

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor

BILL JENKINS
Managing Editor

Entered as second class matter at the post office of Klamath Falls, Ore., on August 20, 1906 under act of Congress, March 3, 1879

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
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SUBSCRIPTION RATES	
MAIL	BY CARRIER
1 month \$ 1.35	1 month \$ 1.35
6 months \$ 6.50	6 months \$ 8.10
1 year \$11.00	1 year \$16.20

BILLBOARD

With the advent of spring a bunch of dedicated men get together, lock themselves in a smoky room and start hashing out plans for the Basin's biggest show of the year—the roundup.

Already the directors are hammering away at their problems, signing up stock, clowns, bullfighters—we may have a local boy in there this year—and getting a hundred and one other details taken care of.

Perhaps the community doesn't know it, but these directors are doing a job that benefits not only the rodeo, but the community as a whole. And all for nothing. They are strictly volunteers who donate their time and effort.

But in the past eight years, since 1946, the Klamath Basin Roundup Association has spent a total of \$45,586 at the fairgrounds, most of it in the form of improvements. They have added, through their efforts, lights which are generally credited by the cowboys who work the show as being among the best on the Pacific Coast. New grandstands have been added, the old ones improved, fences repaired and built, chutes maintained and a hundred and one other minor items. This year an attempt is being made to cover a larger area of the grandstand to afford shade and protection to the spectators.

The fair board has benefited to the tune of \$11,500, the armory commission has gained some \$1657 in rentals on the big building for roundup dances, \$8204 has been spent for labor.

All in all a rather impressive figure. I think a vote of thanks is due the fellows who put in their time to provide the homefolks with a show. A show, incidentally, which is ranked among the top ten in the nation. Nothing to be sneezed at. And this year's

will be bigger and better than ever before.

Speaking of rodeos reminds us that the gang down in Red Bluff will be staging their show, another dandy one, come April 17 and 18. Charlie Stover is the boss down that way and he promises a crackerjack performance for both days. It has always been a splendid show in the past and we hope them every success this year. After all, their early show is the one that kicks off the saddest and leather season here in the West.

Nature note: Frank Sexton, the GN majordomo, called the other day to report that a woodpecker with a determined bent of mind and a strong bill was working on a steel smokestack out at the roundhouse for the past week, but without making any noticeable dents in the big tube.

The fellows out there have been keeping a close watch on the stubborn chap and there is a rumor going the rounds that they are considering taking him into the Bollermakers Union.

I'd say he deserves it.

The closed season on the use of fire on some 29 million acres of private and public forest lands in the state will get under way April first, according to the state board of forestry.

That's a sure sign that fishing season isn't far away and that we'd better start remembering that we can't throw matches, cigarette butts and pipe ashes around recklessly like we can in the winter when there is a cover of snow on the ground.

In everything from lumber camps and woods operations to summer homes and fishing camps let's remember—a gallon of prevention is a better thing than \$10,000 worth of fire fighting.

They'll Do It Every Time

PAINTERS GOING BATTY PLEASING OL' MAN STUBBS—PUTTING CANVAS COVERINGS ON HEDGES AND ON SHRUBS—



By Jimmy Hatlo

NOW THE JOB IS FINI. WHAT'S THAT CLIPPING SOUND? STUBBS IS PRUNING ALL HIS BUSHES ALMOST TO THE GROUND!



James Marlow

WASHINGTON (AP)—Striking longshoremen have all but paralyzed the Port of New York today arranged a march, by bus and auto, on Washington to demonstrate in front of the White House.

What this will accomplish seems to add up to nothing. The stated aim is to protest the government's role in the affairs of their union, the old International Longshoremen's Assn.

The life of that union, found to be loaded with racketeers and gangsters, is at stake.

The New York strike by the ILA is not for wages or better working conditions. It is the result of a struggle with a rival AFL union to be recognized as sole union for the port's 40,000 longshoremen.

For 40 years ILA represented the New York waterfront's dock wallopers. It was a member of the American Federation of Labor. For 26 of those years its president was Joseph P. Ryan, who became, he thought, its permanent president. He had been elected for life in 1953. The New York State Crime Commission investigated the ILA and announced it was racket-ridden. Gov. Thomas E. Dewey stepped in to crush it. The AFL expelled it.

It was then the AFL set up the rival union. Ryan was indicted on charges of stealing \$45,000 from ILA funds. Then AFL began a hard recruiting drive to win away the ILA's members.

Worried about its chance for survival, the ILA replaced Ryan as president with tugboat captain William V. Bradley but voted Ryan a pension of \$10,000 a year for life.

But trouble on the New York waterfront, where 200 million tons of cargo are handled yearly, bubbled and boiled over the question. Which union, the old ILA or the new AFL one, had a right to represent the longshoremen in bargaining with employers?

The National Labor Relations Board last December held an election among the dockers. Was this too soon? Had the new AFL union time to win a majority of the longshoremen to its side?

Secretary of Labor Mitchell, Gov. Dewey, and New York State Crime Commission and the AFL all said it was too soon and opposed the election. The NLRB held it anyway. The old ILA won.

But its margin of victory was only 1,452, so surprisingly small that the AFL had visions of winning if another election could be held a little later. It charged longshoremen voting in the December election had been intimidated by ILA goon squads and asked the NLRB to set aside the election. Gov. Dewey backed this.

The NLRB began an investigation, setting one of its examiners, Arthur Lef, to work on the case. As the weeks passed, the AFL seemed to be gaining strength, the old ILA losing.

If this continued the old ILA might wither away. But if the old ILA struck, it might demonstrate it still had enough strength to force a compromise.

The NLRB got a federal judge to issue an injunction forbidding a strike. The ILA struck in defiance. The strike wasn't started officially. The strikers simply said they walked out, although the union gave its endorsement last week.

After the strike began 25 days ago, the AFL tried to start a back-to-work movement. ILA strikers got rough. New York mounted police tried to keep order. But the net result: shipping in the Port of New York stopped cold. Today a federal judge considers contempt charges against the union for striking in violation of an injunction.

Last Friday NLRB Examiner Lef recommended results of the December election be thrown out. If the full NLRB in Washington agreed, this would mean there'd be another election.

The full NLRB decided to meet tomorrow to consider Lef's recommendations.

U.S. Stand On Indochina To Be Aired By Dulles

By EDMOND LE BRETON

WASHINGTON (AP)—The U.S. government's position on keeping Indochina out of Communist hands and holding the door against seating of Red China in the United Nations is up for restatement tonight, reportedly in tough terms.

The spokesman is Secretary of State Dulles. He will talk to the Overseas Press Club in New York, and to the nation by ABC radio and Du Mont television.

The broadcast is scheduled for 9 p.m., EST.

The administration has been focusing emphasis on this speech, which Dulles and President Eisenhower went over together in a long White House conference. A whole series of declarations within the past few days, from administration sources and others, has led up to it.

The United States is interested in maintaining stiff resistance against any deals on Indochina with which the Reds might try to tempt the French, some of whom are visibly wearying of the seven-year war. The Reds would be in position to spring such offers at the April 26 Far East conference in Geneva to be attended by representatives of the United States, Great Britain, France, Russia and Red China.

Another apparent U.S. objective is to take the question of recognition of Red China out of the conference bargaining by making this country's position unmistakable in advance.

Some members of Congress, especially, have expressed concern lest support build up for some proposal to arrange peace in Indochina in return for giving a U.N. seat to the Chinese Communist regime. Sen. H. Alexander Smith (R-N.J.) said in an interview today he fears the British may back the French in some such proposal and try to exert extreme pressure on the United States. In New York yesterday Chairman Wiley (R-Wis.) of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee said he fears "several of our allies" might hope for such an agreement at Geneva.

The President, yesterday dispatched an unusual message to the governmental heads of France and Viet Nam, the Indochinese state directly concerned with the current fighting. The World War II Allied commander expressed for himself and the nation "most profound admiration for the brave and resourceful light being waged . . . by troops from France, Viet Nam and other parts of the 'French Union' in the battle now raging for the key fortress of Dien Bien Phu. The President asked his message be conveyed to the garrison commander, Col. Christian De Castries, whom he had already singled out for praise at his news conference Wednesday.

The President's gesture underlined a Defense Department announcement it is sending 25 more B26 bombers and other supplies to

the defenders of Indochina. A House Foreign Affairs committee on Saturday declared that any Allied attempt to seek a truce in Indochina would be an "appeasement equivalent to the Indochinese Munich." It called for accelerated U.S. military aid to the French and Indochinese and for continuing the conflict under the United Nations as an international one—a policy the French have opposed. It said a grant of "complete independence" to the Indochinese was necessary to rally them.

The congressional group also advocated maintaining opposition to recognition of Red China. —Dulles is expected to say tonight that the United States will meet vigorously—at places and by means not disclosed—against any direct intervention by Red Chinese troops in Indochina.

He has the opportunity, it is wished, to speak up again in explanation and defense of the administration's diplomatic-military "new look" program.

Dulles' predecessor as secretary of state, Dean Acheson, assailed the "massive retaliation" aspect of the program yesterday in a New York Times article. Dulles has said this retaliation could take different forms.

Acheson wrote that "no responsible administration would use a strategic atomic bombing on any lesser occasion than an all-out attack against itself. He said it is "our first but our last resort."

Federal Job List Shows Decline

WASHINGTON (AP)—The number of federal jobholders declined 6,125 in February as compared with the preceding month, a Senate-House committee reported Saturday.

This was the 19th consecutive month that the number of government workers decreased. The drop started in the summer of 1952 under the Truman administration and has continued in every month of the Eisenhower regime.

The joint committee on reduction of non-essential federal expenditures said there were 2,346,761 persons on the federal payroll in February as against 2,345,892 in January.



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BASIN BUILDERS

By RUTH KING



P. D. REEDER

The flying sparks from his father's forge, the red-hot glow of metal, the "ping" of a wagon tire against stone, and the swinging bodies of five horse thieves, in a grove of trees at dusk, are among the earliest memories of one of Southern Oregon's early settlers.

Plesant Detroit Reeder, (P.D.) to folks in Klamath Falls, born March 29, 1861, on the plains of Texas, was brought north in a box car. In the fall of 1884, when immigrating families were seeking new homes in a new country.

Indians, in those days, trying to stem the flow of civilization to their hunting grounds, tore up railroad tracks, and piled debris upon the rails, limiting travel over the route in the daytime hours.

The young Reeder, their father and mother, John, a good blacksmith and gentle man, wintered at Redding where father Reeder repaired wagons, put shoes on horses working on the railroad pushing northward, made plows, and other wise helped with the opening of the West.

Spring came. A wagon train took the future Klamathite to Lakeview, later to Silver Lake, where his father ranched and raised livestock. Lakeview was 100 miles away, but the family trekked back when snow fell, to school the children.

"P.D." grew up, and with his brother "U.E." who later earned the right to tack the title "Judge" before his name, ranched on the old home place.

"U.E." married, moved away. November 6, 1902, Pleasant Reeder led a laughing lassie to the altar, and Corinna Howard Reeder went back to the ranch from the little town of Silver Lake.

"P.D." was plunged soon into the business of keeping law and order on the range. He served for more than 30 years as constable and deputy sheriff in Lake County. He looked under the gun barrel of an angry woman and "stared" her out of shooting. The path of no officer is smooth, but "P.D." kept to the straight and narrow, exercised his authority in pinches, gave the culprits a fair deal.

He served as land commissioner for 15 years, as a director on the school board. He played the violin for dances and danced a bit himself. He caught a cow thief for the Z X Cattle Company with the "goods" and pocketed a \$1,000 reward from the cattle association for his deed. He helped with the arrival of his first son Dick and paved the floor "like crazy," as do fathers of today.

When college age for the growing family rolled around, they trekked to Corvallis and lived near campus. In 1928 the Reeders reached Klamath Falls by the Texas, Lakeview, Corvallis route, and went into the grocery business. For many years they operated their own business. For several more, P.D. has been right hand man in Dick Reeder's Store for Men on Main Street.

He and Mrs. Reeder are parents of five children, a son Dick, in Klamath Falls; four daughters, Mrs. Connie Whitmore and Mrs. Norma Briggs, both of this city, Mrs. Eula Heim, Myrtle Creek, and Mrs. June Dickey, Redding. They are grandparents of nine, great-grandparents of one.

Mr. Reeder is a member of the First Baptist church, lives at 312 Michigan.

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The Doctor Says

One of the most complicated questions about which I receive inquiries comes from parents who are concerned about the size or rate of growth of their children.

One such question came from a worried mother who writes that she has an eight-year-old daughter who is about the same size as a 10 or 11-year-old. Both father and mother, she writes, are of medium build, and the families are not notably large. The girl is neither overweight nor underweight, and seems normal in every way except her size.

Sometimes questions come in concerning undersize, particularly in boys, and this causes an equal amount of distress.

Growth and development in children has had a good deal of study, but there is still considerable difference of opinion. What should be said at the start, however, is that as yet there is no special injection, or exercise or food, which can be definitely recommended either to speed or slow the growth of children.

Furthermore, it should be understood that the rate of growth varies from one youngster to another, and it does not proceed at the same rate of speed all the time in any growing child. It is quite likely, therefore, that the eight-year-old girl mentioned at the beginning of this column will grow less rapidly in the next few years, and her contemporaries will catch up to her, though this cannot be guaranteed.

It appears that there is a more or less normal pattern of growth for each child. Several methods have been proposed for measuring this, but there is no complete agreement as to what method is the best, though in the United States a device known as the Wetzel grid has been used extensively and is favored by many.

There are many things which influence growth. To some extent size runs in families; if the parents are unusually tall the children are likely to be above average in this respect also. Diet undoubtedly plays a part, probably in height as well as weight. Climate may have something to do with the picture also. Sex is a factor; boys on the average, when fully grown are taller and heavier than girls, though around 11 or 12 years old girls are often bigger than boys of the same age.

An important factor which influences growth has been traced to a tiny gland called the pituitary which lies at the base of the brain. The front or anterior part of this gland manufactures a hormone which greatly influences growth. In some cases it produces too much of this hormone with the result that the individual develops into a human giant, one of whom has been reported to stand just over nine feet high and weighs nearly 400 pounds. If too little of the hormone is produced, the growth may be correspondingly stunted.

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HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (AP)—Once upon a time a tadpole named Elwin lived in a small pond away out in the sticks.

Elwin was different from the other little tadpoles. All they wanted to do was grow up and be big bullfrogs and sit on a lily pad and sing "jug-o-rum . . . jug-o-rum" all night long. But not Elwin. He wanted to make his mark in the world.

One day a strong wind blew a tattered old circus poster into the pond. The other tadpoles swam up and laughed at the pictures of the elephants on the poster. But not Elwin.

"That is the life for me," he decided. "I want to go places and see things. I'm going to be an elephant."

Elwin made the mistake of confiding his ambition to the other little tadpoles. And did they jeer at him! "Elwin's going to be an elephant," they chanted. "Elwin's going to be an elephant." Then they swam away laughing.

All the residents of the small pond laughed at Elwin except his mother, Matilda, and his father, Oswald J. Frog.

"I don't care what you become, Elwin," said his mother, comfortingly. "Just so you are good, and don't do anything to hurt your health."

Oswald J. Frog was outraged. He was extremely pompous about his family tree, and his big ancestor had been smugged over on the Mayflower by a young Puritan lad.

"You are making us the laughing stock of the entire pond," he told his son coldly. "There hasn't been a scandal like this in the family since your great, great grandfather—on your mother's side, naturally—ran away with a toad. I forbid you to be an elephant. Get that nonsense out of your head."

But Elwin was determined to be an elephant. When he began to change from a tadpole into a young frog, he kept pulling on his nose to make it longer and learned to blow water through it. He figured that to become an elephant he would have to eat like a horse, so he ate all he could.

At night he hopped into town to the public library and read every book he could find on elephants. All day long he took elephant-building exercises.

Like Elwin ate and he ate . . . and he grew and he grew . . . until finally, at last, he woke up one morning and found he was — an elephant.

At first Elwin was happy. His mother was proud of him, too. But his father told him angrily, "You are nothing but a freak."

The other frogs, his former playmates, cut him dead. Finally one

told him frankly, "With all your big ideas, Elwin, don't you find this pond a little small?"

Elwin brooded and brooded. Then one night he packed all his belongings in a small bundle, put it over his shoulder, hopped silently in and kissed his sleeping mother goodbye, and ran away to join a circus.

He thought the other elephants would welcome him. But they snubbed him.

"You have a strange accent," they told him. "And why can't you just trudge along like a decent elephant? Why do you have to hop all the time?"

"If I can't join your troupe," said Elwin stubbornly, "I'll become a star in my own right."

And he did. He hired a smart manager and overnight "Elwin, the world's only hopping elephant" became world famous. The climax of his act came when he slid down a short slide, hopped over twelve barrels to each of which was fastened a pretty girl by her back feet, and landed on his back feet, bowing gracefully.

When Elwin had become the wealthiest elephant in history, he received a telegram saying, "Your old friends and neighbors join me in asking you, our pond's most illustrious son, to return and be the main speaker at a banquet to kick off our annual community charity drive for aged amphibians. Sorry we can't offer to cover your expenses. (Signed) Mayor Frog."

"Gee, it would be fun to see the old home pond again, even though mother is dead," Elwin told his manager. "Charter me a plane."

Everybody in the pond was on hand to welcome Elwin. His wrinkled old father reached up and patted him on the back of his leg and said fondly, "That's my boy. Cheers rose on every hand when Elwin got up to speak that night at the banquet.

"It is indeed a pleasure—" Elwin began, then went "Harrumph, har-r-r-rumph."

"Got a cold?" asked the mayor. "Oh, no," Elwin laughed, and then told the audience, "Excuse me . . . just a frog in my throat."

"A frog?" cried the mayor, looking around to see if any of his constituents were missing.

Panic spread through the crowd. Lady frogs gathered their children about them and hopped away. The big bullfrogs began hurling mud at Elwin, as they hopped away backward.

"I have reared an assassin," cried his father. Then he, too, disappeared.

"Look, it's all a mistake," said Elwin. No answer. He looked around wistfully and croaked.

GI's In England Behaving Well

NORWICH, England (AP)—U. S. Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich said last night unpleasant incidents between Britons and the thousands of American troops stationed in the British Isles "have been remarkably few."

The U.S. forces have had "no more community-relations problems than they would at our bases at home," Aldrich said, adding he is well satisfied with their behavior.

Speaking before the Chambers of Commerce of Southern England's East Anglia District, the ambassador said it is entirely understandable "that the presence of alien troops may occasionally become somewhat irritating." The troubles that have arisen, he said, have been "due more to unfamiliarity with the ways of your country than to malice or evil intent."

ADDIS ABABA, Ethiopia (AP)—Col. John C. Robinson, a veteran American Negro aviator who flew for Ethiopia for several years, died Saturday from injuries received in a plane crash two weeks ago.

Robinson, an old friend of Emperor Haile Selassie, had long served with the Ethiopian government. He fought against the Italians when they invaded Ethiopia in 1935 and flew personal missions for the emperor.

"Jug-o-rum, jug-o-rum." But there was no reply. The pond was empty.

Heart-broken, Elwin returned to the circus, made a farewell triumphal tour, then retired and bought an apartment on Park Avenue. He spent the rest of his life in it alone as a hermit elephant, reading his press clippings.

Moral: In this world a big heart is rarely understood by small minds.

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds



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