

Herald and News

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

BILL JENKINS
Managing Editor
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for publication of all local news printed in this newspaper as well as all AP news.

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

Unless something is done, and done pretty darn quick, outdoor life in the Klamath Basin is a thing of the past.

Us mere humans will have to spend our time in nice tight little homes while the mosquitoes take over the outdoor terrace. At the rate they are going they'll probably take over the barbecue rig, too, and use it to heat up some of their larger victims.

Man and boy we've lived up here in the High Desert for a good many years, but never remember seeing the bug menace as great as it is today. Used to think that the brand of stingers over on the Chewackans in the spring were bad, and that those along portions of the Little Deschutes and Spencer Creek packed a good deal of venom, but more. The brand of that's how you refer to 180 billion mosquitoes that has moved in on Brokenback, our home on the lake, could give any other mosquito the first two bites and then eat him alive with gusto.

mosquitoes coming out in an inside fold of the sack.

Things have reached a point where my wife and I sit around and play Canasta to see which one is going to have to rush out and change the water. The loser changes the water and the winner stands by inside with various lotions, unguents, powders and herbs that are reputed to ease a swelling.

Even the dog is losing his mind. Even our mosquitoes can't go through his thick hide and hair, but they have found that the in-places of his ears are tender enough to be pricked. The poor thing is slowly turning from tan to white, with the loss of blood. The dog isn't fast enough to get away from 'em. He spends his time huddled under the stationary tubs in the basement hoping they won't find him in the dark.

Just to make it worse than ever, you can't go out and cuss 'em. Every time you open your mouth you swallow a dozen or so of the puggers and gag around, completely at the mercy of the rest of them.

I've given myself to date a badly bruised jaw and a goodly mouse slapping at the miserable pests on my face and missing. They aren't any content to wait until you get home and get comfortably set for an evening's loafing on the sun deck. They meet the car at the foot of the driveway and chew on you in a companionable manner on your way to the car porte.

By using a heavy caliber deer rifle you are once in a while able to knock one kicking. On close inspection you find that they are striped like a zebra and have a tail on 'em that looks like the business end of a trout fly. Their nose is built much on the order of a swordfish. And they could tell a jet pilot all about breaking the sonic barrier.

To date they haven't managed to cut through the screens (heaviest available) on the doors and windows, but I suppose they will in time. At least I'm being careful to keep all my old files and hacksaws locked in a drawer on the work bench.

If anyone knows of a sure cure for mosquitoes, even something that will make them sick and slow 'em down enough that you can get 'em with a club, please let me know. I've tried everything to date, including chewing tobacco and spitting all over the shrubs. If someone told me that spraying the whole acre with sour milk would work I'd wait for a warm day and order a carload of milk left in the sun.

Until someone comes up with another new suggestion I have only one thing to say: Help!

Back shortly after the war we had a miracle potion known as DDT. Usually about a five percent mixture that knocked the mosquito kicking the instant he got into it. You could spray around the house and the stuff would last for weeks.

Last week I got a sack of 50 percent DDT, mixed it triple strength and spent two days spraying around. Finally gave it up when I went back to the sack to get a refill and found a large hatch of

That's usually the signal for those stingers that have been resting to show up for a meal. They eat that spray and thrive on it. Like tonic. You can hear 'em clicking their mandibles giving a picnic supper, come on over and bring the family.

This is the first year that I can remember when we've had to build a smudge fire in the bedroom. Not that it keeps 'em off, but at least you don't have to lie there and watch 'em peel off and come screaming down.

One of the subjects that attracts attention of every one who reads stories of the Modoc War is the names of the participants. Actual Indian names were seldom used by the white people when speaking of an Indian because more often they were unknown and even if they were known they were both difficult to remember and to pronounce. Thus for the Indian, we find the white man applying a mixture of names composed of both white man's names and easily pronounced Indian.

Paris (AP) — "Pierre, this is my last meal before I leave Paris," I said to the waiter in La Grande Lockjaw.

La Grande Lockjaw is one of those intimate left bank restaurants that won fame in an odd way. Victor Hugo once dropped in, read the menu, then left, complaining of a stomach ache. Ever since then the little restaurant has been packed with visiting intellectuals hoping to fall ill in the same place that nauseated the author of "Les Miserables."

With Captain Jack, whose Indian name was "Kientepoo," was "Schoonchin John," so named from being the younger of the "Old Chief Schoonchin," "Scarface Charley," so named on account of a scar on his face; "Black Jim," so named on account of his dark color; "One-eyed Mose," so called on account of a defect in one eye; "Watchman," "Humpty Joe," "Big Ike," "Old Tails," "Old Tall's Boy," "Old Longface," "Curly-haired Doctor," "Boston Charley," so named on account of his light color, "Boston," being the Chinook expression referring to the white man; "Hooker Jim," had lived with old man Hooker; "Slo-lax," and others.

"Never mind the buildup, Pierre. No tourist ever hit the jackpot on a giveaway program in Paris. Bring on the snails."

Soon Pierre brought in the plate of snails, swimming in a rich butter and garlic sauce and sprinkled with chopped parsley. I looked from the snails to Pierre. What next?

"You lift the snail out with this little fork," explained Pierre, "and eat it. Then you pick up the empty shell and drink the sauce in it. Very simple."

"Let's get this straight, you said to eat the snail. By that, naturally, you mean to swallow it—fast."

"But, no, M'sieu. You chew it—like this," Pierre flapped his gums together slowly, softly.

"Chew it!" I exclaimed. "Chew it?"

These Indians probably could be spoken of as being of Captain Jack's band, when actual hostilities broke between the red men and the white. Captain Jack was reinforced by the band of Hot Creek Modocs who lived at the Fairchild Ranch. This band had some of the notable warriors for it brought into the conflict "Eli's Man George," who, as far as can be determined, from statements of the old Modocs, was the actual battle strategist of the war. With "George" was "Shacknasty Jim," so named from his mother's name. The acquisition of a name by an Indian in the Indian civilization was actually a complex process and not as simple as under the white man's order. In the Indian world, personal names were given and changed at the critical epochs of life, such as birth, puberty, the first war expedition, some notable feat, elevation to chieftainship, and finally retirement from active life was often marked by the adoption of the name of one's son.

"Ah, M'sieu," he said, dolefully. "Only yesterday the mating season of the snail began. And you know how it is with us French. We do not like to interrupt it. It is a beautiful moment in the life of a snail. But—she looked at his watch—"In only three months—"

"I can't wait, Pierre," I said, despondently. "And I don't mind telling you you're going to make me look like a bum with my friends. They won't even believe I was in Paris."

"Let me consult with the chef—after all he is my brother-in-law," said Pierre. He returned a moment later, and said:

"M'sieu is very fortunate. The chef says he has found 12 snails which, for one reason or another, are not interested in love-making this season. But since they are the only 12 snails in all France that—"

turn several moments later, saluting me the bill.

As I paid it, I noticed he had a strong odor of garlic on his breath and some melted butter on his chin.

Are you sure you set those snails free?" I asked suspiciously. "Rest content," M'sieu, said Pierre. "The snails are as free now as they would be had they chosen, as did all the other snails in France, To become lovers."

Paris (AP) — "Pierre, this is my last meal before I leave Paris," I said to the waiter in La Grande Lockjaw.

La Grande Lockjaw is one of those intimate left bank restaurants that won fame in an odd way. Victor Hugo once dropped in, read the menu, then left, complaining of a stomach ache. Ever since then the little restaurant has been packed with visiting intellectuals hoping to fall ill in the same place that nauseated the author of "Les Miserables."

Pierre was sad at the news of my leaving. He is very patriotic, and hates to see any tourist leave town with money in his pockets.

"Ah, this is an occasion," he murmured. "It requires something special. Would M'sieu like, perhaps, some bullfrog potage followed, I would suggest by a small omelet en casserole, accompanied, it goes without saying, by an onion sauce in which one can still hear the singing of meadowlarks?"

"No, Pierre," I told him. "I live in a village called New York, and when I get back home they will ask me only one question: How did I like the snails? That is all they ever ask: How did I like the snails?"

"Every time I have had to duck this question. But this time I want to have an answer. Do you have snails?"

Pierre's face fell.

"Ah, M'sieu," he said, dolefully. "Only yesterday the mating season of the snail began. And you know how it is with us French. We do not like to interrupt it. It is a beautiful moment in the life of a snail. But—she looked at his watch—"In only three months—"

"I can't wait, Pierre," I said, despondently. "And I don't mind telling you you're going to make me look like a bum with my friends. They won't even believe I was in Paris."

"Let me consult with the chef—after all he is my brother-in-law," said Pierre. He returned a moment later, and said:

"M'sieu is very fortunate. The chef says he has found 12 snails which, for one reason or another, are not interested in love-making this season. But since they are the only 12 snails in all France that—"

turn several moments later, saluting me the bill.

As I paid it, I noticed he had a strong odor of garlic on his breath and some melted butter on his chin.

Are you sure you set those snails free?" I asked suspiciously. "Rest content," M'sieu, said Pierre. "The snails are as free now as they would be had they chosen, as did all the other snails in France, To become lovers."



They'll Do It Every Time
By Jimmy Hatlo

THE GUYS WITH THE \$5000 FISCAL '65 ARE NO TROUBLE AT ALL! IT'S THE JALOPY OWNERS WHO WANT AN FBI MAN TO WATCH THEIR HEAR—

EIGHT TO FIVE HELL WALK AROUND THE BLOCK TEN TIMES, KEEPING HIS EYE ON THAT HEIRLOOM SO NOBODY WILL LEAN ON IT AND SPOIL THE FUTURISTIC DESIGN—

WE GET 'EM ALL THE TIME! HELL CALL HIS LAWYER AND SAY WE SIPPONED OFF HIS GAS!

HOUND HIMSELF COULDN'T START THAT CROCK OF BOLTS!

ASK ANY PARKING-LOT ATTENDANT—THE WORSE THE HEAR! THE BIGGER THE BEEF—

THANK AND A TIP OF THE HAT TO CLINT DAVIS TO '77 READE ST. NEW YORK, N.Y.

LAST CHANCE TO NAME THE PONY

Names submitted for the pony that are post marked not later than Saturday, June 26, will be submitted to the Judges Monday. 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. There's still time for a chance at the prize for naming him.

KLAMATH KURBSTONE KOWPOKES, P. O. BOX 941, CITY.

I submit the name _____ for the Shetland pony.

My name _____

Address _____

My age _____ Phone _____

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL
by KEN McLEOD

being due to the accomplishments of ancestors, while the latter mark what the individual has done for himself.

As we read about Indian names we discover a great deal of difference between different tribes and in some cases the bestowing of a name was done with great ceremony and feasting. In the interpretation of names from the Indian to an English translation has brought forth some ludicrous translations since often the Indian name was ironical and had to be interpreted in a manner directly opposite to the apparent sense. A failure to understand this, along with faulty interpretation, has developed some strange mis-conceptions. Thus a Dakota chief finds his name in English as "Young-man-afraid-of-horses," when his name should have been actually, "Young-man - whose-very-horses-are-afraid."

Names could often be loaned, pawned, or even given or thrown away outright; on the other hand, they might be adopted out of revenge without consent of the owner. The possession of a name was everywhere jealously guarded, and many tribes it was considered dishonorable or even insulting to address one directly by it. This reticence, on the part of some Indians at least, appears to have been due to the fact that every man, and everything as well, was supposed to have a real name which so perfectly expressed his innermost nature as to be practically identical with him. This name might long remain unknown to all, even to its owner, but at some critical period in life it was confidentially revealed to him. It was largely of this sacred character that an Indian commonly refused to give his proper designation, or, when pressed for an answer, asked someone else to speak it.

This confusing use of names has been a difficult problem for administrators of Indian affairs for the problem of satisfactory naming Indians for purposes of permanent record has been very puzzling owing to their custom of changing names; and, the ignorance of persons in authority of native customs and methods of reckoning descent. The early settlers, however, simplified matters by the use of Jack, John or Jim.

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds

Want to try it again — before I sell the ladders with a Herald & News Want Ad?

HOTELS
OSBURN HOLLAND
EUGENE, ORE. MEDFORD
Thoroughly Modern
Mrs. J. E. Earley—Joe Earley Jr. Proprietors

POW's Tell Red Medical Treatments

By RENNIE TAYLOR
AP Science Reporter

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—The North Koreans had some fantastic medical treatments for their prisoners of war, a U.S. Army doctor reported today.

Prisoners complaining of vitamin deficiencies were given bile from the gall bladders of butchered pigs. Maj. Alexander M. Boyesen, of the Brooke Army Medical Center, Ft. Sam Houston, Tex., told the American Medical Assn.

This treatment did a good job of keeping men away from sick call.

For the treatment of pain a Chinese doctor used a series of short needles attached to spring vibrators. The needles were put into the skin around the painful area and made to vibrate.

"As you might suspect," Maj. Boyesen said, "some cases of back pain and headache were cured by this treatment."

FOOD SCARCITY

In the spring of 1953 food became so scarce that prisoners ate boiled weeds, Boyesen reported.

Frequently the only medicines available were cough tablets for pneumonia and charcoal tablets for dysentery. Incisions for drainage of abscesses were made without anesthesia and sometimes with improvised instruments, such as the metal arch support from a combat boot.

Virtually all deaths in the Communist war prison camps were caused directly or indirectly by starvation, exposure and harassment, Boyesen said.

The average Chinese doctor would treat only the chief complaint of a prisoner, said the officer.

A patient suffering from both night blindness and diarrhea had to choose one of the two for treatment.

Care Urged Watching Eclipse

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—The American Medical Assn. House of Delegates today urged that persons watching the eclipse of the sun next Wednesday protect their eyes with pieces of heavily smoked glass.

The eclipse will be visible in the United States from Nebraska northeastward through the Atlantic states.

The AMA's section on ophthalmology said "colored glasses are neither protectors nor of value."

Previously exposed X-ray film was described as an alternative to smoked glass.

FAITH

PHILADELPHIA (AP)—The Rev. Frank H. Heinz has a thought-provoking sign in front of his church in suburban Germantown: "Come in and have your faith lifted."

ATTENTION: SCHWINN BIKE OWNERS
Bring in your Schwinn for your free annual check-up!
POOLE'S — 222 So. 7th

Anybody wishing to donate articles of clothing, furniture, household appliances, etc., to the

American Legion Auction and Rummage Sale

call 6534 or 3326 and your donation will be picked up.

Sale starts at 2:00 p.m., Saturday, June 26th at the old Pontiac Garage — Building, 4th and Klamath.

JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP)—Sir Winston Churchill and British Foreign Minister Eden, bearing an Alcein-Wonderland plan for saving Southeast Asia, today begin talks with President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles.

There are no optimistic predictions here about the outcome of the conference. The plan, which Eden announced Wednesday in London, is of such a kind that it raises some legitimate questions: Just how interested are the British in wanting to save Southeast Asia from communism? Is this Eden plan a joke, a smoke-screen, or a stalling tactic to cover up basic British unwillingness to defend Southeast Asia?

It's a strange plan, coming from Churchill and Eden who prided themselves on wanting a stern stand against Hitler in those days before Munich when other Britons were preparing to bow their necks.

In Indochina the French have been fighting the Communist-led Vietminh for almost eight years. The Vietminh are beginning to smash them back. The French are war-weary. The United States and Britain so far are unwilling to go to their rescue.

So the French are talking about an armistice with the Communists. The armistice, if it comes, may result in opening the way for the Reds to take over all Indochina.

After that, unless the Western Allies can find some way to stop them, the Communists have all the rest of Southeast Asia open to them. So far the Allies have not been able to agree on the way.

The United States is in an awkward position if it tries to tell the French not to sign an armistice displeasing to this country. The Eisenhower administration had talked very big about stopping communism in Asia.

But when the crisis came in Indochina, it did not send in troops nor planes to help the French.

Now Dulles wants the United States, Britain, France, and the South Pacific nations to form a military alliance which will fight if the Communists go beyond a certain line. That line is still a

vague thing.

At this point Eden comes into the picture. Churchill's aide says Britain will go along with the kind of alliance Dulles has in mind if the United States agree to go along with the kind Eden has in mind.

Eden suggests a "Locarno" type agreement. The Locarno Treaty of 1925 committed Britain, Germany, France, Belgium and Poland to go to the help of anyone of them who was attacked. It broke down when Hitler decided to attack.

Under Eden's plan the United States, Britain, France, Russia, China, India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Burma, and Indonesia would sign the new "Locarno" agreement. Then if anyone of them was attacked, all the others would go to its rescue.

This is a guarantee of nothing. Since the Communists attacked in Korea when it suited them, it is reasonable to assume they would break the new "Locarno" by attacking any or all of the other signers when it suited them and they thought they were strong enough to get away with it.

But even that reasoning has a large element of the fairy tale. Neither Russia nor China would necessarily have to break the new "Locarno" by actually sending troops across a frontier.

They might conquer the other Southeast Asian nations without open act of war, by using local Communists to start a revolution, just as happened in Indochina against the French.

But Britain, by wanting the "Locarno" agreement approved before it agrees on Dulles' plan, puts a stumbling block in the way of any plan at all to save Southeast Asia. This country probably would not sign the "Locarno."

Time is important in Southeast Asia. Even if the United States was willing to sign Eden's plan, the Communists could stall on signing, if it suited their purpose, until they had undermined Southeast Asia. Meanwhile, they couldn't be stopped because Dulles' plan wouldn't have been approved yet.

New Mrs. Mickey Rooney In Charge Of Family Budget

By BOB THOMAS

HOLLYWOOD (AP)—Should the lady of the house take care of the family finances?

Mrs. Mickey Rooney thinks so. What's more, the Mighty Mick agrees. This could lead to all kinds of discussions in homes throughout the land.

"Certainly, the wife should handle the money matters in the home," says Mrs. Rooney. "The man has enough to do in earning the money. He shouldn't have to be concerned with the family budget as well."

Like the three previous Mrs. Rooneys (Ava Gardner, Betty Jane Rose, Martha Vickers), Elaine Davis is a beauty and taller than her husband. Elaine also has a business sense. A Compton, Calif., girl, she began modeling when she was 15 years old. And Elaine began earning early managing her own affairs.

After she married Rooney in Las Vegas on Nov. 22, 1952, she began to take an interest in his tangled financial setup.

"Mickey never handled his own money," she remarked. "He always had a business manager to take care of things for him. I think that's a mistake. You don't realize where the money is going unless you're in on everything yourself. You're inclined to spend unwisely."

Elaine took matters into her own hands. She moved into a medium-sized house, nothing too fancy. Both of them went on an allowance. Pretty soon the financial picture began to brighten.

"Now we're hoping to be able to buy another home," she said. "Not a bigger house; just one with more grounds. Both of us love horses, and we'd like to have a stable."

Rooney's budget is burdened by alimony and support payments. About \$450 goes every week to Miss Rase and sons Mickey Jr., 9, and Tim, 7; \$500 weekly goes to Miss Vickers and son Teddy, 4. Despite this hefty outlay, the present Mrs. Rooney said she and

In Orange Juice

So smooth it leaves you breathless

Smirnoff
the greatest name in VODKA

80 proof Made from 100% grain neutral spirits. See Smirnoff Dist. Co., Hartford, Conn.

THE OLD FORT TAVERN
FORT KLAMATH, ORE.

BEGINNING SATURDAY, JUNE 26th

JOY POWELL
"The Body Beautiful!"

EXOTIC DANCER DIRECT FROM PORTLAND'S BURLESQUE THEATERS

Two Shows Nightly - 1st Show 10 p.m.
No Shows or Music Thursday Nights

-- PLUS --

THE SILVER SUN TRIO
for your listening and dancing pleasure

FRIED CHICKEN DINNER 1.75
Complete with all the Trimmings

Third Street MOTEL
Just off Main at Third
A Good Place to Stay

ACE MIMED SERVICE
424 Main St.
Mimeographing
Same Day Service

PICTURE FRAMING
Underwoods
CHERRY ST. PHOT. SHOP
500 Main St. Phone 7000

HOTELS
OSBURN HOLLAND
EUGENE, ORE. MEDFORD
Thoroughly Modern
Mrs. J. E. Earley—Joe Earley Jr. Proprietors