

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor

BILL JENKINS
Managing Editor

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS
Yesterday's wall, from the North, that the city was being vacated by a lot of people, specially (so) those of substantial means, leaves us untouched and not a sympathetic quiver in our system.

Instead there is a faint feeling of dread. A presentiment of a gloomy future should the smog-displaced hordes head north as they flee the creeping menace.

What has happened to Los Angeles, and if you haven't been there to find out take my word for it that it shouldn't concern you. It is merely the result of the result of greed. Greed for money. Greed for comfort. Greed in that feeling that you want to benefit from a cash advance on Salvation and take at least part of yours while you're still on earth.

It is merely the result of too many people building too many factories and bringing in too many workers to man them, who, in turn, build too many homes with too many trash burners in them, which burn too much waste, and so on ad nauseum.

Down in the City of Angels you can find a backer for any side you want to take. Some of the citizenry blame the factories with their belching stacks and foul chemical odors. Others say it is the hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of home trash burners. There is even a small, desperate band who maintain that it is the outdoor grills and fireplaces of Beverly Hills that are to blame. The weather bureau gets in its two cents worth by praying for temperature inversion, the prevailing winds and other natural phenomena, but fail to explain satisfactorily why this plague has only hit in the past decade.

But when we read stories of this kind we are struck again by the many advantages of our Klamath Falls site. Not long ago an old schoolmate showed up in the person of John McLoughlin. Johnny is currently making his home in one of the many Los Angeles suburbs, a new home, surrounded by a scrap of lawn, a ledge of flowers and only an acre drive from his downtown office. Asked about conditions he volunteered such tidbits of information as that fact that frequently at noon on Seventh Street in downtown LA you were doing well to make out a building six blocks away. He pays a dollar a day to park his car in a lot, a dollar and a half for a soda fountain sandwich at lunch, which is eaten under the pressure of a roomful of people waiting for him to finish so he can take his seat, drives an average of nine miles to see a movie, fifteen miles

or more to eat out, owns a TV set which is used twice a week, a radio which goes all day and a first mortgage.

While here, on the other hand, we can take our time about things, get to work, and home again, in a few short minutes, are not bothered with smog, traffic to any degree, crowded conditions downtown or any of the other disadvantages of a large city.

If you haven't been down there lately go on down and take a look. Drive around to some of the spots you used to know. Such as those lovely orange groves east of LA on highway 38. Oops! Sorry, I forgot. They aren't there any more. Torn up, many of them, for housing developments. Or jet plane factories. Santa Anita is still there, but the houses are closing in on it. Or drive down through LA Brea and over to the lovely, sleepy world of such peaceful cities as La Mesa, Newport, Balboa, Corona Del Mar and Laguna. Or I guess we should say what used to be such peaceful cities. Laguna is now a drowsy, ocean-side retreat for the sun worshippers. It's a highly developed resort center and almost as crowded as downtown Los Angeles.

Even around the mission at Capistrano there are new buildings pressing in.

Why? Simply because Southern California has been built up as a paradise for so long that people are starting to believe it. Doesn't matter whether you are retiring at sixty five and heading for the land of milk and honey and a state old age pension, or just starting out, the idea is to head down there where all you do is wallow in the sunshine, bathe in an outdoor pool and live off the oranges.

Hope! We'll stick to our High Desert up here. Maybe we don't have as many sunny days, but we'll trade our really sunny ones for the officially ruled sunny ones down there where you have to take someone's word for it that the sun really did shine although you couldn't see it through the smog. We'll take our wide open spaces, our pure, clean, bracing air, our fragrant fields and musical pine forests.

And we'll take the kind of a life where we know our neighbors, get along and don't have to spend all our time keeping up with the Joneses.

HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—"How much should a man tell his wife about his work?"

A young fellow, just married, asked this question. And it is a hard one to answer.

It is a problem that comes up in almost every marriage, particularly as a result of the modern theory that matrimony is a 50-50 deal, except on payday, and the partners in it should share their troubles as well as their joys.

What a man should tell his wife about his work depends a great deal upon his job and the kind of wife he has.

A husband should not instinctively resent it if, now and then, his wife expresses a curiosity in the conditions of his servitude during those hours in which he is out of range of her gentle, guiding voice. It is only normal for her to wonder how he gets along without her advice for eight hours a day.

Some husbands believe firmly telling their wives everything they want to know about their work, in some callings, say you are an undertaker's assistant, for example this theory works out very well. In an hour you can solve the whole problem for a lifetime.

It doesn't work out so well, however, in such professions as bank robbing. For some reason bank robbers have to brag every time they come home after a hard day's looting and the little woman asks, "How much did you rob today, dear?" They go into details.

And what happens? The next time they bruise the wife's feelings with an unkind remark — or if the amount they bring home is \$1,000 or so under the amount mentioned in the newspaper accounts of their latest robbery — off she trots to the police station with her idle chatter. One of the greatest occupational hazards of bank robbing is marrying the wrong kind of woman.

If you have an ordinary job in office or factory, and start telling your wife about it, she sometimes begins to feel she knows more about it than you. Quite often she is right, too. You then have the two-plate boss system — one at work, one at home, and both telling you how to do your job better.

The solution in this case is to try to get your employer to hire her instead of you. Then you can stay at home and dream up new ways to make her more efficient at your old job.

Some wives always suspect a husband's job is only a refuge he runs to in order to escape the rigors of home life. They want to hear his troubles at the end of the day, but they can't wait that long to share with him the woes they are having at the moment at home. So they get on the phone to tell him what groceries to pick up. And, of course, that is the very moment the boss has to drop by

and see you scribbling on office time — "pound of butter, cottage cheese, baby's spinach."

The way to avoid this is to tell your wife right at the start that you work for an old-fashioned fellow who won't allow a phone in the place and does all his business by mail. Better yet — don't even tell her the name of the firm or let her know the address.

Some husbands who like to tell their wives everything about their work are even dumb enough to expect them to join in chuckling over the clever things their secretary said during the day. This is a sure way to lose either a secretary or a wife.

One final word of caution: Most wives are sure their husband's office is more like a barnyard, and a harem than a place of business, and that joy is unconfined.

Tell her anything you want about your work. But never, never, let her know you have much fun in it. Otherwise, over and over you will have to reply to her wistful query:

"Do you really like your job better than you do me?"

How can many an honest husband answer that one?

Women's Club Formed in Weed

WEED—Last week a Business was organized in Weed with Mrs. Grace Smith, teacher in the Weed Elementary School, as first president.

The meetings were held in the Court Room of the Weed District with Mrs. Ruth Rhein, one of the organizers, in the chair. Betty Study acted as secretary. Sitting in from other BPW clubs in Siskiyou county were: Grace Pickthorn, Marjory Young and Doris Morgan from Dunsmuir; Theresa Meroux, Mi Shasta and Helena Schlueter, Yreka.

Officers elected in addition to Mrs. Rhein, vice-president; Mrs. Cecelia Strother, secretary; Mrs. Bertha White, treasurer. Names to the by-laws committee were: Mrs. Louise Vidricksen, chairman, and Mrs. Rena Santini, Mrs. Helen Bond and Mrs. Ruth Rhein.

The next meeting was set for Wednesday, Oct. 21, to be held at the Savoy Hotel, at 8 p.m.

Eighteen women signed the Weed charter but it was voted to hold the charter open for short time to accommodate other interested women.

Plans were made to attend the meeting of the county organization at the Fun Club just south of Weed Oct. 18, when the new group will be officially welcomed into the county group which is also affiliated with the state BPW organization.

They'll Do It Every Time By Jimmy Hatlo



HUGH PRUETT

Astronomer, Extension Division Oregon High Education System

We find in ancient records that in the year A. D. 1054 and on the 27th of August, Yang Wei-te, protesting himself before high Chinese officials at Kei-feng, reported that he had observed an unusual sight. Among the regular stars of the constellation Taurus, the Bull, there had very suddenly appeared a "guest star."

The star was so bright that it was close to Tien-Kuan, the star known to us as Zeta Tauri at the tip of the southern horn of the Bull. Japanese chronicles also record the same phenomenon.

The star was said to be exceedingly brilliant—like Venus—and for about a month to be visible in the daytime. It was considered an omen very favorable to the Chinese emperor. After gradually fading for well toward two years, it finally was lost to sight.

Descriptions indicate that this celestial "guest" was a nova (new star). Not the ordinary nova, many of which appear every century, but a thing less than a supernova, an occurrence in any certain galaxy once in long periods of time. A nova after its flare-up returns to its normal standing as a dim star; a supernova is the exhibition of the final ruin of the star.

Scattered over the sky there are dozens of roundish nebulæ, or hazy patches of glowing gas. Almost every one has a very hot star in

its center. It is probable that the surrounding gases have expanded from the star after some ancient explosion. This theory is strengthened by the fact that nebulous envelopes have been found to be moving outward from some recent stellar outbursts. Nova Persei of 1901 and Nova Aquilæ of 1918.

The queer shaped Crab nebula in Taurus was discovered in 1731 by John Devis, an English physician, whose hobby was telescopes and stars. More recently Lampland discovered the photographs taken at Lowell observatory a few years apart showed this nebula was expanding. Later, Duncan using two plates exposed at Mt. Wilson 11½ years apart found the angular expansion per year was one-fifth second of arc. The nebula is about 4000 light-years distant.

When calculations were made to determine the beginning of the expansion which at the present rate would give the diameter now known, it was found to be near A.D. 1100, about the time the Chinese "guest star" appeared. And what is more, the Crab nebula is one degree away—beside which the star was seen in A. D. 1054.

Astronomers are thrilled over the splendid coincidences of both time and location. The original star was likely blown to bits. Dr. Mayall says: "The Crab nebula may be identified with the 1054 supernova, which was likely one of the brightest of its kind on record."

Bruce Biossat

A lot of initial alarm was voiced when Lester Pearson, Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, suggested that international dealings might get further through "old-fashioned diplomacy" than through completely publicized United Nations sessions of one sort or another.

This sounded to some people like a call for the return of secret covenants and all the other trappings of the old-style diplomats who padded softly around the capitals of the world, deciding the fate of nations behind closed doors.

Actually, however, a careful look at Pearson's remark discloses little cause for alarm, but instead a considerable amount of good sense.

First of all, he did not propose either that the UN as such be scrapped or that public sessions of the UN be abandoned. He merely suggested that the UN "has or should have a private as well as a public face. There should be opportunities here for other than public appearances."

The nub of his complaint is this: "It is not essential, indeed, it is often harmful, for the negotiation of policy always to be conducted in glass houses which are often too tempting a target for brickbats. It is all too easy to strike attitudes in public, only to find later that we are stuck with them. Open diplomacy now tends to become frozen diplomacy."

Pearson is here speaking a fact known to most practiced negotiators, in whatever field, the world over. If men on opposite sides of an issue are compelled to state a decisive position publicly, then they cannot easily retreat publicly from the stand they have taken.

When the issue is a bargaining matter, their first offer tends to become their final offer. They are left no room for real bargaining, for accepting anything less than they have firmly declared they must have.

Anyone familiar with the course of important labor disputes in this country knows they are not settled in public. The final agreement, a patchwork of concessions from both sides, is usually hammered out around a table in private. Sometimes the disputants are in separate rooms, and only a neutral mediator knows how much each side is prepared to yield.

It is the same in most all human negotiations. Men and governments do not relish the loss of face, and possibly stature, that comes with having to back down in public. Any system of world diplomacy which does not make a place for the private negotiation of issues can hardly hope to produce effective world solutions.

If every utterance in diplomatic negotiation on the great world problems must be spoken in the reporter's hearing and before the camera's eye, then, as Pearson suggests, it simply means our statesmen will be continuously caught in a series of rigid poses, like the figures in a waxworks. And really fruitful action will be about as likely as a dance in the wax museum.

orders, and diabetes.

The reasons for taking out tonsils are not always so clear-cut. Frequent attacks of acute tonsillitis and difficulty in swallowing, enlarged tonsils are good reasons. Infection of the middle ear is usually reason enough to remove them also. If there is cause to believe that chronic infection of the tonsils is causing Bright's disease, arthritis, or other difficulties elsewhere in the body they are better removed.

There are some recognized reasons for not taking out the tonsils. Among these are the presence of the lungs, several blood dis-

SAM DAWSON

NEW YORK (AP)—The oil industry is all set to celebrate oil progress week Sunday. But right now it's worry week.

Price-cutting, over-production, foreign oil imports, refining cut-backs, and prodding by the government for development of still more oil reserves and production capacity—all plague the oilmen today.

For the long term, the future looks bright enough. Demand for oil products grows steadily. American oilmen have made noteworthy progress during the year, finding more oil, pushing production to new highs, and selling more than ever before. And they have plans for new refineries and processes that will give car owners better gasoline.

But what the oil industry needs today is more customers.

World supply of oil are piling up. Production has out-run demand for the time-being. Middle East oil production has been pushing to new records. Canadian oil output jumped 30 per cent last year.

And into this world glut, Iran is poking a delicate problem. American companies are likely to be asked to cut back their own production some more so that Iran can be eased back into the market—and out of the way of Russian hands.

At home American producers face the unpleasant, if temporary, task of cutting production until demand—which grows each year—catches up with capacity. Price-cutting of gasoline prices here and there makes the readjustment period more bitter for the oil men.

Recent hikes in the prices of crude oil and refined products look shaky to some oilmen. But others say that crude prices must go still higher if the industry is to find the money needed to finance increased drilling in search for more reserves which the defense program demands.

Oilmen may worry this week. But for the future they're as full of plans as ever.

In 20 years the industry has spent five billion dollars on refineries for the purpose of raising the octane rating of gasoline. The American Petroleum Institute says the industry spends 100 million dollars a year on scientific research and the technology it perfects is the real conservator of oil for this station.

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THE DOCTOR SAYS

By EDWIN P. JORDAN M. D.

Whether to take the tonsils out or leave them in is a question faced each year by thousands of parents and physicians. For the time the problem is a little different.

For example, one correspondent writes that her five-year-old daughter has been advised to have her tonsils and adenoids out because she averages an infection per month. She is reluctant to have this done and wonders what might happen if she decides against it.

Another writer says that her doctor has advised a tonsillectomy on her six-year-old daughter after one attack of tonsillitis and wants an opinion on tonsillectomies on children as young as this girl.

Obviously, the physician on the

spot is in a better position to decide, but it can be stated that the age of these two girls is no reason against removing the tonsils.

As to the question of a parent's deciding against tonsillectomy, this seems a little unwise since the physician probably knows more about the need for removing the tonsils than she does. If it is not done she runs the risk of having the girl get more infections of the tonsils with an increased likelihood of developing complications which may be more difficult to treat later on.

There are some recognized reasons for not taking out the tonsils. Among these are the presence of the lungs, several blood dis-

'I Thought I Had a Good-time Charlie,' Says Cabbie Who Tipped Cops Off to Hall

ST. LOUIS (AP)—"I first thought I had a 'good-time Charlie,' then I knew I had something worse," the cab driver who tipped police to Carl Austin Hall, said.

John Hager, 39, spent nearly two days driving for and drinking with the man charged with the kidnap-slashing of 8-year-old Bobby Greenlease of Kansas City.

When Hager did realize the man, known only to him as Steve, was "hot," he thought he had a bank robber. He then tipped off Police Lt. Louis Shoulters who arrested Hall Tuesday night.

Hager's identity was a closely guarded secret until last night. After Hager was questioned extensively by FBI agents, Globe-Democrat reporter Ted Schafers located and interviewed him.

Hager will get \$1,500 in rewards, a local official of the AFL Teamsters Union announced. Hager, a driver for the Ace Cab Co., will get \$500 from his firm, \$500 from the Teamsters' Local 405, and another \$500 from Dave Beck, international president of the union.

The cab driver told of meeting Hall in front of a downtown hotel getting him a date, carrying two heavy suitcases, in which about half of the \$600,000 Greenlease ransom money was found, at least five times, and finally getting scared because of Hall's actions.

Monday afternoon "Another cab driver drove up and asked me if I could get his fare a girl," Hager related. "The fare was a well-

dressed man who appeared to have been drinking. He looked like a 'good-time Charlie' to me.

"The fare said his name was Steve. I told him I knew a friend who might be able to get him a date.

"I got two metal suitcases out of the trunk of the other cab and put them in the trunk of my cab. I had a hard time getting both suitcases in the trunk and suggested I put one up front. But Steve said 'No.'

"We drove out to Sandy O'Day's house (she now is held in Kansas City as a material witness), picked up Sandy, went to a bar and had some drinks for which Steve paid with a \$20 bill. He shoved the change, \$18, across the table to me and said, 'You take this.' I said to myself, 'What a fare I've got here.'

Hager, an ex-convict, said he became suspicious that Hall might be a policeman. When he asked Hall about it Hall told him:

"John, if you knew the truth, you'd really get a kick out of it."

Hager said he later got Hall a place to stay at a motor court, bought him shaving equipment and arranged for delivery of a note to Mrs. Bonnie Heady, also charged with Hall in the case.

Hager said that at the tourist court "Steve went to his coat, came back and tossed a fistful of \$20s on the bed. He said he was half-looped and asked me to count it. There was \$2,480. He pulled another \$20 from his pocket, handed me the \$2,500 and said, 'John, I want you to keep this for me.'

"He walked to the closet, came back with a .38 caliber revolver and said, 'Ain't this a beauty.'"

Hager told of returning Tuesday morning with a rented car, another suitcase and a briefcase asked by Hall. Hall then had Hager take the O'Day woman where she could get a cab, he said.

While riding with her she said "There must be a million dollars back there," Hager related.

"That's when I got scared," he told Schafers.

He said he went back to Steve Heady, the tourist court where Hall told him he was an ex-convict and that insurance investigators were looking for him.

When Hager saw Hall the first time that morning, he said, "Steve was wild, pacing up and down like a mad man. He said the plans had been changed."

Hager said he was away from Hall about three hours Tuesday afternoon. On his return, he said, he noticed mud on the fenders of the rented car which he had left with Hall. He said Hall then appeared in a good frame of mind.

Hager rented an apartment for Hall at his request. It was there Lt. Shoulters arrested Hall at 8 p.m.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL By KEN MCLEOD

There is progress being made in the conservation of a number of living things.

At one time the unique American pronghorn seemed destined to become extinct. Our bison was nearly gone. So was the trumpeter swan. Then we began to do something about that.

In our country we have the Hart Mountain Antelope Refuge over in Lake County and just over the Oregon border is the Charles Sheldon Antelope Range in Nevada; and elsewhere in the West we have brought the antelope back into large, safe numbers.

We established the Red Rock Lakes Refuge for the trumpeter swan near its original refuge in the Yellowstone. We have the National Elk Refuge in Wyoming along with numerous other wildlife refuges across the country. We have set aside lands for wildlife on Upper Klamath Lake, Lower Klamath Lake, Tule Lake and Clear Lake—all within the Klamath Basin.

How did we happen to care so much about saving the races of wild animals—races of animals that we as a nation did our best to destroy? It is just because we have a federal bureau and state game departments to administer the public interest and these organizations are just merely building "empires" for themselves? There are disinterested interests who would like to have us believe so. However, these

people who think they are so "clever" apparently have failed to realize the potent power of the dawning interest of the American people in the creatures of the wilderness.

Just as an illustration, our paper for Wednesday carried a little story on the front page, telling of Secretary McKay's report to the people that the trumpeter swan population had increased by six and that there are now 577 of these great birds in existence in the United States. Today there are millions of people across the country who are interested in the welfare of the trumpeter—fifty years ago! Who cared? The trumpeter was believed to be extinct.

The fate of the whooping crane is attracting greater attention for this great bird is facing the fate of extinction as there are only 21 "whoopers" remaining on the entire North American continent at the last counting in April. Of course these birds are protected by federal law and by treaty with our Canadian neighbors and have been withdrawn from the hunting list since 1913. Yet, at least two of these large white birds were killed during their southerly migration last fall. No one yet knows definitely where the nesting area of the "whoopers" is located in the far northern Canadian wilderness, though this year a lead was believed to have been discovered. One of these far northern nesting grounds, they migrate down through North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma into the Arkansas National Wildlife Refuge on the Gulf Coast of Texas. Usually, a few days are spent in feeding and resting along the Plate River in Nebraska. The fate of the "whooper" rests upon education, but little hope is held of its survival for any length of time since it must run the "gun-goon gauntlet" of the Mississippi Valley.

Yet the American public is intensely interested in the fate of these birds and is doing all that is possible to save them. What is the answer for this interest? I think the answer was clearly stated by the late Aldo Leopold, who was professor at the University of Wisconsin, a forester, naturalist and philosopher—a pioneer in the profession of wildlife management and wilderness preservation. At the dedication of a monument in Wisconsin to the extinct passenger pigeon, he said:

"for one species to mourn the death of another is a new thing under the sun. The Cro-Magnon who slew the last mammoth thought only of steaks. The sportsman who shot the last pigeon thought only of his prowess. The sailor who clubbed the last auk thought nothing at all. But we, who have lost our pigeons, mourn the loss. Had the funeral been ours, the pigeons would hardly have missed us. In this fact, rather than in Mr. duPont's nylons or Mr. Vannevor Bush's bombs, lies objective evidence of our superiority over the beasts."

This has been an optimistic view of progress in building a high minded cultural civilization. Progress, however, is not fast nor has the road been easy. Earnest people have found it necessary to organize themselves to defend the institutions that have been established and to plead for their continued existence. The National Audubon Society was on the scene early. So was the Sierra Club of California and the Izaak Walton League of America. The National Parks Assn. was another early organization. The Wilderness Society, one of From your groups, and recently the Nature Conservancy has come upon the scene.

Telling The Editor

CHLOQUIN, Ore.—The Klamath Kennel Club with the cooperation of the Kiwanis Club has recently put out one of the finest groups of pure-bred dogs in this area. As you may know, this show is given annually by the lovers of pure-bred dogs for the benefit of a very deserving cause—the Kiwanis Club Youth Fund.

On behalf of the members of the Klamath Kennel Club, I wish to express our appreciation for the fine coverage given this 4th annual show by the Herald and News and also to the local business men for their support in their advertising and in contributions to the trophy fund.

Yours very truly,
Curtis M. Jester
President, Klamath Kennel Club
Box 604

Band Tickets Selling Fast

Tickets for the United States Navy Band concerts to be held in Pelican Court Oct. 24 are selling fast, according to Andrew Loney Jr., director of music education in the Klamath Falls Public Schools.

Popularity of the United States Navy Band was indicated in every city in which they played three years ago, which was their most recent tour of the West. Capacity crowds were greeted in every instance.

Three years ago sponsors of the concerts in Corvallis report that approximately 1100 people heard the band. In Eugene, concerts were given in the McArthur Court and every available seat was taken and "standing room only" space was sold, according to reports.

Tickets for the local performance may be obtained from music students of KUHS, Derby's Music Co. and Lee Hendrick's Drugs in Klamath Falls.

SPIES SENTENCED

ATHENS (AP)—Athens newspapers reported Saturday that a military court in Kavala has sentenced six persons to death on charges of spying for Communist countries. Eleven others were condemned to prison terms ranging from two years to life. Two of the accused were teen-aged girls.

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