

The Herald and News

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Join 'Em

By BILL JENKINS

The sacred cause of daylight saving time keeps rearing its head in our fair state.

Lately every time it has stuck its head up it has had it kicked off.

But the time is coming when the measure won't take this sort of public punishment and will manage to keep its head up.

I predict this with a sense of confidence which is little less than impudent.

Since editors are supposed to take stands on vital issues (a statement I read in a book on journalism once I propose to now take a stand.

I have opposed the time switch in the past simply because it seemed silly to me that time, of all things, should be a matter of state preference. The sole and shining instance in which I think something would be better off under federal than state control.

I have gotten exactly nowhere with this stand. People I run into, either intentionally or otherwise, are always against me. I don't see where all these people came from who voted in DST out at the polls. I have never seen any of them. Like Custer, I haven't the foggiest idea as to where all the Indians came from.

The situation is just like a poker game. Five players and five losers the next day. Everyone lost. No one voted for standard time but it somehow became a law in Oregon. I've never talked to anyone who voted against DST.

Well, since I haven't been able to lick 'em, I propose to join 'em.

Cut loose your wolf, boys! I'm on your side. I'm tired of being the solitary figure on the horizon. I crave the company of human emotions. Not that I think the whole world hinges on the subject of fast time. It's just that I figure if I take this stand maybe people will quit asking me where I stand on the subject.

Actually it couldn't mean less to me because somewhere along the line something slipped. When it came to a built-in sense of time consciousness I must have been behind the door when they were passing out the schedule.

I consider myself well off if I can remember what day it is, much less what time it is.

Maybe the answer lies in the fact that I wasn't meant for this complex world where we are supposed not only to know where we are, where we are going and why but also to know when.

I am the possessor of two wrist watches, one of which keeps good time and the other of which doesn't.

And it doesn't make the slightest difference to me which one I'm wearing. I'm always either early or late. One of the two.

So I can't see much sense in my worrying personally.

But I did want to do my bit for journalism and take a stand. Put my foot down. Firmly.

But I guess the effort isn't really very firm. The sound of my foot going down is about like that made by pounding a fur cap with a lamb's tail.

And I don't care. So there.

Strikes

By FLORENCE JENKINS

When a strike ties up an entire industry, its effects are felt throughout the nation.

Trouble between labor and management has by no means been confined to our own country over the years.

Fifty years ago last Tuesday saw the start of Sweden's biggest open labor conflict, a general strike. It made the year 1909 a significant one in that country's history. During that year there were strikes and lockouts and finally the employers declared an extensive lock-out. The trade unions countered with a general strike in which about 300,000 workers participated.

It was a peaceful strike, apparently, with the strikers going fishing or starting to work on farms at first. The financial resources of the unions were small and in one month the strike was over. The employers won, if anyone can be said to win a strike.

The labor unions lost about one-half of their membership and it was not until the first World War that they regained the ground lost.

Today, the Swedish Confederation of Trade Unions has a total membership of about 1 1/2 million. In relation to population, it is the largest free labor organization in the world.

One very significant thing happened as a result of the labor troubles of 50 years ago in Sweden. Emigration to America in-

creased rapidly. In 1909, some 22,000 Swedes came to America to live. In 1910, the total was 28,000. Before the troubles were over the yearly figure rose to 40,000 persons. At that rate, it doesn't take very long to deplete the labor pool of a small nation.

The United States benefited, of course, as the majority of the newcomers were industrious and became hard-working, good citizens.

Fishing Widows

By NELSON REED

Listen, you Goller's Gals, while I give you an earful. Maybe your Cross to Bear neglects his job and family and gets home to dinner late sometimes, but does he stay out all night most every Saturday night?

Does he come dragging in Sunday, long after dark, covered with mud and dirt, looking as if he had slept in a ditch, with the disposition of a porcupine with ingrown quills?

Does he mumble in his sleep about "backtail touchmen and caddies" and then leap out of bed screaming for aspirin for the cramps in his beaten up old legs? Does he crawl off to the office on Monday, mauling "get along little doggies, get along," the same having nothing to do with cows, but refers to his own poor feet and broken arches?

"But it won't last much longer that is the fishing season won't, you say," and there's gold in the snow files.

How wrong can you be? Before that fishy smell has gone from his ragged old pants, my old man will be gabbling about hunting. Just around the corner is the sagehen season, then the dove season, then the grouse season, and the quail season and the pheasant season, and last and longest and worst of all the duck season.

From the very first day, it is legal to shoot anything that flies or even before, maybe, till the last lone duck has gone south on its annual Cook's tour, my menace has either just gone hunting, or he is just recovering from having hunted yesterday.

I guess there is no use hoping that when the cramps get so bad he can't go any more about he'll have to quit. He'll find a way, even if it means motorizing a wheeled chair or putting poisons on it.

Klamath Backgrounds

The 1800s

This decade saw the growth of towns. Fort Klamath, often called the most beautiful frontier post of America, was the social center of eastern Oregon. Situated in the beautiful Wood River Valley, above Upper Klamath Lake, its many white buildings found a foil in the lush green of the setting.

The 1860s

Boats steamed along the lakes and river; mills were begun; the first church was built in Lakeview. On the debit side, cattle trails developed in the Lost River Valley, as evidenced by a lumbstone which says "murdered by masked assassins."

Boats were further developed; great freight wagons and later stages found their way up Topsy Grade, beside Klamath River from the railroad. Yarns are yet told about hold-ups, of buried gold, how gold was sometimes shipped in boxes marked as bolts and nails.

Big lumber companies became interested in the vast forests of Fun-Gerous Pine; railroad talk was heard on every hand.

And while the hum of progress was in the air, some citizens found the name Lakeview too insignificant. So, by vote of the citizens, the name was changed to Klamath Falls.

Career Passenger

By HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—If you are looking for a new and inexpensive hobby, why not become a career passenger?

A career passenger is a person who enjoys motoring but doesn't know how to drive a motor car—and doesn't intend to learn. He just goes along for the ride.

America has been a nation on wheels for so long now that any able-bodied person who admits he can't drive an auto is looked upon with pity, as if he suffered an affliction of some kind.

Years ago, when I first confessed in print my inability to steer a four-wheeled vehicle, I received a postcard from a reader saying:

"You abuse the right of a college graduate to be ignorant. God must have been asleep when you were born."

Actually, however, there are still millions of us career passengers, and both pity and contempt are wasted on us. We don't intend to learn to drive, because we are lazy in our ignorance. We feel we get more sheer pleasure out of motoring than anyone.

The driver is tense and anxious. He sees only highway markers and the white winding line on the road. But the career passenger is free to enjoy the beautiful scenery—and to tell the driver all the wonderful sights he is missing.

Traffic jams don't disturb the career passenger. He merely pulls out a newspaper or a copy of Tolstoy's "War and Peace," and reads serenely until the jam is broken.

Motoring gives him no ulcers. He never worries about the crazy drivers in other cars. Not being a driver himself, he is unaware of the idiots behind other wheels or the peril they put him in.

To be a career passenger sounds easy. But there is an art to it—as there is to any profession or hobby. Here are a few general rules to follow if you expect to become a real pro:

1. Never sit in the back seat. If you get the reputation of being a back seat driver, your career will be ruined.
2. Fight down any temptation to be helpful. If the driver hands you a road map, hold it upside down and ask cheerfully, "where is it?" The driver will shake his head, take back the map and find his own way. Then if he takes the wrong road it is his responsibility.
3. Give praise, but give it judiciously—the praise a driver brings for from his wife but rarely gets. Every half hour compliment him on how he made a curve. If you can't honestly praise his driving, praise the performance of the car.
4. Motoring has the same effect on a driver that a psychiatrist's couch has on a hypochondriac. He will want to tell you his life story. You don't have to listen to him, but you should pretend to. Just say "m-m-m-mmm" now and then, and he'll never know the difference.
5. Don't offer to pay part of the gas or oil costs. You have done enough for the driver by listening to him and praising him. Having served as a medicine to his ego, why should you offer him money?
6. If his car breaks down, don't offer to help. Get out and hitch-hike another ride. Your professional standing as a career passenger will be impaired if word gets around that you're helpful in an emergency. Avoid any feeling of gratitude. Remember, you are neither a parasite or a sponge. Your role is creative.

It is the driver who should be grateful. You are perhaps the one person in the world he can feel superior to—at least while he is behind the wheel—and therefore you are filling a vital need in his life.

He's lucky you don't charge him for the ride.

The Almanac

United Press International
Today is Thursday, August 6, the 219th day of the year, with 147 more days in 1959.

The moon is in its first quarter. The morning star is Mercury.

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

On this date in history:

In 1890, William Kemmler—the first person in the United States to be electrocuted for murder—died in the electric chair in Auburn, New York.

In 1914, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the president, died in the White House.

In 1928, Miss Gertrude Ederle of New York swam the English Channel in 14 hours and 31 minutes, the first American woman to do so.

In 1928, the first talking movie shorts were shown at the Warner Brothers Theater in New York.

In 1930, New York State Supreme Court Judge Joseph Cramer stepped into a New York City taxicab and was never seen or heard of again.

In 1940, Italy invaded British Somaliland, starting the Battle of Africa in World War II.

In 1945, President Harry Truman announced that an atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, Japan, beginning the nuclear age.

Thought for today: Russian novelist Leo Tolstoy said, "A man having no freedom cannot be conceived of except as deprived of life."

SHORT RIBS

By Frank O'Neal

HERE WE GO! HOLD TIGHT!

WERE BARELY MOVING!

WONDER WHAT'S WRONG?

THINK YOU MADE IT OUT OF THE WRONG BOX??

Falls, "to let the world know of our water power."

Though the falls vanished with the first electric-power dam, the stories of how Link River sometime blew dry and citizens craved on dry land like the Israelites on the Red Sea; stories of all the millions of little frogs and the water snakes which led on them; of fish which still abound, these are still told.

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

WHAT'D HE PUT THE KROSH ON IT FOR? FITS THE ONLY GOOD RACKET THE CLUB THROWS ALL YEAR—

THEY SAY THE CLUB LOST MONEY ON IT—THE TICKETS WEREN'T SELLING WELL AND THE THING WOUND UP IN A BRIAL LAST YEAR—

LOST MONEY ON IT IS DON'THE BROUGHT IN A REGIMENT OF HIS PENTHOUSE BEACH-COMBER PILLS ON THE ARM—

WELL, AT LEAST THEY GOT SOMETHIN' ELSE TO MOAN ABOUT INSTEAD OF THE FOOD IN THE DINING ROOM—

AND AFTER I GOT A TROOP OF ACROBATS AND A TRICK GOLFER TO PUT ON A SHOW FOR US—

THE ONES DOING THE BELLYDANCIN' WEREN'T GOING TO PUT ON THE PICNIC ANYWAY—

NO PICNIC IS A SUCCESS UNLESS IT'S CALLED OFF—

TAKE US OUR LIT IS OFF TO LEW LIPTON, THE MADNESS CLUB, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Iron Structure Being Junked, Woodies Happy

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—Here's good news for frustrated woodpeckers.

They're tearing down an architectural rarity—the Cast Iron Building that has housed the American Trust Co. here for 25 years.

The four-story structure was created from cast iron moulds, put together like a jig-saw puzzle, and would cost around five million dollars to duplicate. The bank is replacing it with a modern 12-story building.

Many sections of the Cast Iron Building will be given to museums around the country as a memento of a building that was built to last.

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Army Unveils 1965 Soldier

WASHINGTON (UPI)—The Army has unveiled what it calls the "ultimate weapon" for the 1965 era—a soldier.

He is unlike any soldier familiar to the layman of 1959 and all the years that have gone before. He wears a helmet with built-in radio, infra-red binoculars and his own rocket device for leaping around battle fields.

The "soldier of tomorrow" was designed by the Army's Combat Development Experimentation Center at Ford Ord, Calif., and was exhibited Monday at the opening of the annual meeting of the Association of the U. S. Army.

The soldier of the future and all the electronics miracles and missiles he will need will take a lot of money but the Army made clear that it thinks it already has the know-how to "produce" him.

"We need the green light and the green cash," Gen. Bruce C. Clarke, U. S. Continental Army commander, said.

Lumber Workers Sign Agreement

PORTLAND (AP)—The Simpson Logging Co. and the Lumber and Sawmill Workers signed a new contract providing wage increases and benefits covering some 1,800 plywood and door factory workers; the company said Wednesday.

The announcement said the pact which covers workers in four Oregon plants and one in Washington, replaces a contract negotiated last year, which was to have run through June 30, 1960.

New provisions include a 2 1/2 percent wage increase; three weeks vacation for employees with three years seniority; and payment of two cents an hour into a fund for bracket adjustment of various jobs.

The new contract, the company said, was ratified by the employees.

Quotes

WASHINGTON—Vice President Richard M. Nixon, pleading for courteous treatment of Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev when Khrushchev visits this country next month:

"I suggest and urge that in the interest of peace and justice the people of our country show him the same courtesy that the people of the Soviet Union showed me. The impression of us that he brings back to Russia will be important."

COON RAPIDS, Iowa—Coon farmer Roswell Gerd, an expert in modern agriculture, welcoming Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev's proposed visit to his farm and saying the world would be safer if the Russians learn more about raising food:

"Better fed people are more friendly people."

GENEVA—Secretary of State Christian A. Herter, speaking in the final session of the deadlocked Big Four foreign ministers conference in Berlin:

"I would hope that we will resume our negotiations at a date to be determined by our governments, in order to address these differences one by one. If we can reconcile these differences, this should lead to an agreement which will give real hope for a secure position for the people of West Berlin."

WASHINGTON—Chairman Warren G. Magnuson (D - Wash.) of the Senate Commerce Committee, commenting on the federal - aid highway program:

"The governors cut all the ribbons and we raise the taxes."

LONDON—A member of the Coldstream Guards regiment, defending fellow guardsman who was confined to barracks after he broke the tradition of standing still as a statue outside Buckingham Palace and allegedly bumped, kicked or tripped an American tourist:

"She asked for it. She really provoked him. I understand she not only smugged at him but poked his beakskin (hat) and called him a shrew-off."

SAN FRANCISCO—Former Republican Senator William F. Knowland, criticizing President Eisenhower's invitation to Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev to visit this country:

"An invitation to Hitler or Khrushchev while Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Holland and a part of France were held in Nazi subjugation would have shocked the conscience of the free world. What is morally wrong can never be politically or diplomatically right."



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