

The Herald and News

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Bad Night

By BILL JENKINS

"Twas a dark and stormy night . . ." said the mate. So goes the story. And so it was around our little plywood shack in the pines one dark and stormy night earlier in the week.

Looking back on it I guess the blame for the whole thing lies with me. I was trying to treat dogs like human beings, a horrid thing at best.

To make a short story long and boring here's how it all happened. I think it was Sunday night. Maybe it was Monday. I don't know. Anyway it had been a dark and stormy afternoon. It was cold. It was raw. The wind was blowing. The lake was frozen over. So much for the scene.

Inside the house all was peace, quiet and warmth. Harmony ruled. Dinner, spare ribs as I recall, had been served and I had fled to the basement. It was warm and cozy down there and I was whittling away on a shotgun fore end.

Suddenly I am conscious of the desperate whining of the dogs in their run outside. They sounded lonely. They sounded forlorn. Their voices carried the theme of man's inhumanity to dog. Here I was down in that warm basement, digesting all that fine food, basking in the rays of heat from the stove. And there they were, alone, forgotten, out in the cold.

It got right to me. Cut right down to the core. I went all soft and gooey. Choking with Sunday evening emotion I rushed out and let them in.

That's where the trouble started. They were hungry. They had just been fed but they were hungry. They were also lonely. They wanted to play. They wanted companionship. And they also wanted to bay at the wind. But this I didn't realize until too late.

The upshot of the thing was that I let them stay inside instead of putting them out for the night. I bedded them down with kind words and tender pats. I gave them a nightcap dog biscuit. I filled their water bucket with fresh, cold water. And I went to bed.

Along about three thirty in the morning I was finally brought to a full and wrathful consciousness by the yelling of the dogs. They sounded like demons screaming from some dungeon. As a backdrop to this I could hear the rain roaring on the back porch and the drip off the window open beside the bed.

Acting on my usual suicidal impulse I dashed frantically into the fray attired fetchingly in a pair of bedroom slippers and nothing else. Choking with curses, all my former compassion drowned in the awakening, I opened the basement door and ordered the dogs to their run. One, the boxer, went obediently. The other, the Saint Bernard, grinned in a diabolical way and headed for the brush on the other side of the driveway with me in hot pursuit.

Into this rain drenched jungle we plunged, first the dog, then me. We emerged on the driveway again in the same order. He crossed the road with me in close order, shouting at the top of my voice. Seizing the opportunity I launched a mighty kick at his after section. He dodged. One slipper flew in a graceful parabola and disappeared in the brush. I slipped in the mud with the other foot and found myself lying flat on my back in the drive. To my right the brush was shaking violently. Much as if a large dog were rolling about in mirth.

Launching a mighty oath in the general direction of the dog I again hurled myself into the soaking brush. Mud splattered and wet as I was I must have resembled a Cuban rebel at the moment. And my heart was just as full of hate.

No dog. I stooped and peered under the brush, gaining only a poke in the eye from a low growing shrub for my pains. I fouled the fence line. No dog. I howled and cursed and the wind snatched my rage and flung it to the skies.

I finally broke out into the clear and there was the dog, sitting in his run, licking his paws and waiting for me to lock the gate. From the snug depths of the dog house the other dog peered at me with obvious curiosity. What was that fellow doing out in all that rain?

I slammed the gate, succeeding in smashing my thumb while I was at it, abandoned the lost slipper to the mire and headed back to bed, a crushed and beaten man.

Only now have I regained sufficient composure to look back over the incident with anything like my usual aplomb.

And I can only come to one conclusion:

Never treat a dog like a human being.

They won't stand for it.

Proper Tribute

By FLOYD L. WYNNE

DEATH has erased a gifted figure from the political arena. The death of Sen. Richard L. Neuberger struck with complete unexpectedness.

His health had been a matter of increasing concern for some months, and it was felt that he had been pushing himself very hard following a cancer operation, but his death struck with such suddenness as to leave a complete vacuum.

WHILE THE POLITICIANS scramble for the loose ends that his death have opened on the political scene, let's talk about the man, himself.

I think Senator Neuberger, in his own words, better explained what he stood for, politically, and what he was striving for, more than any words anyone else might write.

In a letter which I received from him, written only four days before his death, he summed up his goals and ideals.

HE SAID, in part, "I only hope that I can continue to merit your faith and confidence. I think you realize that, while we do not agree on all political issues, I believe we have much in common in believing that those in government must have the political courage and fiscal responsibility to insist upon adequate financing of the projects and proposals which they favor. I have tried to follow such a policy during my first term in the Senate, and should I be reelected, I intend to continue pursuing such a program."

HE WAS ALSO AWARE that his health was in deep danger. In the same letter he commented, "I also am grateful for your comments about my health. I have had constant checkups from my doctors and, of course, Mrs. Neuberger and I are very grateful that they have found no evidence of recurrence of the malignancy which I suffered in 1958."

"However, I have had no real vacation for five years, not even after major surgery. This has resulted in a decline of my resistance which left me vulnerable to a very painful case of shingles as well as two very severe bouts of Asian flu."

"The doctors now insist that I take the convalescence and rest which I should have undergone a long time ago. I am learning that I am not Tarzan—a lesson which I guess comes to a good many of us."

IN HIS CASE, it was a lesson that came too late. His letter, though, was a case in point. Even though he had been told to take it easy, the fact that he found time to write to me concerning a recent editorial indicated that his idea of resting was still one of considerable concentrated activity.

WRITING A PROPER eulogy is an impossibility. A man's accomplishments live longer in history than any words that can ever be spoken of him.

Sen. Richard Neuberger won the office of U.S. senator despite the militant opposition of the Republican Party. He lived to see many of that same Republican Party change their minds and their attitudes toward him.

He was the most able publicist that the Pacific Northwest and particularly Oregon has ever had. His writings were voluminous and widely printed.

His work in the Senate earned

him the great respect of his colleagues, and even more important, the great respect of his fellow Oregonians.

THE NATION has lost an able legislator. The Senate has lost a capable colleague.

Oregon has lost one of its best supporters. And we have lost a highly respected friend.

Taxes

By FLORENCE JENKINS

The annual statement, just received, from American Telephone and Telegraph Company, contains a lot of food for thought.

Is it possible that we may be on our way to taxing our public utilities out of existence? If so, what happens then?

"Taxes on Bell System service in 1959 average \$3.39 per telephone per month," the report states. "Federal, state and local taxes on operations were \$1,690,233,000, equal to \$7.66 per share of A.T.&T. stock, or considerably more than the earnings per share of \$5.22."

"In addition, telephone users paid directly some \$600,000,000 in federal excise taxes. "Last year, Congress voted to terminate the excise tax on local telephone service on June 30, 1960."

A.T.&T. strongly opposed continuation of this tax and has urged repeal of the excise tax on long distance calls. It maintains that telephone excise taxes are unjust and discriminatory and should be eliminated entirely.

At the end of 1959, the Bell System served nearly 58 million telephones, of which 96 per cent were dial-operated. Some 15 million customers (nearly twice as many as a year ago) can now dial long distance calls to points all over the country.

High interest rates are one aspect of rising costs of this major public utility.

Taxes, already heavy, climbed further in 1959, the company reports. "It is vitally important that we maintain vigorous research, develop more efficient equipment and methods," the report states.

"Looking ahead, we are confident that with human resources second to none—with constant improvement of physical facilities—with betterment in earnings—and with the prospect of sustained growth in the nation's need for service—the Bell System will maintain and advance its leadership in the new world of communications," it concluded.

No Victory

By JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP) — Eleven months. No victory, really. No defeat. Nothing settled or solved. And yet in these 11 months there has been a big change.

You couldn't help but feel it this week at the news conference of Christian A. Herter who just a little less than 11 months ago succeeded John Foster Dulles as secretary of state. Dulles was then dying of cancer.

Herter is a friendly, even a genial, kind of man who seems to answer questions directly. He certainly answers simply. He gives an impression of great honesty, but not an impression of great power.

Dulles was different. He talked like a man who had rehearsed—by having his aides ask him the questions newsmen might ask him—his answers beforehand, carefully down to the last phrase.

But you never had any doubt, listening to Dulles and watching him, that he had power to spare. There was never any doubt that he was speaking not only for him-

self but for President Eisenhower, too, and that Eisenhower approved ahead of time.

The power was there, all right. Between the time he took office in 1953 and the time he went down with cancer early in 1959 Dulles made foreign policy. No secretary of state probably ever had been so trusted by a president.

Gradually, after Herter took over, Eisenhower began to assert himself and, in time, he became the great traveler. More and more it has become apparent that Eisenhower, not Herter, is making the decisions in foreign policy.

In these past 11 months the war without a war with the Soviet Union has quieted down. There is even some hope that good may come of Eisenhower's summit meeting in May with Premier Nikita Khrushchev.

As a result of Eisenhower's increasing dominance in the foreign field, Herter seems to have retreated more into the background. Nothing has really happened—in the sense of solutions—since Herter took office.

We seem to be in a period of waiting, perhaps waiting to see what happens between Eisenhower and Khrushchev. But just because Herter is a mild and genial man he gives this impression, too.

Between now and the time he and the Eisenhower administration leave office in January, 1961, Herter is in a position to make some decisions or settlements hardly seem expected.

It is almost as if Herter had become the caretaker of American foreign policy between the forceful and often explosive regime of Dulles and some new administration.

And yet this cannot be overlooked: Perhaps the present period of quiet—between the United States and the Soviet Union—would never have been possible so long as Dulles ran the show. The Soviets were hugely antagonistic to him.

The milder Herter throws no kerosene on the fire. And it is perhaps just because he is a non-inflammable man that the Soviets were willing to talk in a low key, at least for a while.

Almanac

By United Press International

Today is Friday, March 11, the 71st day of the year, with 295 more days in 1960.

The moon is approaching its full phase.

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

On this day in history:

In 1861, delegates to the Confederate Congress in Montgomery, Ala., adopted the constitution of the Confederacy.

In 1880, a four-day blizzard began in New York . . . ended with 30-foot snowdrifts.

In 1927, more than 6,000 persons cheered as veteran showman Samuel Roxy Rothafel opened his spectacular new Roxy Theater in New York City.

In 1941, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt signed into law the hotly debated Lend Lease bill.

A thought for today: U.S. President Franklin Delano Roosevelt said: "The only limit to our realization of tomorrow will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith."

Quotes

United Press International

LONDON—Dress designer Norman Hartnell, keeping mum about details of the wedding gown he is creating for Princess Margaret: "All I can say is that I have taken into consideration all Princess Margaret's known likes and dislikes."

HOLLYWOOD — A spokesman for the State Unemployment Compensation Office, stating approximately 1,200 persons have applied for aid because of the actors' strike:

"I haven't seen or heard of any of the big stars having applied. And, of course, if I did I couldn't reveal the names."

WASHINGTON—John C. Doerfer, resigning as chairman of the Federal Communications Commission following criticism of him for accepting hospitality from the president of a radio-TV chain:

"A number of these contacts (the job brings about) eventually ripen into friendships, which, despite appearances, do not imperil the integrity of either the government official or the member of the industry."

CARDIFF, Wales — Patrick Haines, discussing his plans to turn the 102-year-old Bethel Baptist Church into a strip-tease club: "I guarantee we'll have a bigger congregation than the old Bethel ever had."

'They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



Hopefuls, Public Schedule Meeting

The first opportunity for all voters to meet candidates for county offices — a number growing daily — will be this Sunday at Shasta School.

There a breakfast will be held from 8 to 11 a.m. All candidates from both parties are invited, and the public is invited to meet them.

The breakfast is sponsored by the Klamath County Democrat Club, but is strictly nonpartisan. Proceeds from sales of \$1 adult and 50-cent children's tickets will go into a scholarship fund. Use of the scholarship is to be announced later.

The breakfast promises an opportunity to meet candidates for office, and at the same time eat all you wish. Shasta School is on Madison Street one block south of Shasta Way.

Installation Set By Local Lodge

Neighbors of Woodcraft, Phoenix Circle No. 242, will host a joint installation of officers April 9 at 8 p.m. in Phoenix Community Club Hall.

Klamath Falls Circle 647 and circles from Medford, Grants Pass and Ashland are also expected to send delegates.

The organization will conduct a district "pop meeting" in Eugene March 19 at 8 p.m. in Knights of Pythias Hall, 1230 Lawrence Street.

All district officers are asked to wear formal dress.

INCREASE PROFICIENCY PAY

WASHINGTON (UPI)—The Defense Department Tuesday authorized the payment of \$60 a month in proficiency pay to each of 10,000 specialists in the military services. Proficiency pay, authorized in 1958, until now has been limited to \$30 a month.

Court Records

KLAMATH FALLS MUNICIPAL COURT

Tommy Belheim, drunk, \$25 or five days.
John O. Gray, drunk, \$25 or five days.
Lindsey Pompey, drunk, \$25 or five days.

Sam Rodriguez, drunk, \$25 or five days.
Clyde Vaughn, drunk, \$25 or five days.
Russell Samuel House, drunk, \$25 or five days.

Edward McQuinn, vagrancy, \$100 and 30 days.

KLAMATH COUNTY DISTRICT COURT

Joseph Eugene Day, truck speeding, \$150 forfeited.

Lester J. Thornton, combination overload, \$41 forfeited.

Neal Patrick Chatterton, fail stop at stop sign, \$5 forfeited.

Richard Blaine Husted, violation basic rule, \$10.

David Francis Eaker, violation basic rule, \$10.

Raymond Manilla Retherford, violation basic rule, \$15.

Gertrude Mobley, burglary in a dwelling, waived preliminary hearing; ordered held to grand jury; bond set at \$2,500; remanded to officer.

Dodd Ernest Bruller and Raymond Orville Gregory, petit larceny, dismissed; bonds exonerated.

Kenneth Robert Weatherly, violation basic rule, \$15 forfeited.

Johnny Lee Devine, fail drive on right half, \$7.50.

Edward Lee Costney, violation basic rule, \$15.

Fred Harry Steizenmueller, violation basic rule, \$7.50.

Johnny Cordell Rogers, violation basic rule, \$10.

Dale Albert Newnam, truck speeding, \$7.50.

William Franklin Davenport, fail stop at stop sign, \$5.

J. C. Nowell, tandem axle overload, \$20 forfeited.

Jerry Vance Swanson, overweight, \$20 forfeited.

Gerald Lee Eppier, fail stop at stop sign, \$5.

Opera star Geraldine Farrar also was writer of lyrics for many classical songs.

Low Cost Mortgage Insurance

\$10,000, 20 year only \$46.30 annually at age 30

Occidental General agency

113 So. 9th Ph. TU 4-3465

Five Children Found In Rubble

RABAT (AP)—Rescue workers today pulled five weak and dazed children from the rubble of Agadir, which was virtually destroyed by an earthquake 10 days ago.

The Moroccan state radio carried the report that the children were found in wreckage of the Moroccan quarter, which was 90 per cent destroyed.

The rescue brought to 10 the number of survivors pulled out in the last three days—after almost all hope had been given up of finding anyone left alive.

ROCK 'N ROLL DANCE

featuring IN PERSON

BUDDY KNOX

and his RHYTHM ORCHIDS

"Party Doll" "Hula Love"

"Somebody Touched Me"

Klamath Falls

AUDITORIUM

SAT., MAR. 12

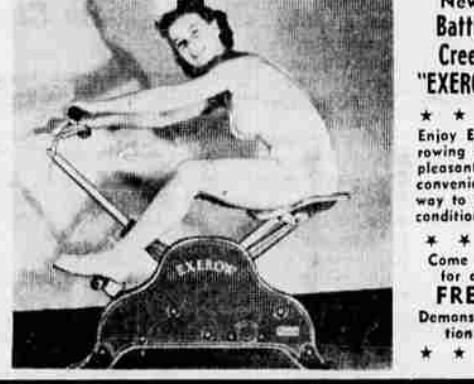
DANCING 9 - 1

Adm. until 9 - \$1.25

After 9 - \$1.50

New Equipment Added at NISSENS!

227 So. 11th St.



See The Dash Show Chevy Show at color centers, NBC-TV—the Pat Boone Chevy Showroom weekly, ABC-TV.

Air Conditioning—temperature made in order—for all weather comfort. Get a demonstration!

"Hey, Sweetie, how'd you like a new Chevy?"

"Oh, Freddie" (sigh)

"The dealer's got just the model we want, Sweetie. Right color, right everything."

"Oh, Freddie" (sigh)

"In fact he's got the biggest selection I ever saw. No problem at all to find what you want."

"Oh, Freddie" (sigh)

"It's got that V8 in it I've been talking about too. What an engine that is."

"Oh, Freddie" (sigh)

"And deal! Sweetie, wait'll I tell you the deal they've offered me. This is the time to buy all right."

"Well, don't just stand there, Freddie. Go ahead and buy it."

"Oh, Freddie" (sigh)

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