

The Herald and News

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Hi-Fi West

By **BILL JENKINS**
This is going to come as a sad blow to a lot of people who thought the West was still the land of old, but Sears Roebuck has taken what must be about the last step in the direction of modernizing the range.
The firm is now offering for sale an electronic saddle. At least almost so. They are marketing a saddle that has a precision radio built into the fork.
A transistorized (naturally) job with a built-in antenna that measures three by five inches and fits into the swell just to the left of the horn. Guaranteed to give good reception on the range.
So it would seem that the cry of the coyote and the sigh of the wind in the tall grass will shortly be changed to the cry of the anguished crooner and the rumble of be-bop in the saddle tree.
It may also lead to a bunch of neurotic horses, but that remains to be seen.

I guess the idea won't come as any really great shock to a lot of people. On the last Modoc Tribe Ride Music Box Johnson brought along a leather bound radio which he strapped to his saddle and kept going for almost the entire trip. We listened to everything from ball games to political speeches and the gloomy predictions of doom as handed out by the newscasters.
The thing has one advantage, I noticed that during the commercials Music Box spurred his steed to a gallop and drowned out the soap ads in the thunder of hoofs.
Well, it's a far cry from the old days, but then I guess we should have seen it coming—it all started with barbed wire and has now reached the electronic stage.
What next?

This is always a trying time of year for a guy as soft hearted as I am. The hitchhikers are out on the roads again and it is always a wrench with me to pass the nice looking ones by.

But every time I just about get my mind made up to pick up the next nice looking chap I see I read a story somewhere about someone who tried the same thing lost his car, wallet and much blood as a result.

It is too bad that there isn't some way that one can tell the good guys from the bad guys. I am sure that not all the fellows giving the high sign along the road are potential thugs.

But on the other hand, I'm not sure that they aren't, either.

Any way you look at it it is a bad idea. So I just try to pass them by without looking. Some day I'll pass up a friend doing that. But that is a hazard of the road we'll both have to face.

Taxes

By **FLORENCE JENKINS**
Costs of government can be met only by taxing the citizens.
High taxes are explained by politicians and other self-constituted spokesmen for government. They tell us that taxes continually increase because of the increased demand for services on the part of government.

That, of course, covers the services we get which we don't want don't use and ask, without success, to have discontinued.

The vast mailings to "Boxholder" under government frank is a case in point.

Add to that the three or four pounds of "free" mailings from governmental services received by every newspaper in the land every day and discontinuance of that item alone would add up to millions.

Now, we are confronted with another service.

The Internal Revenue Service has a limited number of 16-mm prints, both in color and in black and white, "showing what makes the world's largest tax collecting organization tick."

These films are available for showing by local civic organizations and schools.

The film, according to the release, was produced "in answer to a growing public demand for a film of this nature."

Looking at it from a constructive angle, if that film shows the vast magnitude of the tax collecting organization, maybe it would awaken the people of the United States to some concept of what the individual pays for the privilege of being taxed to the hilt.

In the same vein, it was an awakening to many who visited the Oregon State Legislature this year for the first time to learn that there are 99 lobbyists and only 90 state senators and representatives.

At least, the taxpayer supports the lobbyist only indirectly at this time and doesn't put him on the public payroll. But at the state level, that battery of lobbyists is

responsible for the inception of some of our costly so-called services.

Travel Notes

By **NELSON REED**
ANTIGUA, March 12 — As you fly in here from St. Croix on the plane that comes down from New York and Puerto Rico, the first thing that attracts your attention as you glide in over the beautiful water to the airstrip is the forest of radio antennae sticking up in every direction.

Antigua is one of our missile tracking stations that tracks all the missiles fired from Cape Canaveral up in Florida. Uncle Sam keeps a young army of electricians and electronics boys here to look after it.

Of course old Chris Columbus got here first as he did on most of these islands, at least he was the first to tell about it which is what has counted in history. He arrived on his second voyage in 1493 at which time it was apparently uninhabited, though it is thought that the fierce Carib Indians visited here from time to time, as their artifacts have been found on the island.

There is an interesting yarn about the Caribs who were not only fierce fighters but delighted in eating their fallen enemies. They reported on the tastiness of their victims.

According to them the Frenchmen they ate were choice, the English just so and the Spaniards at the bottom of the list. Seems reasonable. Anyone fattened on olive oil, as most Spaniards are, probably tasted of the darn stuff.

The British first settled here in 1632 and, with the exception of a few years when it was captured by a French expedition from St. Kitts nearby, they have occupied it ever since.

Opinion

Klamath Falls (To the Editor) — Thanks for the fine service you are doing and for publishing the Sam Levenson article and others on that order, also for permitting us to express our opinions through your paper. Mine is as follows.

Thank you, Kathy Ball, for your splendid and true letter.

Many of us parents are neglecting the God-given responsibility of raising our families spiritually.

We are so busy supplying our material needs and desires that we have let the cares of this world choke the word of God, so that it has become unfruitful in our lives.

We are commanded to train a child in the way he should go and when he is old, he shall not depart from it, remembering that our lives must conform with what we are teaching them.

As someone has said, "they would rather see a sermon than hear one any day."

The teen-ager is in the public eye, but I, too, believe that by bringing these things to the public others will be helped.

"May God help us parents to obey His word, and heed His warning that a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame. Correct thy son and he shall give delight unto thy soul."

We are wanting good fruit — without pruning the tree.

Biblical references are Matthew 13:22; Proverbs 22:6; Proverbs 15:3.

Mrs. Alvin Collins
Route 1, Box 663

Gripe

Klamath Falls (To the Editor) — Having been a resident of Klamath Falls for 30 years, I feel I may have a gripe coming.

Today I witnessed the so called "kiddies balloon scramble" and in

my estimation I have never seen a spectacle so revolting. Kiddies were scrambled all right — on the street — by kids who never grew up.

Why can't the city of Klamath Falls or the sponsors of such a much publicized parade, organize it to the extent where it can be something for the participants to at least enjoy instead of being trampled underfoot by the overgrown moans, male and female, who made a Roman Holiday out of something which would have been a credit to the city and the state.

J. E. Anderson
1317 Adams Street

Mistake

Klamath Falls (To the Editor) — At the bottom of the front page of the Herald and News for Friday, March 13, some Associated Press writer is definitely wrong in his statement that two Fridays the 13th in a row, such as we have had this year, "will not happen again for six years." It can be proved that it will not occur for eleven years — in 1970, and then again in 1981.

The Gregorian calendar we now use, repeats itself quite frequently in six years but not on two consecutive months with Friday the 13th.

Consequently, the Associated Press writer need not have this fear of what he calls "triskaldaphobia," a million dollar word which he defines as a fear of the figure 13. My good friends at the Klamath Falls City Library can not find the word in any dictionary. That does not mean that the word does not exist, for it perhaps exists only in the mind of some writer who is prone to err; a matter which has just been demonstrated.

Arthur B. Epperson

Irish Names

By **HAL BOYLE**
NEW YORK (AP) — Twenty million Americans of Irish descent today will honor St. Patrick, patron saint of their ancestral homeland.

They are very proud — on this day even tearfully proud — of their Irish past although they often know little about it except for one thing: They're sure that, like all Irishmen, they sprang from kings.

But their history is written in their names.

Hubbard Keavy, a Los Angeles newspaperman, literary scholar and noted amateur chef, has made a hobby of studying Irish names. Many, he found, reflect Ireland's many foreign would-be conquerors. They are of Norman, Nordic, Welsh, Scottish — yes, even of English origin.

Here are the meanings of some well-known Irish names:

Bacon — The live pig. Of English — the saints save us — origin.

Ballard — Bald-headed.

Barker — One who stripped trees of bark for the tanner.

Baron — A real baron, or one who put on the airs of a baron.

Bell — From "le bel," meaning beautiful. Originally Norman.

Bowler — The maker of wooden bowls.

Blake — The black, from the complexion.

Boyle — From Bog Hill, the highest part of the bog.

Burke — Of the burg, or borough. Calhoun — Battle joyful.

Casey — Vigilant, watchful.

Collier — The charcoal burner.

Connelly — Faithful to pledges.

Cooper — Maker of barrels.

Cosgrove — Son of the public crier.

Crosby — Son of the rhymester.

Craig — The rock.

Daly — Holding, or frequenting, assemblies.

Donohoe — A strong warrior.

Devalera — Of Valera, an ancient city in Spain.

Faulkner — Keeper of the fal-

cons.

Ford — The strong. From the Norman, le fort.

Fox — The fox, one of sly or cunning disposition.

Garland — Wearer of a mustache. French origin.

Keavy — Men with long locks, or foot soldiers.

Kelly — Son of a blind hero.

Kennedy — Helmet-head.

Kilpatrick — Servant of St. Patrick.

McCarey — Son of a bald man.

McGowan — Son of the smith.

McGraw — Son of grace, or prosperity.

MacDowell — The black stranger, a name given to the Danes.

O'Brien — From Brian Boru, the great Irish king.

O'Connor — High-willed.

O'Keefe — Beautiful, gentle, noble, lovable.

Sullivan — The bright-eyed one.

To turn it up, Ireland, as a commentator once observed, is "a country that can read its history in its phone book."

Capitol Dome

By **FRANK ELEAZER**
WASHINGTON (UPI) — It is absolutely, unequivocally not true that the dome of the U.S. Capitol is about to collapse, and anybody who thinks so must have been peeking at some of its rusted plates and corroded bolts recently uncovered by engineers.

Here is just one more evidence of the fact that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. The reason officials have barred tourists from the Capitol rotunda, and are preparing to ring the dome inside and out with steel scaffolds, is not because they are doomsters architecturally speaking. They are just cautious.

They want to know for sure whether the cast iron structure is tired. They also will sleep better nights after establishing that the 4,664-square-foot fresco painted in plaster 94 years ago on the inside of the top of the dome isn't about to come hurtling down 180 feet onto the heads of the taxpayers, not to mention the members of Congress.

Plaster dries and cracks with the passage of decades. Nobody can remember when, if ever, Constantino Brumidi's famous allegorical fresco underwent any serious kind of a check. It appears to be cracking, but this could be an illusion.

Nor has anybody seen some of the dome's innermost structure since it was finished in 1865, a 8,909,200-pound cast iron miracle of its time and still, Capitol officials believe, the biggest dome of cast iron anywhere in the world.

Signs of deterioration which inspectors have uncovered however have prompted officials to push forward at once with a major inspection and overhaul of the dome. At least four of its 36 outer iron ribs are to be removed. If tests show age and stress has taken its toll, all 36 ribs will be replaced.

One worrisome problem is that the dome swings with the sun. Not so you can see it. But you can sometimes hear it creak as the hot side expands and the cool side contracts. Total movement has been measured at between 3 and 4 inches.

The dome work is only indirectly related to another big project at the Capitol, extension of the east front. Ride through Capitol plaza these days and you think Harry S. Truman was right when he said the dome one day would be toppling over.

Aside from any internal defects it may have, the dome, according to Truman, was off balance. Congress finally agreed and is spending \$10,100,000 to tear down the east front and relocate it, in more permanent form, 32½ feet further out.

The old front is down now, with the result that the skirt of the dome seems to be hanging over the plaza in space. However, engineers say there is no safety problem here.

They also deny that the operation of heavy cranes and jackhammers necessary to tear down the east front play a part in their concern at the dome's internal condition.

Congressional employees who aren't engineers are inclined to wonder about this, every time they feel the Capitol tremble.

Quotes

United Press International
WASHINGTON — President Eisenhower, expressing willingness to negotiate with Russia on the Berlin crisis:

"We will not retreat one inch from our duty. We shall continue to exercise our right of peaceful passage to and from West Berlin. We will not be the first to breach the peace; it is the Soviets who threaten the use of force to interfere with such free passage."



Batista Free, But Without Freedom In Hideout In Dominican Republic

By **WARD CANNEL**
NEA Staff Correspondent

CIUDAD TRUJILLO (NEA) — There are only two people in the world who have not seen Fidel Castro. One is the former Cuban dictator, Fulgencio Batista. I am the other. And so it was only natural that the two of us should have afternoon coffee together in the Dominican Republic—the land of former dictators.

Besides, Batista threw me into one of his jails last year for some reason he did not care to explain and ties like these are not easily broken.

"That man there," Gen. Batista said, "that Castro. He is a crazy man. He presents himself to the world as having won a revolution. But he did not win one battle. Not one battle."

It was heartwarming, reassuring, superior logic. And Batista, overwhelmed by the comfort of it all, sighed with fury.

"That man is," he said slowly, running a mental finger down the list of damnations. "He is unconstitutional."

What could be worse?

Actually, though, Batista's life here has some advantages. To list a few: the constant solace of a large suite of rooms at the Jaragua Hotel; the constant companionship of his former prime minister, Gonzal Guell; the constant view of vacationers in various postures of vacation.

Except for association with the former minister, it is all available to any tourist in the Dominican Republic. What other resort can offer the life of Fulgencio Batista to visitors?

If Batista is afraid somebody will take it, he gives no indication. His uniformed bodyguard reaches for his gun each time you reach for your cigarettes, but Batista himself is still the same self-sure, straight-backed little general he was a year ago in his Havana citadel when Castro's victory seemed impossible.

In those days, he was more heavily guarded; imprisoned by his own force, edicts, threats and reprisals; shackled to his chained nation.

Today, he is as much in jeopardy as ever—with the Trujillo press calling for his eviction and still a prisoner of his own precautions. His security is splendid, but his retirement is unobtainable. He has all the golf courses money can buy. But a man—even a rich man—is a superb target on the fairway, and almost any place else for that matter.

It is a life without life. It is safety without liberty. It is object luxury and the coldest dish of revenge in the larger. It has already taken its toll on Prime Minister Guell.

This tall, thin-nosed, crafty man is everything his chief is not—patrician with the heritage and

beirrooms that make prestige and the money and relatives that give it life. But in dictatorships prestige and power are separate. Batista and Guell bought each other.

On New Year's Day, with Castro's victory complete, Guell was happy to have his life in Ciudad Trujillo in lieu of either power or prestige. Today he is not so sure it was a good bargain.

"I will say nothing. I have no plans," Guell said distantly, with the distraction of a man whose life is constantly passing before his eyes.

"I am here. My house? My heritage? I cannot afford to think about them. I have learned a great deal. But there is no use in talking about my lessons. It is better not to learn what I have learned."

It is not a plea. It is a resignation in precise, flawless English: "I will take whatever comes, I think I am ready."

Batista, however, is not ready to resign anything. Including the leadership of Cuba. It keeps slipping into his tank, which is not quite so flawless. He keeps confusing his tenses, using "I have" instead of "I had."

The confusion creeps into his daily activities, as well. He will issue a broadside, three-page statement to any reporter who wants one. Now and then he will even grant interviews or deny them, as befits a man in high office.

He is full of criticisms, charges, sarcasms for Castro's Cuba, and completely barren of any doubt or question of himself. It is probably a consequence of his American schooling where perseverance and self-confidence are as virtuous as soap and deep breathing. Besides, philosophers are usually defeated men.

"It may look possible in Cuba today," he said. "But it cannot last. That man is doing nothing for the widows and orphans. I took

care of them. He will not do it. You cannot govern my country without taking care of the widows and orphans."

"And now I see he is telling the American business interests what they can and cannot do, and if they don't like it, what they can expect. But you cannot have prosperity if you meddle with the investors."

At five in the afternoon, when the vacationers are dressing for cocktails and dinner, and the grounds are clear and safe, the prisoners on the second floor of the Jaragua permit themselves a walk among the callenas in the garden. They walk alone, while sightseers watch from the veranda.

"That Castro will never be content," Batista said at the door. "He will want all of South America soon. Well, it is because he was not born at the bottom. I came from the bottom and reached the top. But I never forgot where I came from."

"I could never fall farther than my beginning. It is always a comfort to know that when you are on top."

Guell walks out first, nervously, quickly. Batista follows him, strolling leisurely. The bodyguard follows with his hand on his gun.

It is all a ridiculous performance to any casual observer. Castro would be foolish to send an assassin here. The Dominican taxi rates alone are enough to stagger even a tranquil mind.

Nevertheless, it is somehow easy to picture the small, barrel-chested dictator brutally killed in that voluptuous Caribbean garden. It may not be nice—but it is remarkably easy.

TV-RADIO FIGURES

MOSCOW (UPI) — The Soviet Union will have seven million radios and 3,500,000 television sets by 1965, it was reported last night.

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On The Record

KLAMATH FALLS

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HORTON — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Horton March 13 in Klamath Valley Hospital, a boy, weighing 8 lbs., 13½ oz.

MORGAN — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morgan March 13 in Klamath Valley Hospital, a girl, weighing 4 lbs., 11½ oz.

MURRAY — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Raymond L. Murray March 13 in Klamath Valley Hospital, a girl, weighing 8 lbs., 11½ oz.

SIMON — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Simon March 13 in Klamath Valley Hospital, a girl, weighing 5 lbs., 11½ oz.

RUMELHART — Born to Mr. and Mrs. James P. Rumelhart March 13 in Klamath Valley Hospital, a girl, weighing 7 lbs., 8½ oz.

BUNGE — Born to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bunge March 13 in Klamath Valley Hospital, a girl, weighing 4 lbs., 14½ oz.

SINGLETON — Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Singleton March 13 in Klamath Valley Hospital, a girl, weighing 8 lbs., 15 oz.

1968 ROUNDUP Boys: 100 Girls: 96

Divorce Suit Names Brando

SANTA MONICA, Calif. (AP) — After a six-month separation from her husband, Marlon Brando, actress Anna Kashfi has filed suit for divorce.

The suit, filed Monday, said the Oscar-winning actor had caused her grievous mental suffering, distress and injury.

Miss Kashfi is vacationing in Hawaii with the couple's 10-month old son. She says she is a full blooded native of India. However, a Welsh factory worker, William Patrick O'Callaghan, says he is her father and she has no Indian blood.

The actress, 24, and Brando, 34, were married Oct. 11, 1957.

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SHORT RIBS

By **Frank O'Neal**

