

Herald and News

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Along NATURE'S TRAIL with Ken McLeod

As science studies vanished races and their cultures a lot of interesting information begins to come to light especially in regard to conservation practices applied by these ancient people that resulted for good or bad to their cultural development. Perhaps the subject in the New World has attracted as much attention as the subject of water development by the Indian tribes of the arid southwest.

Small stone dams built by the Indians of the state of Chihuahua, Mexico, have attracted a lot of attention and has shown the scientific investigators that the American Indian in this area before the coming of the white man practiced soil conservation before — not after — he farmed his land. This is of course in contrast to the culture of white man who first farmed his land and then lost large areas of it because of the lack of knowledge of good soil conservation practices and did not learn his lesson till long after much damage to highly productive soils had been accomplished.

between the white man's culture of the Mediterranean and the New World Indian has been the most spectacular. Mexico furnishes some interesting examples, however it is the Peruvian area that we find the most tragedy of the malleed list of the conqueror. No one knows very much about the ancient civilizations of the "Amerindians" as the ancient people are now spoken of. Even the authorities disagree passionately on innumerable issues. This results from the fact that the Amerindian possessed no written language, and, on top of this, the Spaniards, in their conquest of the southern Indian races destroyed the Inca leader Atahualpa and his associates, they destroyed one of the last links to the knowledge of the past and today science is attempting to pick up the threads of the lost cultures of the past through archeological explorations, the study of native languages and the folk-lore of the Indian tribes.

Hal Boyle

NEW YORK (AP) — "Little Blowhard" has breathed his last in our home. He has gone away forever. He didn't leave voluntarily. My wife sold him—behind my back. But I couldn't feel more guilty if I were the Lone Ranger and had my good old faithful mount Silver, for a jeep.

I'm missing Little Blowhard's steel smile and labored breathing for a long time. For all his grumbling, he cleared the air in our home for six happy years.

He made for a better atmosphere the moment he came to us. After all, he should. Little Blowhard is an air conditioning machine.

My wife, Frances, bought him in the summer of 1949. For some time Little Blowhard and I didn't get along at all. With the intuition of a cat or dog, he sensed at once my distrust and fear of new mechanical gadgets.

When Frances turned his knobs, he would begin to purr and puff out cool breezes. But if I even put my hand to his grating, he would snarl — and blow a gasket.

After a couple of seasons, though, we began to understand each other better. Gradually Little Blowhard switched his affections to me.

About a month ago my wife suddenly announced she was going to have the whole apartment air-conditioned. We could say on our vacation expenses, and she would want another 10 years for that fur coat — etc., etc.

"Go ahead," I replied. "Little Blowhard could use a little help."

"That machine is going out of here," she said. "It's out of date, and besides, it's the wrong color."

"This is where I put my foot down," I told her jolly. "If Little Blowhard goes, I go. That's final."

Last week I returned home during a hot spell and found the apartment remarkably cool. There were three new air conditioners—but no Little Blowhard.

I stalked dramatically toward the front door, and said, "You know what I warned you."

"Oh, don't be so silly. Rover," said Frances. "Who wants to run away from home during a heat wave? Besides, your Little Blowhard is still in the building. I sold him to a lady on the 14th floor, and she says she'll give you visiting privileges if you really miss him."

The new air conditioners actually are pretty nice. They have shiny buttons, and when Frances presses them, they purr and puff like pleased cats. But when I reach out a hand they growl at me like straggle dogs.

If they are smart, they'll keep

Frank Tripp

You can find people yet who don't believe there are such things as trained fleas and a flea circus. So perhaps this yarn about a troupe of performing clams hasn't much chance of acceptance farther inland than Sandy Hook.

Nevertheless I once had a troupe of performing clams. It wasn't something you could cart about the country as a flea circus is transported, because trick clams are very temperamental creatures.

Though clams are mollusks, I imagine you'll let me call them temperamental creatures, at least concede that much, and keep an open mind while I tell you a strange story about ordinary chowder clams.

When my children were young I spent much time on the beach with them, along the Jersey Coast. I had more fun than they did.

One day, right at the water's edge, where tiny ripples of a pond-calm ocean rolled lazily in and out over the fine, soft sand, leaving it barely damp one moment, and under an inch of salt water the next, I came upon my performing clams.

There were six of them, all lowly Quahogs, of the size and number to make a likely serving, either with or without cocktail sauce. That was my first thought about them. Then I noticed something I never knew about round, hard clams — something the encyclopedia attributes only to soft, mud clams.

They were moving, and more or less in unison. I always thought hard clams just got kicked about by the waves. In fact it never occurred to me that there could be any place that a clam would care to go — but there is.

After they had got halfway there, I yanked them back on the beach and called the kids. Soon there was a crowd of youngsters about and I was giving a lecture on clams — performing clams, disappearing clams.

I found that I could control the activity of the clams according to where I placed them with respect to the ebb and flow of the water. Through this secret I could command certain clams to roll up on edge and they would. Others, placed only a few inches away, I could command to lie still and to the amazement of the children the order was obeyed.

Then, while the kids played with four of the clams I placed a child's beach ball over the other two, did a bit of magician's hocus-pocus and had a boy sit on the ball. In a few minutes I asked him to give me the two clams. He lifted the ball and said, with astonishment, "Mister, they're gone!" Indeed they were gone — but not far, just under the sand.

You can't find performing clams on any beach nor on any day. Everything has to be just right — including your inclination to play with clams. But I found some several times thereafter.

If the damp sand and the lap of lazy ripples is just right, a beach-bound hard clam will behave like a soft clam; open its shell about an inch and thrust out its tongue.

Its tongue is what many think is the best part of the clam; that solid, muscle part. It protrudes some distance, bores into the sand and slowly the clam will rise until it stands upright, with its hinge upward, its open jaws downward and its tongue in the sand.

Then slowly it surks its way into the damp, soft sand and disappears. Move it a foot from the right spot and it will lie like a stone until the tide or waves take it back to sea.

That's all I know about clams; 'cept that they're mighty good eatin'.

James Marlow

WASHINGTON (AP) — The United States treats Red China as a ghost that casts a shadow. It does not concede Communist China legally exists. But it deals with the Red Chinese.

This country refuses to recognize the Communists as the lawful rulers of mainland China although they have governed its almost 600 million people ever since running Chiang Kai-shek off the mainland to Formosa more than five years ago.

But an American ambassador and a Red Chinese ambassador are discussing in Geneva now the release of their nationals from each other's country. They may discuss more than that.

Meanwhile, Secretary of State Dulles, who says the Geneva meeting doesn't imply recognition of the Red regime, is having an intercontinental debate with Chou En-lai, Red Chinese premier and foreign minister.

Each is talking directly to the other but not officially so — each is making public statements intended for the other's ears — to find out what the other is willing or likely to yield.

In the end Dulles and Chou may meet too. Since both insist they want peace in Asia, each would have to convince the other by concessions. One thing the Red Chinese want is a seat in the United Nations. The United States has blocked that, with help from other countries.

The United States might no longer want to block it if Chou gave sufficient peaceful guarantees, including an agreement not to attack America's ally on Formosa, Chiang, who claims to be the lawful ruler of mainland China.

Once Red China was in the U.N., the United States could hardly continue to withhold recognition. Yet, if it recognized Red China, it would be recognizing two Chinas: one on the mainland, one on Formosa.

That would in effect mean con-

They'll Do It Every Time By Jimmy Hatlo



JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP) — The United States treats Red China as a ghost that casts a shadow. It does not concede Communist China legally exists. But it deals with the Red Chinese.

denning Chiang to die of old age on his island. It would be American agreement that Chiang no longer had any legal claim to the mainland. Therefore, he could not expect American support for an invasion.



JERRY N. MACKEN, son of Donald Macken of Malin, entered the armed forces June 29 this year. A 1953 graduate of Malin High School, he had two years in farm technology at Oregon Technical Institute, being graduated in 1955. His present address is Pvt. Jerry N. Macken, US 56263869, D. Co., 13 AIB 3rd Armored Div., Fort Knox, Kentucky.

SAM DAWSON

NEW YORK (AP) — Seems there are a number of people in these prosperous times with troubles like this:

They have a goodly sum of money coming in. They'd like to put it into securities. They are too busy to keep the required watchful eye on a stock portfolio. They'd hire the services of a professional investment counselor. But they aren't sure how to select one.

The growing business of furnishing "how to" guides has not got around to this subject.

The American Institute of Management will soon issue for its members a "How to Choose an Investment Adviser" brochure. It is aimed particularly at business executives and others who see securities as one means of building and maintaining income in the face of heavy personal taxes.

Some companies forbid their executives to dabble in stocks because to do so successfully would take too much of the company's time. Other executives don't want to take the time. And some don't have the necessary confidence.

Forty two firms specializing in

such service are listed by the Institute as members of the Investment Counsel Assn. of America. Fifteen have offices in New York, and one or more are located in 13 other cities. They are distinct customers' men, or trust departments of banks.

Many advisers to individuals won't deal with accounts under \$100,000. Their fees usually range from 1/2 of 1 per cent for handling a portfolio of that size to 1 1/2 per cent if the portfolio contains securities valued at six million dollars, or more.

Some counselling firms, however specialize in small accounts. Their fees usually range from 1 1/2 per cent for a \$5,000 portfolio to 1 1/4 per cent for one above \$20,000.

The institute has some general words of warning. It believes that "far too many men of inferior caliber can, today, find their way into this potentially lucrative field without training or probing search of moral character, and with little public supervision."

It also takes a dov' view of advisors who try to serve too many clients. It says, "adequate supervision of more than 15 substantial accounts—or 20 accounts of any size—is impossible. The adviser who exceeds this number eventually gives inadequate attention to all."

The successful counselor? The institute says: "His strength lies in ability—resulting partly from his own inquiring mind—to interpret developments before even industry itself has perceived their meaning."

And the best way to judge this ability is by checking the results of following a counselor's advice over the last 10 years, say.

An adviser who "appears to believe that outguessing the market is his main task" often stumbles, the institute says, because this can lead to overlooking intrinsic merits of individual issues. And the institute says your investment counselor "should have nothing to sell, either directly or indirectly, except his services. Brokerage fees cover the cost of a different function and should be kept a thing apart."

For the rest, the adviser should have wide contacts in industry and the financial world. And, like all trustworthy business executives, the adviser must have all the big three qualities: industry, integrity and ability.

Youngster Takes Over For Police

MIDDLETOWN, Ohio (AP) — A short career as an officer of the law that Freddy J. Mooney, 19, established a one-way roadblock at a street intersection about 3 a.m. and began halting motorists for driver's license inspections.

One motorist, Albert Sellers, said the youth even got in his car and tried to make him pursue another automobile, saying there was "a criminal" in it.

The youth's tour of duty as a "policeman" ended when he made the mistake of flagging down a police cruiser.

He was arrested on a charge of intoxication.

IT'S POOLE'S for TOYS

Coming to Klamath Falls Dollar Days THURS. - FRI. - SAT.

Suzan Ball Rites Set For Tuesday

HOLLYWOOD (UP) — Actor Paul England, 63, struck by a car on Sunset Boulevard, was in "satisfactory condition" today in Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital.

England, who suffered a broken right leg and other injuries Saturday, was knocked down by a car operated by George W. Housek, 25, Santa Ana, Calif. Police cited Housek for failure to yield the right-of-way to a pedestrian.

Funeral services will be conducted tomorrow at 2 p.m. for actress Suzan Ball at the Church of the Recessional in Forest Lawn Memorial Park, Glendale.

Miss Ball, 21, wife of actor Richard Long, died of cancer Friday.

The services will be conducted by Dr. Louis H. Evans, minister-at-large for the Presbyterian Church.

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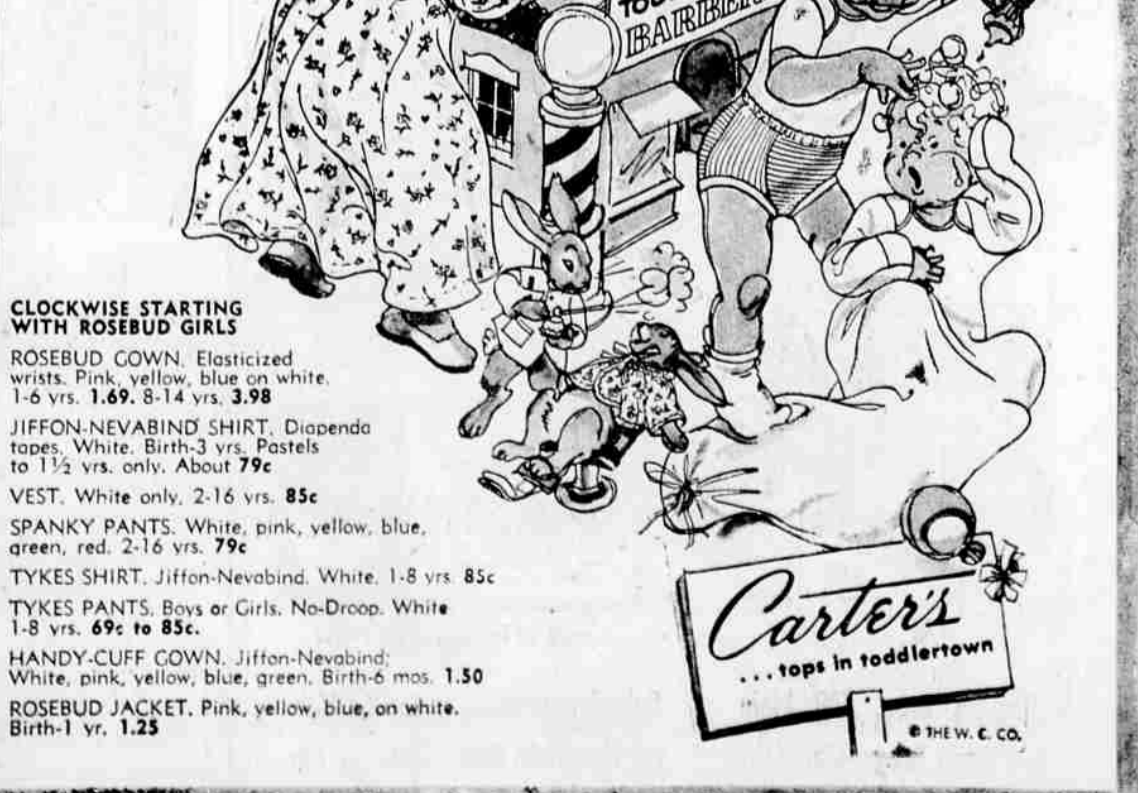
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