

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

The handwriting on the wall might have worked alright back in the days when walls were few and far apart and before cigarette advertising reached its present peak, but nowadays we have to rely on more active signals of things to come.

Like the other day when I saw Red Bussman and Verne Schortgen brandishing a new salmon (I think) rod around in the air and comparing notes. I would allow as how that means that one or both of these esteemed gentlemen will be showing off for a fishing trip in the not too distant future.

One of the last chores a man has left after returning from a few days' absence from the office is to clean out his mail basket. I got around to this yesterday and found things that had been left in there during the Christmas rush. Figuring that if it was that old I probably didn't want it anyway I tossed most of it in the round file.

But I did manage to retrieve another of the Vernon anecdotes, which I'll append here:

"On down at Central Point we found a place where we could stay in a big barn. The barn was full of hay and the farmer helped the teamsters put hay down for the horses."

While the farmer was going around with his lantern helping to get the horses hayed, I thought I heard an occasional squawk of a chicken. And it was a half dozen of the soldiers were picking chickens off the roost— they roosted right there in the barn, foraging again.

The next morning all the teamsters had breakfast at the farmhouse.

The soldiers tents had been put up along a white picket fence and

as I looked along there among the tents next morning, I saw a little pile of feathers beside almost every tent. These soldiers had feasted on stolen chickens!

Right away after that a number of ranchers got together and overtook us and complained to the lieutenant about the foraging and demanded pay for stuff. He promised to send in a report of the damage done and to pay them for it."

Virg Davis called the other day with news that the Klamath Sportsmen are at long last achieving a long-held dream. They are getting started on a club house out on the hill above Carl Frei's store. We'll have pictures and more dope pretty soon.

But, in the meantime, congratulations to the sportsmen on their plans. There is nothing that will perk up interest in matters, be they sporting, fiscal or literary, like your own clubhouse. That adds the element of pride and ownership and "belonging" that you'll never get in a hired hall.

Keep up the good work, men.

The biggest parade crowd of the year turned out for the Kiddle Parade here Saturday. The combination of children and good weather was one that just couldn't be beat.

And not only that but there was a big crowd of youngsters out at the Big "Y" market on South Sixth for their dog show—with prizes going for everything from the longest dog to a three-legged pup. There were dressed up dogs and a kitten in a buggy. Quite a show.

And the boys tell me (the boys from Swift and the Big "Y", that is, who put on the show and distributed prizes) that next year's will be an even bigger and better show. They can handle up to 600 dogs in a show and we'd like to see that many turned out here.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

By KEN MCLEOD

We have traced the early struggle that superintendent Arant of the newly formed Crater Lake National Park had in getting the park program started and properly organized so as to give the greatest service possible to the visitors who were attracted to this wonder.

His yearly struggle with the Secretary of the Interior for sufficient funds with which to carry on the work essential for the benefit of the traveling public would make an amusing incident if it was not the universal attitude of a large segment of the federal government toward the broad field of public recreation.

When the Secretary of the Interior kept the annual appropriation for the Crater Lake park at \$3,000, he was certain that the superintendent would not be charged with being a spendthrift of public funds; out of the \$3,000 came the superintendent's salary of \$83 a month and a dollar a day allowance for his horse. Thus Arant was limited to a yearly working improvement fund of \$1,635. What Arant was able to accomplish with such a limited amount of working capital in road and bridge construction was a truly amazing story.

Arant's experience is not unique in the annals of federal service for though Congress has readily poured hundreds of millions of dollars into projects exploiting natural resources it has been traditionally against spending funds for improving the public's enjoyment of the public domain. It is the same today as it was at the turn of the century—Congress still fails to provide "the necessary funds essential to maintain an adequate minimum of service to accommodate the ever increasing numbers of visitors to our national park and forest playgrounds."

The year 1905 was significant in the development of Crater Lake National Park. Arant as usual spent the winter months and up into June making frequent trips into the park as far as practicable. On July first, a postoffice was established at the head of Annie Creek, the name of which was Crater Lake. This was on the day that Arant was first able to set up camp in the park. Arant had been able to construct the new road to the rim to about a mile from its objective in 1903. The Secretary, who was carefully guarding the purse strings and who likewise probably responded to a little political nudging, authorized \$300 to complete the road which was finally accomplished on Aug. 19.

Arant reported: "The road as completed is a comfortable one to travel over, being of easy grade, the steepest of which is 10 per cent, smooth and straight as it was practicable to make it. There is very little, if any, travel over the old road to the lake."

This political pressure helped get the road completed is quite evident in the Secretary's interest in the road to the West entrance of the park. Arant had complained several times about the "road leading from Western Oregon to Crater Lake" but the Secretary apparently

did not think the complaint sufficient for the expenditure of public funds. The worst part of the road that Arant desired to improve was at a place called "White Horse."

A small creek of that name crossed the road at that point. He states: "This creek runs in the bottom of a ravine or small canyon is very steep on either side, while at the bottom the water causes the banks to cave, rendering the road very impracticable for travel and at times dangerous."

Arant desired to build a bridge at White Horse and a new road from there to the head of Annie Creek at the exorbitant estimate of \$250 for the bridge and \$1,000 for three and a half miles of new road that would eliminate crossing a high hill—"one of the steepest and hardest hills on any road in Southern Oregon."

The boys in Western Oregon apparently became tired of climbing the "high hill" and told the Secretary to do something about it, which he did by authorizing \$500 for the new road. Likewise he took some compassion on Arant and also probably to quiet his complaint that a building should be constructed in the park for an office and dwelling for the superintendent, gave an authorization to purchase material for a building up to the sum of \$550, but no funds for construction.

At the start of the season, Arant found his boathouse, as during the preceding winter, "a complete wreck and the boat was slightly, though not materially, injured." The season of 1905 was one of considerable dryness and a number of lightning fires had to be suppressed. He estimated the number of visitors at 1,200 to 1,400 for the season. Arant had spent three years building roads and construction bridges but it was not until this year that he was authorized to purchase a compass and level for laying out and grading roads in the park. The tools he had used for three seasons he complains are practically worn out. "Four crowbars and two wedge hammers are all there are now of any value."

Arant continued work on roads in the park until Oct. 26 "under some difficulty on account of stormy weather." Besides his funds were exhausted.

He closed up the park with the usual ritual, properly housing the boat and tools and taking up the flooring of all the bridges to prevent them from being broken down by the weight of the winter's snows. He then moved camp to the ranch at the foot of the mountain known as the "Booby place," from which he kept up his watch over the park until Nov. 18 when the snow became too deep for travel.

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By Jimmy Hatlo

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BRUCE BIOSSAT

The sight of a truly dedicated man at work is wonderful instruction for us all. And such a man was Douglas Southall Freeman, the great historian and biographer who died the other day at Richmond, Va.

Freeman was the definitive historian of the Confederacy. He spent 19 years researching and writing his four-volume biography of Robert E. Lee, and then another eight telling the story of Lee's commanders in a three-volume work.

For the Lee biography he got the Pulitzer Prize. Soldiers of the world over gave his second project the highest accolade: they considered it indispensable reading for any military strategist.

When he died he had completed five of a proposed six volumes on what was generally recognized as the key biography of George Washington. He also was planning a master history of World War II military operations. That he did not live to undertake this, or finish his Washington, is the world's loss. Yet it was not the remarkably

authentic product of his typewriter that alone made Freeman a memorable figure. It was the way he worked. His dedication to the task was complete.

For many, many years he subjected himself to the unconventional rigors of a daily schedule that began at 2:30 a.m. In the dark hours of the morning he did the painstaking labor that the world now celebrates.

Until 1949, an important part of his gruelling day was taken up with the editorship of the Richmond News-Leader. His daily appearance at the office was a clock the doorman could set his watch by. "Time alone is irreparable waste it not," was a motto he liked.

Freeman believed any man could achieve nearly any goal he set for himself if he were willing to pay the price of self-denial. Involvement. His own life gave stirring support to the belief. He endured the stiffest imaginable disciplines to attain the highest goals in his chosen field.

THE DOCTOR SAYS

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M. D.

Abnormal or excessive fear of being struck by lightning carries the impressive medical name of keraunophobia. People who crawl under the bed or shut themselves in the closet when a thunderstorm blows up are suffering from this fear complex.

Needless to say, keraunophobia is much more common than cases of persons actually being hit by bolts of lightning.

Lightning is essentially a strong electric current and acts on the body in much the same manner that any other strong current would. Instead of following the course set out for it by wires, however, lightning passes through the air from one cloud to another, or from the clouds to the earth.

Many of those who have been struck by lightning have recovered. Of course, the occasional person who is struck by lightning and who dies receives the most publicity. But there is a fair chance that the effects of being struck will not kill and will leave the person who is injured not seriously disturbed.

One astonishing example is a 13-year-old boy living in Bechuanaland, South Africa, who was driven

ling sheep during a thunderstorm when he was struck. His hat and boots were torn to pieces and he received a burn running from the top of his head to the groin. He was knocked unconscious for a short time and lay in the rain till his father found him and carried him home. His family decided that he needed medicine "to drive the lightning out." So he and his mother walked 50 miles in two days to the nearest town.

Although the danger of being struck by lightning is small in the first place, there are a few worthwhile precautions which can be taken which will make the chance of being struck even less.

A golfer who uses an umbrella in a thunderstorm is taking a greater risk than if he got wet. In the presence of a thunderstorm—whether on the golf course or elsewhere—it is not wise to take shelter under a tree. Both umbrella and tree may act as conductor for the bolt of lightning.

The same thing is true of a flagpole or any other object which projects upward and attracts the bolt.

Being reasonable is one thing, but blind terror of lightning is foolish.

HUGH PRUETT

We often wonder when viewing the heavens above us, "What lies beyond the shining stars? Is there a final region where black empty space holds all?" Has the largest telescope reached into this vast realm of nothingness?

Before attempting to answer the questions, let us briefly review the arrangement of the known universe. Beyond our earth we find the great spaces of the solar system, where the planets, asteroids, and comets in unending procession revolve around the sun. The most distant planet, Pluto, maintains an average of almost 4,000,000,000 miles from the sun, a distance so great that over five hours are required for light (traveling 186,300 miles per second) to traverse it. Early last century astronomy texts gave little space to anything but the solar system.

But the great family of the sun is a tiny, isolated speck in comparison with what lies outside its borders. About 7,000 times farther from our sun than Pluto, we find the nearest star, itself another blazing sun. Light from this star travels over four years before reaching our eyes. Its distance we call 4.3 "light-years." But this is only one of an estimated 100,000,000,000 suns—our sun among them—that make up our vast star system, or galaxy. These multitude of stars are thought to be grouped into the shape of a rather flattened double spiral with an extreme

width of 100,000 light-years. Many years ago it was discovered that at very great distances the stars of our galaxy were definitely thinning out. This was interpreted to mean that we had almost reached the outer limits of the universe, since our star system was thought to be the entire universe.

Spiral nebulae, so-called have long been known, but until this century they were generally thought to be within our star system. But improved methods of distance—measurement, photography and spectroscopy have definitely proven that they are other huge star systems entirely outside our own. The nearest of these galaxies is separated from us by almost 1,000,000 light-years of starless space; the farthest now known, by 1,000,000,000 light-years. (Likely greater by new distance-measurement methods.) The largest telescopes are capable of spotting millions of these inconceivably far-away systems.

Is there any distance so great that no more galaxies exist? All we know is that with every increase in telescopic power, more distant systems are found and without the least indication that they are beginning to thin out as they should a long way before the end is reached. What lies beyond we can only conjecture.

Edgar Allan Poe in 1849 surmised that our universe is limited and that anything beyond can never

Senate Passes Flood Bill

WASHINGTON (AP) — The Senate Saturday passed a bill carrying \$455,140,100 for the country's flood control and navigation projects for the year starting July 1.

Passage was by voice vote. The money will be spent by Army engineers who handle the various projects.

In approving the measure the Senate rejected all efforts from the floor to alter the bill as written by its Appropriations Committee.

The bill, which totals \$473,782,500 as it passed the Senate, also includes \$13,315,000 for the Panama Canal zone government and \$5,307,400 for cemetery expenses.

The Senate bill represents a boost of \$47,371,000 over the corresponding measure which was passed by the House last month. It now will go to a conference committee to iron out differences between the two branches.

The \$455,140,000 which the Senate voted for the waterways program represents a 5.2 per cent cut under President Eisenhower's revised budget but a hike of \$55,885,000 over the program as voted by the House.

Sen. Douglas (D-Ill.) attempted unsuccessfully to have the Senate approve the House amount.

Three attempts to increase the bill likewise were defeated. The principal change proposed—and defeated—was by Sen. Magnuson (D-Wash.) who sought to add three million dollars to the bill to start construction of the Harbort Dam in Washington State.

A-Bomb Stock Facts Asked

WASHINGTON (AP) — Two Congressmen with assignments important in national defense voiced support Saturday for a proposal to give the American people more information on the atomic power of the United States and Russia.

Chairman Short (R-Mo.) of the House Armed Services Committee and Chairman W. Sterling Cole (R-N.Y.) of the Senate House Atomic Energy Committee endorsed the general proposition in separate interviews.

Gordon Dean suggested Thursday that publishing more data would give Russian leaders a better idea of American retaliatory power and might spur Americans to take civil defense more seriously.

He made the statement in a farewell news conference as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, a job he leaves Tuesday after handling it for four years.

Dean said the government knows the approximate size of the Soviet atomic bomb stockpile and its rate of increase.

He suggested that only approximate information be published about American stockpiles. Short said "the public is entitled to have full and accurate information," within security limitations, on the exact status of the atomic buildup on both sides.

He said such data is now so closely guarded that the Armed Services Committee has been told nothing.

KOREAN RELIEF WASHINGTON (AP) — The House Appropriations committee voted Saturday to provide 58 million dollars for civilian relief in Korea for the year starting July 1.

It was comprehended by mortal mind. "There they have a different set of natural laws; yes, even entirely different gods."

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Hal Boyle

SHELLY BAY, Bermuda (AP) — Do you ever feel like you want to get out of this world?

Well, one way is to go for a walk on the ocean floor. Then you are in a strange and exciting world. A wonderful one to see. Tropical fish are a lot prettier than most people, and, by and large, more sincere.

I was somewhat less than eager when Bronson and Martica Hartley, who escort tourists on conducted tours of the sea bottom, suggested I make a deep sea dive.

"It has been a long time since I got my Boy Scout merit badge in swimming," I hedged. "And besides, it was in calm water and I didn't even get my ears wet."

"You won't get your ears wet this time, and you don't even have to hold your nose," said Martica, and added pleasantly:

"We've taken down more than 6,000 people in the last five years—and we brought at least 90 per cent of them back."

She maneuvered me over the side, and a huge, 75-pound diving helmet descended over my head. "Oh no," I murmured, glancing out the window panel and feeling like a fugitive from a TV space cadet program. Martica gave me a friendly push, and down I sank slowly to the sea bottom.

And if the helmet had been on your head, this is how it would go: Everything except the quick-drying fish is in slow motion. You have a feeling of floating and sinking, rising and falling. You can't walk standing upright. You move in a crouch, moving one leg slowly and finding a footing before you draw up the other leg.

Hartley looks out through his helmet and grins. He takes you by the hand and leads you to a coral reef outcropping. He puts it to show you it is safe for you to hold onto. Some live coral can sting and is mildly poisonous.

Everything around you seems delicate and wavy and beautifully colored.

Then you are struck by the fact the only sound you can hear is your own breathing. You are in a world of rainbow loveliness and sunlit silence, a world without noise.

Hartley pulls out a knife, digs out a mussel, cuts it open. One half he holds behind him to draw away the eager small fish, and thrusts the other half in your cupped hand so you can feed his pet, Helen.

Helen is an Angel fish, with blue-purple stripes and bright yellow tail. Hartley has pampered her for five years and she is fat and quite spoiled.

There's no doubt it is Helen. She has a purple birthmark on her right shoulder, and none of the other angel fish has one quite like it.

Helen swims brazenly up and nips away the raw mussel flesh. The other fish swarm up too late. Then they nuzzle your body, exploring each freckle, wart or mole curiously, and each touch leaves a tingling tickle.

You move slowly across the floor of the sea, with Helen following. Hartley points out the branched animals that look like plants, and the plants that look like animals. In this submarine wonderland it is hard to tell whether an object is animal, mineral or vegetable.

You pick up a sea cucumber—it looks like an ordinary cucumber covered with brown leather—and let it sink down again. You have no wish to touch the sea anemone—it looks like a nest of waving worms.

Here around this small reef are some 200 forms of plant life, 50 to 600 kinds of fish, and more than 1,000 varieties of lower animals, all living, breeding, feeding, and dying in utter silence.

This one small patch beneath the sea is actually more crowded than Times Square on New Year's Eve.

JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP) — President Eisenhower today faced the second big test of his leadership with his own Republican party in Congress. The first was on an ambassador. This one is on the excess profits tax.

The House was to vote today on whether to continue this tax on corporations until Dec. 31, as corporations asked, or let it die tomorrow, as it automatically would have done if the President hadn't intervened.

Months ago when he sought Senate approval of Charles E. Bohlen as ambassador to Moscow, Eisenhower ran head-on into opposition from Sen. McCarthy of Wisconsin and some other Republicans. Eisenhower won. The fight left no visible party scars.

But in the case of the excess profits tax, because of the way he went about trying to get Congress to extend it for six months, Eisenhower may have inflicted some party wounds which will not heal and may hurt him later.

In the Bohlen and tax cases Eisenhower's technique was, in a general way, the same: no personal, public quarrel with anyone. Instead, working behind closed doors, he depended upon his personal prestige and pressure upon his party's leaders to get what he wanted.

But there was a difference. The contest over Bohlen followed the classic lines of a difference of opinion fought to a finish on the open floor of Congress: a test of strength between administration forces and those opposed to it on a single issue. It happens practically every day, in one way or another, in every administration.

But Eisenhower had made such an issue of wanting the profits tax continued, it became a stern test of his leadership. He could then hardly let it die by while Congress—or, rather, a small group of congressmen—ignored his plea and permitted the tax to die. Or so he may have reasoned.

At any rate, apparently seeing himself facing sure defeat unless he did more than just ask for extension of the tax, Eisenhower used the full force of his party's leaders in the House to smash into congressional tradition, pride and prerogatives.

Aside from any question of whether he was right or wrong, it was a steam-roller attempt to get what he wanted, and the roller crushed some toes.

Daniel A. Reed at 78 is the oldest Republican in continuous service in the House. This New York office in the House Ways and Means Committee, which considers tax problems, wanted the excess profits levy to die tomorrow night.

You have a feeling of eerie loneliness for it strikes you that life is even more of a desperate struggle in these watery wastes than it is upon the dry land.

When you come up the side of the boat and take off your helmet, the air seems wonderfully fresh and sweet and the sky never more fair.

"How far do you think you walked?" asks Hartley. "Oh, nearly a mile," you answer. Hartley grins again, and says: "You were never more than 40 feet from the boat."

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