

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor
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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

Three roaring, bellowing cats backed up by a rotary arching a plume of snow a hundred feet out over the deep drifts are cutting their way across the North Road at Grater Lake this week on their way to opening another entrance to the park.

It's quite a sight to watch these mechanical monsters chew into the big hard-packed drifts and worry out a path. The snow is packed so hard that a rotary won't cut it. It has to be broken up by the bulldozers first and then spit out to clear the road. There's a lot of skill and a tremendous amount of elbow grease goes into an operation like that.

The cat drivers take a pounding all day long lurching from one icy hummock to another, smashing into the drifts, eating out a thin line that will be gradually widened as the widening crew, utilizing a vertical 12-foot blade on a scraper and followed by yet another rotary, come along on the tail end.

Give credit to the lead tractor man who has to use his judgment to follow the course of the twisting road without the help of snow poles. And all of them who buck their way around curves that hover over drops of hundreds of feet in case the snow and ice should give way.

It's a big job and a grand sight. Went up last week for a look-see and was afforded a free trip into the still closed area by a park engineer who hauled us right out to the site of the work, explained it all and really went out of his way to be cooperative.

You'll see the results in a few days, maybe by next weekend, when the road will be opened to the public.

Crater Lake, by the way, is in line of having a record year. Mrs. Hallock, wife of the chief ranger, told us that early travel this year has been heavier than ever before.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL by KEN McLEOD

Political pressure in 1872 in regard to the removal of Captain Jack and his band from his old home on Lost River became so great that the federal government was forced to do something about this Indian who had defied all efforts to have him comply with the orders of the Indian Department. Under the spur of Governor Grover of Oregon, Meacham who was then superintendent had Major Otis make an attempt to convince Jack that it would be the better part of discretion to return to the reservation. This meeting of March 3, 1872, at Lost River Gap was a failure and Jack refused to return to the reservation at the government's request.

Politics then decided on a complete shake-up of the Indian Department and men were put in who would get the job done on a "get tough" program. Consequently early in April, Meacham was replaced by L. B. Odenal as superintendent, and Agent High was replaced by Agent Dyer at the reservation.

Odenal's first act was to consult with Major Otis who advised that Meacham's order granting Jack a temporary residence at Lost River be revoked and he be forced back to the reservation. While this consultation was going on with the Army, Odenal received an order from the commissioner of Indian Affairs to remove the Modocs, if practicable, to the reservation already set apart for them under the treaty of October, 1864, and to see they were properly protected from the Klamath. Superintendent Odenal was instructed if he could not remove the Modocs, or could not keep them on the reservation, to report his views of locating them at some other point, naming and describing such place as he selected.

Odenal then instructed Agent Dyer at the reservation and Commissioner Ivan Applegate, at Yainax, to see Captain Jack and endeavor to persuade him to return to the reservation. When this order arrived at the Klamath Agency communication with Captain Jack was opened with the aid of Chief Schonchin. As with the Lost River Gap conference, Jack demanded that the government agents come to him and the reservation selected was at the abandoned military camp at Juniper Springs on Lost River.

This meeting was held on the 14th of May and the Dyer-Applegate party brought along the head chief of the reservation Modocs. At this meeting, every argument and inducement was offered to influence Jack's band to return to the reservation. Promises of ample protection, subsistence, and privileges were of no effect. Jack was determined to remain where he was and stated he would not molest settlers if they did not locate themselves on the west side of Lost River near the mouth, where he had his winter camp. The settlers he said were always lying about him and trying to make trouble; but his people were good people and would not frighten or kill anybody. He desired only peace and was governed by the advice of the people of Yreka who knew and understood him.

At this conference it is said that Chief Schonchin made a strong appeal to the Modocs urging them to accept the benefits of the reservation, and pointing out the danger of resisting the government's efforts to induce them to return to the reservation. But Schonchin's appeal was in vain.

As the agents had been instructed that in the case the Modocs refused to return to the reservation they were to select and describe some other favorable location this subject was likewise discussed. The report in regard to this conference from the agents to Superintendent Odenal was that no situation outside the reservation had been found as suitable as the reserve itself, all the good agricultural land had been taken up, and most of the grazing land having been located as state land. In addition, the settlers were determined in their opposition to having the Modocs located in their midst at Lost River. They recommended, therefore, that the Modocs be placed on the reservation.

This report of the Juniper Spring conference and the opinions of Dyer and Applegate was sent to Superintendent Odenal who forwarded it to Commissioner F. A. Walker in Washington. Along with this report Odenal sent a report covering his own opinion on the subject following the advice of Major Otis, which was that the ringleaders of this recalcitrant band be arrested and taken to some remote reservation away from their tribe until they should agree to keep the law. The remainder of the tribe be removed to Yainax; the time suggested for the accomplishment of the plan being in conformance to the advice of Major Otis, the last of September.

Thus Captain Jack's fate was sealed and the die cast for the Modoc War at this conference which so few writers ever mention. On receiving this advice from Superintendent Odenal along with the report and recommendations of the Agents, Indian Commissioner Walker issued an order to the superintendent to carry out his recommendations and remove the Modocs to the Klamath reservation, "peaceably if you can, forcibly if you must," at the time suggested.

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TELLING THE EDITOR

PLEA

I would like to take this means of giving the taxpayers of the city of Klamath Falls a few pertinent facts concerning city firemen and their wages.

The new tentative budget proposes to pay firemen a salary of \$305 per month plus a clothing allowance of \$5 per month. Firemen work 72 hours per week and about 312 hours per month, which means their hourly wage is less than \$1 per hour. Quite often they are called upon to work overtime which must be done free of charge. In other words, if a series of bad fires occurred, and firemen had to work 500 hours in a month, their total salary would still be only \$305 for that month.

According to life insurance companies, firefighting is classed as a hazardous occupation and commands higher policy premiums than most other occupations. Fire-

lighting is also classed as an honorable profession and as much of a skilled trade as, say a carpenter, or a mechanic or a plumber. Try hiring one of those tradesmen for less than \$1 per hour.

As a very interested, fire-minded, tax paying citizen, I have dug into this quite thoroughly and come up with these interesting facts.

Klamath Falls has one of the finest fire departments in the state of Oregon, with first class modern equipment and an efficient crew. Yet their salaries are the lowest of all fire departments in the state of Oregon. Therefore, I firmly believe that every tax payer in the city of Klamath Falls, who appreciates good and efficient fire protection, should support the city firemen in their fight for a decent wage. Call your councilmen and your mayor and let them know your views.

Sincerely,
Oscar W. Anderson
1819 Eldorado, City.

HAL BOYLE

HOMETOWN, U. S. A. — "People always remember the dead on Memorial Day," said Trellis Peeble, "but they forget the living."

"What do you mean?" asked her husband, Wilbur.

"Well, I was thinking of Elsie Smith. She must be lonely today. It has been nearly ten years since Charlie was killed in Germany."

Elsie and Charlie had been close friends of the Peebles. But after her husband's death, Elsie and her infant son, Junior, had moved to a less expensive apartment on the other side of town, and the Peebles saw less of her with the passing years.

"Why, we haven't seen Elsie in a coon's age," said Wilbur.

"Let's invite her and Junior over for a dinner on Memorial Day," suggested Trellis Mae. "I hate to think of them being alone."

But some of the guys from the office and I were planning to get in a round of golf, and — began Wilbur. But when he saw the look in his wife's eyes, he said, "Okay, Honey. You're right."

Early Memorial Day morning he drove over and got Elsie and Junior.

"My Elsie, you're getting prettier every year — and Junior, you're so big now I wouldn't recognize you."

"Yep, everybody says that," replied Trellis. "Why do grownups always tell kids they are getting bigger? Aren't they supposed to?"

Later, while Trellis Mae was starting dinner, Wilbur called Elsie aside and said, "Do you want to go out and see Charlie now?"

"Yes," she answered. "But don't tell Junior. I still feel he's too young to go."

While the boy chattered in the kitchen, they slipped out to the car, drove to the florist for some flowers, and went on from there to the cemetery. They stopped by a grave that had a small U. S. flag on it.

"Would you like to stay here a little?" asked Wilbur.

"Yes," said Elsie gratefully. "Well, I'll just drive around, and come back in an hour."

When he returned for Elsie, she was silent and composed, but her eyes were red.

After dinner, Wilbur helped Elsie and Trellis Mae do the dishes, and then they sat around and had a good long talk about old times. Practically every sentence began, "Do you remember when Charlie —" and then they'd laugh.

Looking out the window at Elsie's son, who was knocking a tin can around with a stick, Wilbur asked: "How's Junior coming along?"

Just then Junior tripped and fell, got up, and in a fit of small boy fury banged the stick against a tree until it broke.

"Well, you know he wasn't born until the month after Charlie went overseas," said Elsie, "and he never got to see his father. But

Japan Approves Warships Lease

TOKYO (AP) — The upper House of Japan's Diet (Parliament) today approved by a 116-88 vote an agreement to lease warships from the United States.

The lower House already had approved the plan.

The United States will lend Japan four destroyers and several other warships.

Japan also is negotiating for other ships from the United States, including an aircraft carrier.

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RECEIVE YOUR PHOTOPRINTS LIKE THIS AT YOUR DEALER

By Jimmy Hatlo

Frank Tripp

Anybody who is tilting a bottle that he has to hide might better give up the habit; but such a one is always the last to swear off. They're cute about it too, and pretty hard to catch.

My last job before I went newspapering was managing a miniature railroad in a summer park, the Little Giant Railroad. The steam locomotive, and the little cars of two passengers each, when coupled together made a train about 80 feet long.

There was a tunnel on the "scenic" side, built against a hill like a lean-to shed and covered with boughs to create the deception. Basically it wasn't for scenery; it was the night shelter and winter quarters for the little train.

Running the engine made a dandy summer job for a superannuated locomotive engineer. The one we hired had pulled the Lackawanna Limited in his day and proved ideal, except for one thing.

Every few days by mid-afternoon lovable old Terry would begin to get giddy and by night several times I had to take over his job. Which I enjoyed, except that as general manager, general passenger agent, ticket seller, conductor and also engineer, I was busier than the president of the Union Pacific.

There was no license in the park and where Terry hid his bottle proved a puzzle. We knew he brought it in, so searched his dinette, looked under the coal in the engine tender and in its water tank to no avail.

His pockets never bulged, yet the sneaking approach of his cozy little bannigan indicated we'll spaced nips rather than four-finger alugs.

Finally we found it. When he came to work Terry hid a quart at one end of the tunnel, where he could reach it from his seat. While passing through the darkness, which he did slowly, he had time for his snifter. Then he would deposit the bottle at the other end of the tunnel. Returning he would reverse the process, which gave him two shots per trip.

The extent of Terry's jag and the hour of its arrival depended upon the rush of business; the busier we were, the sooner he went home. That's how I came to be demoted from general manager to engineer — and loved it.

My mother had an uncle who came out of the Civil War much worse for wear, so so many did. If he ever wound a solid month thereafter we didn't know it. He moved from relative to relative, brought all of his faults with him, but was welcomed just the same, for he was a comical old fellow, and smart.

Except that mother was an ardent white ribboner and Uncle Martin was anything else but, he probably would have availed himself of our hospitality more often. Nothing could completely cramp his style, however.

Vitamins were as yet unmarketed. Their equivalents were a host of patent medicine tonics for this and that. Mom was a tonic fall guy and had her favorite.

Uncle Mart would sample anything liquid, from kerosene to shellac, if in a bottle. So he tried Mom's tonic, first the modest dosage recommended, then a tumblerful — and he passed out.

The over-dose sore distressed mother. She felt responsible and called a doctor. The doc took one look each at Uncle Mart and the bottle, folded his satchel and departed, saying: "He'll be all right; he's just crocked."

The tonic maker lost a good customer. Mom never touched his elixir again. Uncle Mart snatched three of the empty bottles and when pop caught him refilling them with Squirrel Whiskey, our resourceful uncle just winked and said "These'll come in handy when I visit Marietta."

Marietta was his sister, so absolutely arid that, compared to her, my white-ribbon mother was a hopeless souse.

James Marlow

WASHINGTON (AP) — The present investigation of tax-exempt foundations is only the third of its kind in American history. But investigations of foundations were made before Christ and foundations themselves existed long before that.

A Senate committee investigated in 1912. So did a special House committee, headed by the late Rep. Eugene Cox (D-Ore.), in 1922. Under the chairmanship of Rep. B. Carroll Reece (R-Tenn.) a special House committee is making an investigation now. Reece says the purpose is to see whether the foundations are carrying out their stated purposes or whether there is use of their money to promote communism or socialism.

Foundations and their purposes have varied. They get their money through rich men or their heirs or through contributions, and hand it out for special projects: humanitarian, social, civil, religious, medical, scientific, educational, charitable.

Ernest Victor Hollis, a specialist on the subject, traced them back to the beginning of American history, pointing out that the gifts and bequests which endowed colleges were foundations, the money being set aside for the public good.

Benjamin Franklin provided 1,000 pounds in 1790 for two foundations still in existence, in Boston and Philadelphia, for the education of "young married artificers."

Another early foundation pointed out by Hollis was the Magdalen Society, established in 1800 to aid "fallen women." A woman had to admit being a prostitute to get any of the foundation's benefits.

The Smithsonian Institution here in Washington, set up in 1846 by an Englishman, James Smithson, is now semi-foundation and semi-governmental.

In this country there are perhaps more than 30,000 foundations with total capital assets of maybe \$2 to 3 billion dollars. The largest is the Ford Foundation with assets of more than \$600 million.

Hollis, writing for the American Council of Education in 1939, said the Egyptian pharaohs, 1400 years before Christ, set up perpetual funds, as they thought, for religious and personal purposes; the money would go to a college of priests who would have to use some of the money to keep the donor's tomb perpetually protected.

The Chaldeans, according to Hollis, had almost identical practices 1200 years before Christ. "These," he said, "are the earliest known efforts at projecting private will beyond life for general purposes."

In Greece there was long an uncertainty under law about setting up foundations as such. So Plato in 347 B.C. left his academy to his nephew, together with some revenue-producing land, with instructions they be used for the benefit of his followers. In turn the nephew left the foundation to Xenocrates for the benefit of the cult.

The Romans made foundations indisputably legal but by 65 B.C. they had grown so powerful, and had gotten so deep in politics, that Cicero, who thought they were working against him, got the Senate to dissolve them.

Cicero divided the foundations into "good" and "bad." The "bad" ones were put out of business. The ones he liked were allowed to go on.

The foundations have a continuing history. In the medieval period they were ecclesiastical. They owned between a third and a half of the wealth of Great Britain. Finally, Henry VIII confiscated the wealth of all the foundations in Britain for use of the crown.

In 1837 a royal commission was established to investigate foundations. The job took 17 years. The Cox investigation took six months. Congress approves its continuance, ends by Dec. 31.

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FAMILY ALBUM

JUDGE U. E. REEDER



Then...

By LYLE DOWNING

Writers of lurid stories of the once wild and woolly west could undoubtedly obtain a lot of pointers if they talked to Ulysses Emanuel Reeder, better known around Klamath Falls as "the judge."

Judge Reeder, who has presided for 16 years over the Klamath County Court, had a grandstand seat for western history, in the making near the turn of the century around Lakeview and Silver Lake.

The judge says what he saw proves conclusively that "truth is stranger than fiction."

According to Judge Reeder, no Hollywood western movie set ever had more two-gunmen roaming over it than Sage Street in Lakeview in the 1880's.

"A man who was slow on the draw wasn't considered much of an insurance risk around Lakeview in those days," the judge recalled. "The town had an equal number of saloons and stores and the cowpokes really used to whoop it up on Saturday night. The Bucket of Blood was a popular rendezvous for badmen."

Judge Reeder remembers a famous lynching in Lakeview in 1887. The victim was a notorious gun slinger known as Badman Thompson.

"After he had been on a few rampages and shot up the town, the law-abiding citizens didn't waste time with charges and trials," the judge said. "Thompson was taken out of jail and the town marshal was told to stay out of sight. They took Thompson up a flight of stairs on the outside of a building and threw him over the banister with a rope around his neck. He only lived a few minutes."

One of Judge Reeder's most vivid memories of the pioneer era has to do with a tragic fire at Silver Lake on Christmas Eve in 1894. A kerosene lamp overturned and set fire to decorations in a hall where a yuletide celebration was in progress. Forty-six persons burned to death.

"The hero of that terrible conflagration was a cowboy named Ira Bradley," the judge said. "He made a ride from Silver Lake to Lakeview for medical aid that was good as anything Paul Revere did. He made the 100 miles in less than eight hours. He changed horses at the stage stations along the way."

Judge Reeder came to Oregon from Texas in 1886 with his par-

Sailors Add Water To Japanese Sake

OSAKA, Japan (AP)—Osaka police cracked the case of the salty sake today.

Seems crewmen on a sake-carrying freighter have been taking a drink from each bottle in their cargo, then filling it up with sea water.

The result has been a rash of complaints that Osaka's sake had turned salty.

Witch's Brew



For many centuries the apothecary's art was little more than a witch's brew. The hoof of the wild ass, the tooth of the swine, the heel of the greyhound, when properly brewed, were variously prescribed for headaches, baldness, and to "purify the blood." Out of this medical rag bag

of the centuries has come the pharmacy of today. We are not qualified by either education or experience to diagnose disease or prescribe treatment, but we are thoroughly qualified to supply whatever medication your physician prescribes. When he writes you a prescription, bring it to us to be filled.

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