

# Herald and News

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## BILL-BOARD

By BILL JENKINS

It has been noted by this writer that the dress-up program for our big rodeo here has fallen down. There might be numerous reasons for this. Perhaps people are slow starting. Perhaps the supply of Western haberdashery is below normal. Perhaps people couldn't remember where they stored last year's stuff. Perhaps the weather

noticed the new tags the state police have on their cars? A big oblong sign that glows in the dark. Attached to the side of the car. As a citizen driver I would much prefer that it be attached to the back of the vehicle, but the state officials don't seem to agree with this theory.

Noticed the first new sign a few days ago under pleasant circumstances. A state officer had his car parked up by Riverside school and was out pitching softball for a bunch of youngsters in the playground behind the school.

That's the sort of thing we like to see, and would like to see more of. It restores your faith in the men who uphold and enforce the law. Their place is as much in gaining the confidence and trust of the young as it is in clamping down on the offenders. A great big "congratulations" to that officer.

We seem to be harping on the local officials today. But what about Fire Chief Roy Rowe and his vehicles? The fire engines all gleam like a freshly polished silver jug—but take a look at the fire-engine red coupe the chief rolls around in. Looks like it hadn't had a coat of wax in six months.

For the edification of the rodeo fans and contestants may we quote briefly from the Encyclopedia Americana, 1948 edition? Concerning cowboys it says "... the men who have charge of the cattle on the vast ranges in the west and southwest of the United States. They are well mounted and usually wear a fanciful costume. They are bold and adventurous and necessarily have to encounter many dangers."

Oh you kids! I presume that the crepe soled version of the old cowboy boot was put out to minimize one of the dangers they faced? Like walking on slippery pavement? Or was it designed to give a firmer grip on the clutch pedal of his trusty mount?

The old timers and those cowboys who still actually do a lot of honest-to-gosh range work must be spinning in their respective graves and beds.

Don't throw away those empty milk cartons, madame. That would be wasteful. They make the finest kindling in the world for starting fireplace fires. And are almost as inexpensive as wood these days.



has had something to do with it. But the least we can do is urge people to turn out. In case there is any doubt as to how you should look we include a quick sketch to sort of give you an idea.

Speaking of the weather I noticed yesterday that the city police riding around on the three wheelers had the hand warmers attached to the handlebars. Hey, fellas, don't you know it was the 25th of June. Summer and all that.

And speaking of police, have you

## Bruce Blossat

The Soviet action in shooting down an unarmed Swedish rescue airplane is reminiscent of a similar incident two years ago when the Russians knocked out a defenseless U.S. naval plane in the same Baltic Sea area.

The Russians naturally have come up with their customary phony explanations, blaming the whole thing on the harmless victims, saying they were flying over Soviet territory and that they fired first.

Probably the Kremlin doesn't expect anybody with a clear head to swallow the guff. It can have effect only on those deluded souls who still think there are big grains of truth in anything the Russians say. Unfortunately, there may be more of these souls than we like to concede, since Moscow's transparent fabrications about general warfare in Korea seem to have been accepted by many naive Europeans.

This newest show of Russian depravity, however, need not be interpreted as a sign that the Soviet armies are spilling for a fight. It may actually be evidence of the exact reverse.

What is entirely likely is that the Russians have a pathological fear of being discovered in their weakness. The sharpest experts we have on the Soviet Union rate the Reds serious, weak in important economic categories vital to the prosecution of a war.

This does not mean the Russians do not have a large standing army, a huge backlog of planes and tanks and other weapons, and a great

share of their industrial production devoted to the output of arms. But it does suggest that this tremendous facade of strength might crumble in a long conflict with America.

The Russians dare not let the legend of their military might lose force. It is perfectly in character with that purpose to put on an occasional show of belligerence in the general zone of their borders. They undoubtedly believe they may thereby suggest to the free world that Russia's fringe is bristling with impregnable defense strong points.

Such incidents as this have their value for Russian home consumption too. Dictators live on artificiality generated fears of outside enemies. What better way to convince the poor, depression-ridden Russian that his burdens are necessary than to dream up a real live foreign plane sauntering suspiciously over Soviet soil?

The event is new, but the method and the goal are old. We shall never have an end to this kind of thing so long as we have nations ruled by men who know only the raw creed of power for the sake of power.

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## They'll Do It Every Time

## By Jimmy Hatlo



## CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DEB ADDISON

The Million Dollar Rains made everybody happy except the man with hay on the ground. In some cases the benefit to grazing land and grain fields was much greater than any loss to cut hay.

It's no kidding about Million Dollar Rains, because what this weather has done to grain that was hit by recent frost has saved the day. There are no holders on calling for some sunny warm weather from now on though.

If you're just a backhanded farmer you know that mosquitoes were out full force before the skies clobbered you, and you have a pretty strong hunch that they'll be back stronger than ever as it clears and warms up.

Here's a tip from Dr. Dick Curran, the amateur rock wall man. He doesn't advance his theory as a scientific fact, but says he's found that it works with him.

On the evenings that I'm working outside (on the rock wall, of course) when I've taken chlorophyll tablets the mosquitoes leave me alone, he said. When I haven't taken chlorophyll they start chewing.

The only mosquitoes that bite you, the Doc explained, are females that are ready to lay their eggs. Mosquitoes feed on plants, but the females must have blood from warm blooded animals or cold blooded. It doesn't make any difference—to lay their eggs.

Maybe, said he, the chlorophyll makes you smell like a plant so they give up hopes of getting any blood out of you.

Warm blooded animals have thermostats that keep the blood at 98.6—except when you get the measles, son—cold blooded animals take on the temperature of their surroundings... but that doesn't make any difference to mosquitoes; chlorophyll seems to. Try it.

Thank goodness our medics are possessed with scientific curiosity. We finally have a report on porcupine as the Main Meat Course. It was Dr. Arthur Compton who reported:

## Talking the Editor

WRITERS WANDER

To the Editor: Have you noticed the great attendance at the religious movies? While I think them good for the people, I do wish the Hollywood writers would try to stick to the Good Book, for sometimes their fertile imaginations run away with them.

While I find them entertaining, still, when they are trying to portray the characters of the Bible, they should stick to the Book a little closer, and not overemphasize parts of it, and thereby lose the entire purpose for which it was written.

The writers have a sort of an obligation to their public, in as much as the large majority of the people attending, expecting to see a true representation, never set foot in church, from one end of the year, to the other, perhaps with the exception of... Christmas or Easter.

I find it amusing. Not amusing, a little tragic. That these people who are unconsciously seeking Him, should go about it in such a round-about way! Don't they realize that they can get the "real McCoy" as it were, right in their own churches? And there too, they will be welcome, for there are no strangers in church!

Lorna Groves, 1434 Lakeview St.

## Businessman Dies At 71

PORTLAND (AP)—Word has been received here that George Frederick Brice, 71, Portland and Seattle businessman and bank executive, died Wednesday in Pasadena, Calif.

He had some there, accompanied by his wife and daughter, for a vacation.

Brice, one of the founders of the Multnomah County Bar Association, came to Oregon in 1900 and was admitted to the bar in 1903. He later became active in the loan business.

His widow, Margaret, a son and two daughters survive.

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## Hal Boyle

DENVER (AP)—Travel notes from a curbstone philosopher's diary:

The American West today is more sensitive to and more interested in the Korean situation than any other section of the nation.

"What can we do about it?" the people ask. They have no pat answers to it. They want it solved. But they are tired of the cut-and-dried approach to the problem.

A lot of sons from this area have fought in Korea, many are still there. The western people accept the sacrifice of military service as a national duty more readily, one feels passing through, than some other parts of America do.

But if either the Republican or the Democratic party—or the State Department—has a fresh avenue of solution to the stalemate with the Chinese Reds, it is most likely of acceptance here.

Polks are just tired of the deadlock. A new shuffle of the cards on a common sense basis would be welcomed.

In New Mexico I visited a suburb where they have a local zoning law that prohibits the creation of homesteads of less than two-and-one-half acres.

To one like me who lives in the east where the row-on-row houses shoulder each other, it seemed like a wise provision.

You can look up on a dark night and feel like the stars crowded the sky, and nobody on earth was judging you.

And the funny thing about it is this, the more space there is out here between you and your neighbor, the closer and more dependent you feel you are to each other in emergencies.

In big cities it is the other way around. Neighbors are most reluctant to call upon each other—or answer each other when they are most in mutual need.

Most of the sympathy that people feel for semi-savages is wasted. Just because someone doesn't enjoy the plumbing that you do is no proof that he doesn't have more fun out of life.

A case in point is the average Indian who ambushes the visiting tourist everywhere in the west, offering him for sale feathered moccasins made in Brooklyn or silver souvenirs imported from Mexico.

The Eastern tourist feels obliged to buy something from one of these noble sidewalk redskins.

He feels upon himself the entire enormous guilt of having stolen the United States from its original settlers.

He tries to placate this sense of guilt by buying a souvenir he really doesn't want and giving it to a relative he really doesn't like.

The Indian salesman, on the other hand, is a complete realist. He doesn't waste his hours grudging the fact the Palefaces snatched him out of his ancestral Paradise.

The stolen Indian holding out a beaded pocketbook for sale on a western street corner isn't dreaming of the race's past glory.

He has accepted defeat. All he wants to do is sell his wares to some sentimental visitor, and go home and brag to his family like any other good businessman.

He has become a unique figure in the odd pattern of America.

But there is a tremendous fact about his son, when he puts on a khaki uniform and fights the white man's war.

He is a more formidable and dependable warrior for Uncle Sam, who hasn't taken too good care of his people, than ever his ancestors were in the tomahawk defense of their tribal ideals.

I have never seen an American military cemetery overseas that didn't number an Indian among its buried heroes.

In battle they have a stubborn steadfastness unto death, and the wonder is—why?

## Wax-From-Bark Process Due

BALEM (AP)—Commercial extraction of wax from the bark of trees became a step closer Tuesday as the Oregon Forestry Board granted an option agreement to the M. W. Kellogg Co., Jersey City, N. J.

The process was discovered at the state forest products laboratory at Oregon State College by Dr. E. F. Kurth, a scientist on the laboratory staff. The patent is held by Oregon State College.

Under the agreement, the Kellogg Company has eight months to decide if the process is commercially feasible. Then it can have exclusive rights to the patent for five years. It is to pay the state 4 per cent of gross receipts.

After five years, the Forestry Board can license the process to all companies that want it.

The company will pay \$2,000 for the eight months option.

Dean Paul M. Dunn, director of the laboratory, said he believes the project will be a success and will bring much revenue to the state.

It would enable mills to sell the bark which now is largely wasted.

The agreement with the company was signed by Gov. Douglas McKay, chairman of the Forestry Board.

Most of the wax now used in the United States is imported. The laboratory has said wax from tree bark could be produced much more cheaply.

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