became known Wednesday in an accounting of her estate by a surrogate court.

In addition to her big checking account at the Chase National Bank, Mrs. Wilks kept five million dollars in checking accounts and in safety deposit vaults in another New York bank.

Mrs. Wilks, 80, died a year ago last month. Her mother, who died in 1916, amassed her fortune in New York realty investments and in Wall street securities.

Jet Engine "Improved"

LOCKLAND, Ohio (AP) — A sleek and shiny "improved" jet engine—destined to "make the F-86 even more potent than the sabrejets now flying in Korea"—has been unveiled here.

The engine — the J47-GE-27—made its debut with considerable fanfare Wednesday at the dedication of a General Electric Co. jet center here.

It was the tenth anniversary of the running of the first American turbojet at General Electric's Lynn, Mass., plant in 1942.

The "27" has a thrust rating "in excess of 5,800 pounds," a 10 per cent greater driving force than the General Electric powerplants of the Sabres now in Korea.

But essentially it is the same as the "23" model announced at Lynn, Mass., more than a year ago. The "23" is being produced for the Boeing B-47 stratojet bomber.

NOT THEIR DUTY

KLAMATH CITY (AP) — Eight years in Klamath Falls and many controversial subjects later, I have finally taken pen in hand to express a few opinions on one subject, our supposed teenage problem. We have forums, talk, many figures showing delinquency trying to prove that we have a more troublesome lot of teenagers than we have had in the past. Many of us who think and talk along this line have very short memories. For as long as I can remember, it seems that we have had teenage problems.

In the first place we don't feel that it is the duty of the teacher, city police officers, or any other paid agencies to direct the lives of these young people. Many of us parents are prone to lay the blame for any trouble that our children get into on the teachers or the city or anyone else who comes to mind. Actually most of this blame lies in the home.

Today's parent wants little responsibility, with all of the credit if his child turns out right, and the privilege of blaming others if his child turns out wrong. Walk into any beer joint of our fair city and ask how many are parents, you will find that a large percentage are. Ask where the children are. Depending on the children's age, your answers will be anything from, with a baby sitter to "I don't know."

We rave and fuss about planned activities in the community rather than take the time to plan activities in our homes. Do children want to be alienated from their parents and pushed into companionships that they would not otherwise seek because they are lonely.

Cardinal Appointed

VATICAN CITY (AP) — Pope Pius XII Thursday appointed Federico Cardinal Tedeschini papal legate to the International Eucharistic Congress to be held at Barcelona toward the end of May.

We specialize in insurance because we want to serve our customers right. No sidelines Hans Norland Agency, 862 Pine St., Phone 2-2515.

Probation On Theft Granted

Two-year probation terms were given two men Wednesday afternoon in Circuit Court after they waived grand jury investigation and pleaded guilty to charges of burglary, not in a dwelling.

Charles P. Poltra, 25, and William D. Wilder, both of Merrill, admitted their part in the theft of 84 sacks of potatoes last in November from a Great Northern freight car at Adams Point.

The pair was apprehended in Phoenix, Ariz., last week and returned here by the Sheriff's office.

Of two other men implicated in the theft, Kenneth Mack Anderson, 26 is serving a two year term in Oregon State Prison, and Raymond William Dawley, 18, Merrill, is awaiting grand jury action. He is free under \$1,000 bail.

Girl Dies When Dress Flares Up

ASHLAND (AP) — An 8-year-old girl, whose dress caught fire while at play, died in a hospital here Wednesday.

She was Loretta Mitchell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mitchell, Ashland. The girl was playing beside a stove in her home when her dress burst into flames.

In panic she ran outdoors, eluding her mother's grasp. She was badly burned by the time neighbors could stop her down the street.

Fall Causes Death

LONDON (AP) — Lady Frances Harrington, 75-year-old daughter of the late fourth Earl Temple, fell to her death Thursday from her sixth floor apartment in London's Kensington district.

By DEB ADDISON

Ed Miller and his Oregon Tech student who have the bet on horses can settle up on the basis of figures here-with, though we were unable to dig out the dope on the exact time bounds of the bet.

The question was: Are there more horses in the country now than there were fifty years ago? Trends indicate that the answer is no.

According to Local Horse Authority J. D. (Doc) Vertrees (with reference from the Census in the United States in Agriculture) the horse is losing his place in the sun.

Doc dug up figures going back 50 years nationally.

In 1930 the horse and colt census showed 13,742,000 head. This dropped to 10,444,000 in 1940, and then plunged to an estimated 5,500,000 by 1950.

There was one mule in 1930 for about every three horses. The mule breeds haven't dropped off as fast. The mule working areas haven't become mechanized as fast.

Oregon horse population figures go back further. In 1910 they counted 261,627; in 1920, 271,559; 1930; 176,225; 1940, 135,800. No figures later than 1940.

Getting down to Klamath county, the trend is roughly the same. In 1930 there were 7,218 horses. The count showed 7,154 in 1935, and 6,483 in 1940.

Taking the national trend, a drop from about 10 1/2 million to 5 1/2 million from 1940 to '50, would you think that would bring Klamath county down to a little over three thousand horses now? We suggested to Doc.

I'd think the drop would be sharper for Klamath county than the country as a whole, was his judgement. "I'd guess somewhere over a thousand horses."

Vertrees mentioned Bill Goulden's haying crews on the Big Marsh and Summer Lake as one of the few outfits which still uses lots of horses. Rough ground and soft spots in the marsh meadows still call for plenty horses ahead of the mowing machines.

This brings to mind a remark by one of the young men in one of the larger ranching outfits a few years back.

Ever so often, he said, I sneak off and buy another tractor. They holler and bellyache—and then go sell off another sixty horses.

So you see, there's lots of fine horseflesh in evidence around the Fourth of July, but Old Dobbin can't keep up with the clatter of a tractor.

All of which goes to show you that there now are more—ah—tractors than there are horses.

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Key West, Fla.

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