

Herald and News

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

Nobody can tell me that this rainy weather isn't hooked up with some way with all the recent H-bomb tests over at Bikini or those the Reds keep blowing off in their secret testing grounds beyond the Urals.

It isn't natural to have this much rain over a period of two weeks. Something has got to be blamed for it. And for lack of anything better I'll stick with the scientists and their lullaby little playthings.

And it seems such a shame, too. Here we spend billions of dollars perfecting the deadliest bomb the world has yet seen, but whenever anyone suggests using it the righteous rise up and whimper about all the people it'll kill. So we haul the bombs off to an island and touch 'em for the education and amusement of our scientists (the ones who aren't being bombed by McCarthy and his cohorts).

But, and here's the rub: what's the difference between being blown back into the original organisms and being drowned in a perennal rain? As the chap once said "be it steel or be it lead, anyhow the man is dead."

You can talk all you want to about the Japan current, the world weather chart, the high area over Himalaya as opposed to a nasty low pressure area forming around Malaya, I'll take my stand on the old H-bomb. He's to blame for it all.

If the money that has been poured into the A and H bombs had been spent on an improved land recovery program and a farm equipment pool system this country could have been self supporting and we wouldn't need H bombs.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN McLEOD

Continuing with Jeff Riddle's account of the first battle of the Modoc War, he writes: "The soldiers rode right up to Captain Jack's lodge and stopped. They advanced a few steps on foot and halted. By that time the braves were all around through the village. Captain Jackson demanded Captain Jack. Scar-face Charley told the captain he would go and get him. Jack appeared in a few minutes. A few of his men were with him. Every Indian had his gun with him."

"Jackson told Captain Jack that the Great Father had sent him to go and get him, Jack and all his people and put them on the Klamath reservation."

"Jack replied, saying: 'I will go. I will take my people with me, but I do not place any confidence in anything you white people tell me. You see you come here to my camp when it is dark. You scare me and my people when you do that. I won't run from you. Come up to me like men, when you want to see or talk to me.'

"The captain assured Jack he did not want any trouble. He says: 'Jack, get all your men up here in front of my men.'

"Jack called his men together. They did it, eying the soldiers closely. Some of the old men were saying: 'Maybe this man wants to repeat what Ben Wright did to us Modocs years ago.'

"When all the Modocs were in front of Jackson and his soldiers, Jackson says to Captain Jack: 'Now Jack, lay down your gun here,' pointing to a bunch of sagebrush."

"At last Jack says: 'What for?'"

"Jackson told him: 'You are the chief. You lay your gun down, all your men do the same. You do that we will not have any trouble.'

"Jack said: 'Why do you want to disarm me and my men for? I never fought white people yet and I do not want to. Some of my old men are scared of what you ask me to do.'

"If you believe what you say, Jack, and you will give up your gun, I won't let anyone hurt you," was Jackson's reply.

"Jack looked at his own men and ordered them to lay down their guns. Every Indian stepped up smiling and laid down his trusty muzzle-loading rifle. Scar-face Charley laid his gun down on top of the pile of guns the Indians had stacked, but he kept his revolver strapped on. Jackson ordered him to take his pistol off and hand it over."

"Scar-face said: 'Your got my gun. This pistol all mine. Me no shoot him you.'

"Jackson ordered his lieutenant Boutelle to disarm Scar-face, whereupon Lieutenant Boutelle stepped forward and said: 'Here,

Injun, give that pistol here, (censored) you, quick."

"Scar-face Charley laughed and said: 'Me no dog. Me man. Me no afraid you. You talk to me I just like dog. Me no dog. Talk me good. I listen you.'

"Boutelle drew his revolver, saying: 'Your (censored), I will show you how to talk back to me.'

"Scar-face said: 'Me no dog. You no shoot me. Me keep pistol. You no get him, my pistol.'

"Boutelle leveled his revolver at Scar-face's breast. Scar-face drew his pistol. At the same instant, both pistols made but one report. The Indian's bullet went through Boutelle's coat sleeve. Scar-face jumped and got his gun. Every Indian then followed suit. The soldiers opened fire on the Indians. No more than thirty feet from them, the Indians piled on one another trying to get their guns. After the Indians got their guns they gave battle. The soldiers retreated after a few minutes firing, leaving one dead and seven severely wounded on the field. The Modocs lost one warrior killed and about half a dozen wounded. The Modoc warrior killed was known as Watchman; his Indian name was Wish-in-push."

Thus we have Riddle's account of the shot that started the Modoc War, it's very dramatic and in line with the Indian love of the dramatic. Of course, Riddle, not being present would not know what was actually said and so he writes what appears to fit the occasion best. It will be noted, however, there is not a mention of Ivan Applegate or any part Applegate

They'll Do It Every Time



By Jimmy Hatlo

By CHARLES MERCER (For Hal Boyle)

GLEN RIDGE, N. J. — The spot where I am writing this may some day be in the middle of a six-lane highway. Or maybe it will be beside the highway. Or maybe the highway will be a block away. And possibly the highway never will come this way at all.

The spot is my desk in our house. After I got out of the Army in 1946 we lived in furnished rooms while we hunted and hunted for a home. The places we could afford we did not like, and the places we liked we could not afford.

Then, one Sunday afternoon in 1947, we saw The House. The land curved around it and nine big oaks stretched their arms about it and people had dwelt happily in it for many years.

"This is it," I said after we'd been through it and learned the price. "Yes, this is it," my wife said. "But we can't afford it." "Oh, no," she said, "of course we can't afford it."

So we bought it and moved into it all our possessions — a portable typewriter, a portable radio and wedding gifts that never had been unpacked.

Since that time we've been told by various people that it's a nice house but: 1. We can't afford it. 2. It's much bigger than we need. 3. I'll get a coronary working on all that lawn. 4. You trying to go high hat or something moving in here?"

We always reply that we like it and view it as a permanent home. For in 1947 we were hunting permanence and certainty after much uncertainty, and along with the rest of the world we still desire permanence and certainty today. So we furnished the house and lived in it and the sheriff has stayed away from our door. We've known happiness and sorrow here. It's become a place much loved in and attained in our minds the permanence we desired.

About a year ago we first heard the state was mounting an attack on us. Pushing bulldozers would invade from the West, we were told, driving a super-highway through us toward New York. Glens of arms-bearing age were mustered in meetings of protest where it was impossible to sift wild rumors from military intelligence.

May have played in the conference Riddle confirms. Colonel Thompson's narrative of Jackson's gallop into Jack's camp though he did not use the word "gallop." However, Jackson's men were dismounted and their arms at ready before the conference begins and from this point the versions differ. Two guns fired as one started the battle, is a most dramatic event and absolute white or red of firing the first shot.

HAL BOYLE

Telling The Editor

MEMORY

Whenever, tramping a hot July trail, the writer sniffs the pleasant, fragrant, aromatic bay laurel leaf, he thinks of a little Guernavaca casa. Color-bejeweled hummingbirds flashed in the sunlight slanting into its patio. These sipped the nectar of tropical flowers, bright as themselves. The barefeet of a peon padded over square brick tiled floor. He brought "alligator pears," some big, greenish-skinned, others, small brown, he called "chico."

This Mexico scene seems far removed from either California or Japan. Yet the avocado, or "Alligator pear" has far flung family connections. It is a cousin to our California laurels. When next eating an avocado, note how it resembles the fruit of our native laurel.

Japan is home of a haughty member of laurel high society, the camphor laurel. Always this tree is in temple courtyards. Under its shade, children play. There they are safe for temple roots are curved, so that lightning devils lose their way and take a trail into the air instead of coming down to annoy folk. The camphor laurel is now being used in Californian street forestry. Watch one next winter when in fruit. Again, the resemblance to both the avocado and our native laurel fruit.

The California bay laurel yields a useful hardwood. One packer of California figs used its leaves to give his dried fruits a peculiar

James Marlow

WASHINGTON — The life of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, the atomic scientist, will be marked and lonely if the Atomic Energy Commission decides his government can no longer trust him with secrets.

But even a decision to trust him won't guarantee him peace, for at least one congressional committee may investigate his case again.

The 50-year-old Oppenheimer directed the original A-bomb development. The AEC said yesterday it will rule this month whether he may be trusted with secrets in the future.

This is his unfolding story: Oppenheimer directed the A-bomb from 1942 until the war ended in 1945. From 1947 he has been one of a group of scientists advising the AEC on atomic problems, with access to the most delicate secrets.

He helped in writing this country's atomic disarmament plan, which Russia rejected. He has been adviser to the American delegation at the United Nations. Meanwhile, he has lived at Princeton, N.J., directing the Institute for Advanced Study.

One of the most important pieces of advice the government asked him for — this was in 1949 — was whether the United States should go ahead in making the H-bomb.

He was against the all-out idea, as were many other scientists and some members of the AEC itself. He favored a balanced program of A-bomb weapons. On Jan. 31, 1950, former President Truman ordered all-out work on the H-bomb.

Oppenheimer was investigated by the government when Truman set up his program for checking on the loyalty of government employees. He continued to work on secret matters.

Then on April 27, 1953, President Eisenhower issued an order calling upon every department head to review every case in which there had been a full FBI field investigation, as there was in Oppenheimer's case.

On July 7, 1953, four days after Eisenhower had made him chairman of the five-man AEC, Lewis L. Strauss ordered a review of Oppenheimer to see whether he was a security risk. This was in keeping with the President's general order of April 27.

Strauss had been a member of the AEC, but not chairman, in 1949 when Oppenheimer opposed the H-bomb. Strauss was one of those who favored going ahead with it.

Early in December 1953, Strauss took to Eisenhower all the information the AEC had on Oppenheimer. The President ordered a "blank wall" to be placed between Oppenheimer and secret information.

On Dec. 23, 1953, Strauss told Oppenheimer he could resign his advisory job with the AEC or ask for hearings. The only way Oppenheimer could clear his name was to talk for a hearing. He did.

The AEC appointed a special three-man board: Gordon Gray, now president of the University of North Carolina and formerly secretary of the Army; Dr. Ward V. Evans, professor of chemistry at Loyola University, Chicago; and Thomas A. Morgan, former president of the Sperry Corp.

Hearings began April 23. The board heard over half a million words of testimony from Oppenheimer and a parade of scientists and others who knew him and read 3,000 pages of information on the AEC files.

The board's decision was made known June 1. The three members

Rough Fish Hit Reservoir

Unity Reservoir in Baker County and Malheur reservoir in northern Malheur County have both become reinfested with rough fish according to the Oregon State Game Commission.

Unity Reservoir, which was chemically treated in 1949, again shows a heavy population of roach and suckers, and trout fishing has deteriorated. The reservoir has provided good fishing for three years and even in that short period of time has "paid off" in relation to the cost of treatment. The game commission plans to remove the present population this fall by again chemically treating the reservoir.

Malheur reservoir was treated in 1950, and conditions here do not appear to be as critical as at Unity. Additional population studies will be made here before definite re-treatment plans are developed. Malheur Reservoir has provided outstanding angling in recent years and has returned the investment in chemical treatment many fold.

Manila

MANILA — Spanish Ambassador Fernin Sanz Orrio presented his credentials to President Ramon Magsaysay Tuesday. The President set a precedent when he gave his speech in Tagalog, the national language, instead of English.

flavor, much as bay leaves are used in many kitchens. The hoarding instinct, which all children have may be well guided into fresh air traps to collect seeds and fruits. Such comparisons as of the fruits and seeds of avocado, bay laurel, camphor laurel are instructive. Exchange native seeds, woods, insects, shells, minerals with school children in the Eastern U.S.A., Europe, The Orient. Child lives are thus broadened, enriched.

Respectfully,
C. M. Goethe

NAME THE PONY CONTEST

HEY KIDS! A complete cowboy or cowgirl outfit will be awarded to the 12-year-old or younger boy or girl who names the Fourth of July Pony. He's a little Shetland pony gelding. See him with the Queen Contestants. Then send in your favorite name. There's still time for a chance at the prize for naming him.

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I submit the name _____ for the Shetland pony.

My name _____

Address _____

My age _____ Phone _____

Kansas Quail Eggs Slated

Through the courtesy and cooperation of the Kansas Forestry, Fish, and Game Commission, Oregon's bobwhite quail will have a chance to mingle with some of their mid-western relatives if activities now in progress are successful according to a statement released today by P. W. Schneider, state game director.

Seven hundred bobwhite eggs were shipped from one of their hatcheries via air freight to Portland this week. At Portland, they were picked up by Cliff West, gamekeeper at the Hermiston game farm and transferred to that station.

The eggs will be incubated at the Hermiston farm and then released at several points in the state in the hope that they will not only increase the present stocks but also serve to introduce hybrid vigor into the future broods.

Additional eggs to make a total of approximately 2,000 are expected at a later date and will be handled in a like manner.

Access For River Sought

Members of the city council of Hammond, Oregon near Astoria have started a concerted effort to provide Mr. Average Fisherman with better access to one of the popular fishing areas of the state.

On June 2, representatives of the Oregon State Game Commission attended the council meeting during which the members discussed the possibility of developing public access in the Hammond boat basin. An access point at this location would permit persons wishing to salmon fish in the mouth of the Columbia to launch their boats much closer to the fishing grounds than was previously possible.

The basin is still owned by the U.S. Army Engineers and is being operated under an agreement with the Coast Guard. The Hammond City Council appointed some local individuals to contact these agencies regarding the use of the area, and if plans go through, the work will greatly benefit anglers using the Columbia in this area.

QUICKIES

reminds me of a swarm of bees I once sold with a Herald and News Want Ad!

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