

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor
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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS
A very interesting postcard from an F. Robinson this morning. I print it right here mostly because we think it worthwhile for everyone's attention.

"May I suggest a new slogan? It is 'Keep Oregon clean.' We own a bit of property on Lost River where fishermen have fished for years. Also, property across the highway which we have had to post and fence because it was fast becoming a public dump ground. Now we are finding unsightly rubbish along the picture river bank in plain sight of two highways. Why is it a fisherman must take along his years' collection of tin cans to decorate the scenery? Thus a few spoils the pleasure of many. We are being forced to put up with no trespassing signs. A few minutes ride out to the city or county dump grounds with the rubbish could have kept everyone happy. People caught dumping rubbish in other than designated places should be made to spend a day cleaning up along the highways."

We are in hearty agreement with Mr. Robinson. I think I know where the dump ground has been established, and can't say that we blame him at all. When property owners are willing to let the public fish and hunt over their land, and then go out to find heaps of rubbish, old cans, bottles, paper plates and what have you littered around you can't blame him for leaving his trash. Maybe we understand better than some. Living out in the country along a county road we pop our cork every time we find the culvert in front of the property filled with old beer bottles, boxes of old magazines and stray cats. Seems that a lot of

people consider the open road, the fields and meadows of their area a free dump ground.

And let's not forget that if we city workers who like to hunt and have someplace to go for quail and doves and ducks we'd better straighten up and hunt right. No farmer or rancher is going to let a vandal on his place. And, sad as it is, too many so-called sportsmen are nothing but troublemakers when they get out in the open.

Along that general line we were talking it over with Harvey Morgan yesterday and bemoaning the fact that so much land has been posted. Not that either of us blamed the ranchers and farmers for posting. But it does seem a shame. Well, anyway, Harvey is one of the shots in the Sportsmen club here and we finally hit on a tentative plan something like this. If the Sportsmen will give a cash award for the outstanding example of good sportsmanship, courtesy and good hunting practice the Herald and News (Billboard division) will match that amount of cash and award it to the farmer or rancher on whose property the original award was won.

If that makes sense. Anyway, you see the idea. Somehow we've got to convince the sportsmen that their carelessness and thoughtlessness is costing them, and all of us, the right to hunt.

I maintain that if we could tear down all the "no trespassing" signs, throw all the land open to hunters and then hunt it as we should there would be plenty of game and birds for everyone around, everyone would profit and it would be a better world to live in. At least we can all hope. No one can deny us that.

CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DEB ADDISON

RUMINATING on the 18th annual Junior Livestock Show, which officially ended with the last bang of the Auctioneer Charlie Wiese's gavel last Tuesday night, is something to be proud of.

Ted Shoop, the ex-Klamath man and still the Shoop of Shoop & Schulte; Howard Maple, the one-time rip-roaring Oregon State quarterback who now is president of the Bend Rotary; Livestock agent, the Lakewood Rotary president; and others from Bend, Lakeview and Tulelake where Rotary Clubs sponsor similar junior livestock auctions, were here kibitzing.

As the last of the 2000 beef calves snatched their lips over the meat from Gib Fleet's barbecue pit, they shook their heads and asked, "How do you do it?"

Bob Ellingson, this year's Rotary president who was a school boy when the Junior Livestock Show was getting underway, just shrugged his shoulders and advised that if you work at it 15-20 years there's nothing to it.

The show, of course is mainly a 4-H club activity—with the Main FFA adding to it—and it was the late L. A. West who saw the need for additional backing and talked the Rotary Club into sponsorship, in the way of prizes, barbecue and auction.

The show now is permanently dedicated to the memory of L. A. West.

Tom Watters was the "inside man" in helping "L. A." get Rotary into the act. With the show dedicated to Mr. West, Tom now is the active "grand-daddy of the show."

In the opinion of Francis Skinner, the 4-H Club head here, this was one of the best yet. From the overall standpoint of getting the animals and other exhibits ready, getting them to the show, getting the judging and various activities through on schedule, getting the "customers" fed, and getting the animals sold—it all adds up to "best ever."

Statistics bear that out. A total of 280 youngsters had 435 exhibits. It was the biggest auction, with 218 animals bringing cash to junior livestock growers. More beef, dairy and sheep and hogs as ever in the breeding classes made that activity tops.

Several previous sales have brought a larger dollar total, but for bringing exhibitors premium over market prices, this auction was very satisfactory possibly was near a new record.

As before every auction, the sales committee was jittery. Livestock prices are way down from a year ago; the bloom is off the rose, so to speak. Well, the response was wonderful.

Bidders arrived, and they bought. Seventy-four different buyers took home prize animals. (Jerry Thomas didn't take his home; he sent the lamb he bought to his wife with the kids.) And 74 buyers is a good many more than opened their pocketbooks at most previous sales.

Of those 74, 14 were high bidders twice and another five bid successfully three times. Oregon Food Stores was way out in the big buyer, with an investment in junior livestock of \$2430.80. The other three-time buyers were Weyerhaeuser, Ellingson Lumber, Tulana Farms and Loren Palmerston.

It should be noted that Bob Ellingson now owns the big auctioneer's stand at the auction but, with O. K. Puckett, donated the beef for the barbecue. Those five halves of Ellingson-Puckett beef fed over 2000 persons, another record.

Other donors were Weyerhaeuser, which furnished the serving boards as usual, and Roy Whitlatch, who provided 12 sacks of studs.

All in all, you can just say that it was a great show and that Klamath Basin people are wonderful. The ones who should get the credit, of course, are the 435 club members and—don't forget—the club leaders who have been working with them all year.

Tom Watters was the "inside man" in helping "L. A." get Rotary into the act. With the show dedicated to Mr. West, Tom now is the active "grand-daddy of the show."

THE DOCTOR SAYS

By EDWIN F. JORDAN, M.D.

As asthma is both a common and miserable affliction, someone troubled with asthma will cough, have wheezes in the chest, and probably suffer shortness of breath.

It is not too difficult for the physician to diagnose asthma by listening to the chest through a stethoscope, and by studying X-ray films. These methods not only aid in making the diagnosis, but also give invaluable information on how serious the condition is and what treatment would be best.

The seat of the trouble is principally in the bronchi, small tubes leading from the main breathing tube, or trachea, into the lung tissue itself. The walls of these bronchi become thickened, narrowed and filled with mucus. Sometimes the bronchial tubes

also undergo contractions or spasms which still further narrow the space through which the air can pass. This narrowing explains the shortness of breath—it is simply that not enough air gets through to the lungs. The coughing associated with asthma is nature's way of trying to enlarge the openings.

Asthma is usually due to allergy, that is to sensitiveness of the patient to some substance outside his body. Such substances may be inhaled proteins like horse dander or something eaten. When the offending substance can be identified and eliminated from the vicinity of the asthma victim, the results may be highly satisfactory. Even when that cannot be done, treatment which is not aimed at the allergic cause is sometimes quite successful.

Treatment of a sinus infection,



HAL BOYLE

WOODLAND, N. Y. (AP) — The full moon is often man's enemy in the city.

It stirs in him an old disquiet, an ancient tumult of the blood, and whispers in his heart:

"What are you doing here, City Child? How can you breathe in all this steaming concrete? Have you forgotten the feel of the wind on a hill?"

This silent message sends a surge of restlessness through the sad, grown-up children of the city. The meekest wives start quarrels with their husbands. The mildest men look around for a cop to pick a fight with. And lovers weep without reason and wonder how long love lasts.

Ask many a veteran police sergeant or bartender what the full moon does to people, and you'll get the answer:

"It makes them crazy. I wish there'd leave town."

And that's not a bad idea. If everybody left town during a full moon and went out to the country-side, all mankind would be happier.

For in the country a full moon is both man's nurse and spiritual adviser. It takes him back home to nature, the lost mother he ran away from long ago and has been homesick in his soul for ever since.

It gives him a shining peace, a mystic ecstasy, a sense of being, where he belongs, a quiet gratitude for the deep privilege of being.

So it is with me. And isn't it with you?

The other evening, at the end of a vacation, I sat alone on a cabin porch in the Catskill Mountains and watched the dark come down.

The sun had sunk in red confusion, a bonfire fed full by the dry wood of all the world's regrets and a great full moon rose up like a big blob of yellow butter to soothe the hurts and burns of the day.

As it ripened to silver, I could see the face of the man in the moon clearly. Ever since boyhood he has worn for me the same expression—eyebrows lifted, mouth

open in changeless surprise. Always I had wondered why. And suddenly I understood. Why the man in the moon is a moralist, eternally astonished at all the stupid things he sees on earth.

Then the invisible choir of night began its hymn to the moon. A cool breeze thrummed a green guitar—the pine tree by the porch. Did you ever notice how even on the stillest days evergreens always make a murmurous music? That is why they are planted in cemeteries—so those who sleep in these silent dunes will never lack a lullaby.

A thousand peeper frogs began their shrill chorus.

Somewhere an owl, that feathered inquisitor, asked a terrible question. "Who? Who? Who?"

Then the bug gossip in the dark arose.

The night had a million voices, and it was as if I had an ear for every sound—from a field mouse's footfall to every sleepy bird chirp.

The moon flooded me with a warm feeling of kinship for all the hidden life around men, a brotherhood of darkness and moonlight.

I felt myself a part of them, and yet apart from them, too, as you do when you look down from the Empire State Building at the human ants in the streets. They were the actors in a hundred exciting dramas and I the only audience.

But in the vaudeville show we call living nobody can stay out of the act long. I heard a familiar buzzing, slapped at and missed the mosquito on my forehead, felt the lump he left.

"That's life for you," I said moon. "The innocent bystander always gets stung."

Then a voice I always obey—well, almost always—called sleepily from inside the cabin:

"Are you going to stay up all night out there talking to yourself? Don't you know that's a sign of age? My feet are cold."

So to bed, I closed my eyes and turned off the moon, and awoke to find a bright sun lighting the road back to the city and the daily battle for the paycheck. Sure do miss that country moon.

BRUCE BIOSSAT

Dr. Alfred Kinsey's report on women's sex habits, like his 1948 account on men, undoubtedly will take its place among the most controversial documents of our time.

Some people will dispute the doctor's facts, saying: "I'm not that way." Others will point to the modest size of his "sample" (5940 women), and cast doubt on its scientific value. Some will say it's weighted too heavily with college and upper middle class women, and thus lacks balance.

And some will call the work a colossal waste of time, contending Kinsey's findings are commonplace things they've "known all the time."

Kinsey evidently would be the first to admit the limitations of his sample. His only defense is that it's hard to get women in all walks to talk freely about these matters.

As for his facts, he insists his interviewing techniques are the most exacting he can devise, and hence should produce reasonably accurate responses.

It is perhaps for the layman rather than the scientist to answer the final criticism, the question whether the effort was worth while. To do that, you have to consider

a few of Kinsey's conclusions.

His fundamental finding is that women are much less driven by sex urges than men. He supports this idea with a bale of statistics.

Women seem to have much less pre-marital experience than men, and are less unfaithful than men after they marry.

His evidence suggests that all the popular notions to the contrary are largely the work of the always pursuing male, who has managed through great ingenuity and persistence to spread his own selfish thoughts that women are consumed by tremendous urges.

This has its funny aspect, since Kinsey's account is sound, it means that a good deal of American literature, advertising, drama and popular music is ludicrously distorted to suit male fancies.

But it also has its tragic side. For there can be little question from what Kinsey reports that great numbers of women suffer a deep sense of frustration and defeat and inadequacy because they do not quite match the male-inspired portrait of themselves as passionate creatures.

Out of this disparity comes much unhappiness that leads to broken homes and shattered personalities.

If from this book women gain a new understanding of the normalcy of their behavior, if it takes on ignorance and misconceptions tends to dispel just a fair share of the tragedies now common, then it will probably be reasonable to say the vast effort has indeed proved worth while.

Unfortunately, however, too many people will draw their conclusions of this study from oversimplified summaries, rebashes and commentaries. Consequently, a healthy note of caution in approaching this complex topic seems wise.

By Jimmy Hatlo



Sam Dawson

NEW YORK (AP) — A business slump may be no more now than a gleam in a statistician's eye.

But rarely, if ever, have such elaborate plans been made to pounce upon one—if and when it tries to sneak in.

Businessmen for some time now have been salting down their plans with caution.

And the government is setting up a nationwide system of economic indicators. Spotters are to report the first signs of the approach of a slump. They will act much like a network of radar stations around our borders to detect the approach of an enemy air attack.

One of the things these economic spotters will report to Walter Williams, undersecretary of commerce, will be any drop in the length of the work week in their areas. A shortening in the number of hours worked is one of the first indicators of the approach of a slump.

All of these precautions are being taken when the news reports are filled with accounts of prosperity. Almost all the figures being released tell of good times—of new record highs being set in employment, in sales, in personal income, in total production of goods and services.

But these governmental reports tell us where we've been. They show how things were in the first half of the year in most cases. In some cases they reveal the state of business in July. But it will be some time before the data shows how things are now—and, of course, they give only the faintest indication of how business will be later on.

The stock market has been trying to guess. The traditional summer bull market never got off its knees this time. In the midst of all the glowing reports on earnings, dividends, sales and production by the nation's business firms, stock traders have taken a cautious, and often dreary, view of the future course of stock prices.

Instead of cheering that steel production hit new highs the first half of the year, bearish stock traders have been looking at reports that before long steel supplies will be glutted.

Instead of concentrating on the huge flow of cars out of Detroit, they've noted forecasts that output is about to slow down.

Instead of reacting to the record high industrial production in general, some traders have preferred to look at the also record high business inventories.

It is to spot the first signs of such things that the Eisenhower administration is setting up its network of businessmen, bankers, politicians and organized labor leaders in the leading cities to report on every day changes.

If a slump should start, there are several things that could be done to try to lessen its impact. Tax cuts—such as those already scheduled for next year—would offer a measure of quick relief. The supply of money and credit—now being kept fairly tight—could be eased. Government spending could be channeled to areas and to industries most affected.

The important thing, however, is to spot any slump as it gets started—and not after it gets out of hand. Business organizations and the government are going to try to do just that.

MYRTLE CREEK—It is just as you say in your editorial of the other day:

"A couple is."

A couple of anything is one, single couple whether the two items making the couple are united or not, requiring a singular verb.

If two or more couples are mentioned, then say "the couples are."

Earline Horkey

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ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

By KEN MCLEOD

In a column a few days ago I referred to the "building stones" of conservation—the soil, the forests, the waters, the wildlife—and mentioned that the soil has been the very last element to be recognized and added to our structure. Even though we have had the soil with us from the "beginning" it was only during the last few years that the soil has been discovered to be a significant factor in the field of conservation, and like a lot of new discoveries, the discovery of the soil has developed a lot of theories.

One of the earliest theories and one that still holds a very significant position in the thinking of a lot of soil scientists is the so-called "balance sheet" theory, or, "the soil is like a bank" idea. This is not a new theory but dates back to the great German chemist, Justus von Liebig, nearly a century ago. In Liebig's day there were a lot of mystical notions among the people that plants had the power to change one element into another. Liebig explained the source of plant nutrients in straight forward terms of elemental chemistry and pointed out that plants took certain chemical elements from the soil, and that elements like calcium, potassium, nitrogen and the like were necessary for plant existence.

Out of this observation came the popular notion that chemical elements were "plant foods"—a term that is in common use today and reported by several manufacturers of commercial fertilizer; however, we have discovered that these chemical elements are not assimilated by plants directly as "food" but are used by plants in the manufacture of complex sugars and starches that are the real "food" of plant growth. This mysterious process of manufacture of "plant food" by the plant itself takes in the process known as "photosynthesis" and requires, sunlight, moisture, carbon dioxide from the air as well as chemical elements from the soil. Since the chemical elements are merely raw materials for the manufacture of "plant food" by the plant and not a "food" in themselves, the chemical elements in solution are spoken of as "plant nutrients" rather than "plant foods."

Liebig made the discovery that plants took chemical elements from the soil and then made the assumption that if we analyze the soil for its chemical elements and then knowing the need of crops for the specified quantities of mineral elements in the soil he could calculate how many crops could be grown for any quantity of chemical elements available and if the

soil showed by his chemical analysis to be deficient in a mineral element he would know how much quantity to apply as a fertilizer.

Liebig swept away notions of plants feeding directly on humus or changing one element into another.

"Crops will grow," he said, "in direct proportion to the increase or diminution of the elements in the soil." Liebig re-emphasized the law of the minimum where several factors are essential to the growth of plants, "plants will grow," he stated, "in direct proportion to the least favorable one, the limiting factor."

The tragedy of Liebig's life occurred just before his death as he was forced to the realization that the theory upon which he had spent years of effort was based upon a false premise. This final conclusion was evident to him when shortly before his death when he made a trip down the valley of the Danube, there he saw soils, which according to his calculations, should have long been sterile due to the many centuries of cultivation but in spite of theory these soils were producing crops even in greater abundance than they had done in centuries past, and, without fertilization.

Nor could Liebig account for the nitrogen in certain plants which he had analyzed. This failure was nearly a death blow to his theory, however, with the discovery of nitrogen-fixing bacteria growing on the roots of legumes, the Liebig theory recovered. Thus it is a curious observation that a biologic discovery saved the day for Liebig's purely chemical theory, and has brought that theory down to us today instead of having it lost in the archives of history.

And why not? Liebig's theory is so simple and has all the appearance of being reasonable that it is it would be if the implied concept he had regarding soil was true. Neither Liebig nor his followers ever examined real soil out of doors. They knew they did not have to since they adopted the simple idea of the balance sheet and made the assumption that the soil was merely a storage bin of chemicals just as the reagent bottles that existed upon their laboratory shelf. To them, the soil was just a static storage bin filled with chemicals to be used by plants. As the plants used up the elements the soil became depleted and all that was necessary to bring it back to productive greatness was to make a chemical analysis. The soil was like a bank you put in what you took out.

Northwest History Highlights

By DAN E. CLARK

Professor Emeritus of History, University of Oregon

No. 49.

Today's Question: Who was John C. Fremont and what did he do in the Oregon Country?

Lieutenant John C. Fremont was in command of a party of Topographical Engineers which explored central Oregon in 1843. He had eloped with Jessie Benton, but had been forgiven by the young girl's parents and had been taken under the wing of his father-in-law, Thomas Hart Benton, the influential Senator from Missouri.

He had been on several earlier western expeditions, including one in 1842 to the South Pass on the Oregon Trail.

Fremont's party of 1843 at the outset consisted of thirty-nine men, not counting supernumeraries. They had several large carts and a light covered wagon for quite a variety of scientific instruments.

Strangely enough, they also had a howitzer with them. Fremont and some of his men first went into the Colorado Rockies and Great Salt Lake. Then he turned north and joined the remainder of his party at Fort Hall on the Oregon Trail. After stopping briefly at Whitman's mission and at the Dalles, Fremont went to Fort Vancouver in order to carry out his instructions to connect his survey of the Columbia River with that made by Lieutenant Wilkes two years earlier.

Returning to the Dalles, Fremont and his party struck off to the southward. He especially desired to find a great river known as the Buenaventura, supposed to flow out of the Rocky Mountains into San Francisco Bay, an obvious impossibility with the Sierras blocking the way, as he later discovered. The party crossed central Oregon in general along the route of The Dalles-California Highway. They camped in the Tygh Valley, crossed the Deschutes canyon with much difficulty, crossed the Warm Springs River and the Metolius, passed a few miles to the west of the site of the present city of Bend, and finally reached the Klamath Marsh. From this point the party traveled eastward and then southward, discovering and naming Summer Lake and Lake Abert and, about the end of the year, passed into the Mexican province of California.

After enduring great hardship in the desert country and in crossing the Sierras in the winter time, the party reached Sutter's Fort on the Sacramento River in March, 1844.

Two years later, in May, 1846, Fremont was again in the Klamath Lake region. He had been in California but, because of the hostility of the Mexican authorities, had considered it prudent to withdraw. Here he was overtaken by a messenger with messages from Secretary of War Buchanan and Senator Benton, the exact nature of which has been the subject of much dispute. At any rate, he immediately returned to California, where he became involved in the events of the Bear Flag Revolt. In 1850 he was the first Republican candidate for the presidency.

Next Question: What happened at the meeting of the Provisional Government on July 5, 1843?

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.)

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Russ Rejects U.S. Protest

WASHINGTON (AP) — Russia has rejected the U. S. government's protest over the shooting down of an American bomber in the Far East on July 29 and said it knows nothing of any survivors.

There were 17 crewmen on the plane. One of them, co-pilot John E. Roche, was rescued by an American ship.

In a protest over the incident lodged with Moscow Aug. 5, the United States had asked for information on persons presumed to have been picked up by Soviet boats. The State Department announced late Thursday that a note from the Russians disclaimed knowledge of survivors.

Department press officer Lincoln White said this country stands on its contention that the U. S. plane was attacked over the open sea, about 40 miles southeast of Soviet Siberian territory.

He said Moscow's reply, not made public, said the plane was over Soviet territory.

'Progressives' Dumped By Reds As Sell-Outs

INCHON, Korea (AP) — Chinese prison camp officials apparently had no further use for American POW "progressives" after the armistice was signed, a repatriated American prisoner said Thursday.

Pfc. Leo E. Dwyer, Lawrence, Mass., said a Chinese POW camp interpreter reportedly told one of the "progressives" in Camp 3: "The war is over now and we are done using you. You sold out your own country for cigarettes and if we took you to China you would sell out China for cigarettes, too."

"And if you went to Russia, you might sell the Russians out for cigarettes."

"And if you went to some other country you probably would sell them out, too."

Dwyer said the interpreter's statement got out in camp—he did not reveal how—and that the "loyal American POWs" taunted the progressives with the information.

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