

The Herald and News

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Class Reunion

By DAVE COHEN
Some of us old delinquents gathered with cronies of the late 1940s not long ago and reminisced about how we used to commit mayhem on the sanctified three-Rs in San Francisco's George Washington High School some 12 years previous.

Miss Marie (Ma) Kerwin, school matriarch, would not have approved of some of the "outsiders" who had joined our reunion. There were the brothers Haig, who scotched rumors they were going into the anti-freeze business and old James (Jim) Beam, an interloper from the blue grass country.

But, fortunately for us, and for "Ma" and her low-boiling point, she did not attend.

I remember Miss K. in a green dress and her perennial white scarf which was the symbol of her purity and single-blessedness. She would rant and rave and though she purported to be a history teacher, her forte was a class in Life. One could never consider himself a true Washingtonian or Eagle, as we were called, unless a class in "history" was taken from "Ma."

I recall once a substitute telling the class that Ma would grade by volume; the proof being that he (when an undergraduate) would write the first test page on history and the remaining four pages on the World Series for his "A" or "B."

"Ma" had a wonderful facility for remembering names. I ran into her on the street one day shortly after leaving the Eagle's nest, and I began our conversation with, "Miss Kerwin, you don't remember me, but . . ."

"Of course I do, Arthur," she contradicted.

But this little vignette about Ma, who has since retired, is used to show that she was not entirely in absentia that Saturday night in a Sunset District pub where 150 of a graduation class of 900 attended to reminisce a bit and catch up on old times and the intervening decade plus two years.

In pairs and quartets the old GWs with their wives or husbands began filtering through the doors, first to sign the register and then to show surprise or pleasure as old classmates rushed up to say "hi."

Midge came in with her husband.

As I walked up to her the old GW fight song went off in my ear and I recalled many a day for four years I was completely engrossed in the way she walked or smiled.

"Would you like to dance?" "Yes," she said.

Back in June of 1947, I would have turned chalk-white at the thought of such an act of bravery, for there would have been asterisks in my optics for all to see and that clicking would not have been castnets, seniorita, but my knees knocking.

But now Midge (she was a small gal, five-one or two, blonde, brown eyes) was the mother of two and no longer my high school crush.

We danced. The floor was not too crowded the way most San Francisco dance floors are on a Saturday night. This probably saved me no end of embarrassment for the sake of old times . . . mine, not hers . . . I would have liked to have held her closer. Fortunately, discretion gave way to nostalgia and we danced like this instead of like this.

It didn't take long. We danced to the hi-fi records and in about a minute, covered the 12 years and when I left her I sensed she was going back to her husband and children.

I was a complete failure.

It wasn't long after I realized the futility of it all that goodbyes echoed through the pub's hired hall and there were vows to attend the next reunion, wherever and whenever.

Be that as it may, I hope it won't take another 12 years. I don't wish to dance with Midge's grandchildren.

The Big Four summit meeting took place in July 1955 in Geneva. It was a huddle of sweet-ness and light, all hands peering through rose-colored glasses. In fact, however, there was no summit agreement on anything other than this:

The Big Four foreign ministers were instructed by the heads of state to meet at a later date—also in Geneva—to seek agreement on three items:

—European security and German unification.
—Disarmament.
—East-West cultural contacts.

The foreign ministers met in November, 1955. They accomplished nothing. The best Secretary of State John Foster Dulles could say of the meeting was "Our talks have not been wholly barren."

British Foreign Secretary Harold Macmillan was not so enthusiastic. Macmillan said: "Instead of taking another step forward, at the best, we are locked again in stalemate; at the worst, we have taken a step backward."

French Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay said: "At least (the meeting) has given all of us a chance to define our respective positions with clarity."

Soviet Foreign Minister Vyacheslav Molotov said: "The meeting has shown that every step . . . is coupled with no small difficulties . . . which rather often push things backward instead of forward."

With those dismal observations, the foreign ministers separated. Of the three items assigned by the heads of state at their summit meeting for discussion by the foreign ministers, that one relating to East-West cultural contacts apparently was something in which the Soviet Union was interested.

Agreements for such exchanges have been made, enabling Soviet artists to appear in the United States and American artists to appear in the Soviet Union. That is not much to come at long last from a meeting of the Big Four heads of state and a later meeting of the foreign ministers. That, however, has been the total harvest.

The foreign ministers of the United States, the United Kingdom and France jointly agreed in Washington last week that a summit meeting with the Soviet Union would depend on the preparation of constructive preliminary proposals by the foreign ministers. The ministers will meet in Geneva May 11.

Eisenhower agreed reluctantly in 1955 to the idea of a Big Four summit meeting. At his March 23, 1955 news conference he said no such thing was even in the planning stage. Within a week he was saying that he could foresee "many dangers" in a summit meeting. Thereafter Eisenhower began to warm up to the summit idea.

This time he is more cautious.

The Lighter Side

By FRANK ELEAZER
WASHINGTON (UPI) — Some- how a lot of women who back in 1936 signed on for social security coverage at a professed age of 30 or 35 are turning out now to be 62 and therefore ready to retire.

The way the government counts birthdays, these ladies still have from 4 to 9 years to go before starting to collect their retirement pay. So now they are faced not only with admitting they lied about their ages originally, but with proving it.

Sometimes this is tough. One youngish looking lady in some such fix is reported to have told a social security agent who asked for proof of her birth date: "Well, I don't have any papers or anything, but I've lied so much about being 41 I probably have

some friends who will swear they have heard me saying it for the last 30 years."

Women apparently have been fibbing about their ages since Eve, who very likely tried to justify her conduct on the grounds she was too young to know any better. And the advent of the social security program in the late 30's certainly was no incentive for the girls to turn honest.

Jobs were hard to come by then, especially for people 40 or over. Women and men too in those days were giving themselves every benefit of the doubt.

Job applicants couldn't believe then, and some still can't, that employers can't check on ages as listed with social security. The government doesn't care, and won't tell, if you lie to your boss. It does wish though you would level with your Uncle Sam.

A recent sampling by the Social Security Administration showed maybe one person in every 10 had substantially understated his (or her) age in applying for a social security number.

The agency claims not to have noticed which sex was the worse offender. It says men as well as women have been caught shaving their ages. It does happen though that many of the case histories the agency cites involve perfidious women.

When the showdown comes, a lot of these ladies immediately think of their marriage licenses as a good place to look for proof of their age. But in the experience of some social security experts, that is probably the worst place of all. If ever a woman is going to downgrade her age, apparently, she does it when about to get wed.

All sorts of evidence of actual age is available to most people, though. A birth certificate is the best of all, but these weren't generally in use 62 (or in the case of men, 65) years ago.

Family Bibles, baptismal certificates, insurance policies, and even gravestones are frequently helpful.

One worrisome possibility is that some people may be denying themselves benefits to which they are entitled rather than admit they originally understated their ages. This is one case though where lying to the government is not an offense.

Uncle Sam says come in, and come clean, and he will bend every effort to help you prove you weren't honest.

Lyndon Johnson

By JAMES MARLOW
Associated Press News Analyst
WASHINGTON (AP) — At the start it looked like such a comfortable year for Sen. Lyndon Johnson. As leader of the Senate Democrats the tall Texan had everything he could wish for, including peace and quiet.

It was like being the skipper of a ship on a windless sea. Then suddenly out of nowhere the wind came up. It didn't capsize him but it rocked his boat.

Loyalty? He had it. Probably every Democratic senator is beholden to him for some favor or other. He's a great one for doing favors, knowing the importance of having senators feel favorable to him when he wants something done.

Prestige? He had it in abundance. Wasn't everyone saying he was a positively brilliant maestro in a place which has more prima donnas than an opera house? He had a genius for getting them to say yes or no as he wanted.

And best of all for him: he had an overwhelming majority of Democrats to work with. Thanks to last November's elections, his party's majority was the greatest since early New Deal days.

What more could a Senate leader ask? If he were asked, he'd probably have said more of the

same, as anyone would. He was even being prominently mentioned as a likely Democratic presidential candidate in 1960.

Then a comparative newcomer, Sen. William Proxmire, Wisconsin Democrat, strode up to the bridge and pulled the skipper's cap down around his ears. This was a few weeks ago.

In brief, this was Proxmire's complaint: Senate Democrats were being treated to too much of the daddy-knows-best stuff, with Lyndon the Daddy. Proxmire wanted less of a one-man show and more say-so from everybody.

He wanted Johnson to hold more pow-wows with other Democrats so they could have a voice in what legislation should be pushed, changed, or shoved aside.

Last week Johnson encountered criticism of his leadership from another Democrat, Sen. Pat McNamara of Michigan. He didn't like the way Johnson acted—failed to act was the way he put it—the on the jobless pay bill.

This bill, as approved by Congress, was much less than McNamara wanted. He accused Johnson not only of failing to provide leadership but of failing to take a stand at all.

Sen. Wayne Morse (D-Ore) came up with still more criticism during the weekend. He didn't mention the 51-year-old Johnson by name, nor did he name Johnson's fellow Texan, 77-year-old Sam Rayburn, speaker of the House. The two Texans have been the undisputed Democratic bosses in the Capitol.

But Morse blasted the "Democratic leadership on Capitol Hill" which he said has been the "Charles McCarthy in a political ventriloquist act" with President Eisenhower and his administration on the Edgar Bergen end of the act.

"Could it be," asked Morse, "that we are witnessing a tragic political spectacle of both of our political parties in the control of old, tired, sick, reactionary men?"

He said in effect: The Democratic leadership in Congress, instead of leading and pushing through Democratic programs, has been playing footsie with the Eisenhower administration.

On top of all this the 27-man Democratic party advisory council tried to light a fire under Johnson and Rayburn Sunday with an appeal to them to ignore Eisenhower's spending holddown and to start a program to bolster the economy.

Johnson, a man highly sensitive to criticism, was out of town and there was no word from him.

Wife's Visit

By HAL BOYLE
NEW YORK (AP) — Should a wife be encouraged to visit her husband's office frequently?

Prof. James A. Peterson, a marriage counselor at the University of Southern California, says this is a good idea. He says it would help give wives an appreciation of their husband's problems and pressures on the job.

We don't agree at all. We have another idea. We think every office should hire a 230-pound ex-football tackle as a receptionist. His duty would be simple. Every time a wife stuck her nose in the door, the receptionist would throw a hammerlock on her, rattle her into the nearest elevator, and push the button marked "Down."

We are somewhat old-fashioned in this matter. We don't say a woman's only place is in the kitchen of her home. But we do say her place definitely is not in her husband's office. And, except for one or two born cowards, every man we know feels pretty much the same way.

The average man likes to dramatize the horrors and hardships he undergoes in his task of bringing home the bacon.

So what happens when his wife, during a pause in shopping, drops into the office unexpectedly? Everybody in the office is busy working but her husband. He is sitting there, laughing, with his feet on the desk and seemingly staring at the derriere of a passing stenographer.

The wife's visit is brief and frigid. Here is a sample of the conversation at home that night.

Wife: "You were the only one loafing."
Husband: "As God is my judge, I'd just put my feet on that desk one second before you came in—just to rest them."
Wife: "But you were laughing."
Husband: "The boss had just told me a joke and gone into his office. When the boss tells a joke, you have to laugh, it's a form of unemployment insurance."
Wife: "Why were you staring at that pretty stenographer?"
Husband: "What stenographer? I never even saw her. I was just trying to figure out the point to the boss's joke."
Wife, unconvinced: "Well, I wish someone would pay me money just to sit around and laugh with both feet on the desk. Don't give me any more guff about what a hard life you have at the office. If you ask me, I don't think you'll be there much longer—from the look of things."

They'll Do It Every Time



MINNIE PEARL

Minnie Pearl Joins Opry Gang Here

A show for country and western music and entertainment fans is scheduled for the Klamath Auditorium April 11.

It's the Grand Ole Opry slated for an 8 p.m. until midnight performance, and it is bringing with it Cousin Minnie Pearl, Bobby Helms, Bill Monroe, Red Savine and other standard Opry performers.

Minnie Pearl, with the show since 1940, is a country-style comedienne of national reputation.

Bobby Helms has been named "No. 1 country singer," "best new singer," "most popular artist," and has been rated seventh among popular singers of all schools since his recordings of "Fraulein," "Special Angel" and others.

Bill Monroe and his Bluegrass Boys, with the Opry since 1939, have sold more than 12 million records. They play folk tunes and sacred songs.

In less solemn moments, the band whips out comedy routines. Monroe writes many of the folk tunes his band plays. He is apt to break into a mandolin solo of his famous "Mule Skinner Blues" or other songs he has written.

The show is sponsored for its Klamath Falls engagement by the Jim Denny Artist Bureau of Nashville.

Tickets are on sale at Derby's Music Store, 126 North Seventh.

BOND OKAYED

ROGUE RIVER (AP) — The Rogue River School District has approved a \$175,000 bond issue to build an 11-classroom elementary school.

The vote was 287-69. One floor of the present school has been condemned.

Youth Claims Death Mishap

OREGON CITY (AP) — Final defense witnesses probably will be called today in the first degree murder trial of Duane Marvin Anders, 17.

Giant Waves Claim Life

By THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
Giant waves on the Oregon Coast claimed the life of one man and another drowned in a boating accident on Lake Owyhee in Eastern Oregon over the weekend.

Dale Newell, 21, of Yakima, an Air Force man on leave from Tinker Air Force Base in Oklahoma, was watching the breakers from 30-foot-high Cape Kiwanda south of Tillamook Saturday.

One huge breaker rolled in and knocked Newell part way down the cliff. A second big wave swept him out to sea. Newell was with two other men—Malcolm Torrence, McChord Air Force Base, and Bob Ingman, Portland. They escaped.

Frank Eisenhauer, 35, of Boise drowned Saturday while pulling his boat up to shore on the edge of the Owyhee Reservoir. He apparently stepped off an underwater ledge and was pulled down by his heavy boots.

DISCUSSION SET
PORTLAND (AP)—Gov. Mark Hatfield will discuss "The Goal of Equal Opportunity for All Oregon Citizens" at the annual Urban League meeting here April 26.

'BIG FIND'
DETROIT (AP) — A report of heavy smoke billowing from the rear of a West Side Detroit home sent firemen rushing to the scene.

The firefighters found Henry Paul, owner of the home, grilling hotdogs and hamburgers on a portable grill.

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Episcopalians Hold Meeting

PORTLAND (AP) — The opening business session of the 71st annual convention of the Episcopal Diocese of Oregon was held at Trinity Church here Monday morning.

The convention opened Sunday with the annual report of Bishop James W. F. Carman. He discussed a year-long study by a diocesan committee on official relationships between the Episcopal Church and other Christian organizations in the state.

The Bishop also urged a trial period of financial independence for St. Helens Hall, an Episcopal girls' school in Portland which has been receiving financial aid from the church.

He told the delegates that the evil in the world today stems from "men not living human life as God intended it to be lived." The convention will end Tuesday afternoon.

Bishop Benjamin D. Dagwell, who retired from the diocese last year, was at a Portland hospital and unable to attend the convention.

Improper Elimination An American Tragedy

Just to the degree that elimination is retarded the whole system becomes poisoned, mind and body become indolent, ambition wanes, efficiency lessens, disease takes root, and the mind and body decay. As no system can perpetually bear the ravages of self-poisoning, poor elimination means less happiness, a shorter life.

With the proper system and when properly given, colon therapy removes quickly and completely all the debris and poisons from the entire colon and gives relief from stubborn constipation, thus helping to relieve the conditions arising from poor elimination; assisting in the purification of the blood and in the elimination of poisons from the system. They do not dilate or irritate the colon.

This is one of a series of Chiropractic educational advertisements appearing in this paper through the courtesy of Dr. C. W. Davis, D.C., N.D., 134 North 3rd St., Klamath Falls, Oregon. TU 4-6033.

WHO GOOFED?
DENVER, Colo. (AP) — While nearly a score of officers and detectives slept, two masked gunmen robbed the Albany Hotel of an estimated \$500 in cash early Sunday.

The hotel is the convention site for the Colorado Police Protective Assn.

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SHORT RIBS

By Frank O'Neal



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