

# The Herald and News

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## We Commune

The other evening, having put in a hard day fishing, we were feeling pretty good. Had just taken a few naps from "The Old Man's First Aid" and topped it off with a fine big thick one we caught at the butcher's, using a liver for bait. Soon as the dishes were done, I took my rod and wandered down to an old beaver dam, to see if anything was rising.

I was sitting there dreaming when I heard a small voice beside me on the bank: "Things have sure gone to heck on this creek," it squeaked. "Time was when soon as it was dusk there'd be 20 of us beavers on the job here, falling trees, dragging them into the water, packing them with mud and stuff and building up a dam. In no time it would fill up with water and we'd have a fine place to live and play in; lots of juicy bark sapplings to chew on, a good home to swim into, full of fat happy pups and the old lady always glad to see us come home."

"That was before that loud tail-smacking, mangy old boy came down the creek from somewhere. He and his ideas! None of us had ever seen him before but we should have been suspicious. Thinking about it now I'm sure from his long teeth and flabby tail he never built very many dams."

"You beavers around here are a bunch of chumps," he barks at us. "Why don't you get wise? Slaving around here every night. What's it get you? The boss always gets the best house to live in and all the juiciest bark, and why? Just because he tells you where and how to build an old dam."

"Why don't you get smart? The boss can't live without you and you know it. Quit working unless he gives you a bigger slice of bark and see how he likes it."

"Well, we thought it over; leastways we thought we did, and we decided to listen to Old Flabby Tail and give it a try. Now look! We haven't built a dam for a couple of months. Trees along the old one are all eaten up. Water's all running through it; none in our houses anymore. Pups all hungry and crying. Old lady snaps at us every time we come in. Things have sure gone to heck."

"Guess we better tell that old flabby tailed B, and I don't mean beaver, to go back up the creek before we all land there. Maybe our old boss beaver did have a little more than the rest of us but we all had a lot when he was running things!"

Giving the water a smack with his tail he was gone, but not before I shook him by the paw. A fellow can sure learn a lot sitting around talking to the natives on a fishing trip.

## Fat Job

By JAMES MARLOW

Associated Press News Analyst  
WASHINGTON (AP)—How does a general—when he retires—get a fat job with a big corporation selling millions of dollars worth of military equipment to the government?

It could happen in a lot of ways. It could—and did—happen this way: On the day a general retires he gets a cryptic telephone call from an old friend, telling him to call a man at a certain number in California.

He does. It turns out well. He becomes president of a company making bombers and gets a salary of \$75,000 a year, plus a \$25,000 bonus.

A congressional subcommittee will soon start looking into the question of how high-ranking military men, after retirement, get big-paying jobs with big companies dealing with the government.

who retired in 1932 and quickly became president of the Convair Corporation.

This firm made the B52 bombers for the government and McNarney testified that in the late 1940s when the value of this particular plane was in dispute, he backed development of the B52.

Hebert asked him how he got his job with Convair and McNarney told this story: "On the morning of my retirement (Jan. 31, 1952) I did receive a cryptic telephone call and the question asked of me was: 'Have you signed up with anybody to go to work?' I said 'I have not.'"

McNarney said he told the caller he was going to San Diego to live—because he had married a San Diego girl—and the voice on the phone said: "Well, when you get to San Diego, would you call this number?"

McNarney indicated that from the telephone exchange the caller gave him—it was in Indio, Calif.—that he guessed the one who answered that phone would be Floyd R. Odium, chairman of the Convair board of directors.

When he got to San Diego, McNarney said, he called the number. And it was Odium. The financier offered the retired general the presidency of Convair.

For five years as president, he would receive \$75,000 a year, plus a \$25,000 bonus yearly. For the following 10 years—while he served as a consultant—he would receive \$30,000 a year.

Hebert asked McNarney who made the cryptic call, urging him to get it touch with Odium.

The general said it was Symington, with whom he had worked at the Pentagon when Symington was secretary of air. At the time of the call Symington was no longer secretary and had not yet been elected senator.

McNarney said there was no connection between his championship of the B52—while he was still in service—and the fact that the company later hired him as president.

He said he had never been approached—while still in service—about a job with Convair.

## Be Happy

By ED CREAGH

WASHINGTON (AP)—Wipe that scowl off your face, willya? I've seen you scrunch past a million times, with your lips clamped tight and your eyes like oncoming thunder.

You don't walk. You grind the pavements beneath your feet. You don't see people. You see potential pickpockets.

You don't live. You hate yourself into gritty dust. Yes, it's you I'm talking about—the you who can't bear the reflection of yourself in a store window. I've seen you in a hundred cities, clutching your little worries, stroking your petty grievances into disasters.

Wise up, willya? Life's too short for hatred. Ponder a minute on that old wheeze. Even if you live out your three score and ten—which you won't, at the rate you're using up your vital juices—there isn't time for hatred.

I'm watching you go past on the street as I sit here at a typewriter.

clutched attache case. Try glory, too-soon-old gray lady with the hoarded purse. Honest, happiness is not a dirty word. The post office lets it go through the mails almost every day.

Joy, glory, happiness are your rightful legacy—from God or your healthy heartbeat. If you still have one. Unfrown. Unsnarl. Unzip your resentment's Love. The early Christians knew the meaning of that. Whatever became of them, or of the Word?

Okay, it's raining. Don't hunch your shoulders like a brooding hen. Walk in the rain. Strut in it. You're waterproof. The worst that can happen to you is a head cold and a dry-cleaning job. You'll recover from both.

Slow down. Straighten up. This is your world. Enjoy it. Don't look down your nose at strangers; they'll only look back at you. Glare at the world—as I just saw you doing—and it will snap at your heels.

So endeth today's sermon, which never would have happened if your reporter had not glimpsed himself in a store window mirror today, scowling, rushed, and ornery for no earthly reason than pure unnecessary cussedness.

## Courageous Acts

By SAUL PETT

NEW YORK (AP)—Some day I'd like to have the courage to: Tell a plumber, or a painter, or a carpenter: "If you're not here in an hour, I'll get someone else."

Under-tip a lousy waiter and tell him why. Tell the boss, "If you'll see my secretary, I'm sure she can arrange an appointment for me."

Tell a cab driver, "When I want any of your philosophy, I'll ask for it."

Ask my wife, "What happens to all our money?" Walk up to the big loud mouth at the bar and belt him with no prior introduction.

Out-race a state trooper, trying to give me a ticket, to the state line.

Ask Queen Elizabeth II, during an audience at Buckingham Palace: "What's a beautiful dame like you doing in a joint like this?"

Electrify my fence against my neighbor's predatory children. Tell the old lady who always manages to stand near me when I get a seat on a crowded bus: "Madam, the doctors give me three days. How many have you got?"

Stand on my head in a modern art gallery and shout: "It does, too, look better this way."

Ask the doctor: "Be frank, Doc. Haven't you paid for your college education and equipment 100 times over?"

Ask President Eisenhower: "Are you sure you counted all your strokes, including those two in the rough?"

Say to Tallulah Bankhead at a cocktail party: "Tallulah? Tallulah who?"

Say to a real estate agent: "Yes, but how much will it cost to repair all that picturesque charm?"

stud, one-eyed jacks wild?" Rush up to Elizabeth Taylor at a crowded airport, kiss her fondly and then back off, saying, "Sorry. I thought you were my mother-in-law."

## Space Committee

By FRANK ELEAZER

WASHINGTON (UPI)—When the House Space Committee was getting into orbit last year some of its members were said to believe a "light year" was one in which they didn't have to run for election and could take a few weeks off for a junket.

The committee now is able to advise, however, that the term actually refers to "the distance light travels in one year at 186,300 miles per second."

"So you can see that the Space Committee, although moving at something less than the speed of light, has come a long way. In fact, after a year's exposure to the experts in the space business it now speaks of space matters in such learned fashion it is impelled to include glossaries in its reports to the House."

A year ago the average space member, pressed for a definition of "deceleration," would have said it means slowing down. Not any more, though. The committee now defines it as "negative acceleration."

Last year at this time the space men thought a nozzle was a gizmo on the end of a hose. Now they would as soon be caught with their parameters down as make that kind of a slip.

A nozzle, they told the House last week, is "a duct, tube, pipe, spout or the like through which a fluid is directed and from the open end of which the fluid is discharged, designed to meter the fluid or to produce a desired direction and type of discharge."

Of course any House member knows what a parameter is. But for the possible benefit of congressional pages, newspapermen, and others who don't, the committee defined it as an "arbitrary constant," obviously the very worst kind.

Eccentricity is defined as "the degree of deviation from a circular orbit." In other words, just as the House already suspected, an eccentric is a fellow going around in circles, only not quite, and the senators can put the shoe on it if they wish.

The committee, helpfully, defines lunar as pertaining to the moon. It says a liquid propellant is a propellant that is liquid. Interplanetary means between planets, the committee discloses, whereas interstellar—don't try to guess—means between stars.

"Interface," according to the Space Committee's advice to the House, is a word for "the boundary between two media, especially as traversed by a propagated wave." I learned as a boy though not to use words like that unless I was sure.

For the first couple of months last year committee members kept bounding the experts on where space started and ended. Now it develops they at least know what space is, if not exactly where. It's "that part of universe between celestial bodies."

For the latter, no definition is given. Rep. James G. Fulton (R-Pa.), a committee member, meantime has disclosed he will put in a bill to erect, as I get it, some kind of milestones in space.

## The Almanac

The Almanac

Today is Tuesday, June 9, the 160th day of the year, with 205 more days in 1959. The moon is approaching its first quarter.

The morning star is Saturn. The evening stars are Mercury, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter. On this date in history: In 1890, Reginald de Koven's operetta "Robin Hood" was premiered in the Chicago Grand Opera House. The greatest applause followed the presentation of the song, "O Promise Me" which came from the operetta.

In 1892, composer Cole Porter was born in Peru, Ind. In 1942, officials of the Selective Service issued a new order placing men with children last on the conscription lists calling men for World War II service. In 1943, Congress passed an act providing for "pay-as-you-go" income tax deductions authorizing employers to withhold income-tax payments from weekly salary checks.

## They'll Do It Every Time

By JIMMY HATLO

NEAR YEAR WE OUGHTA JUST HAVE PROFESSIONAL ENTERTAINMENT—DILLBERRY LAID AN EGG AS EMCEE—AND WE OUGHTA HOLD IT IN A BIGGER HOTEL—

THEY HAD THEIR CLUB DINNER LAST NIGHT—THEY'LL BE REMASHIN' IT ALL WEEK NOW—

THE FOOD WAS AWFUL—THE ROOM IS THE WRONG SHAPE—DOWN WHERE I WAS YOU COULDN'T SEE ANYTHING—

WONDER IF THEY TALK ABOUT THEIR JOBS AT THE DINNER—THEY DON'T WORRY ABOUT 'EM HERE—

DILLBERRY AIN'T A YET—HE WON'T REMEMBER IF HE HAD A GOOD TIME OR NOT—

HOLDING THE WAKE FOR THE CLUB SOIREE THE WHOLE WEEK AFTER—

JERRY AND A TIP OF THE HAT TO F. X. MACKEY, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



## SHA Grads Attend Mass

Forty-four eighth grade graduates of Sacred Heart Academy and their parents attended early mass at Sacred Heart Church Sunday, and were served breakfast in the parish hall by mothers of seventh grade students, then Msgr. T. P. Casey awarded diplomas.

Thus ended the last graduation exercise for eighth graders of SHA. The ceremony will be eliminated next year.

The singing ensemble, William Hagan, Michael Wagner, Dick Miller, Carmelle Hartin, Kathleen Cronon, Susan Patsch, Diane Brazil, Dianne Matney and Susan Bray, sang two selections.

Mary Ann McClary delivered a welcome speech. The graduates sang "My Own America." Mr. and Mrs. Frank Rickey were honored guests.

Graduates were Mary Amberg, Gilbert Axel, Francis Blanton, Nancy Benson, Susan Bray, Diane Brazil, James Britton, Margaret Ann Casey, Michael Chase, Diana Cook, Kathleen Cronon, Helen Davis, Michael Dedrick, Anthony Dedrick, Joan Duracha, Daniel Fitzgerald, George Florez, Victor

cki, Dianne Matney, Mary Ann McClary, Raymond McNeal, Brian Miller, Dick Miller, Janice Miller, Jerry Molatore, Joan Novotny, Wilda Owsley, Susan Patsch, Catharine Ross, Judith Sanberg, Richard Steinbock, James Thoma, Michael Wagner and Jacqueline Whit Francis La Seur, Edward Lucyford.

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Winema Hotel



## Outlaws' Kin Fetes Birthday

KANSAS CITY (AP)—A distant relative of the old Dalton gang of frontier days is celebrating his 73rd birthday today.

Here's the twist: Roy Dalton is a sheriff's deputy. He doesn't hide his relationship to the outlaw family.

"I'm not particularly proud of it," he says. "But then maybe they wouldn't think much of my being on the side of the law."

TREAT YOUR BODY AS WELL AS YOU DO YOUR CAR

Because the body is such a wonderful self sustaining machine, we are prone to let it run along as best it can until something drastic goes wrong.

Car accidents occur every day. There are collisions and turn overs. The car is taken to have the frame straightened, the dents taken out of fenders, and everything lined up in good shape, but the motorist, unless he has broken bones, merely paints over his bumps and dents and lets his frame go regardless of how badly it may have been twisted out of shape. The body reacts just like any piece of machinery when left in this condition. Wear on certain parts is greater, and the life of your machine is shortened. The chiropractor is your body mechanic, a bio-engineer, see him for advice as to how to take care of your machine, and go to him when your body framework needs attention.

This is one of a series of Chiropractic educational advertisements appearing in this paper through the courtesy of Dr. C. W. Davis, D.C., N.D., 134 North 3rd St. Klamath Falls, Oregon, TU 4-6033

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## SHORT RIBS

By Frank O'Neal

