

# Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS Editor  
BILL JENKINS Managing Editor  
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## BILLBOARD

**By BILL JENKINS**  
The "good old days" that people are always wistfully referring to were brought to our attention yesterday when Claire Ellis came in with a 1902 Sears Roebuck catalog for our inspection.

In these days of soaring inflation and high prices it's a relief indeed to scan the 1085 pages of "the great price maker." Sportsmen will find such interesting items as Colt peace-makers for \$13.20, the pearl handled model with carved grips \$22.00. Best quality double barrel shotguns, taper choke bored and with guaranteed twist barrels went for \$14.75. The old reliable Winchester 1897 could be had in several grades, ranging from \$17 to \$33. The Winchester 30-30, model 91 went for \$14.75 while a Savage model 99 was raked up at \$21.50. You could also get an imported 16th century flintlock pistol for \$2.75 or a Sears special .32 pistol for \$3.25.

You find everything in the darn thing, from cutters at \$1.90 to harness to saddles, to walking plows to jewelry to presentation medals to women's ready to wear to silver sets, printing presses, typewriters (\$8.95) and gold filled eye glasses at \$1.90.

You could buy arsenic complexion wafers or electric liniment for your rheumatism. Vin Vitae, the wine of life, was recommended at 69 cents a bottle. Fatigue of any kind. There was a 20-minute

cold cure and a formaldehyde-sulphur torch for use in the sick room.

For only \$18.00 on the line you got a genuine "80 gauge current Heidelberg alternating self regulating and adjusting electric bell."

Pages are devoted to furniture, baby buggies, sewing machines, at only \$15.85, and tombstones in all shapes and sizes. They also stocked plumbing fixtures, telegraph keys, light fixtures, stoves, paint and celluloid collars.

You could also buy a set of dice, if you were inclined that way.

Joe Matlock, who went over to the Rogue with blood in his eye and evil intent where the fish were concerned dropped into the office yesterday with the sad news that he had put in seven straight days on the river with only one bite. And no fish. His wife got an eight pound steelhead going up the river.

Fishing is lousy, according to Joe. No one else was having any more luck.

He's off again, though, next week. No results then he's gonna quit and sell out his gear. To heck with fishing.

Ran into one of the new red sign signs out at Alameda and the Old Post Road the other day. They really stand out. Suppose it's because I'm used to the old yellow ones.

## ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN McLEOD

"Let's Clean Up the Klamath Basin" is a good slogan that every organization in the Klamath Basin should adopt and set up an anti-litterbug committee to do something about the rising tide of filth and trash now sweeping over the countryside. This column has mentioned some activities that any organization can adopt to help this national program. This is a campaign that is one of community betterment and in which all community groups, youth and adult, urban and rural, can participate.

In 1953, the California State Chamber of Commerce, inaugurated a roadside cleanup program envisioning cooperation from Chambers of Commerce, the State Highway Commission, and other groups. A large section of the Chamber's annual meeting last year was devoted to this program. Of course, our federal agencies charged with the management of much of our recreational lands are confronted with this serious problem. I have already written about the National Park Service, the U. S. Forest Service being much more widely distributed has a much wider spread problem to contend with. The Service has produced a fifteen minute film on "Woodland Manners," which is available for community showings and obtainable from any of the regional offices.

On March 13 of this year, the Forest Service was in the final stages of planning a one-minute television film on litter to be used primarily in assisting the Conservation Good Turn program of the Boy Scouts of America.

Anti-litter reminder signs have been posted for some years by the Forest Service at strategic places in all national forests. However, signs alone cannot accomplish much without public willingness to cooperate. A few years ago this writer was unsuccessful in convincing the "Keep Oregon Green" committee that they should add to their slogan and make it read "Keep Oregon Green and Clean." I still think that the campaign is only a half a campaign with their neglect of the cleanliness of the forest. A clean forest will be a green forest, for, all too frequently it is the act of casting away of rubbish that becomes an encouragement for fire.

The Forest Service provides trash-garbage receptacles wherever possible but all too frequently these receptacles are disregarded by the litterbugs who have a phobia against the use of such aids. In fact, are positively allergic to them.

The Forest Service is always ready and willing to cooperate fully with all groups having a desire to assist with the litter and vandalism problem. This is likewise true of foresters working for private industry, for foresters, everywhere are faced with the serious problem created by the litterbug and vandal.

Good outdoor manners is a basic part of the "Good Turn," a yearlong program of the Boy Scouts of America and hundreds of thousands of Boy Scouts are signing and carrying cards pledging themselves to good outdoor manners. In addition to this, the Scouts are likewise distributing small posters for use by Scout troops to encourage cleaner outdoor habits.

There is a newly organized "Keep America Beautiful" group being sponsored by the container industries which is now in the process of setting up an Advisory Board of cooperating organizations.

That the problem of the litterbug is not strictly confined to Americans was pointed out by a spokesman for the American Planning and Civic Association who

stated, measure of "mob" apathy is being used by the author in Mexico City, who emphasize in posters around municipal parks that keeping parks clean is an evidence of the park-user's culture. This might seem a bit amusing when we condescendingly consider the act applied to Mexicans, yet in our own sophistry, of having the greatest culture on earth, we likewise have the greatest problem.

The General Federation of Women's Clubs make the suggestion that the best projects are cooperative ones, participated in by many groups. This was illustrated by reference to the Virginia Association Club for Roadside Development, which is undertaking a coordinated program in which many participate. At the national convention of the Iszaak Walton League, the General Federation of Women's Clubs reported that the Montana and Idaho Federations of Women's Clubs are building and maintaining roadside rest areas, and keeping them clean with the assistance of the Boy Scouts. Some Iszaak Walton League chapters are conducting similar projects; that of the women's chapter at Anamosa, Ia., is an example. The Iszaak Walton League of America is head over heels in its campaign and the boys say that "the initials IWLVA may be published, for anti litter campaign purposes, as meaning 'I won't litter America.'"

## The Doctor Says

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.  
It is unbelievable the way some people raise their children.

Recently, M. has written: "Do you think it harms a child to be corrected across the face when correcting him?" "I know a woman who often uses this method, and I have seen her slap the child, leaving her hand prints on his face."

"She said it did not hurt the child to use this method, but the youngster is very nervous." There are, of course, possibilities of real physical harm from such incredible brutality to a helpless child. And it is no wonder that the youngster is nervous.

This kind of cruel handling is likely to have grave emotional and psychological effects all through life. A less-disturbed inquiry comes from a mother who is concerned about her 11-year-old daughter, who has 35-inch waistline, and 30-inch hips. She does not look well in her clothes and "loves to eat."

Here, in all probability, is a simple problem of eating too much. The mother should obtain advice on exactly how much and which foods her daughter should eat. One of the problems will be to keep the youngster from eating in-between meals.

Another aspect of the situation is that perhaps the child is unhappy about something, and the excessive eating is merely a method of comforting herself. Sympathetic understanding and management may be of great help.

A different kind of a problem comes from Mr. M., the mother of another 11-year-old girl. Mrs. M.'s daughter has a habit of constantly staring at the ceiling, which is most noticeable when she is tired or upset. If this is the only sign of any

OFFICE SPACE  
City Center  
Main Street Entrance  
Quiet  
Draws Manstore

**They'll Do It Every Time** By Jimmy Hado

**J. NOSEGAY WINDY WRITES THOSE 8,000,000-WORD HISTORICAL NOVELS... WITH VERBIAGE HE'S STRICTLY NON-STOP.**

**BUT ON AN INTERVIEW PROGRAM HE NEVER OPENS HIS YAP!!**

**IS THE NEW ONE GONNA BE AS MANY PAGES AS 'PURPLE ROSEBUDS' THIS ONE OF YOURS MUST WEIGH SIX POUNDS!**

**TO ME THE PLOT DOESN'T MOTIVATE...**

**OF WHAT SIGNIFICANCE IS THE CENTRAL CHARACTER'S TWO HEADS?**

**WELL, UM... ER...**

**THANKS AND A LIFE TO THE WORLD WAR II BOARD OF MANY CONTRIBUTORS**

**AUTHOR MEETS ALL CORNERS**

**THANKS AND A LIFE TO THE WORLD WAR II BOARD OF MANY CONTRIBUTORS**

## HAL BOYLE

**NEW YORK (AP)—**Backstage at the circus, quarreling and fighting among themselves, and most horses afraid to go near them," said Mulligan.

Paul Horompo may not be the mightiest midget in history, but he is perhaps the only one who ever whipped a tiger single handed.

Paul, a slender 50-year-old miniature clown with the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, scored his one-blow knockout over the tiger here in Madison Square Garden in 1938. The battle since has become a tankard legend.

The tiger escaped from her cage and the first person she met was Horompo, who was dressed as one of Snowwhite's seven dwarfs and carried a wooden pickaxe on his shoulder. Paul, who is very chivalrous, instinctively stepped aside to let her pass—as he would for any lady, tiger or not.

But the tiger halted, and opened the red furnace of her mouth. It looked like Paul would end his career as a tiger tamer. The tiger had every advantage of weight, height, reach, strength, speed and age. Paul stood only a little higher than her armpits. It looked like one of the Garden's poorest mismatches.

"It happened so quick I didn't have time to think of all that," Paul recalled. "Tell you the truth, if she had gone on by me, I don't think I would have bothered her at all."

But she stopped, looked me over, sneered and started snarling. "I hated to do it, but I felt I just had to hit her. So I swung my wooden ax and caught her square on the nose. No, I wasn't afraid. I was mad."

"I guess I must have hit a nerve and stunned her. She made a funny noise, and fell on her stomach with a surprised look. I was a little surprised, too."

"I didn't have to hit her again. Some handlers came up with nets and chains. She was so dazed she could hardly wobble back to her cage."

The incident left no lasting ill will on either side.

"She never seemed to bear any grudge afterward," said Paul. "It happened so fast I don't think she ever remembered who hit her."

Two ASPCA agents watch every performance of the circus to see that none of its 600 animals is abused.

Raymond Mulligan, who has had this job for a quarter century, says the circus cooperates fully with the society and dismisses grooms or handlers who mistreat animals.

Of all the thousands of animals over which he has watched, Mulligan's favorite is Harry, the world's only elephant herding horse. He is the mount of Arky Scott, superintendent of the 27 circus elephants.

"Elephants sometimes get to thing unusual, the chances are that it does not come from any physical cause, though one would want to be sure that the child has not sustained any head injury or exhibits any other significant symptoms."

One would think that this peculiarly would be outgrown without any serious difficulty.

A final inquiry comes from Mrs. L., who says that her three-year-old daughter likes to chew up strings, ribbons, pencils, and anything that contains rubber. She will also eat ground coffee.

This taste for peculiar substances goes under the medical name of "pica." Its exact cause is not known, and I believe Mrs. L. would be wise to seek the advice of her doctor.

## Telling The Editor

**TROUBLES**  
I wish to tell the Editor everybody knows it, believe it or not, Thursday night, April 29, 1954, I had a dream about Mr. Arthur F. Pigg, age 73 years old, night club photographer. He came to my residence several times and photographed my lovely flowers. I am very sorry about his hard luck. The dream explains his worry and must want some one to help him out.

**Very Sincerely, As Ever,**  
Gust P. Vauhris.

## CHURCH FUND

As we all know, a year ago the 28th of last December, the heavy snow broke down the roof of Sister Timms' Church, located at 251 Commercial. Since that time Sister Timms has been holding meetings in her own home. As the crowds are getting too large for her home, Sister Timms feels it is God's time to build her church back on the same lot it was on. So Saturday, May 8, she is having a food sale. The manager of the Quality Food Store has been kind enough to let her use his store. The number is 830 Main.

Now this is where everyone can help and the people of Klamath Falls have always been so good to help those that really need help.

So can't we once again do our share in helping Sister Timms? Sister Timms is such a good, God fearing person. She always has a helping hand for those that need her help and many are the persons who have come to her door hungry and she has fed them; cold and she has clothed them; the hour is never too late or the night too cold that Sister Timms won't get out of bed to pray for the sick or lead some soul to Christ. Creed or color make no difference to her.

What she needs is for us ladies to get behind her and make this bake sale a big success and we can do it if we, each one, will do our part. She will need cakes, pies, cookies, salads, casserole dishes and home donated to her. You can take them to the Quality Food Store. Sister Timms lives at 217 Klamath Avenue and her phone number is 2-1680.

It would be so nice if every Church in town would come to her aid and God would bless them for it. She works so hard for others and let us show her how much we love her by helping her now.

Let everyone who knows how to pray, pray that God will send in enough money that she can complete her little church, so that she and her people will once again have a place to worship. So come on folks, let's not let Sister Timms down, let's all do our part to help her. I know that God will bless us and Sister Timms will be the most grateful and I thank you in advance.

Neva Buchanan  
4545 Denver Avenue

## Civil Defense Plan Fails

**CINCINNATI (AP)—**Civil defense officials sent airplanes over Cincinnati yesterday dropping leaflets which proclaimed: "This might have been a bomb."

If they'd been bombs they might have hit Cincinnati.

Since they were leaflets, a brisk wind carried them all out of town before they hit the ground.

## Take it from me... PROTEINS DO THE REPAIR JOBS FOR YOUR HEALTH

**MILK CONTAINS 'COMPLETE' PROTEINS RICH IN ESSENTIAL AMINO ACIDS—NEEDED FOR BODY BUILDING AND REBUILDING**

**Queen's Tryouts JUNE 13 at the Redox Grounds**

**1954 ROUNDUP JULY 3, 4, 5**  
Fairgrounds—Klamath Falls

**Bids must be submitted to P. O. Box 364 not later than May 14. Concession fee is 50% upon acceptance of contract and 50% on July 1. The Roundup Association reserves the right to reject any bid.**

## James Marlow

**WASHINGTON (AP)—**If you belted him on the jaw, Secretary of the Army Robert T. Stevens might hit you back. Maybe not until you'd belted him a couple of times. But it would be out of character if he called you names.

He acts like a man born without a snarl. Mild as a duck on a rock, he has sat patiently day after day while Sen. McCarthy quizzed him, tried to belittle him and questioned his honesty by "tugging him to be honest."

Stevens' public career may be at stake in the Senate inquiry into McCarthy's fight with Army officials. And he has blinked steadily through the pounding. But he has a habit of blinking. It adds to his look of mildness.

Only a few times has he shown any heat in answering McCarthy's questions.

There may be another Stevens, one who can gasp with fury. And maybe he has made it a rule, since he's head of the Army, that in public he must be a model of self-discipline.

More likely this is the real Stevens at the Senate hearing: a man with white hair and eyeglasses, one who can gasp with fury. And maybe he has made it a rule, since he's head of the Army, that in public he must be a model of self-discipline.

The inquiry is now in its 11th day and he's been the same every day. He has never lost his temper, seldom showed impatience and never barked at McCarthy although a few times he's been curt.

It might seem that a man like Stevens, who has served in the Army, worked for the government and been a board member of some of the biggest corporations, might be a little harsher under fire.

He seems incapable of it. He has answered questions "yes" or "no" sometimes, sometimes been roundabout and sometimes been so vague that he had to be urged to get to the point by McCarthy and Ray H. Jenkins, special counsel to the investigating subcommittee.

From the records, and the story he tells, McCarthy and his aides belted Stevens twice before he belted back.

He didn't publicly take a stand against McCarthy until he said, "The senator insulted a general. And the reports in which he said McCarthy and his aides applied pressure to get special treatment for a draftee wasn't released until months after he said the pressure had been first applied."

McCarthy gives another picture of Stevens, of a man working behind the scenes to force McCarthy to give up his search for Communists in the Army.

Why did Stevens delay so long in taking a stand? He says it was because of his desire to get along with McCarthy and Congress. It may be that he thought President Eisenhower wanted him to lean over backwards to get along.

The administration itself through most of its first year in office, when Stevens' troubles with McCarthy began, had set an example of trying to get along with the senator through one encounter after another.

Stevens didn't take his stand until after the White House relationship with McCarthy began to harden.

Nevertheless, and not by design but by an accident of personalities, the Army may be setting McCarthy up for the old-fashioned nice-guy-tough-guy routine which police have often used.

So far McCarthy has had to deal mainly with nice-talking Stevens. But if these hearings, continue, he's going to have to tackle a couple of tough talkers who seem perfectly happy to snarl at him.

Army Counselor John G. Adams and Asst. Secretary of Defense H. Struve Hensel are principals in this case with Stevens on the Army side. McCarthy has questioned the honesty of both of them too.

He has had only a brief encounter with Adams and Hensel at this hearing so far. Hensel and McCarthy have looked at each other contemptuously throughout the hearing.

McCarthy repeatedly treated Stevens on a first-name basis, calling him "Bob." At the beginning of a brief exchange with Adams, McCarthy tried the same thing on him, calling him "John."

Adams showed he was in no mood for nice talk. He said: "The name to you, senator, is Mr. Adams."

**FLAG**  
TOKYO (AP)—The personal five star flag of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower is due here Thursday en route to Seoul and enshrinement in the national museum of Korea.

## New Resident Remarks On Friendly Klamath Citizens

**By AL JACOBSON**

In my time I've been in a lot of places and met a lot of people, including quite a few I wish I'd never run across. Maybe they felt the same way about me. Can honestly say though that in the short time I've been in Klamath I've never met such down-to-earth friendly folks as I have here. I don't mean just the guys that have something to say, but the man on the street—everyone, well almost everyone.

Folks here are real democratic too, and go out of their way to help strangers. One party even offered to guide me around Main Street, which I swear jogs into six separate points of the compass. Even the dogs seem to be more friendly than I've seen in other places. I know Midge (our hound dog) thinks as "cause she's made a lot of canine pals. There are a lot of them per square foot out in West Klamath than there were snakes in Ireland and I haven't seen a good dog fight yet."

I ought to explain, why I mentioned West Klamath. You see, like other newcomers, the first thing we had to do was find a place to live. I thought that was going to be easy after I saw the long list of places in the paper. Just how wrong can a guy be?

We looked at some that didn't want Midge around, which wasn't too surprising. But what was surprising was that there were more places Midge didn't want to be around. She just stuck her nose up at 'em.

Then we saw some places that didn't have a bath tub, just a shower. New I think showers are fine in their place but I don't like 'em in my place. So after spending most of a day house hunting we settled for a spot out in West Klamath. Please don't misunderstand my reference to that district. It's a nice little community of nice people and if it's good enough for Mr. Weyerhaeuser, it's sure good enough for me.

There were still some places to see but we were so tired we staggered. We were tired not only from the traveling but probably more so because of the altitude. You probably know what happens when you suddenly go up from less than 2,000 feet to more than 4,000. This whole family has been dog tired (including Midge) and sleepy ever since we got here. It really had me worried as we've had to hit the hay at 9 p.m. just like all good little boys and girls should.

But getting back to the housing situation. Maybe we just happened to have had luck most of the day. Anyway, all this made me wonder just why someone didn't get the bright idea of building or fixing up a lot of nice places for folks to live in, and at the same time get rich? I asked one gent how come there weren't more spots to be had and he proudly reminded me that all progressive cities have their housing problems. I guess he has something there but it's sure tough on new citizens. About new citizens. From what I've heard about Klamath's immediate future, there's going to

be more and more furriers here looking for a place to live.

Talking about a place to live reminds me of something I wanted to say about the town a guy lives in. The other day I got in my nickel's worth about the downtown business district. Today I'd like to sound off about the impression I got of the looks of the town in general and the residential districts in particular. Haven't been around an awful lot as yet but I've come to the conclusion there isn't any bragging I can do about them, or the appearance of the town.

Some fellow writing in the Saturday Evening Post put it pretty well when he wrote:

"Klamath Falls does not by any means equal the magnificence of its surroundings."

Seems to me though that he was on the kind side when he said that, for to me Klamath is a dirty place. The streets are dirty... the sidewalks are dirty... many yards are dirty... and even the hills around look dirty. Reminds me of a strictly factory town, and instead of having an annual clean up week it needs an annual clean up month.

Maybe I sound unkind but I've seen so many good things about the town that it irks me to see a bad situation. Now, I realize that I came to town at probably the worst time of the year. Maybe soon the grass will be green... the flowers will bloom... the sun will shine more often... and everything will look different to me.

Maybe a few folks will be a bit sore after this little chat, I'll add this though. I've talked to some that feel a whole lot stronger about this than I do, so there just might be something to it. But maybe that's what Klamath needs—someone to make the citizens real mad so everyone will jump in and slick the place up. I sure promise to do my part.

Knowing you have the protection is worth the premium, even if you may never have a fire. Hans Nordland, 627 Pine St. Phone 2-2315.

## QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds



... there's a catch to this - you been readin' a dry cleaner's special in the Herald & News Want Ads?

**WOOLWORTH'S**  
811 MAIN

**Week-End Values**  
Friday and Saturday

full-fashioned, 1st quality

**NYLONS**  
60 Gauge 5 PAIR 298  
15 Denier  
Limit - 5 pair to a customer

Ballerina Acetate 300-Count Kleenex

**Lamp Shade** 1.49 VALUE SPECIAL **98¢**

**Tissues** 25¢ VALUE SPECIAL **20¢**

**FRAMED PICTURES**  
SIZE 22x28—1 3/4-in. EMBOSSED GOLD MOUNTING  
FLORALS and LANDSCAPES  
2.29 VALUE SPECIAL **\$1.79**

**Pillow Tubing** Standard Size Reg. 1.49 Value **100 pair**

**LADIES Plastic Aprons** Waist and Bib 69¢ Value SPECIAL **2 for 95¢**