

Herald and News

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Editor
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BILLBOARD

Just back from the annual Modoc Tribe Ride — and riding kind of easy on the old deer. When you only climb up on a horse about once a year and on that occasion take off for the High West and some straight up and down riding you soon find that there's a big difference between a soft chair in the office and the seat of a saddle.

Now a bunch of city fellows like 74 were in the main ever get second over that trip and live through it is beyond me. I suppose most of the credit should go to those experienced riders and cowboys who go along and nurse the ride.

The Tribe Ride, an affair that started about fourteen years ago I think, is one of the last of the really rugged rides. It is sponsored by a bunch of fellows down in Alturas and Modoc County in general. It is a strictly invitational affair and is more fun than anything this writer has tried in many a long and weary year.

Briefly, the ride is about this. A bunch of fellows, 47 this year, get together for a three day stint out in the woods. They arrange for horses and saddles for their guests, have trucks on hand to haul the heavy kitchen gear, sleeping bags, duffel bags and the rest of it. Camp is set up each night by the truck crew while the riders and talk or can play a little poker or go to bed or do anything you want to. You can fish in the streams and lakes, ride up on the peaks and look out around you — most important of all — you can get away from all the cares and worries of everyday life and relax out in the open with men who are always congenial, full of fun and doing just the same thing you're doing — having a good time.

This year we got away from Alturas around ten or eleven in the morning and trucked the horses out to a ranch in Jess Valley. The Fleurny ranch, I believe. Sleeping bags and duffel had already been piled up at the Forest Service warehouse in Alturas to be brought on to the camp that night. Left the ranch around one o'clock and headed up into the timber bound for the first night's camp at Patterson Mill.

The trail leads up and up and up, through timber, across ridges where you can look down below you to the tiny little creeks winding along their rocky course. All around you is the sound of the woods; the sigh of the wind through the trees, the clatter of horses' hooves on the stones and logs in the trail, the creek of saddle leathers, the occasional voice of a rider. On this first day out a few deer are spotted lying in the high meadows or bounding away through the parklike woods. Jays and flickers dart through the pines, a buzzard soars high overhead. And you climb, and climb and climb until you wonder if there will ever be an end to it.

But, at last, you break out on the road and there is Patterson Mill, the camp site for the night. The truck is in and dinner on the way. Cold drinks for those who feel the dust are promptly served. The saddle steck is turned loose in the big fenced meadow to roll in the dust, drink deep at the little stream and graze on the knee high grass. The water here is about as cold as water can get and still stay liquid. A face wash and a scrub behind the ears leave you tingling and wide awake. And hungry. And it's not long until dinner. Then, the first night out, early to bed for almost all but the hardened card players.

Up early too early for a late river like me and breakfast, then a short stop at the ranger station and off over more hills, more high places, more ruts and canyons and mountain meadows until we reach Mill Creek Meadows where the second night's camp is set up. Or will be as soon as the trucks arrive. A breakdown on the way out of Jess Valley has delayed their arrival for a while. So weary riders sit around in the shade and talk, splash in the creek, which isn't too cold to take the dust of the journey off and in general relax as much as a man can on the hard ground.

They'll Do It Every Time By Jimmy Hatlo



Along NATURE'S TRAIL with Ken McLeod

The farm problem in our political picture touches every taxpayer in the nation and has a direct influence upon our national economy. It is for this reason that like countless others I have devoted some time to the "Walton Soil Plan" as it is one proposal that seeks to find a solution to a serious problem. Since the "Walton Plan" comes from the Isaak Walton League, a conservation organization that is not tied to the agricultural problem by virtue of the fact its membership is for the most part urban and not rural, the program deserves thought and discussion.

The cost of keeping this \$5 billion 900 million of surplus in storage, including interest, storage charges which are getting close to \$1 million a day, and deterioration, total close to what the League estimates this program would cost per year.

"In other words, we believe that our program could be put through at a cost about equal to what it is costing to keep the surplus in storage now."

"Direct price supports inevitably tend to result in production beyond demand under normal conditions; to keep land in use that is not needed at present; to aggravate the overall problem rather than to alleviate it; stimulate excessive soil usage."

Sam Dawson

NEW YORK (AP)—The big city's contractors and fast spreading suburbs today have claimed another victim.

The last of its electrically driven pickup and delivery trucks has been retired by the Railway Express Agency. Figuratively, it joins the last of the company's horses, put out to pasture in 1933.

From now on the gasoline motor reigns alone in the company's service — until and unless the storm pushes it out in turn.

The electric had a 45 year span with the express company. Thousands of them, with their solid rubber tires, once moved through the streets of 30 or more cities from Boston to San Francisco, from Miami, Fla., to Portland, Ore. In their heyday 196 operated in Chicago, 174 in Philadelphia.

Finally, one day, the city fathers saw them — and mercifully didn't hear them.

In World War II the electric returned for a last fling of glory. They glided along thumping their noses at the gasoline shortage and the modesty of the ration stickers on their windshields. For a while in the postwar era the company still found them economical.

A company spokesman says: "They are practical now only in certain conditions, like New York's concentrated area in a central district, where they can do a whole day's work in a small area, with stops mainly for loading, with the batteries turned off."

"But for long hauls around today's sprawling cities they're uneconomical. They can't make fast getaways from traffic jams. The constant starting and idling runs their batteries down too fast. Batteries aren't cheap. They cost around \$2,000 per vehicle, require elaborate equipment for recharging, and have to be recharged almost nightly."

"Our modern spread-out cities with more business in the suburbs calls for our vehicles to cover 20 or more miles a trip. The electric just are too slow, get stuck in more jams, and run down their juice too fast."

The last one, that retired here, entered express service in 1931 at Boston. It made its last runs in New York during a record heat wave. It was an earlier torrid spell that saw the arrival here of electric in force—and they were hailed as an agent of mercy in an era of horse-drawn trucks.

In 1911's torrid July, runs an account of the era, "1,200 horses dropped dead in the streets of New York, and in addition, thousands were broken."

And now the last electric to be used by the express agency at least, has disappeared as the atomic age arrives. This time electricity is bowing to gasoline. Over in Geneva the talk was all of fission and fusion.

JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP)—The willingness of Russia's new leaders to let an American farm delegation tour the country may not be proof of peaceful intentions. But in permitting it they show more self-confidence than Stalin.

The exchange visitors — Russian farmers in this country and Americans in Russia — have just finished trips which probably would have been impossible so long as Stalin lived.

The Iron Curtain he pulled down against foreign travel in Russia has its basis in his character and his ideology, including perhaps a pathological self-consciousness and inferiority.

A fear that the progress made by communism under him would appear shabby and retarded to Westerners who examined it first; hand might well explain some of the isolation he forced on Russia. The worse it looked, the worse he looked.

When his extravagant successors switched to a more peaceful line than Stalin's, some wishful thinkers in this country put the usual extremist interpretation on their moves.

The Russians had to have peace, they said, because their agriculture was near collapse.

Others have been less wishful, and less dramatic, to guess that the switch was only a change in tactics or that perhaps the Russians decided peace was really better than the annihilation they faced if war broke out.

As if in proof that they didn't have to conceal their farm production, the Russians let the American farm delegation visit the country and see the situation first hand.

Nothing that delegation has said so far indicates an impending Russian farm disaster. Russian farm techniques and production per acre lag behind America's.

But Laurence K. Roth, the editorial page editor of the Des Moines Register and Tribune who suggested and joined in the farm delegation exchange, said at the end of his trip: "Soviet agriculture is certainly not on the verge of collapse."

Other members of the delegation said they saw no signs of people going hungry or likely to in the near future.

They said the Russians' diet was heavy in bread and potatoes, they needed more cattle and more machinery on the farms, and they are taking big steps to improve their farm program.

The Russian delegation to the United States had little to say, as might be expected, since they will be answering them when they return home for any statements made here.

TELLING THE EDITOR

GARDEN SHOW

I would like very much to thank the Main Garden Club members for their wonderful cooperation in staging the third annual Garden Show. I want them to know that their unfailing help and generous offerings of personal props helped to make it a good show.

I would especially like to thank the following committee members and others who put in so many hours of work in trying to make it a success: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hill; Mr. and Mrs. Ben Johnson and sons, Jim and Don; Mr. and Mrs. Loyal Loveness, son Loren and daughter Jean; Mrs. Cecil Jackson; Wayne Rick; Pearl Oltman; Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Fisk; Mrs. Jerry Rajnus; Mrs. Joe Halousek, sons Neil and Gary; Mr. and Mrs. Phil Blohm; Mrs. Frank Payor, son Steve; Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Petrusek, son Philip; Mrs. Alden Loveness; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Fennell; Wilmer Alerst, and last, but not least, my husband Karl; and my son and daughter, Neil and Suzanne, without whose help I could not have accomplished it.

I would also like to thank Joe Illian, custodian of the school building, who was so helpful in so many ways; The Loveness Lumber Company for their generous donation of trees; Mrs. E. L. Cunningham for her lovely seed picture collection, and Ann Payot, Helen Ottoman and Olga Bradshaw for the use of their costumes.

I want to thank Mr. O'Donoghue, who went to great lengths to gather the material for our educational bird display which was so lovely, and to the following commercial houses who spent much thought and time in giving us those fascinating exhibits: Bill and Rita's, Suburban Flower Shop, Spray Center, and the Klamath Flower Shop.

Again I wish to thank everyone for their hard work and cheerful assistance.

Ruby Kula
Siding Chairman

INMATES CAUGHT

SAN QUENTIN COUNTY — It is easy enough to produce proof against a man who held up guard H. A. Bain and took \$100 inside Santa Quentin Sunday. His fingerprints were on file right down the hall. Warden Harley Teets said they matched those found on a knife brandished at Bain by a man wearing a pillowcase over his head. The suspect, Robert G. Glover, 31, is in prison for robbery.

The price support program, since the drop in foreign markets, has resulted in a surplus in storage (and again this figure is hard to pin down and I don't know exactly what it means) of \$5,900,000,000. I don't know whether that means the things the government has money loaned on like the wheat out in my barn or just what it does mean. It probably means that there is a total investment there in loans as well as the stuff the government has taken over. But it is government wheat, in storage some place.

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SLICK RUNWAY GREAT FALLS, MONT.

Ground crews sprayed a runway with slick fire-extinguishing foam and a crippled Air Force jet trainer skidded to a safe landing yesterday. Lt. Andrew B. Gass, Pittsburgh, and Capt. Robert L. Page, Mason City, Iowa, circled Great Falls Air Force Base about 40 minutes trying to free a locked wheel before making the landing. Both escaped injury.

The Isaak Walton League points out through George L. Hockenjos, Chairman of its Land Use Committee: "If we are going to take out the land that is less productive and most erodible, it would probably take about 70 million acres of marginal lands to make the program effective."

Mr. Hockenjos has given an estimate of cost of the program at possibly an average of \$10 an acre. He states: "Now 70 million times \$10 is \$700 million and that is a lot of money even in these days of astronomical federal budgets, but let us compare it for a moment with what we are spending under the price support program. I hesitate to give these figures for it is difficult to get nice round figures that really mean something on these programs because these funds are so interlocked and tied in with each other. There are so many things to take into consideration that these are only generalizations that will give you some relative idea."

"Our program (the Walton Plan) will probably cost \$700 million in cash outlay and very probably the present government agencies could administer the program. But in comparison, the Budget for the fiscal year 1955, that is, this year, had in it for price supports an estimated \$1,934,000,000. This does not make our \$700 million look so bad now, does it?"

ACCIDENTAL DEATH

WATER MILL, N.Y. (AP) — Edmund Sagun, 43, East Hampton, N.Y., collided yesterday with a car driven by Dr. David Edwards. It wasn't serious. But shortly afterwards, the doctor was summoned to the scene of another accident, a head-on collision. One man was dead. It was Sagun.

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