

The Herald and News

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Berry Farm

By FLOYD L. WYNNE

Knott's Berry Farm is an example of Yankee ingenuity.

It's located in Buena Park, California, just outside Los Angeles, and close to Disneyland.

It's a long jump from a roadside berry stand to a business that attracts people from every state in the union, employs over 900 workers and represents untold money in exhibits alone.

But that's the jump that Walter and Cordelia Knott have made. From a roadside berry stand in 1920 to today's famous Knott's Berry Farm.

This was the second "must" on our vacation agenda.

We braved the freeways to arrive at the Berry Farm at about 11 a.m. and found it already crowded almost to capacity.

We headed first for the famous restaurant and their chicken and boysenberry pie. The restaurant can seat 1750 people, and records show that on Mothers day of last year, they served 14,645 dinners, including 2,110 berry pies and 64,212 biscuits.

That's cooking on a gigantic scale, and represents a mighty thriving eatery.

Last year, they served more than 1,700,000 dinners.

While delicious indeed, the dinner was only the beginning of a wonderful day.

While the womenfolk headed for the large group of variety shops situated around the square, the menfolk headed for the famous ghost town at the farm.

From modern shops you walk into the street of a typical western town of the early 1800's.

One of the first things you notice is the old berry stand at one side. It's the same berry stand that the Knotts first started from in 1920, complete even to boxes of berries (plastic, I guess).

The first street was lined with an old small steam engine, a buckboard and other contrivances, all of which provided perfect picture subjects.

Photographic as well as a Wells Fargo express office, complete to strongboxes, and an oldtimer keeping books behind a wire mesh cage.

There was also an old sheriff's office, and a typical old saloon (with a pantalooned female leg hanging outside an upper window).

I especially enjoyed a visit to the old newspaper office, complete to old newspapers, wanted posters, and of course, form letters and cards for the tourists.

Everywhere the flavor of the Old West is retained, made even more authentic by the antiques which were ever present.

Unquestionably Mr. Knott and his associates have combed most of the old ghost towns and the desertlands for these relics.

One entire street is lined with these old buildings.

One small window carries the statement, "Hitched - \$2.50; Unhitched - \$3.00." (It was much simpler in those days).

An old livery stable contained a fabulous collection of relics from the horse age. Buggies, surreys, hearses, sleighs . . . all horse-drawn types which take you back considerably in memory.

I looked at my two youngsters, realized that to them the horse age was ancient history, and then reflected that I could remember driving a horse and buggy (not for novelty, either). It added to the stoop of my shoulders and reminded me sharply of the tremendous progress this country has made in such a few short years.

Besides visiting all the various and sundry saloons, curio shops etc., we had time to sandwich in a trip around the farm atop a genuine stagecoach drawn by four horses. This, I think, for the boys was the highlight of the day, made absolutely complete when a masked bandit accosted and robbed the stage in a far corner of the park.

But, it was only the beginning of a busy day which included mining for gold (each boy brought back samples in a small bottle), trips on a train (an old one), a visit to the pool in the center of the park, where they had fun feeding the seals.

A trip to an Indian village and picture posing with a fully attired chief; yes, and such good old standbys as the merry-go-round and the miniature cars again. This time they were cut down versions of the old Model T.

Finally, weak in body but still eager in spirit, we trudged our way back to the car.

Just for the fun of it, I counted the different state licenses visible in one row of visiting cars. Out of 20 cars counted, there were 15 different states represented including Utah, Iowa, North Dakota, Il-

linois, Kansas and of course, Oregon, Washington, California and Nevada.

Also noted license plates from Canada.

It was a day well spent and thoroughly enjoyed. You might remember the spot, it's Knott's Berry Farm . . . Yankee ingenuity at its finest.

Gourmet Touch

By FLORENCE JENKINS

A Chicago packing firm has come up with a 'barbecue assortment' of chef's specialties ready to be shipped any place in the nation. It is not inexpensive.

The 44 portions of frozen meats, including 10 eight-ounce steaks, six 3-pound slabs of lean back ribs, eight quarters of chicken, eight wieners and just over 12 pounds of chopped steak patties, are all individually wrapped in Saran.

Contents of the Barbecue Special are blast-frozen for peak retention of flavor, juice and tenderness. Each box contains also a pair of long-handled, decorated wooden salt and pepper shakers and a two-ounce container of seasoning salt.

Such an enterprising concern deserves to be successful.

Prime steaks from Chicago are as appropriate as baking potatoes from the Klamath Basin. The difference between us and Chicago, of course, is that we have both steaks and potatoes out here. And the steaks are unfrozen which insures even more flavor and less loss of juice.

Crater Lake Potato Distributors have been putting out a gift box of Klamath Gold'n Gems (with a jar of wild plum jam in each box) for several years now. Visitors are always interested in products indigenous to the area they are visiting. If Oregon gets as many Centennial visitors as anticipated, some way might be devised to expose them to Klamath bakers. Only trouble is, delivery should be delayed until this year's crop.

Despite its being between-season for Klamath Netted Gems, we can still publicize our potatoes.

County Agent C. A. Henderson has passed along to us a brochure containing an article by Dr. James Hasson of Harley Street, London. Dr. Hasson was appointed by General de Gaulle as consultant physician to the Free French Forces for the 1940-45 period. Here is his opening statement:

"Potatoes are not fattening. They make you strong, slim and they lengthen your life."

He even recommends the Hasson Potato Diet for the average person to follow two to three days each week. "Potatoes are concentrated nourishment and they have other virtues, too," Dr. Hasson declares.

If a chef over-salts a dish, he drops in a few boiled potatoes because they will absorb the excess salt. Dr. Hasson's theory is that potatoes have the same quality in one's stomach—they absorb acidity. These acids are the equivalent of the excess salt in the sauce. He calls this removal process anti-toxination—which will add years to your life.

Just what we've always said.

A Most Unusual Fish

By NELSON REED

In the first place I want it understood that this was no ordinary trout such as other liars claim they catch, for I did catch it. This trout was spawned in the Year One P. D. R. when all his family, like a lot of other poor fish, were on relief.

For many years, he had fattened off alphabet soup and other subsidies. Being fat and indolent, like most believers in the Welfare State and the More Abundant Life, he was at first indifferent to my fly.

But a curiosity inherited from his ancestors which had not been entirely destroyed by a manager economy made him investigate. The moment he discovered the union label on my fly, he swallowed it. Once hooked, he showed no imagination, for all his life he had followed government instructions and voted the straight New Deal ticket. Against a rugged individualist he had no chance.

I was amazed at his size and weight until I cut him open and discovered that he was full of taxpayers' money!

SHORT RIBS

By Frank O'Neal

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The Big Issue

By CHARLES V. STANTON

Editor Roseburg News-Review
"The Republican Party needs an issue."

No truer words, to my mind, were ever spoken.

Our political parties for a long time have been walking side by side down the same road. "Me too" has been leveled with good reason against many Republican aspirants.

It seems to me there are many degrees in our political philosophy today.

On the extreme left we find our northern Democratic party. It includes Americans for Democratic Action, the all powerful ADA. The ADA is socialistically inclined and is, in fact, too radical for some Democrats. Also in the Northern Democratic camp are the party "liberals." The party has been endorsed by some of our labor leaders who hope, through political action, to gain favors for themselves and those they represent.

The Democratic Party includes a more conservative element, led by the Southern Democrats.

Whereas the northern branch of the party goes vigorously for socialism, strong central government, favoritism to gain votes, etc. the southern branch is a strong believer in states rights, decentralized government, constitutional procedure and general equality. In other words, it is a conservative wing.

Since 1932 the northern branch has had control of the party.

Southerners, who still remember their treatment following the War Between States, would vote for a yellow dog before they'd vote for anyone with a Republican label.

So, beaten in conventions, even though they once walked out and set up the Dixiecrats, they can only vote the Democratic ticket when general election day rolls around.

Republicans also are split.

For many years there has been a liberal wing of the Republican Party. Wendell Wilkie was one of the first nominees of that group. Since that time it has succeeded at every convention in naming the banner bearer.

Liberal Republicans, it seems to me, are more conservative than the northern Democrats, but more liberal than the southern branch of the Democratic Party.

Then we have the hard-shelled, ultra-conservatives of the Republican Party who, though out of power for many years, hold fast to their tenets.

Money, it seems to me, will "talk" as these various factions come together for a political clash in the near future.

The liberal Republican branch has been stirring up the "spending" issue. It is a good issue, I believe.

The northern branch of the Democratic Party has been seeking to combat the "spending" issue in numerous ways.

It has proposed more money for housing, feeling that thereby it will gain popularity with a greater number of underprivileged people, together with the lazy, indolent voters, and a big segment of industry that will benefit from home construction. It demands more money for education, hoping thereby to enlist the big and organized vote of educators. It would pour out more money for welfare, hoping

to get votes from indigents. At the same time it vigorously assails the liberal Republican group for proposing to "cut down federal expenditures for those in need."

On the other hand, a good many taxpayers are awakening to the fact that fewer and fewer workers must support more and more idlers.

Monte Carlo

By HAL BOYLE

MONTE CARLO (AP)—Help! Get me out of here or, better, lend me more francs. With a few hundred more francs I am sure I can whip the wheel—the roulette wheel that is.

From the time of my birth in Kansas City, Mo., I knew I was born to break the bank at Monte Carlo—or at least make the try.

Well, nobody can say I didn't make my play.

First I went to the dice table, and tried to throw the dice that are hereditary in my family and once won one of my ancestors in Missouri the right to build a canal between Sedalia and London—God speed being granted beyond state lines.

They wouldn't take my dice, and I got riled up and refused to use their dice.

By then my wife had got control of the family exchequer.

I explained I would break the bank at Monte Carlo at roulette. She said I was welcome to do so and God speed, but all she could lend me was 1,000 francs.

For a moment I thought she was bleeding generosity until I found out that 485 francs equals a dollar and 1,000 francs is only the sunny side of two bucks.

I found a roulette table where the going bet was 200 francs. Came to about 40 cents.

The table was surrounded by people who looked like they were either family advisers to the last Czar of Russia, or at least displaced cousins of Tovarich Trotsky. Each had a system.

They noted down the results of every turn of the wheel. They bet only about once out of every 30 times.

I passed up the 200,000-franc limit table myself and sportingly put down 200 francs on No. 29, a lucky number in my vocabulary because it has always seemed to me the last number before 30. And you know what 30 is. Finis. Exit. So long.

I played it five straight times. It never came up.

Yet when I walked away from the table you could almost feel the respect of those sick foreign aristocrats. They had seen the last of the boy plungers of the Western world spend his entire wad—about \$2.10—and stroll away tight-faced but smiling, bowing to a duke here, a duchess there.

The Almanac

Today is Thursday, June 18th, the 169th day of the year, with 196 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 1778, British forces abandoned Philadelphia to the American army.

In 1812, Congress declared war on Britain.

In 1815, Napoleon lost his empire and his glory in a nine-hour battle at Waterloo, near Brussels, Belgium.

In 1873, Susan B. Anthony was fined 100 dollars for having voted in the previous election.

In 1940, Prime Minister Churchill warned the House of Commons that the Battle of Britain was about to begin, and added, "let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will say, 'this was their finest hour.'"

Thought for today: Napoleon said, "from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step."

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



Roundup Set By Scouts

LAKEVIEW—Two delegates will leave Lakeview on June 29 for the Girl Scout Roundup at Colorado Springs, and two alternates from the Lake County groups will attend the camp for alternates at Port Angeles.

Delegates are Mavis Jean Kliever and Ellen Louise North. Mavis is the 15-year-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Paul Kliever and will be a sophomore at the Lakeview High School this fall. She has been active in scouting since the third grade, attended scout camps at Kiawaling, Astoria, for two years, and Cottonwood in Lake County. She will serve as a junior counselor at the latter camp this summer. She is active in 4-H, taking part in sewing and horsemanship projects, and is also active in high school groups and an honor student. Her hobbies include swimming, horseback riding, skiing and music.

Ellen Louise, 15, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Dean North, Lakeview. She started in Brownies in the second grade, has attended five years at Cottonwood Camp and will serve as junior counselor there this summer, and also will help with Brownie Day Camp. She has a 4-H project in the rock and mineral club. A member of Job's Daughters, she is an honor student, and is in several high school activities.

The alternates named were Janet Fae Steward and Sidney Lee Harlan. Janet is 14 and is a sophomore this fall. She has been in scouting for seven years and will also help as a junior counselor at Cottonwood Camp this year and will also assist with Brownie Day Camp.

Sidney is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Harlan and a senior scout. She has attended Cottonwood Camp, 4-H camp and a Bend church camp. She will also serve as a junior counselor and assist with Brownie Day Camp this year. She has been in 4-H work for two years with projects of cooking and rocks and minerals.

Legion Aux Picks Chiefs

MALIN—New officers of the Malin American Legion Auxiliary were installed in ceremonies Wednesday evening, June 10, in the community hall. Installing officers were Mrs. Francis Street, Mrs. Jim Ottoman and Mrs. George Bauer, all past presidents of the Malin Unit No. 84.

Installed were Mrs. Ed McCulley, president; Mrs. Jim Conroy, first vice president; Mrs. Ernest Gray, second vice president; and Mrs. Paul McCulley, secretary-treasurer. Outgoing president, Mrs. Philip Blohm was presented with a past president's pin by Mrs. Street on behalf of the unit.

It was announced that Wilma Clark will be attending Girls State in Salem and a check to cover her transportation was given to her. A district caucus will be held in Klamath Falls on Sunday, June 21, at 2:30 p.m. All those going to convention must attend this meeting.

Mrs. Blohm thanked all the officers and chairmen for their cooperation and help during the past year. Auxiliary members are to help in the food booth at the dance during Malin's 50th Celebration. Refreshments were served following the meeting by Mrs. Jim Ottoman and Mrs. Ed Petrasek.

The United States has a 99-year lease on naval and air bases in Newfoundland, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Jamaica, Antigua, St. Lucia, Trinidad and British Guiana.

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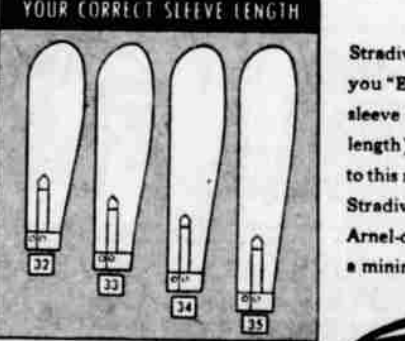
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Thought for today: Napoleon said, "from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step."

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