

# The Herald and News

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Entered as second class matter at the post office at Klamath Falls, Ore., on August 29, 1906, under act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

**SERVICES:**  
 ASSOCIATED PRESS UNITED PRESS  
 AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS  
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Good Deed

By BILL JENKINS

A note in the mail the other day from Ray Rager with one of those all-too-frequent stories of good cheer and mankind's kindness to others.

On June 8 the engine crew on Train 20, the Klamath, en route from Dunsmuir to Klamath Falls, saw a forked horn stuck in a wire fence about three miles west of Warden.

On arrival here the crew borrowed Charlie Alward's car and a pair of wire cutters and made all speed back to the spot. They drove as far as they could and then heaved it the rest of the way.

When they approached the deer it reared its desperate struggle and finally freed itself, ran a few yards into a field and collapsed. The men approached, soothed the deer down a bit and then watched as it bounced to its feet, cleared another fence and ran down to the center of a field to a little pond of water. Apparently as good as new after a cooling drink.

The Good Samaritans were J. B. Harrell, engineer, and A. L. Nelson, fireman. Alward is trainmaster for the Southern Pacific here in Klamath Falls.

For my money the award of the week should go to these fellows. It's too bad that more people don't feel that way.

I'm sure it would be a much better world to live in if we all felt that way.

In fact, it would be a splendid world.

The gloom merchants will have a field day this fall when the duck season opens.

The loudest cry of anguish is going to come from John Q. Public when he is told that his federal duck stamp will cost him an additional buck. Uppeo to three dollars.

At least fifty percent and maybe more of the public howling will be done by outraged sportsmen in the various bars over the nation. While heartily damning the government, the wildlife boys, the game commissions, the flyway councils and expounding on the fact that the expenditure of that extra dollar is going to mean a foodless family, no shoes for the youngsters and the rest of it, these loudmouth blowoffs will spend about six bucks for booze to keep their complaining throats greased.

On the quieter, but more desperate side, will be the bitter complaints about the country going to the dogs from those hunters who still cherish the Daniel Boone theory of their "right" to go out and blast away—and devil take the one with the shortest barrel.

And in the long run they'll all pay up and go out and take their hunting where—and if—they find it.

As sportsmen we might as well face the fact that hunting is going to cost increasingly more. So there isn't any use grumbling about it.

After all, I've never heard many hunters complain about the cost of an extra bottle of camp whiskey, so why bleed at the nose over an extra buck for a license?

Along those lines, we are already being softened up for a bad season. Drouth in Canada and the northern breeding grounds.

Speaking strictly for myself, I'll say right now that I'm not going to complain about a curtailed season or a smaller bag limit if that is what is called for.

Not, and here I qualify that flat statement, as long as we are given an early enough season to get in some respectable shooting and not as long as the seasons are adjusted for the good of the ducks, not the Central Valley farmers. Or vacationing Americans in Mexico.

Disneyland

By FLOYD L. WYNNE

You might not class it with the seven wonders of the world, but you will have to agree that it is certainly one of the man-made wonders of today's world.

I'm speaking of Walt Disney's Disneyland.

Those who have lost the childhood ability of imagination would probably be prone to label Disneyland as a gigantic carnival, and they would have their point.

Disneyland embodies the best of just about every carnival idea, but elevates them to a new enjoyment peak.

When I spoke to Edward Meek, public relations director at Disneyland, he asked how long I planned to stay. I casually answered, "As long as our two youngsters hold out."

"You mean as long as you hold out," he replied pointedly.

How true he was.

Walt Disney has done with Disneyland what he has done with the art of cartoons.

He has made fairy tales come to life, brought the future into the

present, and elevated the past to present status.

One tip, when you enter Disneyland, buy the jumbo 13 books at the gate. You'll need them, and they'll save you money in the long run.

With two youngsters (and two oldsters, I might add), straining at the bit, we were off on a whirlwind tour of Disneyland.

The huge Swiss Matterhorn mountain dominates the entire area. It wasn't yet completed, and workmen were laboring high up its 14 story sides, pouring cement and adding finishing touches. When completed, it will feature bob sled rides down the mountain. The submarine units were also in the process of being completed as was the new mono-rail system.

The biggest problem is knowing where to begin. Adventureland, Frontierland, Tomorrowland . . . where?

You finally decide to take the miniature train ride around the entire park to get a better idea. It's complete to depots, engine and cars and not only takes a scenic trip around the park, but takes you through a fanciful trip along the Grand Canyon.

Getting off at the Main square, you can wander down the rows of miniature shops, all modeled in gay 90's style, watch the horse-drawn buggies and busses go by.

We hit for the Adventureland area. Through the castle and the story of sleeping beauty, on into rides on the good-old merry-go-round, trips on Dumbo, the flying elephant, on the miniature wild animal train, a boat trip through the head of a whale and into beautiful miniature gardens and towns, on a pirate ship and on and on.

After repeated rides on the merry-go-round (me too) and on the miniature autos (I didn't fit), we moved over to Frontierland.

My two young sons stoically braved such hazardous events as encounters with crocodiles, hippos and head-bunters successfully. But, when a band of natives arose to ambush us at a turn with spears poised, they both broke and dove for the bottom of the boat.

The Disney touch of realism is tremendous.

One could easily imagine that the crocodiles, hippos, giraffe, elephants, apes and what have you were real. They were embodied with movement as well as sound.

The guide's admonishing tour to take one last look at the dock you might not see it again, didn't sound half as humorous once you had made the trip. It was an unforgettable moment in Disneyland.

Lhmping along now, with both youngsters picking up speed, we watched ferry boats a la the days of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, listened to a snappy dixieland band serenading, took a rocket trip to the moon, and a few hundred other things.

While the womenfolk made a tour of the house of tomorrow, the male portion of the family headed back for Adventureland and another series of tours on the merry-go-round and the small autos.

We also took a ride on one of the horse-drawn buggies, had a special artist cut silhouettes of the youngsters, visited ice cream parlors, lunch stands and exhibit booths.

By now I was playing out but the boys were still picking up steam.

I remembered well Meek's admonition about who would play out first.

We still had only touched on Disneyland. We had, not visited Pioneerland and others.

Ruefully, we turned our tired steps toward the exit, dragging two youngsters who were in turn dragging their feet, and began looking

SHORT RIBS



ing for our car in the huge parking lot.

But, we left with one resolve. Next year, we would return and attempt to take in some of the many things we had missed.

100 Years

By FLORENCE JENKINS

With Oregon's Centennial anniversary going on, perhaps we are more than ever conscious of 100th birthday anniversaries.

Oil was discovered 100 years ago at Titusville, Pennsylvania. The celebration is planned for August 23 through 29 because it was on August 27, 1859, that "Colonel" Edwin Drake drilled the first oil well at Titusville and launched an industry in America. His wife, the former Laura Dowd, was descended from the same English family tree as Mamie Eisenhower.

Drake's strike touched off America's first oil rush. With it came a rush of opportunists to Pennsylvania, inevitably including fancy ladies with fancy names such as French Kate and Dolly the Swede.

Lusty Kate and Dolly and gentle Laura Drake could not envision the many benefits that oil would bring their sex in future years. They, nor their male kindfolk, had no way of knowing that oil would lead to the manufacture of plastics, synthetic rubbers and synthetic fibers—and to a host of new conveniences for the home and family living, including oil-based medicines and drug goods, grocery and hardware items and even toys.

The Indians had glimpsed some of the modern uses for oil long before the white man set foot in the New World. The Seneca and Complanter Indians used oil to mix with their war paint for more lasting coverage, just as cosmetics mix oil with colorings for much of today's cosmetics.

Today's modern woman can give thanks to oil for many things as she relaxes on her terrace during a warm summer day. The discovery of oil is responsible for her plastic lounge chair, the squeeze bottle from which she sprays her tanning lotion, the bug killer she sprays in quite the opposite direction, the water-proofing on her sun umbrella, her wash-and-wear synthetic fibered sun dress, and even the garden hose through which the green lawn is being irrigated.

Why, without the discovery of oil she still might be staining her lips with berry juice to enhance her beauty and hiding from the summer sun within doors for fear of being burned by its rays.

And she probably would be laboring over a hot ironing board to get the family's weekly washing and ironing done.

Off-Beat Notes

By TOM STIMMEL

Louisiana Gov. Earl Long, much in the news now, still is well remembered from his stop at the Link River Motel two summers ago.

The governor and entourage arrived in an enormous black car, registered from "The Mansion, Baton Rouge," and stopped to chat with the owners, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Heiken.

The party included the governor, Mrs. Long, the chauffeur, and what appeared to be a bodyguard.

Major Bill Hicks boasted that his maintenance engineers at Kingsley Field had been on the place two years without getting involved in an accident.

Whether the claim is absolutely correct or not, it came to a sad and shattering end when a truck rolled into a garage door.

Not any garage door—Col. Jack Williams' garage door.

County Judge Bob Walker was determined to be a gracious guest during his current Air Force visit to Colorado Springs and St. Louis. He took along 40 Oregon trout

By Frank O'Neal



—Klamath County gems to be sure.

Street scene: Two men in painters' overalls carefully wiping down cars parked at the corner of Seventh and Main streets. They were painting the roof of Weisfeld's jewelry store, they explained, when a wind came up from the wrong direction.

Fishy Discourse

By NELSON REED

Old Square Tail Speaks:

Thought I had seen everything—I mean all those darn fool things humans throw at us fish—tin gadgets like flying saucers trailing stinking worms you wouldn't sniff at if you were starving; rubber doodlebugs like you see after drinking too many bubbles in your water; bundles of feathers that flop in the creek like a young water ouzel falling out of his nest. But this took the fat nymph!

I was lying in the shade of an undercut bank when this public enemy stomps out on the other side of the creek. Before he starts decorating the end of that hangman's noose he calls a line, he gets this piece of paper out of his pocket and takes a good look at it. Then he nods his head like one of those teeter-tail snipe and rigs up his junk, throwing this piece of paper in the creek meanwhile.

After he beats the water to a froth in every direction and shakes the banks like an earthquake, scaring all the minnows for three bends around, he gives up and leaves. I swim up casual like and take a gander at that paper.

"Solunar tables," it says. May my next spawn all be tadpoles if it doesn't say we are only going to be hungry at 5:30 next Tuesday morning and at 8:30 Friday night this week!

Imagine passing up a fat bug or a shiny dragon fly 'cause it's the wrong time of day! And they call us silly fish! Maybe somebody else has been drinking too many air bubbles in the water or something!

The Almanac

Today is Wednesday, June 17th, the 168th day of the year, with 197 more days to follow in 1959. The moon is approaching its full phase.

The morning star is Saturn. The evening stars are Mercury, Venus, Mars, and Jupiter.

On this date in history:

In 1775, American troops inflicted heavy losses on the British at the battle of Bunker Hill.

In 1928, Amelia Earhart became the first woman to fly across the Atlantic Ocean when she flew as a passenger in a plane piloted by Wilmer Stultz.

In 1930, President Hoover signed into law the Hawley-Smoot Tariff, providing the highest tariff rates in American history.

In 1933, residents of East Berlin staged mass anti-Communist riots.

In 1954, the Army-McCarthy hearings came to an end after 26 days, 2 million words of testimony, and 187 hours of television coverage.

Thought for today: Thomas Jefferson said, "The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants."

Quotes

United Press International PHILADELPHIA — Thruston B. Morton, chairman of the Republican National Committee, before the Industrial Union Council:

"I seriously doubt that it is in the best interest of labor to place so many of its eggs in the Democrats' political basket."

LONDON—Lord Boothby, advising the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors to forget about measuring the moon:

"You can see the damn moon every night and it does not look very promising to me."

PARIS — American evangelist Billy Graham, commenting on a reported religious revival in Russia where he has just visited:

"I was not surprised to hear that, since I could read on the faces of the people a great spiritual hunger and some sort of insecurity that only God can solve."

SAN DIEGO, Calif. — Vice President Richard M. Nixon, saying that blame will fall to the Russians if the Geneva foreign ministers' conference fails:

"The intransigent and stubborn position displayed by Mr. Gromyko and Mr. Khrushchev is endangering chances for a summit conference. If the conference at Geneva fails the whole world will know that the sole cost will rest with the Russians."

## They'll Do It Every Time

WHEN FUNGO NUDGED ANOTHER CAR, THE OWNER WAS VERY NICE ABOUT IT—SAID IT WAS NOTHING AT ALL—

JUST TOUCHED—PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT—EVERYTHING'S OKAY—

OOPS! SORRY—NO HARM DONE!

## By Jimmy Hatlo

ABOUT TWO DAYS LATER—SOMEHOW THE COMPLEXION OF THE STATUS QUO CHANGES A LITTLE—

WHA'?! HE'S SUING ME?! RECKLESS DRIVING? \$100,000 DAMAGES? CALL MY LAWYER! I'LL SUE HIM FOR ARSON, FRAUD AND HIT-AND-RUN MOPERY AND TREASON!!

THANK AND TODAY OUR LIT IS OFF TO R.W. LEDEBER, 1235 HOLLAND RD., SO. ORANGE, N.J.



GRADUATES of Bly High School are, front row, left to right, Marlene Dumont, Lillian Pool, Katherine Melsness and Leta Chronister. Back row, left to right, Carson Chase, Ray Briley, Jerry Henderson, Jerry Patzke, Thomas Peterson, Anthony Tecumseh and James Patzke.

Commencement Exercises Held By Bly High School

Commencement exercises were held recently at the Bly High School for 11 students.

The "Processional" was played by Barbara Campbell, the invocation was given by Rev. P. J. Lunham. Leta Chronister presented her salutatory address followed by the high school chorus singing "He" with Mrs. Ruth Obenchain as director.

The commencement address was given by Howard Bingham, Klamath Falls, who spoke of higher standards of learning and new ideas for the future. William Pohl, principal, presented awards to the following students: Sherie Rental, girls sports; Jerry Patzke, boys sports; Lillian Pool, citizenship award; Carl Pool, best typist; Leta

## Medical Leader Seeks MD Aid

SUN VALLEY, Idaho (AP)—The president of the American Medical Assn. says dedicated scientists should get lifetime grants for basic medical research.

"Unless we do this," said Dr. Louis M. Orr of Orlando, Fla., "we will fall further and further behind Russia, because it is impossible to do research and make a living at the same time."

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