

Herald and News

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

A hearing is in progress at the moment, or at least in the process, regarding pay scales for city police and fire officials and members.

Even in the present period when belt tightening is the order of the day and the "spend yourself right" period seems to be suffering a severe setback we are inclined to believe that the men who patrol our streets to keep them safe and the men who keep a constant alert in the fire houses against the danger of fire are entitled to at least a small boost.

Salaries in Klamath Falls now range from \$4800 per year downward in the police department and from the same top figure down in the fire department, although the firemen make slightly less than patrolmen in the long pull.

Some 15 towns and cities in Oregon pay a larger minimum salary for patrolmen than Klamath Falls, while 16 pay larger salaries for their chiefs.

It is at least something to consider seriously. After all, while you may not like the cop on the street when he gives you a parking ticket or nails you for a traffic violation you're pretty glad to see him around when a burglar is threatening your neighborhood. And there isn't a bleaker outlook than standing in the front lawn and watching your house burn to the ground when there isn't any fire protection around.

A report phoned in Saturday from William R. Trusty informs us that he had spotted his first pelican on the Williamson River this side of Oholiquin. Seems that the big birds are coming in in greater number. Glad to see 'em. If it was still cold and their feeding would be hampered they wouldn't come. Bird sense. So maybe it'll clear up and stay warm for a while.

Report from Louis Arnold last weekend has it that one of his ewes gave birth to five lambs last Friday. I believe he said. Said she had her progeny scattered all over

the hill and among the rocks at the Arpbid place out on the Lakeview highway. What with triplets being considered a rarity, five at a crack is really something. The mother was one of triplets, by the way.

Report from John Hobson, the dean at OTI, tells us that he now has a family all going to school at the same time. The C. K. Wells' father is taking a night course in mathematics, mother a full time day student in commercial art, and son Tom, a KUHS graduate, taking a full course in surveying.

Homework around that place must be quite a sight. And take up quite a little working space.

John further reports that three recent graduates in engineering are now employed by the California highway department where they are winning the highest kind of praise. One of 'em a local boy named Leo Ferroni. Congratulations to the lads, and to OTI for its nationally accredited courses.

Report from Hal Ogle on his return from a meeting at Salem leaves Highway 97 high and dry. Hal stayed at a popular motel over there that puts out a travel guide containing distances, good stopping points, etc. Carried a good deal of local advertising, too. But not a mention of Klamath Falls or any other city on good old 97.

Wonder if the people up that way think they never get any travel from east of the mountains? Or maybe they don't want anything to do with us uncultured beasts from the High Desert. Or, and much more likely, maybe the Highway 99 association sewed 'em up first.

Bird lovers note: The summer sessions of the 1954 Audubon camp at Norden, California, will begin on June 27. Five two week sessions. Enrollment limited to 50 students per session. Further information may be obtained by writing National Audubon Society, 603 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP)—Now, in the wake of the American hydrogen bomb tests in the Pacific, the Big Four will meet again in the United Nations to talk about banning atom bombs and reducing armaments.

Since they've been unable to get to first base with this problem in eight years, it would be astonishing if they could suddenly do so now. The United States, Russia, Britain and France have been considering it in the U.N. since 1946. They have even more reason now for finding a solution than they did in 1946; they're better able to destroy one another, and civilization too. But by the same token agreeing now is likely to be harder than ever: they have far more men, money, time and materials invested in preparing for war if it comes.

In 1946 the United States had the atom bomb. Russia didn't. She was working on it. At the same time, while the United States and its European allies had stripped their armed forces to the bone, Russia retained a huge army capable of overrunning Europe.

Fear of the American bomb was probably the main reason Russia didn't gobble in Europe. But in the intervening years, while the big powers and the U.N. General Assembly considered atomic control plans that got nowhere, these things happened:

1. Russia developed not only the atom but the hydrogen weapon as well. The United States, while outstripping Russia in the number of atom bombs it could manufacture, made such awesome progress in hydrogen development that its two explosions in March sent a shudder around the earth.

2. From a state of almost tragic weakness eight years ago, the United States and its Western friends have rearmend, set up their North Atlantic Treaty Organization as a mutual aid society against Russian attack in the West, and the United States has ringed Russia with air bases.

Telling The Editor

APPEAL

If you could pass this letter on to one of your city's Chess Clubs I would appreciate it very much. (Here's hoping you have at least one, we don't have any.)

I'm a fair player, and would like very much to play some games by mail. If you are interested I would like nothing better than to hear from you.

Until then, best wishes.

Yours sincerely,
James Yeasby
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Culler City
Oregon

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They'll Do It Every Time
By Jimmy Hatlo

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SO THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK OF YOUR BIKE, EH? LEAVE IT OUT ALL NIGHT!! JUST FOR THAT YOU CAN'T RIDE IT FOR A WEEK!!

YOU LEFT THE CAR OUT ALL NIGHT—

YEAH—I WAS TIRED WHEN I GOT HOME LAST NIGHT—SHAME ANOTHER CUPPA CAFE!

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN McLEOD

In writing about mountain sheep I digressed a bit to speak of the mountain goat which apparently vanished from our country before the coming of the white man, the mountain sheep, however, were well known to the early day settler. Originally the mountain sheep inhabited every canyon, cliff, and lava butte as well as many of the rough lava beds east of the Cascade Mountains. They were common in the early part of the century in the Steens and Warner Mountains long after they had been killed off from other parts of their native range.

Yet in spite of the common occurrence of the sheep in our western country, Bailey reports in 1936 that the collection of the Biological Survey (Fish and Wildlife Service) possessed 15 specimens, all more or less imperfect, of heads and horns and bones picked up at or near Fossil, Maupia, Hampton, Sheephead Mountains, Pine Mountains, Ureka Station, Adel, Steens Mountains, Hart Mountain, Crowley, Watson, Jordan Creek, Nigger Rock, Canyon, Mahogany Mountains, in South Ice Cave, 40 miles south of Burns, and near Lower Klamath Lake.

These specimens demonstrate the wide spread distribution of mountain sheep over the interior region of the Oregon country. Then on top of these factual evidences there are the records of pioneers and people still living who have hunted and seen the mountain sheep in the region.

Bailey writes that in 1916 he visited the Warm Springs Indians near The Dalles and talked with several of the older Indians about sheep. They knew the animal very well and promptly gave him its name "Tsunoo." They stated that a long time ago, plenty of the animals lived all along the Deschutes River Canyon and in the rough rocky range of hills south of Warm Springs shown on the maps as the Mutton Mountains. The eastern end of this range drops into the Deschutes Canyon about 40 miles south of The Dalles and presents a lofty terraced wall that must have been a paradise for the mountain sheep, as were also many of the almost inaccessible lava cliffs along the Deschutes Canyon up nearly to Bend. Leading into it from the east is the similar canyon of the Crooked River. These Indians had never heard of any sheep on Mount Hood or Mount Adams.

Bailey, in his search for records of mountain sheep in Oregon, interviewed many people in the high desert country. Up in the Fossil country he found that the sheep vanished somewhere around 1856. In 1915 Lon Volbrath of Bend told me of seeing two mountain sheep in the Deschutes Canyon a short distance above the mouth of the Metolui River in 1885.

On Bridge Creek on the John Day River, Jewett was told by settlers who came there in 1873 of bands of 50 or more mountain sheep seen in the John Day area. He was not able to find out when they vanished, only that none had been seen for a long time.

Bailey in 1916 was told by Dibble, proprietor of the Burns Hotel, that mountain sheep were numerous on

Frank Tripp

Likely you're not going to move this spring, as yearly did a goodly percentage of people half a century ago. April was a month of exodus for all but the more lucky well-to-do.

Not so many owned their homes then, and with some it was "cheaper to move than pay rent," the catty said of many a departing neighbor.

Whether they moved or not, almost everything but the kitchen stove came out of the house for an airing.

"Spring house cleanin'" was a symbol of good housekeeping and could only be proved by exhibiting all of one's possessions in the yard and on the clothesline.

It is one event of the "good old days" which has passed the point of no return, and I wouldn't wish it back; not on a dog. For I was mother's little helper, even to high school weight of 180. The mere thought of house cleaning still drives me nuts.

Housing mattresses and overstuffed Victorian furniture to the yard for a beating was bad enough, but it was the carpets which took the last vestige of joy out of spring. Carpets covered every room except the kitchen, and were nailed every four inches close up to the baseboard. From taking them up and down the floor was so perforated that it looked like a solid-ot punchboard.

My mother's notion was that no carpet was clean until it had the daylight whaled out of it on a clothesline for half a day, in a brisk wind, then spread on the grass and swept on both sides. There was no cheating because from anywhere in the house she could tell when I stopped beating.

Then they all had to go back down and with the same dull and twisted carpet tacks, which were supposed to last at least three extractions. Most carpets those days were "ingrain" which had to be stretched to lay flat.

The carpet stretcher was a vicious gadget, an enemy of carpets and of all who used them. Prongs in a board, upon which you knelt, caught the carpet while you used a hooked-on lever to stretch the edge to the wall so you could tack it. Carpets, tere, except the choice Brussels in the parlor; fingers bled, mothers raved and sons learned to curse, at least under their breath. The stair carpet also was an invention of the devil, the long, narrow, snaky things.

Newspapers or straw went under the carpets. I guess that's how newspapers got going — to be put under carpets and on pantry shelves. After the part they played in my young life as a carpet layer, why I went in the newspaper business is beyond me. Just to get even I guess.

Once when I handled a mail order advertising account the firm got an order from a long forgotten newspaper ad. They're all keyed, you know, I wrote the customer to learn how come. What do you think she replied?

She found the ad in a paper under a carpet in an old country place which she bought to remodel. The little salesman had been there 15 years. We sold her a bill of goods. Now let's hear radio tell one.

The Doctor Says

By EDWIN F. JORDAN, M.D.

Travel by plane has become so common that the question comes up more and more often as to whether it is safe for people with various kinds of diseases to travel in this way.

Certainly most healthy people can travel in commercial airplanes at the usual heights, and higher in pressurized cabins, without suffering any harm.

Only at extreme heights, such as flying over the "hump" between India and China do passengers suffer temporary loss of consciousness during flight if not given oxygen. This is not a problem for commercial airline passengers.

The lungs and heart are the organs most vulnerable to changing altitudes. A few—extremely few—accidents to the lungs or heart have been associated with flying. In one case a young man developed a collapsed lung (called pneumothorax) after flying to an altitude of only 8000 feet.

Ordinarily, however, only those patients who are under treatment with pneumothorax (artificially produced to treat tuberculosis or some other condition), or who have some other lung complaint, should refrain from air travel for fear of this difficulty.

If they do fly, they should make sure that the flight is not to go above 5000 feet.

For specific information they must, of course, consult their own physician.

People with infected sinuses may have some difficulty, particularly since coming down fast in unpressurized cabins is likely to cause pain. Some substance which can be inhaled or nose drops which shrink the membranes lining the nostrils may be used to prevent this type of pain.

How about air travel during pregnancy? If extra oxygen is given above 5000 feet there should be no question of lack of oxygen. However, if heart disease is present oxygen may be advisable if the plane flies high.

The only possible reason why a pregnant woman in good health might refrain from flying late in the course of the pregnancy would be because of the possible chance of having the baby born during flight. Obviously, this chance is greatest during the last month.

Each airline passenger must take some responsibility for being sure that lungs and heart are in good condition before undertaking flights, especially if the contemplated trip may take them to unusually high altitude in unpressurized planes.

With ordinary precautions and with few exceptions there is no good reason why airplane travel should be any more dangerous from the standpoint of health than travel on the ground.

HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP) — Miss Delphine Binger has an odd but firm claim to fame. She is sure she is the first woman in history to learn how to write a message in ink on a chicken wishbone.

Today, nearly a quarter of a century after she set out to learn this art, Miss Binger has become the tycoon of America's lucky wishbone industry.

"I have collected nearly 500,000 wishbones, and feel I just about have a corner on the market," she said, not without pride. She has wishbones from quail, pigeons, geese, chickens and turkeys. — No eagles—yet.

She now feels that she is ready to go into mass production with her personally inscribed lucky wishbones, and her goal is to put the greeting card business out of business.

"Don't even say cards to me—I hate the word," she said cheerfully. "An inscribed lucky wishbone is a much more personalized greeting than a card. What could be friendlier?"

Miss Binger, a plump, voluble woman in her middle years, has boxes overflowing with wishbones in her apartment. She keeps several hundred thousand more in storage. Has to.

She found her lifework back in 1939 when, on impulse, she decided to send a wishbone to a friend in trouble, and attempted unsuccessfully to write a few words of good will on it.

"I found out right then you just can't write on a wishbone," she said.

Miss Binger was a stubborn young lady. She decided she would find a way to do it. For several years she boiled wishbones, soaked them in different chemicals, tried various inks. Finally, she triumphed.

"How I did it is a secret between me and the bones," she said. "But I have patents on the process now, and anyone else who tries to sell inscribed lucky wishbones is in for serious trouble."

At first Miss Binger merely wrote a message on her chicken bones, prettified them with artificial flowers and ribbons, and gave them as presents to her friends. Then, as requests poured in, she began to sell a few.

"In 1935 a department store asked me to inscribe 5,000 lucky wishbones as souvenirs for their customers, but I had to turn down the order — just didn't have the bones," she said, sadly.

She hasn't been caught short since. She gets bones now from many of New York's leading hotels and restaurants, and thousands of people mail them to her.

"Some of them arrive pretty smelly," she said. "But I boil them all clean as a whistle."

Her lucky wishbone greetings

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Red Bluff To Hold Roundup

The 1954 Red Bluff Roundup will be held as usual on April 17 and 18. All seating facilities will be assured if they have been in the past. They will have the approval of state officials and insurance companies.

Plans and preparations for the two day rodeo are now going forward at a rapid rate to overcome the temporary delay. Roundup fans throughout Northern California are assured of seeing an even better and bigger roundup than ever before. Champion cowboys and leading contenders from throughout the nation have said that they will be on hand.

An augmented program of special events is being planned which will be topped by a ride on the world famous bucking horse "Miss Klamath," by Casey Tibbs, Jr. He is assured of seeing an even better and bigger roundup than ever before. Champion cowboys and leading contenders from throughout the nation have said that they will be on hand.

Roundup tickets are now on sale. These may be obtained by addressing Fred Wiggett, Red Bluff, California.

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