

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 8, 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

It was a clear cold morning such as only the high country ever see. The woods loomed darkly against the grey sky. Squirrels chattered as they scampered up and down the pines, birds scratched in the pine needles and an occasional caw rose restlessly from its bed and melted into the pre-dawn shadows.

Just such a morning as he had been dreaming of all year, thought the hunter, as he eased his car down a faint set of tracks that straggled down toward the bottom of the draw. A fine time to be out in the open with the clean air rippling at his nose, the sights and sounds of the forest making a background for his thoughts. And the chance of getting his buck on the opening morning as he could have all day Sunday to finish cleaning him up and telling his envious friends about the kill.

He parked his car at the base of a little hill, climbed out and loaded up his rifle and then began a careful stalk around the slope, pausing at every round, his eyes probing the shadows cast by the rising sun. On he went, circling the scattered patches of brush, slithering over the grey piles of stone outcroppings, ever on the alert.

As the sun rose higher in the sky that peculiar phenomenon occurred, it got colder instead of warmer. By this time the hunter's hands were cold, his ears were stinging and he was feeling the bite of the early morning air all the way through him. Well, no deer in sight, but maybe if he sat still some of the other gamesters roaming the woods would flush one down to him. And while sitting there why not build a tiny fire, just enough to take the cramp out of his hands?

A good thought. But he mustn't spoil his chances for a deer. There, just ahead, was a big up-thrust of rock, jutting up sixty yards high and screened by tall trees. Just the place. He could crawl in there, bunker down in a crevice and build a fire that no one would see.

Soon he had a handkerchief sized blaze going in the dead needles and twigs he scraped up. As he watched the draw below him he fed his fire with bits of branches, bark and cones, just enough to keep his hands warm.

Suddenly he saw a movement, a glint of sunlight on polished brass as a buck, maybe a three or four point, suddenly loomed up

Sam Dawson

NEW YORK (AP)—Coffee prices—after a year of fireworks that burned the fingers of America's household budget keepers—are being investigated today by a subcommittee of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee. The Senate deaths are trying to find out what.

At issue is not only the Federal Trade Commission's charge that the trading on the New York Coffee and Sugar Exchange played a villain's role, but also the larger issue of whether this and other commodity exchanges should be regulated by the federal government, brought under the eye of the Securities and Exchange Commission.

Here is fabulous year of coffee: Last October green coffee beans of a commonly used grade could be bought here for 60 cents a pound. Roasted, packed in a vacuum tin and distributed to the grocer, a pound cost around \$1 retail.

But traders on the exchange already had bid up the price of coffee beans for future delivery here. They cited reports from Brazil of heavy crop damage there from frost, and they reasoned that when the new crop reached here by the end of the year prices would be soaring.

With the beginning of the new year, prices of green coffee here began to rise, reaching a peak of 95 cents April 1, and holding near that level until June. At that time the Brazilian government again raised the price of coffee for export.

But the scheme didn't work. Retail prices of roasted coffee in the United States had climbed as high as \$1.45 a pound. Housewives cut back sharply on their buying.

Coffee traders here stopped buying from Brazil. They had two reasons: the price resistance on the part of the American housewife, and word from South America that coffee supplies there were larger than had been predicted.

The U.S. Department of Agriculture came out with a report that the supply pinch was about over, that world coffee production actually was slightly in excess of consumption.

The Brazilian government, unable to sell its coffee, cut prices in August. Future prices dropped fast on the coffee exchange. Retail prices have come down here too. Green beans are down to around 68 cents a pound and prices for future delivery are as low as 52 cents.

SNOW

SEOU (AP)—The first snow flurries of the fall season fell Tuesday on U. N. Army units in the northeast sector of the inactive Korean War front.

They'll Do It Every Time' By Jimmy Hatlo



ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL by KEN McLEOD

from behind a log end then melted into a patch of slick brush.

He grabbed his rifle, being careful to avoid noise, slid soundlessly off his rocky perch and eased toward the brow of the hill to cut off the deer. A quarter of a mile down the canyon he knew he had missed the buck, but it stood to reason that the animal, unless otherwise disturbed, would go on down toward the meadow. And he knew a shortcut road he could take that would bring him out at that same meadow.

He made his way back to the car, turned it with some difficulty in the brush, and bounced his way back over the camp to the road. Found the right fork in the road and turned toward the meadow.

Behing him, on the top of the jumble of rocks, his tiny fire flickered and sputtered, wavered and died, almost. But deep down in a needle-filled crevice a tiny tongue of flame caught and hung on. Greedily it ate its way down through more cracks, lapping at the needles with a thirsty tongue. Soon the flames reached a flat spot where a dead branch had lodged, enveloped the branch and ate away at it until the flaming fragment overbalanced and fell to the rock below.

Slowly but with red persistence the fire ate its way out of its rocky pocket in every direction. Here a branch went up with a little roar, a dead log leaning on the rocks caught and smoldered along its length. At the base of the rock the flames ate into the duff, thick carpet of needles, bark and punk, and crept through this to the brush.

Before long the little draw was filled with smoke, drifting and eddying in the morning breeze. But it wasn't until after noon that enough of it seeped up into the sky that an alert lookout many miles away spotted the white cloud and swung his finder to center the crosshair in the heart of the fire.

A radio appeal went out telling others of the fire. A plane was dispatched to the spot, flying endless circles above the smoke until the men could definitely spot it.

In the meantime all available members of the fire suppression crew in the area had been called in. They probed the roads, seeking a way to the fire, running into one blind end after another until finally they were able to drive their trucks within a mile and a half of the fire. With the haste born of fear, for there is no other fear exactly like the fear of fire, the men, loaded with axes and a long crosscut saw, thrashed through the brush and over logs to get to the scene of the fire.

When they arrived they found the fire already spread over an area of an acre and slowly burning its way to the crest of the ridge. Five men against the force of fire. Spreading out they started the long job of hacking out a trail around the fire to halt its progress. Sweating, straining, choking on the smoke, keeping at the task even when it seemed that you couldn't go any longer they finally gained ground. Three hours and the job was done. Logs lying in the fire had been sawed in half and shoved aside, the brush was cut in a wide trail and the duff dug away so that the fire had no place to turn but back on itself.

The fire was corralled and five weary men started the long tramp back to the trucks in the dark, stumbling over logs, feeling the bite of branches as they whipped back into their faces. But the fire was held. That was the satisfaction of a job well done.

(to be continued)

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Hal Boyle

NEW YORK (AP)—Everything has to have a new twist today, and the pretzel is no exception.

Since this is National Pretzel Week (as if you didn't know!), I went to a national convention of the industry and found that pretzels are flourishing like crabgrass.

The hand-twisted pretzel is a slowly vanishing art form. Lady pretzel twisters are crowding out the men from the field, and new pretzel-tying machines are replacing them both.

"Only about 20 per cent of our pretzels are now made by hand," said Alex V. Tisdale, executive secretary of the National Pretzel Bakers Institute.

A real expert can still twist pretzels as fast as a machine can the them—about 60 to a minute. But the machines seem to like the work better. Human pretzel twisters sometimes get znoti in their stomach after a few years. The best pretzel twisters are usually nervous people, and the more pretzels they twist the more nervous they often become. They get the bends.

The industry had a 6 million dollar output. This year America's 90 pretzel manufacturers expect a 60 million dollar business, next year 70 million.

"That means about 18 billion pretzels, or a pound and a half for every person in the United States," said Tisdale happily.

"People sometimes get the idea that pretzels are only for beer drinkers. That isn't true at all. Housewives and children are a big market.

"Pretzels are fine for stuffing poultry, making crumb pie and pretzel bread, and they go well with raw oysters.

"They have a relatively low calorie content—only about 16 calories to a pretzel.

"If the beer drinkers were our only customers, we'd have gone out of business during prohibition."

In Philadelphia, known for its brotherly love, they even have a pretzel Sundae—made of ice cream, thick chocolate sauce, and crumbled pretzels.

Here are a few historical facts about the pretzel:

It was invented, according to legend, by a monk about 610. He baked bite of dough, molded in the form of arms folded in an attitude of prayer, and gave them to children who had learned their lessons well. He called them "pretzels"—or little rewards," and Austrians converted the name to pretzels.

In the 16th century besieging Turks thought up a half-baked scheme to capture Vienna by burrowing beneath its great walls at night.

They overlooked the fact that bakers twisted pretzels and baked bread during those hours. Hearing the scraping of the tunneling Turks, the bakers quit work in

EXPLOSION

SEOU (AP)—Four small Korean children uncovered a deadly plaything Monday in a neighborhood playground at Chungju. The children touched off the delicate trigger of a land mine, buried in the war. All were killed.

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New Nato Commander Predicted

By ELTON C. FAY

WASHINGTON (AP)—A new commander may take over direction of Allied Powers in Europe next summer at about the time when—according to the present schedule—those forces will be expanded through addition of German troops.

The recent visit to Washington and the Summer White House at Denver of Gen. Alfred M. Gruenther, who currently holds the post, has brought renewed speculation that he may be called home to become either Army chief of staff or chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

That in turn would open the question of whether the European Allies would again ask the United States to supply a supreme commander to Western Europe or whether this country would accept the proposal. The first three Allied commanders have been Americans.

Britain or France may feel that one of their military men should have the command. Or the United States, which lost the case for the European Defense Community plan but endorsed the substitute produced at the London conference, may step away from another invitation to command.

The terms of both Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway, Army chief of staff, and Adm. Arthur Radford, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, expire next August. Either or both could be reappointed, but before Ridgway could complete a second term he would reach the statutory point of 62 at which general officers must retire.

A precedent exists for bringing a former supreme Allied commander back to become the military chief of the Army. Ridgway himself returned from the international European command in July 1953 to become Army chief of staff.

Gruenther, young for his four-star rank in the Army, has established a brilliant reputation as a planner and administrator, and is dubbed by his associates as "The Brain." He was President Eisenhower's chief of staff when the President was Allied commander in Europe.

their cellars, dug tunnels themselves until they met the enemy and routed them.

To reward their valor, the king gave them no dough but awarded the bakers their own coat of arms—a stalwart pretzel upright between two menacing lions. This sign is still used by many bakers throughout the world as an emblem of their trade.

The first commercial pretzel in America was baked by Julius Sturgis 1861 in Lititz, Pa., and today there are still 58 pretzel manufacturers in Pennsylvania alone.

"If all the pretzels produced this coming year were poured into one cellophane bag," said Tisdale, shaking his head, "it would weigh 1.8 million pounds. Think of that."

Why just think of it? Let's do it!

Let's honor the nurse, then, not as the cardboard figure of recruiting posters, but as one of us who is trained to work for health in our community. Let us remember the nurses' daily contributions to the health and welfare of our own families and the families of our neighbors. Let us join with them to renew and extend the ranks of nursing through bringing more young people into their profession, to support both the aims and the cost of nursing services and nursing education in our own community, to make good nursing care available to all of the people all of the time.

Lee Musselman

THANKS

The League of Women Voters of Klamath Falls wishes to express their appreciation to the following for their assistance in making our trailer registration station on Main Street possible:

To our city officials for their permission and assistance in locating our trailer on Main Street.

To Charley Delap, county clerk, and his office staff for their helpful cooperation.

To the Herald and News for its wide coverage of publicity.

To all who volunteered their services in manning the station.

To Mr. Newland of the Newland Trailer Sales for the use of the beautiful trailer.

To all who assisted in any way we say thank you.

Mrs. John C. Yaden,
Voters Service Chairman
Mrs. Fred S. Kelsay,
President

TELLING THE EDITOR

NURSE WEEK

By act of Congress and Presidential proclamation, this week, October 11th to 16th is National Nurse Week.

There is perhaps no professional group more respected and more beloved in the public mind—and at the same time, more sentimentalized and more maligned. The Woman in White, the Angel of Mercy, the Hard-Boiled Harpy! Who is she? If you'll pause a moment to remember, no doubt you will know her.

She is the hospital nurse who was so good to Johnny when he had his tonsils out. She took care of you too when you had your appendectomy. She is the school nurse who gave Sally and Mary Ann their immunization shots. She is the nurse in the factory who gave first aid to Sam when he injured his arm. She is the public Health nurse who gave instructions in prenatal care to your daughter-in-law or who came to change the dressings for Grandma. She is the nurse on the frontlines wherever there is war or disaster. She is the nurse you read about in the newspaper, and the nurse you'll never read about, although you know her well.

She is patient, kind, clearthinking, courageous, methodical, skilled. She is worker trained in the techniques of restoring and maintaining physical well-being—of sanitation, nutrition, psychology and a whole history of modern medical routine, as well as bedside care. She is an essential element in any program fostering the health and physical welfare of the

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