

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS

BILL JENKINS

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
The Associated Press is entitled exclusively to the use for publication of all the local news printed in this newspaper as well as all AP news.

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

By BILL JENKINS

Every morning when I sit down at the old desk to start the day's work I wonder why we don't go back to the old roll top desk.

On these fancy modern desks all you have is a large expanse of mahogany staring at you. You can't put anything down on it without messing it up, the wind blows papers, cigarette ashes and scribbled notes all over the place. And you can't work out a complete filing system with any degree of success.

The one I'm working at was inherited from a former editor who ordered it in because it has a large overhang all the way around and was thus ideally suited for poker parties.

But if anyone wants to trade in a roll top for I'd be tempted. They sure had advantages. Lots of little pigeon holes to hide things in. Why, in the golden days you could hide letters for months. Now, with these flat top models, all your correspondence just sits there and stares you in the face.

Forces a man to be indecently prompt in answering his mail. Then in these new ones you have no place to tuck away those little items that you always have around a business office desk. A glove for the left hand, a broken bit of ruler, a pair of shears with one blade missing, half a dozen half smoked packs of cigarettes, a sock, three pill bottles with the labels washed off, those letters you keep meaning to answer, next year's Christmas card list, pipe cleaners, can openers, the oil can for the typewriter and a hundred and

one other little things that are of no earthly use but which you can't seem to throw away. As time goes on I'm led to wonder more and more if progress is worth it.

They've gotten cars too complicated to work on, so that it takes a college education to run, office machinery that requires a maintenance man and now desks that are only spring boards to eventual breakdown and insanity.

Now that the critical "T hour" is a thing of the past perhaps it would be safe to comment on the daylight saving issue.

It was remarkably quiet along that front in Klamath Falls and the state as a whole this year. Usually there is one bunch all set for bloody battle. To date only a small group in Portland is threatening to open the battle again. We have found out in the past that no one wants to do the thing the simple way: open up an hour earlier and quit and hour earlier. Too. Seems that would be too simple. People want to change a clock and cause millions of dollars to be spent reprinting time schedules, tide charts, etc.

If there is anything that the federal government should take over (and it's the only thing we'll willingly let 'em have) it's the time situation. Of course maybe they could fiddle it up worse than it is now, but they'd have to try. It's pretty bad.

If you don't think so just try commuting to California for a little while.

Oh well, all we were doing was stirring up a slumbering dog any how, so let it go.

JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (U) — Time will show whether H. Struve Hensel was smart in letting the Senate subcommittee which is investigating the Army-McCarthy row dismiss him as a principal in the case.

That relieves Hensel, 6-foot-4 assistant secretary of defense, from having to testify and be cross-examined by Sen. McCarthy (R-Wis) unless he's called back because of an unexpected turn in the hearings. "But if Hensel had insisted on remaining in the case and testifying as a principal, he and his attorney, Frederick Bryan, would in turn have been able to put McCarthy through cross-examination. Now, once these hearings are over and McCarthy resumes his role as chairman of the subcommittee, he can call Hensel before him and quiz him to his heart's content.

In that situation Hensel couldn't cross-examine McCarthy. No one can cross-examine a committee chairman. Further, if Hensel brought his attorney along to such a session, McCarthy could forbid the lawyer to ask a single question or make a statement. He has done that before with others.

And if McCarthy, when he resumes the chairmanship, doesn't call Hensel up before him, reporters are sure to ask him why in view of what he already has said about the assistant secretary.

On April 21, the day before the hearings began, McCarthy issued a 46-point bill of particulars answering charges made against him and his staff by Secretary of the Army Robert T. Stevens and Army Counselor John G. Adams.

Stevens, Adams and Hensel were — until the subcommittee dismissed Hensel yesterday — the principals in the case against McCarthy, his counsel Roy Cohn and Francis P. Carr, chief of his investigating staff.

In points 6 through 9 McCarthy explained he was looking for motives behind the Army charges. He fastened on Hensel as the mastermind and said Hensel had a motive: to discredit McCarthy's committee.

that Hensel, in the top procurement post of the Navy during World War II, drew large sums of money from a ship's supply firm which was operating with government priorities. Hensel vigorously denied any wrongdoing.

Yesterday Sen. Dworkshak (R-Iowa) suggested that senators investigating the McCarthy-Army row dismiss charges involving Hensel and McCarthy's staff director Carr.

After some wrangling the four subcommittee Republicans voted to do it and the three Democrats opposed. Dworkshak said not enough evidence had been produced at the hearings so far to sustain the charges against the two men.

Bryan, attorney for Hensel, said he was in favor of Dworkshak's motion because he regarded dismissal of the charges against his client as a vindication.

McCarthy said as far as he was concerned his charges against Hensel stood.

Since he feels that way it would seem he left the door open to call Hensel before him later, when these hearings are over.

McCarthy recalled that President Eisenhower recently ordered high government officials not to testify about conferences they might have had about McCarthy and the Army. Therefore, he said, Hensel probably could not answer very much at the present hearings.

QUICKIES By Ken Reynolds



"... did I tell you I got some dog food in the Herald & News Want Ads today?"

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN MCLEOD

Apparently we have a number of versions of the Boddy Massacre upon which to draw our conclusion. I have given the versions of Meacham, Riddle and Mrs. Schire; we still have to hear from Mrs. Boddy. The narrative of Mrs. Boddy is given by Col. William Thompson in his book, "Reminiscences of a Pioneer."

Col. Thompson writes about the Indians headed by "Black Jim" as starting down the shore of Tule Lake butchering the settlers. Thus in Thompson's book we have a change of leadership from Hooker Jim in the other versions. Thompson writes of the Indians: "They came first to the Boddy ranch, where the men were gathering wood from the hills and heartlessly butchered them in cold blood. The manner is best told in Mrs. Boddy's own words in a letter to me which she says:

"I reside three miles from the Indian camp on Lost River. The Indians had told us time and again if the soldiers came to put them on the reservation they would kill every white settler. Through hearing of these threats, we requested the messengers never to come with soldiers without first giving the settlers warning. This they failed to do. "The male portion of my family, not being aware of any disturbance, were out procuring firewood, and were suddenly attacked within a mile and a half of the house and butchered in cold blood. About a quarter to twelve my daughter saw her husband's team approaching the house at a rapid gait, and as the team reached the house she noticed that the wagon was covered with blood. Thinking the team had run away she ran up the road to find him. I hastened after her with water, and as I arrived at the spot my daughter was stooping over the body of her husband. Six Indians then dashed out of the brush on horseback. Two of them rode up to me and asked if there were any white men at the house. Not dreaming there was anything wrong with the Indians, I told them that the team had run away and killed white man. They gave a war-whoop and rode off towards the house.

"On examining my son-in-law, we found that he had been shot through the head. We then knew that the redskins were on the warpath, and determined to find the other men. Going a short distance we found my eldest son killed and stripped naked. The four horses were gone. About a quarter of a mile further on we saw more Indians in the timber where my husband was chopping wood, so we concluded we had better not go any further in that direction, and made our way to the hills. My youngest son, a boy of thirteen years of age, was herding sheep about a mile from the house when he was killed. They shot him then cut his throat. We continued to travel until it became too dark to discern our way, and then sat down at the foot of a tree and stayed until daylight. We then started again, not knowing where we were going, but hoping to strike some house. There was two feet of snow on the ground and our progress was slow and tedious. Finally we arrived at Lost River bridge about 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Here

we learned that the team had run away and killed white man. They gave a war-whoop and rode off towards the house.

"On examining my son-in-law, we found that he had been shot through the head. We then knew that the redskins were on the warpath, and determined to find the other men. Going a short distance we found my eldest son killed and stripped naked. The four horses were gone. About a quarter of a mile further on we saw more Indians in the timber where my husband was chopping wood, so we concluded we had better not go any further in that direction, and made our way to the hills. My youngest son, a boy of thirteen years of age, was herding sheep about a mile from the house when he was killed. They shot him then cut his throat. We continued to travel until it became too dark to discern our way, and then sat down at the foot of a tree and stayed until daylight. We then started again, not knowing where we were going, but hoping to strike some house. There was two feet of snow on the ground and our progress was slow and tedious. Finally we arrived at Lost River bridge about 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Here

Budget your car's needs with Dick B. Miller Company.

The Doctor Says

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M. D.

A puzzling problem is brought up by Mrs. R. who is worried about her 12-year-old granddaughter. This girl, the grandmother says, complains to her mother of pains in the legs and knees and is easily exhausted.

What Mrs. R. wants to know is whether this is serious or not and whether she should urge the mother to take more active steps for the young girl.

It is impossible to answer this question exactly, but it does raise the subject of those vague pains in the arms or legs usually called "growing pains" from which children so commonly complain. It is often a puzzling situation.

Many times it appears that these vague pains are of no significance, and it is possible that the youngsters have been growing so fast that their bones and muscles have not quite kept up their proper relations.

Sometimes the curve of the spine may not be just right or flat feet or bow legs are present and cause slight strains on the muscles or ligaments.

In mild cases plenty of sunshine, good food and time usually take care of the difficulty, although any obvious defect should, of course, be corrected. This requires attention.

Serious abnormalities may be responsible in some cases. The help of an orthopedic surgeon in deciding whether braces or other special measures are necessary is then desirable. A few children with growing pains seem to have something wrong with one or more of their internal glands. When present, this requires attention.

Occasionally the pains may be caused by diseased tonsils, adenoids or sinuses. There is also a debate among medical men as to whether growing pains may be a mild form of rheumatic fever.

Certainly children who have severe growing pains which last for weeks or months should be examined by a physician to make sure that no permanent damage is being done and to find out what can be done to relieve the discomfort.

HAL BOYLE

NEW YORK (U) — Two weeks ago my mother wrote me she wanted to make "a last visit" to those close to her heart who live far away.

Although she came all alone to this country from Ireland as a slender girl of 16, Mama — as she herself says — is no longer "the same spring chicken." She is 66, quite stout, and though summer still rules her heart, she feels a twinge of late autumn in her legs.

I didn't like the idea of her making a long journey by herself. So I phoned the old family home in Kansas City and asked whether, if I came out to get her, she would fly back with me.

Mama, who had never been up in an airplane, hesitated only a moment, then said cheerfully: "Sure, what have I got to lose? I'll go anywhere with you except on a department store escalator. Those things make me nervous."

"What is all this last-visit talk? You're like Sarah Bernhardt, the French actress. Every year she announced a grand final farewell tour, and she went on making them for 20 years."

"I don't know about her," said Mama. "But lately I've been going to the funerals of people younger than me. So I decided I'll make this trip while I still feel strong enough."

"I've got it all figured out. I'll spend a week with you and Frances in New York, and a week in Philadelphia talking with my four sisters about old times in County Mayo, when we were all young together. Then I'll be glad enough to go back home and "she laughed—"die when I get around to it."

Mama was cheered the next morning at the airport terminal by an old lady of 77 who said: "Your first flight? Why, I've been flying for 30 years. Nothing to it."

The last worry vanished for Mama when she boarded the plane and found all the windows were closed.

"I was afraid they'd be open," she confided. "I just got a new hairdo, and I didn't want it blown about before I even got to New York."

The flight was smooth and pleasant, leading Mama to give this cautious approval of the flight agent: "Well, I certainly feel safer in an airplane than I do on one of those awful escalators."

I was nervous myself later as we came to our apartment door. Nearly 10 months ago Frances and I adopted a baby girl, Tracy Ann. Mama was one of nine kids. Dad one of 16. They had five offspring themselves, but the five have so far given Mama only two grandchildren. How would she react to the first adoption in an Irish family that had dwindled so quickly in only three generations?

Knowing my mother's love of children, it was unworthy of me even to harbor a doubt. I felt ashamed when Mama kissed Frances and then, without waiting to remove her coat, went over to the baby's play pen and said: "Oh, the darling. She looks like a picture. Let me hold her."

Tracy looked up solemnly for her first view of her grandmother. But she broke out in chuckles as Mama taught her a new patty cake lyric:

"Patty cake, patty cake, tili dady comes home. "Daddy has money, but mommy has none."

The two soon became inseparable. Mama had no desire to see the aights.

"I've seen them all before," she said. "What do I care about looking at your old Grant's tomb or gadding up and down the Empire State Building at my age? I came here to visit."

Once I did ask her outright whether the fact Tracy was an adopted child troubled her in any way, and she immediately named three members of the family she had decided Tracy resembled.

"Mind?" she said. "You should have done it 10 years ago. But, of course, if you had, you wouldn't have Tracy. You're lucky the way things have worked out."

One evening Tracy came down with a mild cold, and Mama was up half a dozen times in the night to listen to her breathing.

"I don't care about the grow-ups, they can look out for themselves," she said. "But I hate to see the little ones suffer."

Tracy still had a runny nose on her 11-month birthday, when I left with my mother for Philadelphia, the next stop on "the last visit."

"Oh, I'll miss you, darling," Mama said, kissing Tracy at the door. "And you... you'll remember not to take the baby out with such a bad cold."

Mama never looked back as Tracy, sensing it was no ordinary goodbye, let out a cry and waved frantically. She wanted to go with grandma.

On the train a chicken sandwich revived Mama's spirits, and she napped aloud: "Why, the next time I see Tracy she'll be walking. And the time after that she'll be talking a blue streak."

"Okay, Sarah Bernhardt," I told her. "How many grand farewells tours are you planning now?"

"Well, you never know," said Mama, tickled at being compared to an actress. "At 66 every bite you take may be your last one, but I guess that's no reason to quit going to the grocery store, is it?"

Telling The Editor

THANK YOU

The Central Committee of the recent State Christian Endeavor Convention wishes to thank all in our community who helped to make the convention so successful. A special thank you should be said to the following:

1. Mr. Arnold Gralapp and Mr. Charles Carlson, representing the city school district.
2. Mr. Andrew Loney and his cappella choir.
3. Mr. Kyle Morgan for the beautiful organ.
4. The City Council and the city police and fire departments.
5. Mr. Swisegood and OTI.
6. Mr. Ron Phair of the Big Y Market.
7. The ministers and housing chairmen from the various churches.
8. The First Presbyterian, the First Methodist and Klamath Temple churches for use of their buildings.
9. The community for its fine cooperation in housing.
10. The Herald and News and radio stations KFLW and KPJI.
11. Mrs. Henry W. Moore and the Altamont Junior High Glee Club.
12. Senator Hitchcock and Reverend Richard Graf.
13. The County Fair Board and Klamath County School District.

We believe the convention was successful in giving to our youth higher goals in life, a sense of

service to our fellow men and a greater spiritual awareness. We sincerely wish to thank all who made it so.

Elton Fishback, Chairman
Arlene Lundgren, Secretary

Moving?

CALL
Peoples Warehouse
Phone 7425



MRS. HAGEN MOORE

Woman Named To Board

Mrs. Hagen Moore is the new appointee to the school board of elementary district No. 1, to succeed Jack Schultz whose resignation has been accepted. The appointment is for the period until June 21, when the regular school board election is scheduled.

Mrs. Moore has indicated that she will run for the remainder of the unexpired term of two years.

Shultz, co-owner of the Shoop and Shultz Tire Service, is retiring because of pressure of business. He was elected for a three year term.

Mrs. Moore, president of the Klamath County Council PTA for the past two years, is present co-chairman of the Junior Red Cross and will serve as chairman next year. She also serves on the advisory board of the Child Guidance Clinic and the Klamath County Tuberculosis and Health Association. Her interests are in youth work and activities.

Mrs. Moore is the mother of two sons.

Mrs. Moore is special agent for the Great Northern railroad.

service to our fellow men and a greater spiritual awareness. We sincerely wish to thank all who made it so.

Elton Fishback, Chairman
Arlene Lundgren, Secretary

Moving?

CALL
Peoples Warehouse
Phone 7425

Drive it
AND YOU'LL WANT IT!
Price it
AND YOU'LL BUY IT!



Lowest Priced Car With Big Car Performance!

This very week, if you like, you can start a thrilling new motoring life—the wonderful, luxurious life hitherto reserved for owners of costly automobiles. You can step out with the best on streets and highways... ride with big-car smoothness, steadiness and quiet... enjoy wonderful handling ease... take off for far places without a worry about the capabilities of your car.

You can do it now whatever your buying plans because Pontiac provides all major

qualities of the finest cars—the size, the long wheelbase, the luxury, the superb engineering, and the wondrously alert performance—for an absolute minimum cost.

Come in and try the exciting difference that big-car performance makes. Find out how Pontiac's economy and dependability hold down driving costs. And learn how easily our generous deal lets you step from your present car to a big, luxurious Pontiac. The car is waiting—come in soon!

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR
YOU CAN'T BEAT A

PONTIAC

"CAN YOU SEE, STEER, STOP SAFELY?
CHECK YOUR CAR... CHECK ACCIDENTS"—NATIONAL SAFETY COUNCIL.

PARKER PONTIAC CO.

4th & Klamath Ave.

Klamath Falls, Ore.

EXTRA EGGS • EXTRA PROFITS • are yours with

Triangle X-TRA EGG PRODUCER

Your hens are bred to produce a definite number of eggs—but to be sure they "lay to the limit" of their inherited production capacity, get them off to a fine start with Triangle X-TRA Egg Producer. This famous formula feed not only maintains their bodily health but provides an abundance of egg-making ingredients for maximum production. It PAYS to feed Triangle X-TRA Egg Producer.

"I have used X-tra Egg Producer off and on for the past 8 years. I have always returned to Triangle X-tra Egg Producer because I believe it gives me the highest, most economical egg production of any feed. I would highly recommend it to any poultryman seeking a low-cost, high-quality feed. A. J. Heer
P.O. Box 1, Woodburn, Ore."

TRIANGLE MILLING COMPANY

SOLD LOCALLY BY
SHARP GRAIN CO., MERRILL

603-665 N. Tillamook
PORTLAND 12, OREGON