

# The Herald and News

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## Centennial

By FLORENCE JENKINS  
The 65-acre Oregon Centennial Exposition grounds were the site of a press preview on Tuesday afternoon in Portland.  
Three hundred (at least) workers were expecting to labor through the night to have the big show ready for its first paying guests on Wednesday. All fingers were crossed in an effort to chase away the rain clouds which had lightly dampened the thousands who lined the streets to watch the Merrykhana parade on Tuesday evening.

The Rose Festival is going on as it has every June for 51 years. Stewart Holbrook spent Tuesday forenoon judging the beard contest in the Park blocks and six Canadian destroyer escorts were being tied up at the SW Harbor Drive seawall, quite reminiscent of Portland's annual Fleet Week of the mid-1930s.

We were royally entertained and, when copious notes have been assembled, more words about the Exposition will be written.  
The most important piece of advice, based on the sound experience gained in a four-hour conducted tour, is to wear low heeled comfortable shoes. Even the men were complaining that their feet hurt up to their knees.

Ran into Mrs. Kent Magruder of the Oregon Cow Belles as she and Herman Oliver of John Day were seeing to the final appointments of the big Beef, Inc. display. We'd guess that will be one of the popular spots, because there is a little opera house where four different films on the beef industry will be shown. Sit-down space is going to be greatly sought after.

We had a chair for a few minutes during a shoot-em-up show in the Frontier Village and some of the girls made the tour through the House of Tomorrow in stockinged feet. The General Motors show is carpeted, too, which makes the new Firebird more pleasant to inspect.

A brace of chiropractors should be able to do a land office business during the 100 days of the Centennial Exposition.

## Desert Visit

By TOM STIMMEL  
Most road maps dismiss the northwestern corner of Nevada as a vast blank space. They show no roads or towns; and this is quite proper because there are no surfaced roads and no official towns in that remote region of the United States.

But the expansive deserts of northern Nevada offer delights that are unexpected and pleasures that are unseen. The country is ideal for any person who prefers an occasional visit to broad, unspoiled country. Paradoxically, it is the place, too, for any person who likes to get closely acquainted with people.

Don Kettler knows this country reasonably well. A weekend or so ago I accompanied Kettler and his camera across the alkali lake near Cedarville and into the mysterious, unmarked land that is Nevada.

We ran out of trees not long after we crossed the border; but in fact there were trees in many places we did not see—and that is Nevada. We were beyond the range of houses, too; but again we found ranch houses and cowboys' shacks where we did not expect them—and that is Nevada.

We headed east, following unmarked roads and getting through all right, thanks mostly to Kettler's Kombi (a vehicle of little grace but infinite capacity) and thanks partly to guessing (some of it second guessing). We passed through Summit Lake Indian Reservation and there were greeted by three Indians—half the reservation's population. We drove through country that was beautiful for its green meadows and darkened mountains, and back into desert flats and slopes of solid sagebrush.

Our camping site was Verrville, a little known and totally unpublicized remnant of a mining community established in 1876 when gold was discovered in Badger Mountain across Bartlett Creek. We parked the Kombi in an orchard Old Man Verri planted years ago, and set up camp in undescribed deep, green grass. Across the road was Verri's cabin, a two-room hut of stone and mud with a sod roof. A prospector had used it not long ago.

Our headquarters were at the foot of the Pine Forest Mountains and on the edge of the expansive, flat Black Rock Desert. Across the desert flats rose the Jackson Mountains, dominated by King Lear, a peak of 8,800 feet capped with snow running deep into crevices.

The Black Rock is a solid mass

of sagebrush and alkali flats broken in a few places by square, green alfalfa fields eight or ten miles apart on the western side. At one edge of each field are inevitable stands of poplars in straight, precise rows.

These are desert ranches. Here springs from the mountains are diverted into irrigation channels to grow enough cattle feed to last out mild winters when sagebrush won't do. Where there is enough spring water, there is a ranch. From a hillcrest 30 miles away, we could spot each ranch, marked by greenery in contrast to brown desert meeting brown mountains.

At the head of the Black Rock is the best known of the ranches. The Leonard Creek was established in 1918 by two young Basques who came up from Winnemucca. The Montaros and the Bidarts still operate the ranch, and their sons have stayed home. Leonard Creek is a small community of its own, and in the last general election 37 of the 44 registered voters were members of the two founders' families.

Thirty-five miles south is the Paiute Ranch, an immaculately maintained ranch that looks like a Kentucky horse farm.

Society in the unknown desert appeared to belong to two groups—ranchers and miners. The miners—prospectors, really—were less formal in their way of life. There was old Bill Cope, 75, and a man who knows more about mineral deposits in the country than any other man alive. Bill says, so there must be, almost every known mineral in Verri's Badger Mountain—but it costs too much these days to get it out.

Josie Perl has mining claims to sell. She is an energetic 66, lives amidst the greatest assortment of household junk I've ever encountered, and is the only woman in the mining community. Kettler knows both the miners and the ranchers. He proved adept at attracting offers of coffee from people who like him, and like company. And in those coffee breaks we learned that everybody knows everybody else in a sparse desert community 30 miles long and less than 100 people large.

You can see a car approaching from miles away. Josie had recognized Bill Cope's pickup raising dust one morning, and she kept asking us, "I wonder what they was doin' down to the Paiute Ranch?"

We don't know, and don't care. But it's a safe bet Josie knows all about it by now.

## Missile Mail

By NELSON REED  
Big publicity the other day about a guided missile that delivered a batch of mail 100 miles away in a matter of minutes.

What's all the rush? Today being the 10th of the month it seems to us that the bills are coming in too darn fast already. And we'd bet you a missile tracking gadget against a red, white and blue P.O. box that the missile that contained your dividends or customer's checks would be the one that got lost but the one with the bills would be right on the nose.

Then too we seem to recall reading that the P.O. Dept. was operating deep in the red, thanks to all the trifling, useless, wastebasket cluttering, no account ads the postman dumps in our door every day.

Now shooting off one of these letter carrying missiles costs a bit more than those four bit rockets kids used to be allowed to play with on the Fourth; quite a few Gs from what we've read. Somehow we just can't imagine any mail being worth that much. Any news as good as all that—the sender could buy a ticket on one of these new superjets and bring the good word himself.

darn sight cheaper. Of course if the news were bad, maybe he'd rather send it.

Looks to us as if we were getting in such a doggone rush with everything we do in this world we are liable to pop right out of it before we know it someday. It's hard to say where most of us might land but the way things are going some days it might be an improvement.

## Wedding Customs

By CHARLES V. STANTON  
Editor Roseburg News-Review

June being the month of weddings, the modern American bride must feel very happy that she isn't forced to judge her worth by the animals offered for her.

If the bride, in many areas, is worth a water buffalo, she must be quite convinced she has "it." On the other hand, the dame that can't raise an offer of more than a couple of skinny lambs must feel she's a sharp-angled, knock-kneed hag.

Some of our wedding customs are backed by tradition extending into long-gone centuries, according to a compilation by The World Book Encyclopedia.

Today's bride sweeps down the aisle in a gorgeous gown, dragging a reluctant father, meeting a swain about ready to swoon.

But it wasn't always thus. In the "good ol' days" the young man watched until the gal friend was a few steps away from home. Then he knocked her over the head, tossed her across his shoulders, and took off.

In those days the "best man" had to prove he was "best." He had his work cut out for him. Usually the gal managed to get off a scream before her lover's club rapped her on the noggin. Her relatives poured out of their cave. The best man had to stand off the multitude. He took it upon himself to give battle and hold the bride and groom had made their escape.

The happy couple, of course, had to hide out until the search died down, which gave rise to our modern honeymoon.

Maybe, too, that's the reason for the continuing stories of lasting hostility between the husband and his mother-in-law.

But, as time went on, some mercenary father must have decided his daughters could be used for trading stock.

Instead of waiting for them to be rapped with a freshly-cut club, he offered a trade. As a result, a lot of time and trouble was saved by swapping an ox, a few sheep, or something else of more or less value, for the dame. The gal probably had fewer bruises, and wasn't treated so roughly, but her pride must have been hurt when the bridegroom haggled out a particularly good bargain.

Many fathers today, I imagine, look upon the old practice with jealous eyes. Sitting in a church pew, trying to calculate by the process of mental arithmetic the cost of the wedding, gifts, reception, etc., father probably wishes he had something coming in, even an ox, rather than so much going out.

But, because the ancient father, as still is true in some parts of the world, haggled with the prospective son-in-law, taking advantage of the young man's infatuation had to "give the bride away," so today papa must walk down the aisle, stumbling over his feet in an exaggerated dance step to mumble a few words at the preacher's direction and then get out of sight as quickly as possible until the bills come in.

But now, instead of the father getting paid off, presents go to the bride and groom. Dad must pay the bills. He'd rather they'd elope and save him all the cost, "fuss and feathers."

But instead the bride gets all

the glory. She's the center of attraction. The groom is just simply another man who was there.

The couple was a reception. Rice is tossed after them, because that's the way evil spirits were placated centuries ago. She leads the young man into captivity, instead of him dragging her off to a cave.

Thus times have changed.

## Grand Old Building

Klamath Falls (To the Editor)—A great landmark of our community lies idle and gradually deteriorates. I refer to the Pelican Theater, a historic landmark which in its era brought us magnificent entertainment, a stage shows, personalities, orchestras, and other outstanding attractions.

Why is this beautiful building allowed to become useless when it still offers the greatest asset to our community? The Pelican Theater is still a beautiful, solid structure in spite of neglect and abandonment. It offers the greatest possibility to our city for future theatrical productions and conventions many of which by-pass Klamath Falls because of the present disgraceful condition of the grand old theater. Isn't it time that we do something for a building that has done so much for us? Isn't there any pride left to preserve and revitalize the grand old Pelican for community service?

So far, nothing has been done, and future plans for the structure are uncertain. We need this building for the greater Klamath Basin that is now in the making. Within a few years this town will grow as large or even larger than Eugene. We need the Pelican Theater to keep pace with that growth for the cultural and civic activities which will inevitably increase as time goes on. A building like the Pelican will be a must in a few years, and a new structure could not begin to match it for many, many times its price. How much would it cost to acquire the Pelican? How much to restore its hidden beauty and grandeur? How much to maintain it? These are questions that should be answered before the grand old building falls under the wrecker's blundering blows. Let's organize to save the Pelican.

Mrs. George Clark  
2021 Lavey Street

## The Almanac

Today is Thursday, June 11, the 162nd day of the year, with 203 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 1880, Jeanette Rankin, the first woman elected to Congress, was born near Missoula, Montana.  
In 1927 Charles A. Lindbergh received the Distinguished Flying Cross from President Coolidge in welcoming home ceremonies after the aviator's historic flight across the Atlantic.  
In 1939, the king and queen of Great Britain tasted their first "hot dogs" at a picnic given by President and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In 1950, Ben Hogan won the United States Open Golf championship in a miraculous comeback after suffering near-fatal injuries in a car accident.

Thought for today: from the book of Psalms: "The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?"

**Quotes**  
United Press International  
NEWARK, N.J. — Teamsters President James R. Hoffa, announcing his union would appeal a court decision denying a Teamsters move to side-step clean-up orders.

"While we may not like it, it is a decision of a U.S. court and deserves respect and dignity. It is only a matter of time before our lawyers draw up the papers and carry it on to another appeal."

WASHINGTON—Sen. John L. McClellan, warning that the U.S. would suffer if the House waters down the Senate-passed labor reform bill.

MANAGUA, Nicaragua — Gen. Anastasio Somoza, commander of Nicaragua's armed forces, announcing that the rebels who invaded his country from Costa Rica must surrender unconditionally.

"The lives of the invaders will be respected, since the death penalty does not exist in Nicaragua. But they must submit to the laws of the Republic applicable to such cases."



NAMES ARE APPROPRIATE  
SAN DIEGO, Calif. (AP)—A venire issued in municipal court summoned one juror named Justice and another named Innocence.

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## Master Plan For Missiles Slates Nike-Bomarc Cuts

WASHINGTON (UPI)—The administration's new master plan for U.S. air defense was reported today to call for moderate cuts in both of the anti-aircraft missiles involved in a white-hot Army and Air Force feud.

The plan, demanded by an annoyed Congress, also may raise doubts about the future of the Air Force's cherished 2,000-mile-an-hour F-106 jet interceptor plane now being developed.

It also was reported to give encouragement to Army proponents of the Nike-Zeus missile being developed for defense against intercontinental ballistic missiles.

The Defense Department delayed presenting the plan to congressional leaders today, as it had informed them it would, in order to put finishing touches on the blueprint.

President Eisenhower and his top civilian and military leaders conferred for one hour and 20 minutes late Tuesday in an effort to iron out final details.

Rumors were ripe in the Pentagon about what transpired at the meeting. Some officials, who apparently are not getting all they would like, even described it as an "inconclusive" White House session.

The plan was certain, however, to call for all three of the air defense weapons for which the North American Air Defense Command has asked. They are jet

interceptors, Army Nike-Hercules missiles which have 50 to 100-mile range, and Air Force Bomarc missiles which have 150 to 400-mile range.

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By Frank O'Neal