

Maid Of Honor Wants To Hide Tatooed Arm

By ANN LANDERS

Dear Ann Landers: My youngest brother is being married this fall to a girl who comes from a fine family. I have never met her or her people. They live several thousand miles away.

Last week I received a letter from the bride-to-be and she has asked me to be her maid of honor. I would like to accept but something is holding me back.

During World War II I ran around with a pretty fast crowd. A bunch of us girls who worked in the PX went out one night and had our arms tattooed. I especially admired Skinny Wainwright at the time so his name is tattooed on my left arm. On my right arm is an eagle carrying a streamer which says, "Buy War Bonds."

All these years I've been wearing long-sleeved dresses because I am ashamed of the tattoos. A maid of honor has to wear the gown selected by the bride, and such gowns are usually sleeveless. Shall I tell her I can't accept and give no reason?—SPINNING HEAD

Dear Head: A tattoo can be removed. See a dermatologist about details. If you are unable or unwilling to afford the time and expense, ask your future sister-in-law for the privilege of selecting your own gown—inviting her suggestions about color and fabric, of course. Then select a dress with sleeves or wear long gloves.

Dear Ann Landers: Why do people think that just because we have eight children we need their worn out, faded, discarded clothing? I've made floor rags out of better clothing than friends and neighbors have brought over here for my children to wear.

We aren't wealthy people, Ann, but my husband has a steady job and we can afford to dress our children fairly well. Every time I see a neighbor or a friend coming onto the porch with a box under her arm I want to scream.

My temper has just about run its string and I'm afraid that the next time I get a "contribution" I'm going to tell somebody off.

Can you suggest how to put

a stop to this insulting practice?—NOT PAUPERS

Dear Not: These people aren't consciously insulting you. They don't know any better, and it's time you told them.

Simply let them know you appreciate their kindness but you don't need any clothing for your children. Suggest that they call Goodwill Industries or one of the local welfare agencies.

Dear Ann Landers: Last night my parents were discussing our summer plans. We have a cottage in northern Illinois and for the past five years my folks have let me invite a boy friend up for a couple of weeks in July. This year I told them I'd like to invite a girl and they almost hit my head off. By the way, I ought to tell you that I am a boy, 17.

We have two bedrooms in our cottage with twin beds in each room. The girl could sleep with my mother and my dad could bunk with me.

We are well-behaved kids and wouldn't think of doing anything wrong. Besides, Ann, my folks would be with us every minute. I'm pretty disappointed to think my folks don't trust me. How can kids behave their best when their parents expect the worst? Please help me swing this, Annie. You were young once.—B. WILDERED

Dear B.: Sorry Buster, you rattled the wrong cage. I am not about to suggest that parents of teenagers provide a setup as cozy as this.

I'm sure you are good kids and have no intention of doing anything wrong. But I was indeed young once, and I know that night and day exposure is pretty strong stuff. Under such conditions chemistry might prove to be a more powerful force than judgment.

And for your information, Buddy Boy, maybe your parents have some notions about spending two weeks in separate bedrooms.

To learn the booby traps of teen-age drinking, write for Ann Landers' booklet, "Teen-Age Drinking," enclosing with your request 20 cents in coin and a long, self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Ann Landers will be glad to help you with your problems. Send them to her in care of this newspaper enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



"The way to insure good grades for Junior is to pull a few wires—like hi-fi, TV and Ignition for instance!"

Monument Ceremony For Fort Rock Cave

FORT ROCK—Plans are underway here for special ceremonies to establish the famed "Fort Rock Cave" as a national monument. The observance is tentatively scheduled sometime during the week of June 17.

A Fort Rock Grange committee headed by Mrs. Maurice Ward will assist Mr. and Mrs. R. A. (Rube) Long in plans for the occasion. W. Ward Yeager, superintendent of Crater Lake National Park, will present both a bronze marker and a certificate of registration to the Longs.

The cave, located in Nigger Hole Butte about a mile and a half from the well-known landmark, "Fort Rock," is on the Rube Long property. Access will be made available to the public.

It was around 1936 when Dr. L. S. Cressman of the University of Oregon and his party made discovery of sandals woven from shredded sagebrush bark. Dated by the radiocarbon method, the sandals are considered to be more than 9,000 years old.

Long, in announcing the recognition given to the cave, pointed out that it is classified as having

exceptional value as an important part of the national cultural heritage. Nearly two years ago he and Mrs. Long were asked to consider making it possible for the cave's designation as a national monument.

They were charged to be "fully conscious of the high responsibility to the nation that goes with the ownership and care of a property so classified."

Coming as a small boy to the Christmas Lake community, Long grew up with the local history as a horseman as well as a cattleman. He was named Oregon "Grassman of the Year" in 1956.

Only a year ago Mr. and Mrs. Long deeded 30 acres of the western portion of "Fort Rock," which rises like a fortress from the valley floor, to the state park department of the Oregon Highway Commission. Their gift placed the entire "rock" in the state park system.

Astronaut Cooper Long Cherished Flight Into Space

CAPE CANAVERAL (UPI)—What makes a slender, eight-year-old boy want to soar over the southwest in a single-engine airplane?

What makes him receive a pilot's license at 16?

What makes him climb into a cramped space capsule, with perhaps death as his co-pilot, and try to fly further than any American has ever flown before?

For LeRoy Gordon Cooper Jr., who has traveled the long road from prodigy pilot to prodigy spaceman, perhaps this is the answer:

"I am convinced," Cooper once said, "that my whole life has been leading up to the exciting moment when I shall be selected to go into space."

Cooper, 36, slim as a rail, follows in the footsteps of the aviation pioneers—the Charles Lindberghs—who knew the fear and thrill of reaching into the unknown.

Friend of Flyers

"I was born and raised in the flying crowd," says Cooper. "My father was the friend of aviation pioneers like Wiley Post and Amelia Earhart, and he and I used to fly all over the Southwest in an old Command Air biplane."

At 36, Cooper is a 150-pound package of tightly coiled energy. Yet there is a paradox. He is quiet-spoken and shy in public. Within the tight ranks of the astronauts, it is said, he is aggressive and even vociferous.

When asked once if he were more outspoken than the other astronauts, Cooper replied simply, "I have always tried to be honest with you."

In this tightly knit community where motels have names like "Satellite" and "Vanguard," and where neon signs on used car lots at night shoot upwards like rockets, Cooper is recognized but not really known.

Observers say he is something of a loner—an individualist—who speaks not in space-age clichés, but says what he thinks.

Cooper does not share astronaut John H. Glenn's delight in two-

mile conditioning runs along the beach. One report says Cooper believes "astronauts should be pilots and not decathlon champions."

A report says his closest friend among the astronauts is Navy Cmdr. Walter M. Schirra Jr. Cooper was Schirra's back-up pilot while Schirra prepared for

his six-orbit flight last Oct. 3. As soon as he was back on the ground, Schirra started campaign-

ing for Cooper to make the Marathons orbital mission. "I've often wondered what it would be like to go way up and see what the earth looks like from a great distance," Cooper said. "I'm sure I'll find out one day soon."



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Life Of Negro Congressman Reviewed By UPI News Team

By LOUIS CASSELS

And ARNOLD SAWISLAK

WASHINGTON (UPI) — When Adam Clayton Powell was 12 years old, his family moved to Harlem, where his father was to serve for many years as a Baptist minister.

"The first night we were there," Powell recalled recently, "my mother sent me to the drug store. A gang of white boys layd me on the street, and beat me up."

"The next night, I was sent on another errand, and I took a different route. This time a gang of Negro boys beat me up."

"The third night the white boys grabbed me again, and asked me, 'Boy, what color are you?'"

"I was scared and didn't know what to say so I just told them the truth: 'I don't know what I am,' I said. 'I'm mixed.' So they beat me up again for being mixed."

Powell laughed uproariously as he told this anecdote to UPI reporters in his congressional office. But there was a look in his eyes which suggested the 12-year-old boy had not found the incident so amusing.

Unsure of Ancestry Although Powell has become the American Negro's best-known and most controversial spokesman in Congress, he is not at all sure how much Negro blood is actually in his veins, and only a minuscule visitor would almost certainly take him for a white man.

At 34 he is a tall, slim-waisted, strikingly handsome man with long wavy hair, a neatly-trimmed mustache, and a complexion which ranges from the shade of coffee with double cream to that of weathered brass, depending upon how much time he has been spending in the sun outside his beach home in Puerto Rico.

On his desk is a family photograph showing his father, mother and sister. All of them look white.

"I couldn't prove that I have any Negro blood," Powell said in reply to a direct question about his ancestry. Then he added:

"I am a Negro by choice."

Part of Answer In that sentence lies part of the explanation of Powell's strong hold on the affections of the Harlem constituents who have elected him to Congress 10 times despite a succession of scandals and accusations involving income tax returns, trips at government expense, relatives on the federal payroll and other matters.

Powell is a man who could pass for white—who, in fact, was taken for white in college—but who has deliberately chosen to cast his lot with the Negro race.

The decision may have cost him something in terms of private snubs or embarrassments. But it has been professionally and politically rewarding.

Father Finds Church Powell was born in New Haven, Conn., Nov. 29, 1908. But he has spent most of his life in New York City, where his father, the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell Sr., built the Abyssinian Baptist Church into one of the largest Protestant congregations in America (about 10,000 members). First located in downtown Manhattan, the church was transplanted to Harlem when Adam Jr. was 12.

Young Powell grew up in comfortable circumstances, attended good schools, was graduated from Colgate University with an A.B. degree and went on to get his master's from Columbia. At 22, he became assistant minister

of his father's church. Seven years later, he succeeded his father as pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church—a post which he still holds despite a series of marital troubles that have shocked some of the church elders.

Marries Three Times Powell has had three wives. The first, whom he wed in 1933, was Negro actress Isabel Washington. They were divorced in 1945, and Powell married pianist Hazel Scott. They had a son, Adam Clayton Powell III, nicknamed "Skipper," who has gladdened his father's heart by compiling a brilliant record in prep school and winning admission to MIT this fall.

The marriage to Miss Scott ended in divorce in 1960, and Powell married one of his congressional secretaries, a pretty Puerto Rican girl named Yvette Diago.

Although both of Powell's jobs—as minister and congressman—theoretically require him to maintain his residence in Harlem, his real home these days is a \$70,000 beach house near San Juan, Puerto Rico, where he spends as much time as possible with Yvette and their infant son, born last year.

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