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Disneyland

By FLOYD L. WYNNE
If you want a glimpse into the hearts and minds of those young boys and girls of yours, or if you want to recapture some of the magnetic dreams of your own youth, visit Disneyland.
It's a fantastic adventure amid a gigantic carnival of such vivid realism that even the most jaundiced in mind or heart will succumb to its charms.
I spent one day with my older son and others riding on miniature trains, automobiles, boats and what have you. I rode on Dumbo the elephant, took an eerie trip into the mines of the Seven Dwarfs, journeyed deep into the darkest jungles complete with crocodiles, hippos, elephants, giraffes, gorillas and savages, and rocketed to the moon and back.
I saw the Grand Canyon as a cliff-dweller, complete with a lightning and rain storm, visited aboard an old pirate ship and on and on until both mind and body could take no more.
I visited the castle and saw the legend of Sleeping Beauty, and even went 20,000 leagues under the sea.
But we only scratched the surface. I guess we were in frontierland, adventureland, storyland, pioneerland, tomorrowland and anywhere else you can name. And I loved it all just as much as did my 6-year-old son.
And . . . believe it or not, the whole thing, complete with two plastic cap souvenirs, cost me only about \$10. One of the secrets, in case you're planning a trip down Los Angeles way and Disneyland, is to purchase the giant ticket books at the entrance booth. Also, leave the souvenir concessions alone, they run high.
Otherwise, I feel like my young son who said, "Maybe we can go back next year and see more of Disneyland, huh?"

Playing God

By HAL BOYLE
NEW YORK (AP) — Novelist Evan Hunter, a young man with a gift for controversy, is winning fame and fortune by playing God.
"You have to do that when you are at the typewriter," he said. "And you have to be an egotist."
"You can have your own insecurities and doubts when you're not writing. But when you're in that room with just yourself, the machine and the paper — you have to play God. You have to feel in control, and you have to believe people want to hear what you have to say."
"If you begin to doubt this, you can't write."
Few doubts seem to have assailed Hunter. At 31, prolific beyond his years, he has produced 175 stories, some 30 novels and three plays, written under his own name and at least four pseudonyms. Total output: More than three million words.
"I'm not really happy unless I'm writing," said Hunter, who is dark-haired, blue-eyed, and stands a slender six feet. "I feel guilty."
Evan, a former schoolteacher, is equally adept at writing science fiction, mysteries, sport stories and children's books. But his main recognition has come from problem novels.
In 1954, he stirred up a literary storm with "The Blackboard Jungle," an 80,000-word portrayal of teen-age savagery in the schoolroom. He turned out the book in exactly two months. It has sold more than two million copies.
"I sold the movie rights for only \$35,000," he said ruefully, "and the picture earned more than a million dollars."
Hollywood paid \$150,000 for his latest book, "Strangers When We Meet." This novel, which blazes the lid off "the coffin of suburbia," already has gone into a second printing, and has drawn both buzzsaws and brickbats from commentators.
Hunter sturdily defends his attack against the conformity which he feels blights the lives of thousands of American families living in new suburban housing developments.
"After the crabgrass has been picked, when do they live? They have all got their stupid dream, but the dream really has them!"
"One day they'll wake up and realize they're living in a cemetery for young people. They'll realize their dreams are dead, too."
"What is the answer? The answer is for them to realize they can close their front door as well as leave it open, and that they don't have to lose their own identity in a mob structure."
Hunter himself has escaped that "60-by-100-foot green coffin" he complains about. He lives with his wife and three sons in a 10-room house on a four-acre estate beyond the suburbs.
There he methodically turns out

5,000 words or so daily, and never waits for inspiration.
"I don't believe there is any such thing," he said. "Inspiration is a kind of myth promoted by pseudo-artists who live in Greenwich Village. If writing is your profession, you sit down and write whether you are inspired or not."

Age Problem

By SAM DAWSON
NEW YORK (AP)—The current enthusiasm for reproduction and the equally amiable yen of more and more persons to live longer and longer—what are they doing to the economy?
And what will they do in the years ahead, when the proportion of those who mainly support that economy—the working age group of roughly 20 through 64—grows smaller?
The baby boom is moderating a bit as the industrial recession cuts into the marriage rate and dampens slightly the enthusiasm for large families. But the rapid increase in recent years in the numbers of those under 20 already is affecting the economy through mounting needs for schools, housing, roads and other public works.
Soon the first of this great crop of erstwhile moppets will be reaching marrying age—and barring a real depression will be starting new families. Some 36 per cent of the population is now under 20, compared with 34 per cent a generation ago. Some believe the trend will continue and reach 40 per cent.
At the other end of the age spectrum, life expectancy constantly is being lengthened. The total of those over 65 is approaching 9 per cent of the population, compared with 6 per cent a generation ago, and perhaps will become 10 per cent a generation hence.
These twin problems are chosen by 2 of the 50 winners of a contest on "What is the most important economic problem to be faced by the United States in the next 20 years?" for which the Committee for Economic Development is paying out a total of \$25,000 today.
Robert J. Lampman, research associate of the National Bureau of Economic Research, says the United States must face up to paying the price for higher fertility. Miriam Allen DeFord, San Francisco free-lance writer, sees our senior citizens becoming our biggest problem — if we don't change our ways.
Lampman sees the remarkable rise in enthusiasm for reproduction as posing two problems:
1. As fewer persons proportionally will be in the working ages, per capita economic output will fall. He believes this can be overcome only by putting more working age persons into the labor force for longer hours of work, increasing labor mobility, raising the amount of capital goods per worker and encouraging more rapid technical progress.
2. A greater share of the national product must go for schools, housing and public services if our social fabric isn't to fray. Presumably this means even higher taxes.
Mrs. DeFord has a different solution to a similar problem — that as the proportion of Americans over 65 increases there'll be growing pressure on the present means of supporting them. A minority lives on savings and investments, a larger number on industrial and union pensions, helped by federal Social Security payments, and some look to state and local relief.
But what they really need, she holds, is the chance to go on making money. She argues: "What

older workers lose in quickness, agility, and muscular power they gain in reliability, conscientiousness, and the command of processes which is the result of experience only."
She says it is "notorious that men over 40 and women over 35 find it extremely difficult, almost impossible, to secure jobs."
She wants industry to change its retirement rules to give its worker an even break with farmer and professional man who are not forced to retire. Then there'd be enough workers to support both the children and the extremely aged.

An Auto's Story

Editor's Note—The following is an essay written by Betty Yancey, 17, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Yancey, 4009 Homedale. Betty was winner of the Oregon Highway Safety Essay Contest sponsored by the National Grange.
I'm an automobile. If I'm guided with steady hands and feet, clear eyes, and an alert brain—all responding to good attitudes, trained habits, and cool judgment — I'm your friend. But . . . if I'm directed by unskillful and untrained hands, bad habits, or poor judgment — I'm your enemy . . . a menace to the life, happiness, and future of every person riding, walking, or playing.
With me you carry your goods to the market . . . you rush the sick to be healed . . . you go in minutes to places otherwise hours away. Yet, in the blink of an eye, in one tick of your watch — I can turn deadly killer!
Highway traffic is the lifeblood of the United States transportation system. When I fail to run smoothly and efficiently . . . destruction, disfigurement, and death result — which affect the lives of every American. I'm no respecter of persons . . . a child . . . a grandmother . . . or even you, my friend . . . it's all the same to me.
Within the last 60 years I have grown from a circus curiosity to your most popular machine for land transportation. The tremendous increase in the number, speed, and power we have developed has resulted in many perplexing problems. Roads designed for the "horse and buggy" era are jammed with powerful streamlined cars like me. Diverse local traffic ordinances are confusing and inadequate for me to understand. Mutual understanding between enforcement officials and drivers has been slow to develop.
Most of my drivers have never received any formal driving instruction, yet the complexity of today's traffic pattern requires it. If your community worked together toward bigger and better highways and have at least two or three classes a week teaching the fundamentals of driving to those who don't get it in high school, it would decrease accidents in your town.
My relatives and I have killed or injured over 32 million Americans. Each year our traffic toll amounts to nearly 40,000 people killed, about two million injured (of whom I estimate 100,000 are permanently crippled or disfigured), and over four billions of dollars in financial losses. What a waste of human and material resources!
I have met many drivers in my day. Some drivers develop a split personality when they get behind my wheel.
There are many types of drivers. The temperamental driver, the hot-rodder, the show-off, the self-centered driver, the inattentive driver, the drinker — they

are all around you . . . maybe you're one of them!
Not too long ago an irresponsible person took my wheel. He was just too indifferent to handle me efficiently and safely. Not willing to attempt to drive well, he was satisfied just to get by—but this time he didn't!
I know of three causes of accidents—(1) those caused by pedestrians, (2) those caused by the driver and (3) those arising from defects in the highway or in the vehicle itself. There are several things you and your community can do to help. (1) Take an active interest in the traffic problem in your community, (2) give your cooperation and support to those public and private agencies that are working toward a solution of the problem, (3) set an example by your own traffic behavior that will tend to make others in your community want to improve their own driving and walking practice, (4) keep fast-minded teens off the streets by community organization for drug strips, (5) have yearly examinations required for those individuals over 65 and those who have been involved in an accident in the past year, (6) insist on enforcement of speed laws and (7) have your car in top shape at all times.
Behind my steering wheel you are the lord and master of a miracle or . . . a tragedy. Yes, it's up to you . . . you humans!
I was just informed of the latest news. Remember the irresponsible person I described a few minutes ago? That was my last driver! Yes, I killed him and by doing so, I killed myself. Next time you are in the town junk yard . . . pay me a visit . . . let me try to classify you as a driver.
"I was a motor car . . . a ship of the highway . . . and you were my captain."

Activity
By ELMER C. WALZER
UPI Financial Editor
NEW YORK (UPI)—America's shipyards should hum with activity in the next decade while the nation's subsidized shipping lines replace some 300 to 350 obsolete ships at a cost of around \$2 billion.
And the financing of these ventures will bring out a new type of security—federally-insured ship mortgage bonds.
The Grace Line is expected to be the first to offer such bonds publicly for the construction of two ships—the Santa Rosa and the Santa Paula.
The Santa Rosa already is nearing the time for its first cruise set for June 26. The Santa Paula will be completed later in the year. Each replaces vessels of similar names in the Grace fleet.
A group of big name investment banks will underwrite the new bonds for the Grace Line. It is headed by Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and Smith and includes Paine, Webber, Jackson & Curtis; Smith, Barney & Co.; White Weld & Co.; and F. Eberstadt & Co.
The bonds will run for around 20 years and will be paid off serially. Insurance rates will be paid by the shipping line.
According to the current issue of investor's reader, published by Merrill Lynch, the yield probably will be considerably below the going 5 per cent. These bonds will have better marketability than privately placed mortgages which also are 100 per cent insured.
Unlike Public Housing Authority bonds these will not be tax exempt. And since they are insured by the government they will not have to be registered with the Securities & Exchange Commission.
The Grace firm believes the bonds which it will offer with their safety features will be attractive for individuals as well as colleges, pension funds and similar institutional investors.
The securities are expected to be issued as vessels are completed. Debt securities issued by the subsidized companies would be limited to 75 per cent of the operating company's net cost of construction, with the remainder provided by equity investment.

Runoff To Decide Post

COLUMBIA, S.C. (AP)—A runoff election to decide the Democratic nominee for governor is scheduled June 24 between Ernest F. Hollings and Donald Russell.
Hollings, 36, a Charleston attorney now serving as lieutenant governor, ran ahead of the 52-year-old former president of the University of South Carolina in the Democratic primaries yesterday.
Third in the field was Mayor William C. Johnston of Anderson, brother of U.S. Sen. Olin D. Johnston (D-S.C.). The mayor conceded defeat.
Nearly complete but unofficial returns gave Hollings 140,779 votes, Russell 118,638 and Johnston 80,280.
Party nomination is equivalent to election in this heavily Democratic state.
Gov. George Bell Timmerman Jr. was ineligible to succeed himself under a one-term rule.
The day was marred by the slaying of State Sen. Paul A. Wallace, 57, as he learned he had won renomination. He was shot in the Marlboro County sheriff's office in Bennettsville and police held County Clerk Henry A. Rogers, 67.
Motive for the slaying was not clear.
Only U.S. Rep. John J. Riley of the 2nd Dist. faced opposition among six congressmen seeking renomination. Riley won easily over State Rep. Pat Lindler.

They'll Do It Every Time



Tests Fail To Wipe Out Odor

NEW YORK (UPI)—An experiment designed to make New York subway cars smell like apple orchards has left them smelling very much like subway cars, the city Transit Authority disclosed Tuesday.
In an effort to rid the city's rapid transit system of its distinctive "subway smell," the authority last week installed in three cars discs exuding the fragrance of apple blossoms.
The test, a Transit Authority spokesman conceded, had not been satisfactory "from the standpoint of giving a sweeter odor in the cars."
Transit Authority Chairman Charles Patterson said the tests would be continued with the apple blossom scent and other fragrances, which he did not identify.



"The Nautical Touch" by Allyn Rice

Fashion experts know what men have long suspected: women don't go to the sea for swimming. It just gives them a chance to wear a different kind of wardrobe. Some of the latest trends are pictured in the June 15 Family Weekly In The SUNDAY Herald and News

Million Dollar Gambler Now Looking At Hole Card

SAN ANSELMO, Calif. (AP)—Gambler George W. Lewis used to go around looking for action with a million dollars in a black bag.
His forte was lightning calculation of the odds at Midwest race tracks. He could pick winners too. He built up a fortune and a palatial home here that cost him \$150,000. Furnishing cost \$50,000 more.
But, as often happens, the odds turned against him. He forgot to pay the government his income tax from 1942 to 1948.
It was at his trial that he testified about the black bag with the million in it.
Internal revenue agents figured the tax bill at \$1,341,290. Lewis spent 10 months in prison two years ago for income tax evasion. But the time in prison did not satisfy the government bill.
Lewis has been ordered to pay up.
Free of prison and now 68 he sat in his 26-by-44-foot living room looking at the \$20,000 carpet covering the floor. He made a rapid calculation. Interest on what he owes the government has brought his debt to above the \$1,700,000 mark in 10 years.
"It figures," he said, "interest at \$200 a day."
He paused.
"Make that \$220 a day," he said.
The government is going to sell

Flip Of Coin Decides Justice

DAYTON, Ohio (AP)—Victor D. Hudson, taken before Municipal Judge Carl D. Kessler on a drunkenness charge, faced sentencing until the judge discovered the records in Hudson's case were not available.
"I don't have your record here — so we'll flip a coin," Judge Kessler told the man, adding that the coin would decide whether it would be a workhouse sentence or freedom.
"I'm not a gambling man. You call it," Hudson replied.
The judge flipped a dime into the air.
"Heads, you win," the judge said.
Hudson lost no time leaving the courtroom.

The shore line of Great Britain is approximately 4,000 miles long. The tongue of the African chameleon is longer than its whole body.

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