

Herald and News

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS
The coolest job in town lately, outside the man who puts the meat in the cold storage lockers, is probably that of Paul Buck and his crew who are installing a new sidewalk down at the courthouse. One of the few chores around these days where you work in the shade. At least part of the time.

We're glad, too, to see that the trees are getting a pretty good size around the building again after all the big ones were chopped down a number of years ago. It may not fit in with modern ideas and maybe Frank Lloyd Wright doesn't see visions of tree shaded cities, but to our mind there's just isn't anything that can take the place of a tree.

In case you're interested in how people get from one place to another the World Wide Travel Agency is gonna show a film showing all approved methods, as well as a few places come September 16th. The affair will take place at the Willard and will be first come first seated.

Dropped in on Walt McIntyre, the guy who runs the travel joint, the other day to ask if he had anything in the line of a vacation I could take now and pay for later. He hasn't yet. But he's on the way, he says.

Speaking of travel, Klamath's Bob Mest, the Plymouth-Dodge dealer with the zany advertising and publicity ideas, is currently back East, where he's visiting with relatives, seeing the sights and so on. He plans, so I'm told, to pick up a new car in Detroit and drive back out to the coast.

Klamath Falls is all a-clatter these days with the noise of workmen putting on new store fronts. We're getting to be pretty fancy

Bruce Biossat

When the Italian voters in June returned Premier De Gasperi's government coalition to power by the narrowest of margins, the peril was recognized. Now that danger is upon us. His downfall is a sad loss for the West.

The United States had no firmer friend in Europe, unless it be Chancellor Adenauer of Germany. De Gasperi brought Italy into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. He championed the European Defense Community and every other project for the political and economic union of the continent. And he supported American foreign policy openly and vigorously.

We at home may not fully realize it, but we do not have too many friends around the world today. For a variety of reasons, some fair and some unfair, American prestige has sunk. Whenever we may think about these judgments, we must still be thankful for friends where we can find them.

De Gasperi is 72 and tired. He may never head another government, though it is possible he might come back if new elections are forced and the center coalition by which he governed is strengthened.

Barring that, about the most we can hope for is that De Gasperi will be named foreign minister in any new government to follow. In that post he would still exert powerful influence for Western causes. But it would not be quite the same. No one expects that some other premier, even though he be De Gasperi's Christian Democratic Party, would be so stout a champion of America and its aims.

How did this defeat happen to a man who has performed in so statesmanlike a manner for the nearly eight years he has been premier?

Observers in Italy cannot put their finger on any single thing. To stay on top, the premier needed the backing of three small parties, the Republicans, Social Democrats and Liberals. For real working strength, he could have used the help of the Monarchists, who have 40 votes in the Chamber of Deputies.

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these days. One of the first things that almost every tourist says about the town is "my, how many nice stores and shops you have." "Specially the people from way down South. Had a visitor from the City of Angels a week or so ago who told me that down in the Seventh Street district new you're doing well if you can see five blocks without being backed out by smog. The engineers try and job it off by telling everyone it has something to do with temperature inversion, whatever that is, but the plain fact is that it's caused by too many people living in the midst of too many factories.

Anyway, our clean new business buildings add a good deal to the pleasure of living here. And you'll go a long way before you find a climate that averages out better than ours does.

Unless, of course, you're a true webfoot and think that rain and Oregon are synonymous.

Ran into Otto Sari the other day and got involved in a long discussion of agates. Otto had just come back from the coast, around Waldport I think he said, although I'm not sure. Maybe it was Newport. Anyway, he'd been having great time strolling along the beach and picking up odd rocks. The agate collectors there gather in droves during the good weather, and some of them make out pretty well. Otto was telling us of one man who found a big chunk of orange looking rock, took it in to the village expert and walked out \$1500 richer. And the stone, now polished in portions, is still being cut up for various pieces of art work and jewelry that they do with agates.

He's planning to go back, Otto, that is, next month and spend some more time on Oregon's lovely coast. Says he likes to walk on the beach and can walk four miles there for every one he can do here in the high altitude. Wisn we were going along.

The first of the football releases came across the desk this morning. From the Chicago Bears. And that's good news to us football fans.

As we remarked to Earl Wilson the other day, the only good thing about the advent of winter is football season and baked potatoes. Outside that we'll stick to summer and the hotter the better.

Football opener for Oregonians this year, outside the Shrine All-Star game, will be the clash between the Rams and the Cardinals set for September 7th in Portland. The All-Star game is slated for Multnomah Stadium, too, on August 22nd.

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They'll Do It Every Time



Northwest History Highlights

By DAN E. CLARK
Professor Emeritus of History, University of Oregon

No. 37

Today's question: Who was Ewing Young and what is his importance in Oregon history?

After an adventurous career as a trapper and trader, in the southwest and in California, Ewing Young met Hall J. Kelley near San Diego in the fall of 1833. Kelley, soon to be known as the "Prophet of Oregon," was a New England school teacher who had long taken a lively interest in the Oregon country and was now on his way there. He sang the praises of the Oregon country so effectively that Ewing Young decided to accompany him and try his luck as a settler in the country so glowingly described by Kelley who, by the way, had never yet seen it.

After buying a considerable number of horses and mules Young and Kelley started north early in July, 1834. Unfortunately a band of horse thieves attached themselves to the party for a time, and Governor Figueroa of California, without investigation, sent word to Dr. McLoughlin by the sailing vessel Cadboro that Young was the leader of the marauders. Thus when Young and Kelley reached Fort Vancouver after incredible hardships they were received very coldly by McLoughlin, and also without investigation, were branded as horse thieves. Kelley soon left the country embittered toward McLoughlin and the Hudson's Bay Company, although he had been given shelter and medical attention during a long illness.

Ewing Young, with his eighty or more horses and mules, decided to remain. He settled in the Chehalis Valley about five miles west of the present site of Newberg. Here he remained, virtually an outcast, for more than two years. Finally, in desperation, in the fall of 1836 he proceeded to erect a distillery with which to produce a commodity which the Indians and some white settlers were willing to purchase, even at the risk of the displeasure of the Chief Factor at Fort Vancouver. The Methodist missionaries at Lee's mission were alarmed, and sent Young a courteous request to abandon the enterprise, offering to reimburse him for any expense he had incurred.

Fortunately at this time William A. Blicum, a United States government agent, arrived at the Willamette settlement. He talked with Young and convinced him that McLoughlin would permit him to secure supplies at Fort Vancouver like anyone else if he would abandon his distillery. At any rate Young and convinced him that McLoughlin was a man of honor and agreed to discontinue the manufacture of whiskey. About a year later the distillery was replaced by a sawmill.

The next article will tell how Ewing Young helped to bring cattle from California to Willamette Valley, and still a later article will show how Young's death started a chain of events that led to the formation of a Provisional Government.

Next question: What was the Willamette Cattle Company?

Clip and paste in your history scrapbook. (If you have a question you would like answered on Oregon or Northwest history, mail it to Dan E. Clark, care of this newspaper.)

The most up-to-date insurance is written by Hans Norland, 627 Pine St. Phone 2-2515.

TOWER TALK



By ELSIE BARKER
The following article was taken from Northern Life Magazine, "Aurora Borealis," Seattle.

LET GEORGE DO IT?
Regarding the article on taxes in the May AB, may I offer some comments. What becomes of our tax money? Well, here is a small insight on the subject.

Do you know it costs the Air Force between \$1,500 and \$2,000 each time to send a plane up to patrol an area where it could be governed by a 24-hour Ground Observer Post. Each time a 24-hour Post, such as the one at Klamath Falls (the only one in a large area on 24-hour duty) has to close because of the lack of volunteers, it is patrolled by the Air Force, at a large cost to you, Mr. Taxpayer.

So your two or four hours a week as a volunteer could help reduce this expenditure and help the Air Force to further fortify our "Air Defense System." This is at present very necessary for the preservation of our way of life, freedom.

I know whereof I speak, because of a March, I was appointed Chief Observer and my husband, John Barker, Supervisor of the Post, at Klamath Falls. This is all volunteer work and a fulltime headache to get reliable and responsible people to put in two hours a week. Sounds simple, doesn't it. But very few people "have the time" to help defend our country.

I know that all over the United States other Supervisors and Chiefs Observer and my husband, John Barker, Supervisor of the Post, at Klamath Falls. This is all volunteer work and a fulltime headache to get reliable and responsible people to put in two hours a week. Sounds simple, doesn't it. But very few people "have the time" to help defend our country.

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It is, as defense authorities state, it is public apathy that is making our civilian defense efforts as inadequate as they are, lets remember the 50,000 lives that can be saved in one city by gaining just a few minutes in warning time. Sure, we are busy and have other things we might prefer to do with our spare time. Usually they are quite important too; but, actually, are they as vital as the 50,000, particularly when some of those involved may be members of your family or friends.

Now, shall we all share the job or, as in the past, shall we "let George do it" and have the burden fall on an unselfish few. This time the need is more urgent, the time we have is much less and as yet we have had no "Pearl Harbor" to shake us out of our lethargy. Should we not ask, "Just how many hours have I contributed to civil defense? Just how many hours will I be willing to contribute during the next six months?"

We of the Klamath Falls Post would like to pay tribute to an observer of the Ashland Post although she is no longer with them. The following article was taken from the GOC magazine:

On June 10th death took one of our most conscientious observers, Mrs. Rodney Keating.

In February, 1953, Mrs. Keating had been told by doctors that she had only one year to live, but she would not give up her shift at the observation post. On the 29th of May, she caught the

(Continued on Page Nine)

Telling The Editor

OLD BATS, TOO?
Dear Sir:
There are upwards of three billion crows in North America, according to government figures, each scheduled to live 12 years unless eliminated earlier by gun, poison or trap.

The government's crow census is probably as accurate as can be tabulated when it's considered that many crows have been known to migrate up to 1500 hundred miles in a single year, but I think there must be octogenarian crows that live far beyond the 12-year span allotted them by the Migratory Bird experts.

My grandfather, for instance, had a politically minded talking crow which he chased off his farm when the bird deserted Theodore Roosevelt in 1904 and plumped for Alton B. Parker for president—so Grandpa said. Grandpa also claimed that he found the crow as a fledgling when it was blown out of its nest in the spring of 1861—the year he enlisted in the Fifth Artillery. That would make the old crow 43 years old at the time their friendship was fractured over politics.

Lately I have been inquiring among bird experts as to the longevity of crows without much luck. A friend in Kentucky wrote that he was sending along an old crow which had been around for 125 years. When the expressman delivered the package it contained a bottle of an old time beverage called Old Crow. Another was offered to ship me, prepaid, an elderly female relative by marriage.

One friend sent me the proceedings of the London Zoological Society for 1938, contained an account of a European crow which came into the possession of the Comte de Beaucoeur when he was ten years old—and the crow was 20—and was still a household pet when he died 70 years later. This made the crow—if the story is true—90 years old when the Comte died.

Still another friend, this one a bird trainer, has a most articulate crow which has appeared as a guest "star" on a number of television shows and which is 17 years old. However, what I am looking for are authenticated very old crows and I thought that you or your readers might know of birds in captivity that have lived beyond the 12 years of natural expectancy. I'm deeply appreciate any help you or your readers.

Sincerely yours,
Stuart Little
Suite 406
1 East 43rd St.
New York City 17

'Miserable' Fugitive To Be Paroled Friday
JEFFERSON CITY, Mo. (AP)—George Austin, the convict who gave himself up after almost 24 "miserable" years as a fugitive, will be an ex-convict Friday.

He said he came back to Missouri's penitentiary last May 27 to complete his prison term and "get right with the Lord." Now, the 58-year-old itinerant photographer says, he is right and he's going to stay that way. He will have prison on parole.

He was originally sentenced for armed robbery.

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