

# Herald and News

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Entered as second class matter at the post office of Klamath Falls, Ore., on August 20, 1906 under act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

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### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

MAIL	BY CARRIER
1 month \$ 1.35	1 month \$ 1.35
6 months \$ 6.50	6 months \$ 6.10
1 year \$11.00	1 year \$10.20

## BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

If you haven't already gotten out and around the Basin a little this spring I heartily advise you to do so more time, but climb in the car and take off.

With the unusual spring weather we've been treated to the country has undergone a complete change from its winter drabness and you can really get the breath of summer.

Drove up to Fort Klamath and Chiloquin a few days ago, pausing here and there along the road. Found that Crooked Creek was just as clear as it ever was, the hatchery there was in good shape and plenty of tempting brook trout to be seen. That little hatchery, by the way, is one of the prettiest spots in our high country. There are a lot of people who have never visited it, but when they do they'll really be surprised.

The Wood River Valley, the most wonderful cattle land in the West, is beginning to look normal now that truckload after truckload of cattle are coming in for the summer fattening. Those big lush meadows are a sight for sore eyes.

Quincy Buell at the hotel in Fort Klamath is all set with his summer stock of stories for the tourists and says it looks like a great year. Hope so. Even if it isn't, his stories are well worth listening to.

Sometime in the future when the Westside road is paved all the way around the lake and the route to Crater Lake lies that way, Klamath County will be able to boast one of the prettiest scenic

drives in the state.

A report from Ducks Unlimited informs us that the nesting conditions in the north are not as they should be. Persistent bad weather has delayed nesting of both geese and ducks, but the outlook for the future is still good.

Temperatures as low as 27 below zero were reported in Saskatchewan, but the geese stuck tight in spite of it.

There were reports that some of the birds had headed south again following the unseasonal weather, which had held up the migration until mid-April, but there were still tidal waves of birds coming in whenever the weather warmed up a trifle.

On the lakes the birds were sticking to the open water in the center and constantly moving to keep it open.

Despite the cold weather, the outlook is bright for a good hatch because it will serve to avert drought danger and improve water conditions.

Now all we can do is sit around and wait and hope.

In yesterday's paper there was a reprint of an ad boasting Southern Oregon as a vacationer's paradise. And suggesting in a delicate way that it wouldn't be a bad idea if we were to keep in mind the fact that tourists are the third biggest industry in Oregon and bring in a good many million dollars in trade.

Let's all try and treat our visitors as we'd like to be treated when we are vacationing away from here. It's as simple as all that.

## ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN McLEOD

Perhaps the hardest lesson we have to learn is the one that the world grows up about us, the change is so gradual that seldom do we actually become aware of the changes taking place. Then comes the day when we become aware that someone else desires to share the resources we have always considered to be our very own. It is then we become concerned for our future and seek to establish our rights so that we may continue to enjoy a monopoly of the resource we have always considered our own single-use source of wealth. You bet! We don't like these newcomers crowding us out of our time honored pastures and so we roll up our sleeves and fight back.

Instead of solving our problems from an over-all viewpoint, we devote more and more attention to getting the most important portions of our resources for our own groups. Lobbies and pressure groups flood Washington and the state capitals. Tons of "literature" are distributed. Millions of dollars are spent to educate the public to a single-use way of thinking.

It is an old saying, exceedingly shop-worn, history repeats itself, and I cannot but compare our position today with conditions a century ago, when all the land belonged to the Indians and he, considered the world of his kin, his single use resource. Today we find ourselves in the moccasins of the Indian, for like the Indian, we see resources that we have considered our very own being gradually appropriated for other uses than what brings us direct financial returns. Like the Indian we have our war-dances but being civilized we call them public meetings; and then we send our warriors out to battle against the oncoming tide. Of course times have slightly changed in a hundred years or so and we no longer strike at the columns of covered wagons, for our battle ground is now in the halls of government and our warriors are committees, commissions, lobbyists, public relations experts, politicians and common citizens.

To anyone who takes time to think this situation through, the conviction must become apparent, the battle of single-use is as fruitless as was the struggle of the Indian to maintain his traditional way of life. In my own short experience in observing this perennial struggle I have watched the warriors head bravely into the fray, armed with their trusty briefcases, mount their trusty steed, a pullman or strato cruiser, and rush valiantly to battle. I have seen them return jubilant at winning a minor skirmish but more often, however, in recent times, the return is empty handed and the brave warrior is a baffled if not beaten man, appalled at the forces arrayed against him, only the politician preserves the air of optimism.

My friend R. W. Eschmeyer of the Sport Fishing Institute has a rather homespun way of looking at this problem, he says: "Two people having a chicken dinner aren't likely to fight over it. Each can have half, or can have what parts he wants, with the remains going to the dog or the garbage can. But add a half-dozen growing kids to the picture and everything changes. There's a fuss over who gets the thighs and the white meat and who gets stuck with the neck, the back or the wings.

"Eventually the lady - of - the house finds the solution - creamed chicken. That doesn't completely satisfy anyone but, for all concerned, it's the best way out.

"In the use of our resources we're still not in the 'cream-ed chicken' stage; we're still fighting over the 'white meat'."

In this battle for the pieces the conservationists who are struggling to retain something of the outdoors of our fathers are at a distinct disadvantage with the rest of the herd of hungry children. Most users of water, or forest, or range land, talk terms of tangible values. A water-using industry is worth a specified amount to a community. Agriculture can deal in terms of crop harvest. A lumbering organization can convert timber into a definite number of dollars. Correcting the pollution problem of a community or an industrial plant will cost so much. And so we can go on and on for all the children except the one of recreation.

Outdoor recreation does have a dollars-and-cents value of sorts, in fact a rather significant one. Sport fishing alone, in business generated to cater to the sport fishing public is worth well over a billion dollars annually across these United States. Many industries benefit from it yet only about one-tenth of the costs are spent for fishing jacks. But, in comparison with such items as the national debt, the monetary value of fishing is not staggering. Hunting big game, waterfowl and upland game is another child, like sport fishing, which has some important values in business it generates, in fact its big business and becoming bigger every day.

Refusal Of Aid Blamed By Rhee

SEOUL (AP)—President Syngman Rhee declared today that the Indochina fortress of Dien Bien Phu might not have fallen to the Communists "had offers of outside assistance three months ago been accepted."

Rhee apparently referred to his offer to send one or two ROK divisions to help fight the Reds in Indochina. The offer was not accepted by the French.



## POET'S CORNER

**REGRETS**  
Night and the shadows falling  
Hear how the sea does moan!  
Night and in vain I'm calling—  
Had I—but only know!  
Night and alone I'm dreaming,  
Sweet dreams of you, dear heart!  
Night and the stars are gleaming.  
Foolish we were to part!  
Elizabeth Alice Thies  
Unpublished

**TO OUR MOTHERS**  
By F. Elsworth Pellett  
Let us honor our mothers on this mother's day  
Remember she gave us her all  
Let's greet her with roses, with kindness and love  
And forget not her words to recall.  
Let's not forget mother, where e'er we may be  
Let us crown her with memories fair  
Where twine wreaths of blessings and cover her brow  
And pin memories of love in her hair.  
This day of all days forget not her love  
She spared not her life for our sake  
But gave of her sustenance, kindness and care  
So let us fond memories awake,  
Let's give to our mothers this day of all days

**FRANK TRIPP**  
I sat watching Old Seneca on a spring spree. It was one of those sou'easters that whip the deep blue water into restless grandeur and crest the waves with rainbowed whitecaps.  
Not a craft was in sight, yet imagination pictured unalarmed Senecas out there in their birch bark canoes; their women on the beach, paposes lashed to their backs, grinding corn between stones and tending the fire over which to broil their braves' catch of luscious trout.  
The white man couldn't go fishing that day. It wouldn't be trout season for a week yet, but that never hampered the Indian. The lake, streams and forests were his, to take the fish, game and furs needed for his livelihood.  
There still are lots of fish, even deer, around here. But few white men who fish Seneca could live off the trout they can lure. Some could, but not many.  
It's not ordinary angling and no Indians are here to tell their secret. How one of them could, without Seth Green rig, 300 feet of copper wire, trick tackle, gaffs and landing nets, in an hour without fail, catch enough to feast the chiefs and sachems in the Long House.  
They may have had some laws that punished game hogs, but I probably not, there was such plenty. Yet there's one thing for certain, Indians knew the mating and spawning seasons of fish and wild life and protected them far better than has the white man. Their worship of nature, and their dependence upon it, transcended any tribal game laws that might have existed.  
There is something about living in the old haunts of the Indian that breeds a genuine respect for him. I guess it's realization of the multitude of things that he could do with the few devices at his command.  
When you see a paleface hunter go forth, clad in \$500 regalia, with a \$300 repeater rifle and a kit that represents more wampum than the whole Seneca Tribe possessed; then see him return at night, fagged out and bramble-covered, without a deer (and three of them ran across your yard that afternoon), somehow you wonder how his forebears ever wrested the area from the Indians.  
Then you visualize the Indian needing venison and deer skin. He has already spotted a certain buck he wants. He knows deer, their habits, their runways.  
On the right day, at the right

Words of love that's more precious than gold  
Let's twine wreaths of memory for those who have passed  
For the love that they gave is unfold.  
Let's not forget mother on this day of days  
Let's greet her with kindness and love  
Let's cherish her memory where ever we go  
E'er she's called to that mansion above  
There's no love on earth more deep and profound  
Than the love mother has in her heart  
No sorrow to deep, no errors to great  
That will cause mother's love to depart.  
Some day she'll be called to that far away land  
Where roses will evermore bloom  
'Tis then we'll recall hasty actions and words  
That left her in shadows and gloom  
Let's remember our mother, her kind words and love  
When as children we sat by her side  
Some day she will rest with a crown on her brow  
When she's crossed o'er the silvery divide.

**Vet's Mailbag**  
A 40 per cent drop in tuberculosis deaths among World War II veterans from 1948 to 1952, inclusive, was reported by Veterans Administration, which also said provisional data for 1953 indicates a further decline for that year.  
Several factors in VA's Tuberculosis Control Program brought about the sharp drop, according to Dr. Leo V. Schneider, Chief of the Tuberculosis Control.  
One was the new methods of treatment for tuberculosis, with VA, the Army and the Navy introducing the controlled chemotherapy program in 1946.  
The other was the extensive TB case-finding survey program begun in 1948 in all VA hospitals and outpatient clinics.  
These factors, plus the decline of tuberculosis deaths in the general population, are credited with the 40 per cent drop in TB deaths among World War II veterans, Dr. Schneider said.  
This decline is all the more dramatic when viewed against the steady rise in the TB mortality rate among World War II veterans that started with the beginning of the war. Dr. Schneider said. He put it this way:  
"Since the beginning of World War II, there was a steady rise in the mortality rate from tuberculosis in the group of men accepted for service in the Armed Forces. This group, referred to as 'one of peculiar significance,' for it is a screened population from which the majority, if not all, of tuberculosis cases were removed, had an average tuberculosis mortality of less than 4 per 100,000 in 1942; the mortality increased to 8 in 1943, 10 in 1944, and 12 in 1945, while the mortality rate for the civilian unselected population, corrected for age, during the years

## Telling The Editor

**FIGHTING MAD**  
The people of Langell Valley are up in arms and fighting mad over the treatment, or should we say lack of treatment, of Ben Rook's family at the time of his recent accident.

We have 75 or more telephone subscribers in the valley and although our service is poor and the lines are usually "temporarily out" word could have been relayed to Ben's family. If those at fault didn't want to spend 40 cents this is to notify you that any one of us will be glad to accept a collect call and deliver a message.

Here Ben was taken to a hospital on Monday, April 26th, at 7:30 p.m. in very serious condition. He lay there all night needing his family badly until a niece by marriage came to work at 6:30 Tuesday morning. Seeing her uncle's name on the list she went upstairs to check on him, then called his neighbors and asked them to notify his family.

Shortly after that the news of his accident was on the radio. Now that really would have been quite a shock and some way for his worried family to hear about him. And it could have happened if he hadn't had a relative at the hospital.  
The rest of us aren't that lucky so what assurance do the farmers have that when we make a trip to Klamath Falls, our trading center, and have an accident that our families will be notified in time? What are phones for?  
We feel that someone should be hauled up on the carpet for negligence.  
We don't want this to happen again. Once is enough.  
Mildred Martin  
Bonanza

## Wing Tips

Here we are again, bringing you some of the highlights of the CAP. We'd like to explain about the financing and the mission of CAP, and bring you some of the highlights of our own squadron activities.

CAP is almost entirely self-supporting. CAP and CAPC members buy their own uniforms, and earn also the money for our own activities in the squadron. The CAP gets only a drizzle of money from Washington. The Air Force supplies a two-engine Beechcraft for each office, lends several hundred obsolescent planes to CAP for orientation flights, etc. On Air Force ordered missions such as air search and rescue, members are reimbursed for fuel and lubricants used.

A regular Air Force officer with a tiny staff sits in each of CAPS 52 wings. The 52 wings include the 48 states, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Alaska, and the District of Columbia.

The mission of CAP as a "voluntary" civilian auxiliary of the USAF are divided into three main parts: certain noncombat operations monitored by the USAF; the secretary of the Air Force; maintenance of a pool of carefully selected cadets, trained in ground and pre-flight subjects for the Air Force; and maintenance of a program of aviation education for the American youth together with general aviation education of the public.

In 1952, a total of 48,276 young men and women were engaged in learning the mechanics of the Air Force as CAP Cadets. Also in 1952, many missions were flown for the Red Cross and other national, state, and community agencies. The CAP flew blood-lifts, and hay-lifts, along with dropping food to stranded people caught in snow storms. They also kept open an emergency radio network during floods, fires, earthquakes, and d tornadoes.

During 1952, CAP flew 77 per cent of the total hours and sorties flown on search and rescue missions monitored by the USAF Air Rescue Service within the continental limits of the United States. The local cadets now have their own plane down here from wing headquarters. This is a L-4 and will be used for orientation flights.

The girls flight is having a rummage sale Friday and Saturday, May 7 and 8 to send some of the cadets to the summer encampment at the Portland Air Base, June 19 through 27. The sale will be at 225 1/2 South Sixth Street.  
Plans are in the making to have a pie social the last of this month with the help of the Senior Squadron. More details will be available soon.

At the last meeting, 10 cadets said that they planned to go to the summer encampment. The encampment is opened to anyone in the squadron.  
We would be very pleased to have anyone interested to come out and watch us drill. Being it is nice weather and still light, we are drilling out doors instead of in the gym. Our meetings are held weekly at Altamont Junior High School. Starting time is 6:45 on Monday evenings. All visitors and parents welcome.

## QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds



... A Pro sold me these clubs with a Herald & News Want Ad—notice how tricky they are?"

under consideration remained at approximately 52 per 100,000."  
In 1946, VA began its extensive chemotherapy program for the treatment of tuberculosis with the new "miracle" drugs that were being developed then, the first of which was streptomycin. In 1948, VA initiated its Central Tuberculosis Register as part of its far flung TB case-finding program. The 12 TB deaths per 100,000 World War II veterans in 1946, the rate dropped to 10.8 in 1948 and has been continuously downward since then, dropping to 6.2 deaths per 100,000 in 1952, with a further decline indicated for 1953.

**QUESTION OF THE WEEK:**  
Q. How much classroom instruction is required of veterans taking institutional on-farm training under the Korean GI Bill?  
A. Under the law, a total of at least 200 hours per year of classroom instruction is required. Not less than eight hours of it must be given in any one month.

## KF Serves As Distributor For Inland Buying Area

By AL JACOBSON

In my travels around the town the other day I picked up a whole armful of propaganda, literature that is, about Klamath, the county and the Basin. Thumbed through it, with my tongue in my cheek, figuring most of it was a lot of malarkey. But the more I read the more I realized how wrong a guy can be.

Ran across a folder called "Your Place in the Klamath Picture." Didn't discover 'til I got to the last page that it was written by George P. Davis, president of the chamber of commerce. All the dope in it was factual, too. If you want to know some important and interesting things about the Klamath country, I'd suggest you get a copy so you can tell all your friends, relatives . . . and visitors.

I always thought the only thing folks did in Klamath was cut down trees and saw 'em up. Well, according to Davis, lumber still a big thing in this neck of the woods. But what really floored me was that he insisted, the number one basic resource here about is distribution, and I don't mean distributing handbills, I'd heard the term distribution used before but it didn't mean a thing to me, probably because I couldn't see how it affected me personally. Duh! I decided to go and have a chat with the author of this interesting booklet.

He was cordial and had more reports, surveys and statistics on hand than there is tea in China.

## Warm Weather Spud Problem

TULELAKE — Warm temperatures this spring has made sprouting of seed potatoes in common storage a problem for many growers. For best results the potatoes should be kept to 38 to 40 degrees before planting, according to Burr Hoyle, Tulelake Field Station.

With cellar temperatures around 45 degrees in some cases a cooling down of about 10 degrees would be very desirable. This can be accomplished by the use of ordinary ice. One ton of ice melted in a well insulated cellar would cool 30,000 pounds of potatoes 10 degrees, or 60,000 pounds five degrees. Hoyle stated. It would take an additional amount to maintain this lowered temperature.

The advantages of keeping potatoes cool are many. The seed vigor would be maintained, the cost of desprouting would be saved and better stands would in all probability be realized.  
In using ice it can be melted faster and thus cool the potatoes better, by placing a fan over the ice. The ice should be placed close to the potatoes and, in fact, would not damage the potato if it happened to come in contact with them since the freezing point of potatoes is about 28 degrees while the temperature of ice melting is only 32 degrees.

## COMMENT

NEW YORK (AP)—Pvt. G. David Schine, a central figure in the Army-McCarthy hearings at Washington, arrived here in plane yesterday from the nation's capital. His only comment to newsmen was: "I'm fine."

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