

The Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor
BILL JENKINS
Managing Editor
FLOYD WYNNE
City Editor
MAURICE MILLER
Circulation Mgr.
Ph. TU 4-4752

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Good Neighbor

By FLORENCE JENKINS

The Tulake Merchants Committee is cooperating with Oregon Centennial promotion this summer.

There is a big 25-foot by 13-foot sign on Highway 139 to greet motorists just about 10 minutes before they arrive in Tulake. It urges Oregon Centennial visitors to stop and see Tulake, the Lava Beds National Monument and Captain Jack's Stronghold on their way into Oregon.

After Ben Swartz, Klamath County Centennial chairman, spoke before members of the Tulake Rotary and Kiwanis clubs recently, a committee was named to tie in with Oregon's birthday anniversary.

Willard Morris of Lockwood Graders, Inc., was named as chairman of the merchants' committee, and is assisted by the manager of the Tulake branch of Bank of America, John Walker. On their committee are Robert Liddell of Liddell's Pharmacy, Virgil Barron, Shell Service Station, William McBride, Sportsman's Hotel, and A. P. Giacomelli of Jock's Market.

The group employed Bill Finch of Klamath Falls to do the art work and the big sign further advertises the area with a picture of a Mallard duck in flight, calling attention to the migratory waterfowl hunting season in the fall.

New and attractive markers have been put up for the Lava Beds and Captain Jack's Stronghold and there is ample space to park and really read the legend on the historical marker near which the new sign has been put up this week.

Take a look at it when you go to Tulake on Sunday to attend the annual Tulake Junior Rodeo. The events start at 1 p.m. California time—noon in Oregon.

'Quoth The Raven'

Sacramento (To the Editor)—When, yesterday, Edgar Allen Poe was read more widely than today, the anecdote was told of Mrs. New-Rich and her guest book. She had invited a brainy but rather poverty-stricken intellectual as weekend guest at her country estate. She used to brag about having such celebrities. When she insisted on his autograph in her guest book, she noticed he failed to inscribe any complimentary words under "Remarks." When she called his attention to his omission, he simply wrote the words: "Quoth the Raven."

Though ravens are never seen in certain areas of California, they are common in the Death Valley region. California Auduboners who venture abiding to Alaska also find them numerous on the beaches up there. At times the beach which exhibits ravens feasting upon the sea's upcast will show also arctic terns, kittiwakes and puffins. Bills of the latter are used by the Tingitis in making rattles for babies.

The raven is recognized as the most highly developed of all the birds. This, whether one observes him in the hot sands of Death Valley, or stealing gulls eggs on the beach front an Alaska Glacier, or hopping around on Scotland's purpled heather.

The raven, with its high intelligence, is as wise a cliff dweller as our redskins whose typical home is preserved in Mesa Verde National Park. The raven nest is almost always on a cliffside under a sheltering overhang. That it lays a half dozen eggs indicates a high annual mortality for this useful carrion eater. Perhaps this is due partially to seasons of food shortage. What humans could learn from birds as to such problems as overpopulation.

C. M. Goethe

Veterans

Klamath Falls (To the Editor)—Service to our country does mean something. War service, and to stand together as veterans, is apt to cost them very dearly. If they don't think they did anything special by giving their time and risking their lives to defend their country, then nobody else will think so. If the big majority of them continue to pay no attention to the fact that they are veterans and stay out of veterans' organizations, they can expect to see veterans' benefits disappear.

The new pension bill which was before congress at this last session is an example of what veterans can expect from their "the war's over, forget it" attitude. This bill seeks to modernize the veterans' pension program in the light of social development and changes, meaning that it is designed to integrate pensions with social security so the veteran will be just like anybody else.

If the American Legion and the V.F.W. had five million members each, such a bill would never be seriously considered. With both veterans' organizations struggling with little more than half that number, anything can happen.

The younger veterans have had abundant benefits because there was a powerful American Legion and V.F.W. at work for them during World War II.

Oscar S. Nissen WW I, 41 years consecutive membership in the American Legion.

Rich Or Poor?

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—Are you rich or poor?

Sometimes it's hard to tell, world values being what they are.

But here are a few tests to help you find your status gratis:

You're poor if you have to worry about keeping up with the Joneses.

You're rich if Jones asks, "Mind if I borrow your credit card?"

You're rich if you still have one good friend you knew when young.

You're poor if a panhandler takes one look at your face—and decides not to hit you up.

You're rich if you can say "Money isn't everything"—and name something it isn't.

You're poor if you can't.

You're rich if you're the healthiest guy in the poorhouse.

You're poor if they have to help you up the steps at the Country Club.

You're rich if they welcome you at a snob restaurant even though you're wearing tennis shoes.

You're rich if you can't even remember the names of all your former wives.

You're poor if you can't forget their names.

You're poor if you can't afford to own a car made before 1910.

You're rich if you walk to work—just because you like to.

You're rich if you can choose the particular ocean you prefer to swim in.

You're poor if you have to paint your own yacht.

You're rich—and probably over 70—if your second cousins still send you happy birthday cards.

You're poor if they cross the street to keep from meeting you.

You're poor if the only sunsets you see are on television.

You're rich if the singing of birds in the morning doesn't annoy you.

You're rich if you can't recall all the servants you've had in the last five years.

You're poor if you can recall only one—the wife.

You're rich if, when someone says "Let's go to the beach," you reach for a phone to charter a plane to Biarritz.

You're poor if the whole gang winds up at Coney Island.

You're rich if you wear that 15-year-old elbow-patched sports jacket because they don't make 'em like that anymore.

You're poor if you still wear it because you can't afford a new one like it anymore.

So, Johnson said: "I've been mad enough sometimes in the Senate to tell someone to go take

a running jump. But I didn't. I couldn't make him go. And the next day he'd still be around but he'd be less irritated at me then."

This may explain in part why Johnson hasn't struck back savagely at his critics, of whom there have been quite a number this year.

Strangely, whether or not President Eisenhower's daddy gave him the same advice, Eisenhower has followed the same policy as Johnson.

Eisenhower has carefully avoided personal attacks, anger at an individual, or statements that would make someone mad at him personally.

Ironically and unintentionally the attacks on Johnson—whatever their reason—may be a big factor in getting him consideration for the Democratic presidential nomination in 1960.

The reason: by focusing on him more attention than he might otherwise get for his methods, his performance and his political philosophy, which can be described as moderate. He calls himself a "prudent progressive."

Until this year Johnson, probably the smoothest Senate leader in this century and certainly one of the least noisy, had an almost magic existence, free of criticism. No wonder. That advice his daddy gave him was calculated to avoid making enemies.

Then from the least suspected source—a comparative newcomer in the Senate—the first shot was fired. Sen. William Proxmire (D-Wis.) belabored Johnson for what he called too much one-man rule.

He complained Johnson didn't consult his fellow Democrats enough on the legislation to be passed. A small handful of Democrats echoed Proxmire. Johnson waited a minute. When he did reply, he was very mild.

Then in one-two-three-four order Johnson and his fellow Texan, Speaker Sam Rayburn, leader of the House Democrats, got a pasting.

First to let go at Democratic leadership in Congress was the Democratic National Committee's advisory council, made up of prominent Democrats; then Americans for Democratic Action; then the National Committee for an Effective Congress; then Paul Butler, Democratic national chairman.

Boiling down to what they all said, this was the complaint: That the Democratic leadership in Congress wasn't leading enough, wasn't fighting for bigger programs which, if Eisenhower vetoed them, would make campaign issues in 1960, and was playing too much ball with Eisenhower.

Johnson's reaction—his public reaction—that is—was again pretty mild, something in the nature of "Aw, fellows, come around some other time; don't you see I have a lot of work to do?"

What he said was: He felt his job was to get through as much legislation as possible and not waste time trying to create issues.

At the 1960 Democratic convention no Southern segregationist has a chance for the presidential nomination. Johnson, although a Southerner, can't be put in that class. In 1957 he steered through the Senate the first civil rights bill in this century.

If the Northern Democratic liberals fail to put over one of their choosing and the choice has to be on a middle-of-the-roader—someone not too distasteful to either Southerners or liberals—the attention Johnson's critics have heaped on him may come in very handy.

Misunderstanding

By FRANK ELEAZER

WASHINGTON (UPI)—Thank goodness we've got it straightened

out now about those enlisted men who cook, make beds, babysit and mow grass for the generals. It turns out they aren't really servants at all. They are professional men in pursuit of their honored careers.

Assistant defense secretary Charles C. Finucane cleared it all up Thursday for House Armed Services subcommittee which had been a little upset. It was mostly a misunderstanding, apparently, and we reporters, as usual, were largely to blame.

"It is one thing to refer to an individual as a member of a personal staff or as performing personal services, and quite another thing to refer to him in the capacity of a servant," Finucane explained.

"The use of proper terminology will serve to clarify statements appearing in the press recently concerning the number of individuals serving on personal staffs."

In the first place, said the assistant secretary, it says right in the law that "no officer of the Army may use an enlisted member of the Army as a servant."

So obviously such practices wouldn't be tolerated.

Of course, "personal staffs" are provided for certain generals' and admirals, and for a limited number of colonels and captains. Members of these staffs, erroneously pictured heretofore as houseboys and yardmen and the like, actually are relieving our busy officers of "numerous administrative chores," associated with their important positions.

Finucane was unhappy about the unfortunate impression apparently held by some people that "these types of occupations are in some degree degrading." He said the fact is that "millions of American citizens make honorable and self-satisfying careers of these very professions."

Subcommittee chairman Melvin Price (D-Ill.) commended Finucane for his "very clear" explanation. However, there was one hard-to-please member.

"How many stewards are there assigned to the chief of naval operations?" demanded Rep. Frank Kowalski (D-Conn.), a former enlisted man, West Point graduate, and career officer, who first aired the ugly charge that GI's by the thousands were working as servants.

Finucane didn't know. Kowalski said the number was six.

The congressman said three stewards each also are assigned to some other admirals here. What do they do? He wanted to know.

Finucane said they maintain the public quarters, in which the admirals live.

Kowalski said his inquiry shows they maintain the quarters by making the admirals' beds, cooking and serving their meals, sweeping their floors, and scrubbing their toilets.

"How much do these servants cost the taxpayer?" Kowalski demanded.

"We have no servants in the military," Finucane responded.

As for personal staffs, he indicated they can't cost very much, because only 2,070 soldiers, sailors and airmen are so assigned, all over the world.

Kowalski thought the key word here was "assigned." He wondered how many more GI's, carried on the books as clerk-typists or tank drivers, actually just work for generals.

Finucane said he resented this deeply.

By now it was close to 1 p.m., and the subcommittee quit for lunch. I guess Finucane's party planned to eat at the officers' mess at the Pentagon. Anyway, two chauffeured cars were waiting to take them away.

The Almanac

United Press International
Today is Friday, July 17, the 198th day of the year, with 167 more days to follow in 1959.

The moon is approaching its full phase.

The evening stars are Saturn, Jupiter, Venus and Mars.

On this date in history:
In 1821, Florida was formally ceded to the U.S. by Spain.

In 1862, Abraham Lincoln won power to conscript men into the armed forces.

In 1897, Rudyard Kipling's poem, "Recessional," was published for the first time in the London Times.

In 1898, the Cuban city of Santiago surrendered to the U.S. in the Spanish-American War.

In 1917, the British Royal House changed its family name from Saxe-Coburg and Gotha to Windsor.

In 1936, the Spanish Civil War began.

Thought for today: Rudyard Kipling said, "And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

They'll Do It Every Time

WHEN MRS. FUTELESS IS DRIVING FRIEND HUBBY BEMOANS WHAT SHE'S DOING TO THE FAMILY BUS....



By Jimmy Hatlo

BUT HOW DOES HE TREAT IT WHEN HE'S ON A FISHING OR HUNTING TRIP? THAT'S DIFFERENT!



9 Negro Pupils Fail To Enroll

ATLANTA, Ga. (AP)—Nine Negroes who obtained admission forms for all-white Georgia State College of Business Administration failed to return them to the school in time for a July 15 deadline, college officials reported Thursday.

Junior Rodeo

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Farmer Happy Over Move

ADELAIDE, Australia (AP)—Stanley Yankus, who sold a prosperous Michigan chicken farm for \$30,000 and moved his family to Australia, is working here as a \$36-a-week clerk.

And he's happy about it because "nothing is complicated." He left the United States to get away from government agricultural controls.

"I don't feel the least hurt at starting where I am," said the 40-year-old American. "It's a legitimate, honest job—and a beginning."

Nation Wide

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By Frank O'Neal

KID STUFF! WATCH THIS LITTLE TWENTY DOLLAR GOLD PIECE.

