

Herald and News

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Entered as second class matter at the post office at 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

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL by KEN McCLEOD

The claim that Ferrelle in 1543 was the discoverer of the Klamath Coast appears to be doubtful but the claims of Sir Francis Drake begin to take on actual significance since the verification of his anchorage at Drake's Bay has been made in recent years. There is a much more factual record for Drake than Ferrelle. The first printed account of Drake's voyage was published in "Hakluyt's Voyages," in London in 1589, and in this edition it is stated that the northern limit of Drakes voyage was latitude 42 degrees, which was reached by Drake on June 5, 1579.

The English annalist Stew in 1592 wrote of Drake's discovery: "He passed forth northward, till he came to the latitude 47, thinking to come that way home, but being constrained by fogs and cold winds to forsake his purpose, came backward to the line towards the tenth of June 1579, and stayed in the latitude of 38, to grave and trim his ship, until the five and twenty of July."

In 1593 John Davis the navigator wrote: "After Sir Francis Drake was entered into the South Sea, he coasted all the western shores of America until he came to the septentrional latitude of 48 degrees, being on the back side of Newfoundland."

Low in 1598 gave the limit as 42 degrees, as well as Camden in 1615. In an anonymous discourse of the century, written perhaps by one of Drake's associates, we read:

"Here Drake watered his ship and departed, sailing northwards till he came to 48, gr. of the septentrional latitude, still finding a very large sea trending toward the north, but being afraid to spend long time in seeking for the straits, he turned backe againe, still keeping along the coast as nere land as he might, untill hee came to 44, gr."

Hakluyt in 160 in a new edition of his work made a change in the latitude and wrote:

"Hee beganne to thinke of his best way to the Malucas, and finding himselfe where hee now was becalmed, hee saw the necessity hee must be enforced to take a Spanish course, namely to sail somewhat Northerly to get a winde. Wee therefore set sail, and sayled 600 leagues at the least for a good winde, and thus much we sayled from the 16, of April, till the 3, of June. The 5, towards the pole Arctieke, wee found the ayre so colde, that our men being grievously pinched with the same, complained of the extremite thereof, and the further we went, the more the colde increased upon us. Whereupon wee thought it best for that time to seeke the land, and did so, finding it not mountainous, but low plaine land, till wee came within 58 degrees towards the line."

A new account was compiled and published in 1628 by Drake's nephew from the notes of Francis Fletcher who accompanied the corsair as chaplain, and of others: "From Guatulo we departed the day following, viz., April 16, setting our course directly into the sea, wheron we wayled 500 leagues in longitude, to get a winde; and betwene that and June 3, 140 leagues in all, till we came into 42 degrees of North latitude, where in the night following we found such alteration of heate, into extreme and nipping cold, that our men in general did grievously complain thereof, the very ropes of our ship were stiffe, and the raine which fell was an unnatural congealed and frozen substance. "It came to that extremity in sayling but 2 deg. further to the Northward in our course, that though sea-men lack not good stomachs, yet it seemed a question to many amongst vs, whether their hands should feed their mouths, or rather keep themselves within their coverts. "Our meate, as soon as it was removed from the fire, would presently in a manner be frozen vp. . . The land in that part of America, bearing further out into the West than wee before imagined, we were neerer on it than we were aware, and yet the rarer still wee came unto it, the more extremite of cold did cease upon vs. "The 5 day of June, we were forced by contrary winde to runne in with the shoare, which wee then first descried, and to cast anchor in a bad bay, the best roade wee could for the present meeke with, where wee were not without some danger by reason of the itany extreme gusts and flaxes that beate upon vs, which if they ceased and wee still at any time, immediately upon their intermission there followed most ill, thicke, and stinking fogges, against which the sea prevailed nothing, till the gusts of winde againe returned them, which brought with them such extremite and violence when they came, that there was no dealing or resisting against them. In this place was no abiding for vs; and to go further North, the extremite of the cold . . . would not permit vs." This was Drake's first landing on the American coast and from the description could very well have been at Crescent City.

FLOOD AID

KARACHI, Pakistan (U) — Two Turkish transport planes loaded with clothing, food and relief supplies for Esai Pakistan's flood victims arrived here yesterday. The aid was sent by the Turkish Red Crescent (Red Cross) society.

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HAL BOYLE

VALLEJO, Calif. (U) — Leaves from a touring notebook:

Just as a mature woman wisely overhauls her charms from time to time, the U.S. Navy is engaged in the continuous task of facilitating its ammunition, too.

This is one of its jobs the public rarely hears about. But ammunition, like most things in this world, often becomes out-of-date or shows the wear-and-tear of age.

Here in the Mare Island Shipyard, which next month celebrates the 100th anniversary of its founding by Adm. David G. Farragut, a great depot overhauls the ammunition of the long line of ships that come here to drydock. It is a strange kind of beauty parlor.

The depot, two-thirds of a square mile in area, has 187 buildings, 20 miles of railroad tracks and 25 miles of paved roads.

The work is highly skilled and potentially dangerous. A single static spark from a human body could cause a disastrous explosion. Some 8,000 tons of ammunition are stored in underground bunkers—enough to make a baby A-bomb blast.

To prevent the buildup of static electricity the technicians wear "leg irons" that ground them at every step. Visitors check their matches and cigarette lighters at the gate.

"In the last fiscal year the depot produced 5,130 tons of new ammunition and overhauled 22,622 tons of serviceable ammunition," said Lt. Cmdr. William F. Gaddberry.

When ammunition deteriorates so far that it is too dangerous to be broken down and put to new uses, it is taken to sea and dumped.

Nice job—if you can get it, and enjoy ocean cruising. Bound to give a man something to worry about besides seasickness.

Few things give a man more of a feeling of the erosion of money than a change in the prices of haircuts and hotel rooms.

Somewhere in my youth I got the idea that a quarter was the proper price for a haircut, and that an eternal law of nature ho-

tel rooms would rent for \$3 a night forever.

But today in some big American cities it costs \$2-a-day-up to park your pet pooch in a dogel. This week I got a haircut in San Francisco. The price was \$1.30, and I don't have enough hair left to cause the barber to work up a sweat while mowing it. Actually, he could have done the job with a pair of fingernail clippers, except barbers like to put drama in their work.

"Down in Los Angeles they are talking of putting the price up to \$2," it is said.

Somewhat that made me feel older than the loss of my first wisdom tooth—the thought that a 1954 haircut might rise to the price of a 1930 hotel room.

Whatever happened to the value of a quarter anyway? Will it soon merely be a collector's item—like the Buffalo nickel? You can still impress a bellhop with a two-bit tip, but the impression he gets is that you are a two-bit cheap-skate.

A panhandler stopped me here the other day and asked, "Brother can you spare a quarter for a bowl of soup?"

I gave him the quarter. He took it, fidgeted a moment, and said: "You know there's a penny tax too?"

Two Killed By Manila Guard

MANILA, (U) — Gun shots echoed through Malacañan government palace yesterday as a presidential guard ran amok, killing two fellow guards and wounding three others.

Pfc. Bartolome Estipular, 25, a former mental patient, shot his comrades with a Garand rifle in the presidential guard battalion barracks on the palace grounds. He then turned the weapon on himself, and was reported in critical condition at a hospital.

President Ramon Magsaysay was not at the palace at the time of the shooting.

By Jimmy Hatlo



Frank Tripp

There are people who leave their keys in their cars, who drape their minks on a park bench, who gamble their lives on the highways, but there's no more negligent gambler with fate than the householder who doesn't own a fire extinguisher—because he's insured.

For sure, the proper insurance will replace stolen property, a wrecked car or a burned home, but the only thing it can do for a maimed or charred lifeless body is bury it.

"Oh, I'm insured" chuckle the confident who utterly disregard their own responsibility, even some times contrive to collect on losses.

"Let it burn, let it crash, go ahead and steal it—I'm insured" is stupid invitation to disaster, possible death. It is basically criminal sophistry; a costly factor in determining the insurance premiums that everybody must pay.

A recent experience with a little \$15 fire extinguisher roused these thoughts. It confined a menacing blaze to a minor basement loss, just as it was eating through the floor right under a partition that would have sucked the fury to the attic and destroyed our lakeside home. In ten more minutes it would have been total saving.

Tossed water would not reach to where it had spread; it could not be smothered. The nearest firemen were five miles away. A quart of liquid in a little brass cylinder saved the place we love, perhaps a life we love.

As I snatched the extinguisher from its bracket I suffered as near panic as I can remember. It had hung there for years, never used, never inspected, never refilled. I knew what its warning tag said about that.

Was it empty, had it deteriorated, had it corroded, would it work? In those few seconds on the cellar stairs I confessed my neglect, the anguish, I would suffer when I viewed the smoldering ruins of our haven and retreat, and a neighbor's too no doubt.

There was more self-accusation when I had to guess at the instructions on the precious little gadget in my hand. I had never operated this fire extinguisher. It is amazing how many things can flash

JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (U)—If a political campaign can be said to have an official opening, it will come tonight when President Eisenhower talks to the nation on the Republicans' two years in power.

All 435 House seats and 37 of the 56 Senate seats are at stake in November's congressional election. Control of Congress was at issue two years ago too when Eisenhower swept into the White House while Republicans as a party barely edged through to a paper-thin majority in Senate and House.

The campaign picture is different today. In 1952 Eisenhower was a war hero, unopposed in the presidency. His Republicans, asking control of Congress, could point more to promises than performance. They had run Congress only two out of the past 20 years.

Now the Republicans have had two years to perform. Eisenhower can claim to have been a pretty good prophet on at least two counts, unless campaign talk takes an unexpected shift:

1. He predicted late in 1953, when he had been in office less than a year, that Communists in government would be a memory, and not an issue, in the 1954 campaign. Republicans had made it a main issue against the Democrats in 1952.

2. He predicted the big issue this year would be the program of his administration which he called "progressive" and "dynamic."

There will be other issues but this seems sure now to be No. 1. Eisenhower's optimism that Reds in government would not be a major campaign talking point this year was based on the argument that by then his administration would have pretty well cleaned them out.

Whether the administration has or not, there has been very little talk about this subject in recent months, except by Sen. McCarthy.

The Wisconsin Republican for months had banged away at the Army for not getting rid of suspects faster. And he had talked of investigating, but never did, the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA).

It was plain Eisenhower wouldn't let him investigate the CIA, the American spy agency and counterespionage outfit. As the elections

through one's mind when only a moment stands between him and a crisis.

Probably there are people, in fact I know there are, who would have welcomed this opportunity to leisurely phone the Dundee volunteer firemen, who, by the time they left their jobs and drove over the hills to reach us, were at best half an hour away.

But we didn't insure our home to collect insurance on it, any more than we did our children. Nevertheless I had time to accuse myself of negligence comparable to possessing no first aid kit to function until a doctor could come. All of these things passed through my mind before I pushed the plunger.

The liquid spuried; the flames resisted, but the efficient little extinguisher won, with a mite of content to spare.

Fate had given me one more chance—and here's what we are going to do about it. We are going to have a fire extinguisher on every floor. They are going to have periodic inspections and tests. There will always be refills in the house.

Every adult in the household is going to learn to use the device without going through the mental hell that tortured me those few minutes.

No, brother, I do not sell fire extinguishers on the side.

Climber Dies In Washington

PORT ANGELES, Wash. (U) — A mountain climber trapped in a crevasse by his own heroism was found dead late last night on towering Mt. Olympus.

Doctors said Dr. Anthony Levy, 30, a University of California research biochemist from Berkeley, had been dead about nine hours before his body was reached. He had been trapped deep in a crevasse at the top of the 7,954-foot peak which stands in the center of Olympic National Park.

Twenty-three National Park Service employees fought their way up the mountain in an attempt to rescue him.

Levy, with four others, were climbing the mountain Saturday when one of the party, Dick Neal of Seattle, slipped into the crevasse breaking a leg in the fall.

Levy volunteered to go down and help get Neal out. The efforts to rescue Neal were successful, but Levy, exhausted by his efforts, could not get out himself and attempts by the other three to bring him to the surface failed.

Jack Alton, chief of Olympic National Park rangers, said Levy would never survive the intense cold in the crevasse unless he were wearing sufficient warm clothing.

DEATH

PHILADELPHIA (U) — Willie Snelling, 50, was killed when his car crashed into a utility pole and jolted loose a 1,000-pound transformer which fell from the pole onto his car, crushing him.

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