

# Herald and News

**FRANK JENKINS**  
Editor  
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## BILLBOARD

**By BILL JENKINS**  
We have just come out of a semi-yearly battle in which we lost again. Just as usual.

About every four months or so a howl goes up from the proof readers that our typewriter ribbon is shot and would we please do something about it.

We do. We think it for weeks. But finally the day comes when we can no longer put off the terrible task and we plow into yards of inky ribbon though anything can write so thinly and put such a heavy coating of ink on your fingers, clothes and your face (beyond me) with grim determination.

Thirty minutes and two lifetimes later we call on our more mechanically minded staffers to come in and do it for us.

At that I get more mileage out of a ribbon than many do. I use yellow paper instead of white, 'cause it shows up better.

But, as the boss mentioned, until

the engineers get around to a simpler system of changing ribbons and of putting on tie chains, then I've got no faith in our progress.

The only progress a man really has a chance to see is in the fact that his friends and acquaintances keep drifting away. You just get to really know a chap, know how to work with him and so on, and bingo — he's transferred.

The last such instance in our case is Vic Schoonover, general agent for Great Northern since 1947. Vic is moving up to Spokane where he'll be taken over, leaving his chair to be filled by Ralph Merklin, a Portland GN agent for the past seven years.

Worst part about Vic's leaving is that he had finally made up his mind to take the Hart Mountain trip with us this year, but his orders read July first in his new job, so the trip is out. He claims he'll be back someday, though.

## ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN McLEOD

Throughout all the chronicles of the Modoc War, and, in fact, much of the record of the early settlement of our country by white men there is one subject that is very definitely avoided by every writer — that subject is liquor. To read the writings of all these old timers one might be led to the conclusion that they were all prohibitionists so religiously do they abstain from even the slightest mention of this most important ingredient that formed a very large part of the backbone of American trade with the Indian.

An unspeakably vile concoction known as "Injun whiskey" flowed westward out of the States into the Indian country and tremendous profits were realized out of this poison which was the cheapest commodity that could be exchanged for furs. A pint was the standard value of a buffalo robe in the plains country, what it purchased here in the Klamath region no one has said. However, because of the fact our early writers did not possess the intestinal fortitude to take recognition of the trade, it is no sign that the trade was not in existence.

Liquor, of course, was dispensed in quantity when the Indian had something to trade but it was rarely given at other times because to do so would impair its "market value." The Indian therefore had no opportunity to become accustomed to it. Moreover the quality was bad and became steadily worse when it was discovered that the Indian literally would drink anything. Finally, since the trade was illegal, the consumers were impressed with the fact that they might never get the stuff again and must make the most of their present chance. This psychological factor backed by a discriminatory though well-intended Federal law, probably was one of the greatest contributors to Indian drunkenness.

It has been stated that the stuff produced for Indian consumption would speedily incapacitate a white man accustomed to drinking a daily quart of bonded whiskey.

Montana's famous cowboy artist, Charles M. Russell, wrote about this "Injun whiskey" in the following fashion:

"I never knew what made an Injun so crazy when he drunk till I tried this booze. . . . With a few drinks of this trade whiskey the Missouri looked like a creek and we spun off in it with no fear. It sure was a brave-maker, and if a

man had enough of this booze you could not drown him. You could even shoot a man through the brain or heart and he wouldn't die till he sobered up.

"When the Injuns go, their hides full of this they were bad and dangerous. I used to think this was because the Injun was a wild man, but at this place (on the Missouri) where we crossed the herds there's about ten lodges of Assiniboines, and we all get drunk together. The squaws, when we started, got mighty busy caching guns and knives. In an hour we're all, Injuns and whites, so disagreeable that a shepherd dog couldn't have got along with us. Some wise cowpuncher had persuaded all the cowpunchers to leave their guns in camp. . . . Without guns either cowpunchers or Injuns are harmless — they can't do anything but pull hair. Of course the Injun, wearing his locks long, gets the worst of it. We were so disagreeable the Injuns had to move camp."

This "Injun whiskey" was usually made from raw alcohol — one gallon of alcohol to three gallons of water. For color and "flavor" the trader added a pound of tea or a pound of rank chewing tobacco and some Jamaica ginger and a handful of red peppers. At times it was enhanced by the addition of a quart of black molasses. Most every tribe called this liquor "fire-water" and "fire" it must have been. The trade in Indian spirits must have been a lucrative one and undoubtedly played its part in the affairs of 1872, Meacham and other writers, but darkly at the trade.

It is difficult for us in this modern age to get the perspective of what conditions were; how people thought and acted a century ago. In a fashion the melting pot of this western country was like a plunge into a pandemonium in which centuries of culture and superstition were flung to the winds. There were new thoughts, new hearts, new dress, new speech and new names. Conventionalisms, creeds and politics of the east were left at home when the white men made their journey into the wilderness and here under new conditions, new conventionalities, crude and strange, were born of the necessities of the new society. There was a decided social revolution taking place in the white man's world at the time when the world of the red man was crashing around him.

To understand the background of the Modoc War one must likewise understand something of the social order of the day.

## THE DOCTOR SAYS

**By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.**  
About one person out of 100 dies as a result of a brain tumor. As soon as this danger became fully realized, the resources of medical science were thrown into the battle. As a result, today many brain tumors can be discovered early and can be successfully removed by the highly skilled surgical methods which have been developed.

Tumors of the brain may lie almost anywhere inside the skull. The symptoms, therefore, depend on where the tumor is located, and its size.

In some cases, it may produce difficulties in swallowing. In other cases, the symptoms may involve the hearing, the eyesight, or muscular coordination in one part of the body or another. Headache is a fairly common symptom of brain tumor, and so is persistent vomiting. Of course a person can have any of these symptoms from some other cause.

If a brain tumor is suspected, the nervous system must be carefully examined to find out exactly where the tumor is before an operation is even thought about. Such tests include examining the muscular strength, the vision and hearing, and the nerve reactions.

Fluid must be removed from the spinal canal or the openings in the brain and examined. Other fluids may be injected into the canal

which will show up in X-rays and thus help in locating the tumor.

Air can be injected into the spaces in the brain — this sounds rather fearsome but is not — and this too helps to locate the area of the tumor. In some cases, measuring the electrical waves which pass through the brain is also of great value.

There are several kinds of tumors as well as many locations. Some are very slow growing and "benign"; others are rapidly growing and "malignant." In spite of all these difficulties, however, a great many tumors can be found and successfully removed surgically.

Needless to say this success, even though it is not yet perfect, represents a tremendous triumph for the nerve specialist and the surgeon dealing with that field.

Today, most of the large cities boast of brain and nerve surgeons who are extremely expert and whose ingenuity and skill cannot be surpassed anywhere on earth.

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## TELLING THE EDITOR

**SPORTSMEN NOTICE**  
At the July meeting of the Oregon State Game Commission, tentative regulations will be set up for the 1954 hunting seasons. Dates and bag limits will be recommended by various groups from all over the state of Oregon. Opinions of deer hunters are so varied that some groups will probably recommend that the deer season be closed entirely and that every hunter throw his old smoothbore in the river. Other groups are going to recommend that the game regulations allow a hunter to take a deer of either sex for the entire deer season and be permissible to shoot at anything that wiggles in the woods. In fact there is a group right here in Klamath Falls who have made a recommendation to the state game commission that a deer of either sex be lawful game during the entire 1954 deer season in Oregon. If this were allowed the deer hunters might just as well throw all of their smoothbores in the river, anyway, because there wouldn't be a deer left to shoot at the following season.

The estimated total deer population in Oregon was 175,000 animals before the 1953 season was opened last fall. Then 196,000 hunters took to the woods looking for a deer to shoot. 165,000 of them were successful, too. That immense kill amounted to 60 per cent of the total deer population in the state and also included 37,697 does and fawns. If this many female and immature deer were taken last fall by hunters, just where are our deer coming from to provide hunting for future years?

With more hunters in the Oregon woods than there are deer in the entire state, how do proponents of an "either sex deer season" reason anyway? The deer herds will not stand that tremendous pounding by that many hunters and continue to exist at all, unless the season were shortened to only three or four days duration and that would cause such

## Hugh Pruett

**Astronomer, Extension Division Oregon Higher Education System**  
In literature we sometimes read of the long days and evenings of that somewhat mysterious time or season known as the summer solstice or the short days of the winter solstice. Although it generally understood that these terms refer to certain events or dates, a little explanation might be helpful to some of us.

The word "solstice" comes from two Latin words meaning "sun stands." Where does it stand and why does it do so? In December 1949 the Russian news services made a great deal of the statement that at the time of Stalin's birth "the sun stood still." That gave the general impression that he was such an important personage in the entire universe that his slipping the light of day affected the mighty sun. But history reveals that heroes in many nations have been elevated to unwarranted importance. Stalin's birth occurred at about the time of the winter solstice, so the "sun stood still" not only for him but for even the humblest born at that date.

The American Nautical Almanac tells us that the summer solstice this year occurred at 3:55 p.m. eastern standard time, June 21, and summer began. This is supposed to be the longest day of the year between sunrise and sunset. Some claim to have found discrepancies in such announcements, for they say their medical almanacs give another day near that time as longer. This is likely due to the fact that the almanacs give the times to the nearest minutes. If carried out to seconds, the announced day is correct.

It is well known by all who carefully observe the sun's positions in the sky that the noon position in the south is very low at the time of the shortest days and very high in June. It certainly gets higher day by day from about December 22 to June 21.

If a stone is thrown directly up into the air, it goes up to its highest point, then for the merest fraction of a second stands still before starting down. The sun apparently does the same thing at the summer solstice before it backtracks toward the south from its highest position.

This change is due to the tilt of the earth's axis in relation to its orbit. In the winter the north pole is inclined away from the sun at an angle of 23 1/2 degrees; in the summer, toward the sun at this same angle. This makes the noon sun appear 47 degrees higher at the summer solstice than at the winter solstice.

The term "solstice" refers both to the time of the year and to the point on the ecliptic, the sun's apparent path among the stars. In ancient times the summer solstice was the occasion for elaborate ceremonies.

The dead birds were removed from the engines. The plane was hauled to a hangar for repairs.

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## Letter From Washington

**By HARRIS ELLSWORTH, M.C. 4th District, Oregon**  
Hearings are being held by both House and Senate Committees on the identical bills introduced by Senator Guy Gordon and me to authorize the construction of the Talent Division of the Rogue River Basin reclamation project. The legislation is based upon the Federal Reclamation Act of 1902. Although the project will be originally financed by the federal government, its cost will be repaid over a period of years by the land owners who are benefited by the work. It is also planned to use the same procedure to provide for the rehabilitation of the Medford and Rogue River Valley Irrigation Districts.

As this is written, it is not known what action the House Committee will take on the bill after the hearings are completed. I am hopeful, however, since this is a relatively simple project and pretty much in line with similar projects authorized under the reclamation laws, that it may be favorably reported.

I had hoped that by this time we would have had a hearing before the House subcommittee on flood control of the committee on public works on my bill, H.R. 8661, to provide for the construction of the Green Peter Dam on the Santiam River on a partnership basis. Unfortunately, the departmental reports on this bill were a little slow in being sent to the committee. Meanwhile the Public Works Committee has been tied up for several weeks with the details of the final completion of its

big Omnibus Rivers, Harbors and Flood Control bill. That bill will probably not be completed before the 26th. I am disappointed about this delay but I have kept a constant check on the situation and I am convinced that it could not be helped.

The Cougar Dam (McKenzie River) bill which was passed by the House a few weeks ago is making good progress in the Senate. It may become law in the near future.

Every now and then I receive a comment to the effect that I should travel around the Congressional District more often and get better acquainted. How I wish I could do that — especially since this is an election year! The fact is that, unlike any other elected official of our state, members of the Oregon delegation in Congress must stay here in Washington, D.C., and do their job of representing the state while Congress is in session. Furthermore, trips home are at our personal expense — we have no government expense account — and even if I could find time to make such trips across the continent, which I cannot, I certainly could not afford them. After this session adjourns, though, I expect to visit every county in the district.

There is a feature article in the Saturday Evening Post dated June 19 which tells about the committee of the House of Representatives of which I am a member — the Rules Committee. The title of the piece is "The Terrible Twelve" of Capitol Hill." It gives a rat-

## Sparrows Tangle With Airliner

**ATLANTA (AP)—**Six sparrows tangled with a four-engine airliner over the Atlanta Airport.

Capt. J. B. Parker had to land the Delta-C&S DC7 yesterday and transfer his 69 passengers to another plane.

The dead birds were removed from the engines. The plane was hauled to a hangar for repairs.

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## James Marlow

**WASHINGTON (AP)—**Guatemalan officials and the anti-Communist invaders have been fighting their war with their mouths, both sides making claims, neither acknowledging losses, and censorship backing out the facts.

It has to be assumed those who engineered the attack did some planning, both as to timing and the size of the force necessary to win. The next few days will show whether the planning was shrewd or stupid.

So far the invaders have been disappointed if they were depending upon wholesale desertions from their side from the Guatemalan army. And there is no indication the peasants flocked to join them either.

If this invasion fails, the Communists not only will strengthen their grip on Guatemala but the United States will suffer a severe setback in its desire to see all Latin America free of communism.

The war itself, but not its significance, is on a peanut scale. The invaders are reported to have perhaps 5,000 men — they may have more — backed by planes. Guatemala has an army of 6,000, backed by police.

The defending force may turn out to be larger than that if the 2,000 tons of arms, recently imported by Guatemala from Czechoslovakia, have been used to arm the peasants and they fight for the government.

There's a lesson for the United States in the outcome if the troops remain loyal to the present government, the peasants rally behind their Communist union leaders and the invasion is repulsed.

For 11 years Guatemala had been under the dictatorship of Gen. Jorge Ubico, who had the support of the country's big landowners while the majority of the country's three million people lived in poverty.

In 1944, students and army officers, bent on social reform, overthrew Ubico. Two of the revolutionary leaders were Juan Arévalo and Jacobo Arbenz. Arévalo became president.

He accepted the help of Guatemala's Communists. His regime did not in social reforms, such as social security. Four years ago Arbenz was elected president. He had a land-reform program to break up the big estates and distribute them among the peasants.

While the Communists were helping Arévalo and Arbenz, they were also strengthening their grip on the country. For instance, they got control of the labor unions. They didn't try to take over altogether. That could wait.

The land reforms appealed to the peasants, but were backed by the big landowners and the United Fruit Co., which had large holdings in Guatemala.

But opposition to Arbenz, who had the Communists sitting at his feet, developed among the rich conservative Guatemalans and army officers who feared their country would wind up in time completely under the Communists.

Many of them went into exile, including Col. Carlos Castillo Armas, who is now leading the "liberation army" operating from a base in neighboring Honduras.

The United States has a big, obvious stake in not wanting a Communist government in Guatemala. It would do more than just give the Russians a foothold on the American continent.

It would serve as a starting point to try to communize the rest of Latin America. And, in case of war with Russia, the Communists would have airfields in Guatemala, 800 miles from the Panama Canal.

The problem which the United States has faced in Guatemala in wanting to win the allegiance of its people is the same it faces in most Latin-American countries and among impoverished people everywhere.

Where there are poverty and hunger, the Communists have willing ears for their propaganda and their promises to give the poor a better share in society in the form of land, more food, and better health and living conditions. Among people with nothing, no promises are better than nothing, no matter how phony those promises turn out to be.

Unless the United States can offer a program, or induces the regimes it supports to offer a program, in which the poor can see benefit for themselves, it faces the prospects of the Communists making progress in all the impoverished areas of the world.

## NAME THE PONY CONTEST

**HEY KIDS!** A complete cowboy or cowgirl outfit will be awarded to the 12-year-old or younger boy or girl who names the Fourth of July Pony. He's a little Shetland pony gelding. See him with the Queen Contestants. Then send in your favorite name. There's still time for a chance at the prize for naming him.

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I submit the name \_\_\_\_\_ for the Shetland pony.

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## FRANK TRIPP

Fanny just lives from one Spring Garden to another, I've twisted her for years. It's wonderful the joy she gets out of her flowers, and the joy she brings to others through them.

She has always regretted that I have not been more flower minded. Lately I've come to know a Shasta daisy from a weed, yet she'd no more trust me to weed her garden than I would think of offering to do it.

First of I thought it cute to be so dumb about flowers that Fanny wouldn't trust me among them. Only lately I came to realize how much this hurt her, as a mother is hurt by one's ignoring her children.

Matter of fact I hadn't had the kind of a look that my untrained eye needed to appreciate the affection, hours, days and weeks that she and Anna give to their flower garden. It's Anna's as much as hers, Fanny always insists.

This spring we summoned courage to give the whole scene a new look — the look that I needed to be awakened to its grandeur. A magnificent blue spruce that we have watched grow 20 feet heavenward in the last 25 years got too big. It grew to shut off the garden view from our favorite window, where we like to eat breakfast or sit when it is unpleasant outside.

We were two years mustering courage to cut it down. All whose advice we sought were horrified at the idea; tears were actually shed over it. It couldn't be moved; had to stay or come down. Beautiful as it was, still it obscured something more beautiful.

"Only God can make a tree," sang Joyce Kilmer. "Only 'my sweetheart can make a garden that I want to learn to love." I sang — and sent George for his axe. So the tree came down, happily with no robins in its hair.

By night it was cleared away. Nancy arrived with her children just then. There wasn't any school that afternoon. Suddenly we remembered that it was Arbor Day when the school kids plant trees, as Fanny and I did together way back when.

When Steve saw the majestic

At the moment of Steve's accusation I would have given almost anything to get a glimpse of the hole and standing by with a shovel, like a gravedigger, to toss the dirt back in, after the pride of the class had dedicated a birch sapling to the "everlasting glory of Dear Old Number Five."

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Then we went and sat in the window. Before us opened a vista such as we had never seen on grounds of our own before. To me the awe of surprise approached that which overcame me when I first looked into the Grand Canyon. I was really seeing Fanny's garden for the first time.

The tree did more than stand between me and the flowers. I couldn't look past it and understand the loving care it takes to create such a beautiful thing, or realize how much of Fanny is in that garden. I only thought I understood. Now I know, and a new contentment has entered my soul.

So, all is well. I wouldn't wish the spruce back even if its millions of needles were pendants of gold. I've learned that, in a strange sense, it stood between me and the woman I love; who has always wanted me to love her flowers too.

I'll never weed Fanny's garden — but I'm going to truly appreciate it now.

And God will make another tree.

## Dr. Spock talks with mothers

First of a new series! Dr. Spock is the beloved doctor American parents live by, because this great specialist dotes on babies like their own mothers. Each month Dr. Spock will discuss the subjects most Journal mothers ask him about. Be sure to read this month's talk on the age-old controversy of pacifiers. In the July Ladies' Home Journal. Out today — on off newsstands!

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