

THE BEND BULLETIN

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Those Stumpage Prices

Time and time again the group led by Governor Holmes making a fact-finding tour around the state on industrial problems has heard criticism of federal timber sales policies in Oregon.

This criticism generally has revolved around two points:

First, logging operations and mill owners complain that the appraised price on federal timber sales—the minimum price the government will accept for standing trees—is too high.

Second, to a lesser degree the same groups have complained that federal agencies and particularly the U. S. Forest Service, have not put up the total allowable cut for sale, thereby creating an artificially high market for the stumpage which is sold.

Both are involved questions. Each is hard to simplify accurately. There are different ways of handling timber sales, depending upon whether they come under the jurisdiction of the Forest Service or the Bureau of Land Management, and depending in lesser degree upon the geographic location of the timber.

In this area by far the greater part of government timber is in the various National Forests. In the Deschutes National Forest, for example, timber is sold in the following manner:

The USFS makes an appraisal of the timber, determining amount and quality. Then, using a complicated formula supposed to reflect the value of the finished board and provide a profit to the buyer, it sets a minimum appraised price which takes into account the cost of building roads and the difficulty of logging, among other factors.

Operators who are considering buying the timber then make sealed bids at or above the minimum price.

(In actual practice, almost all bids are at the minimums, and an oral auction is held to determine the final price.)

There is no doubt that present appraised stumpage prices are too high in most areas under this system. Many, if not most, Forest Service employees will admit this. The appraised prices have been too slow to reflect the falling market prices for the finished boards during the past 12-15 months.

During this period of time the Forest Service has been studying its appraisal and pricing methods, with the idea of making them more responsive to changing market conditions. No decision has yet been made, apparently.

Unless a decision is arrived at soon, it will come too late for some operators, and for their employees and the communities dependent upon their payrolls. Unless the doctor makes his diagnosis in a hurry and starts an adequate treatment program, the patient may die, in other words.

The other complaint, that total allowable cuts are not put up for sale, is likewise a valid one in our opinion.

The allowable cut, stated as simply as possible, is the amount of timber which can be cut in any area and still maintain the amount of timber in the area at a level which will support that cutting rate indefinitely. It is figured on the amount of standing timber and the reproduction rate or new growth.

The Forest Service, in this area at least, has not made all the sales allowed under the program. The sales have not been made because of lack of funds to pay personnel preparing sale data and information. To a large extent this is the fault of Congress.

But the fact that the allowable cut has not been put up for sale has worked a hardship on mills in some areas, including this one, particularly mills entirely dependent upon federal timber and which do not own any private stumpage.

Slow Down a Bit

Here is a timely reminder:

A school bus stopped on a highway means the same thing as a stop sign or red light, now that schools have resumed.

This rule has been effective in Oregon for the past eight years. But school bus drivers still report that many motorists fail to observe the law.

Designed to protect youngsters who must cross highways before boarding or leaving a bus, the law requires drivers to stop when meeting or overtaking a bus loading or unloading children on a two-lane highway.

This might be a good time for motorists not only to stop for school buses but to slow down a bit.

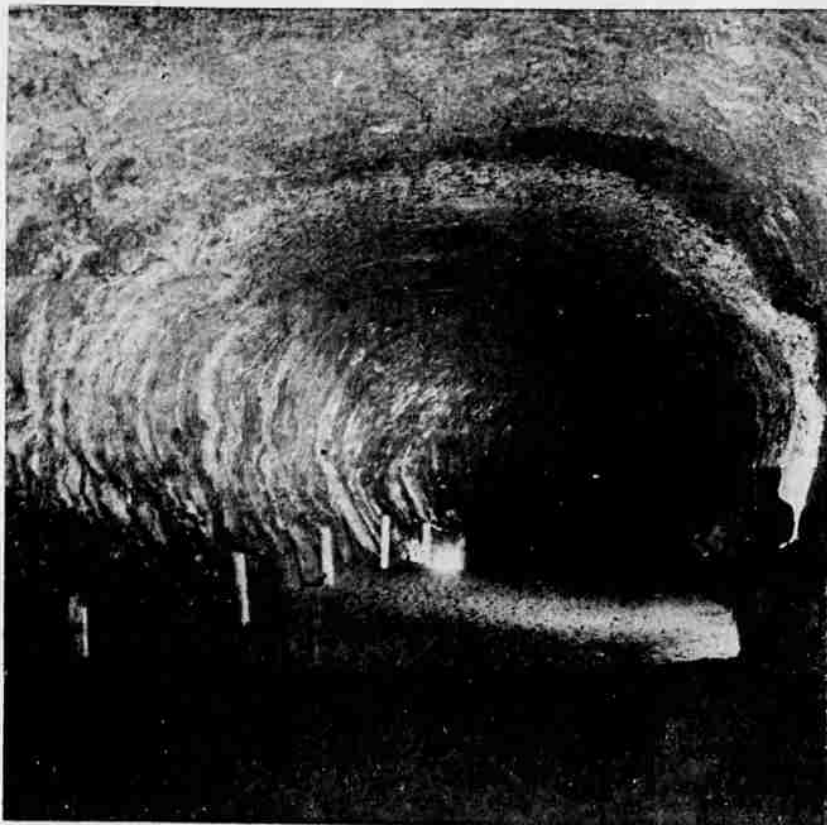
It is a season when frost spots might show up in shaded places.

Such slick spots have taken a heavy toll of lives through the years.

Quotable Quotes

"It rumbled and roared for several seconds like a big rolling clap of thunder. It moved so fast we could see only an indistinguishable black object on top of a big ball of fire."—A United Press cameraman, describing a rocket fired from the guided missile test center Monday.

"I know them (Mr. and Mrs. Plummer) both well. They go to the Presbyterian church, and they're good citizens. I'd say he just went off the beam."—Greenville, Ala., Police Chief H. H. Frymier, describing John F. Plummer, prominent broker accused of robbing a suburban bank of \$18,601 last Tuesday.



LAVA CAVES STATE PARK TUNNEL
Subterranean river of molten rock created this tube.

Book of the Week

Yerby Authors Gripping Story Of Old South

Fairoaks by Frank Yerby. New York: Dial Press, 405 pages. Available at Deschutes County Library.

Fairoaks is the most ambitious work of Yerby since *Foxes of Harrow* made the best seller list.

It is the story of Guy Falks and his fight to win back the old southern plantation of Fairoaks for his family.

His uncle had forged the will of his grandfather and gained control of the old plantation. His father, who was to have inherited the estate, was the overseer.

Yerby traces young Falks' efforts to regain his family home from the plantation itself down to New Orleans across the Caribbean to Cuba and the Atlantic to Africa, Italy, England and Scotland. The span of years is from 1780, when one Englishman embarks for New York, to 1884, when another Britisher prepares to make the same journey. Their destination — Fairoaks.

Falks leaves the impressive southern estate to find an old sea captain in Cuba. The old salt and his wife want to adopt the 16 year old Falks. He lives with them for several months and then joins the crew of a slave ship as navigator. After several lucrative voyages, he starts a slave depot on the coast of Africa. Accidents, near fatal scrapes with hostile native tribes and a friendship with the beautiful Arabian slave girl Beelje, mature the planter's son.

He returns to the land of his birth with a fortune deposited in banks in London and the United States but finds that his childhood sweetheart Jo Ann has broken her promise to him.

To assuage his grief, he turns to Gullietta, the great opera singer, with whom he wanders the earth for three years, enthralled by her beauty and her matchless voice.

He returns to Fairoaks, haunted by the memories of his youth, and sets about righting the wrongs of many years of neglect.

Author Yerby writes in a captivating and picturesque style. His descriptions of the slave ships and life in the southern plantations will satisfy the most demanding reader.

Fairoaks is a hard book to put down once started. — William Bebout.

Bend Yesterdays

Fifty Years Ago

From The Bulletin, Sept. 21, 1907

C. D. Brown has the lumber on his lot on Juniper avenue for the construction of a new barn.

Will Davenport left on the stage Monday for Shaniko.

An outside stairway is being built on the south side of the building occupied by the Corner Drug Store. Dr. Scofield will now move his dental office upstairs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hogan arrived from Portland this week and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh O'Kane. Mrs. Hogan and Mrs. O'Kane are sisters.

The big road engine to be used by Central Oregon Transportation Co. has reached Shaniko. The train will operate over Central Oregon roads into the interior country, and will haul five cars.

Lumber for the stave flume that is to carry water across the old river bed in the Powell Butte section is being hauled in as fast as teams can be obtained.

The new school house in the Arnold neighborhood has been completed.

Mrs. W. H. Staats this week received a fine new piano from Portland.

D. L. McKay, western representative of the Mueller Lumber Company, is in Oregon this week and is expected to visit Bend.

Lava Tunnels Among Area's Strangest Natural Features

By PHIL F. BROGAN,
Bulletin Staff Writer

Some of Central Oregon's strangest features are its lava tunnels.

One of these, near U.S. Highway 97 about 14 miles south of Bend, is the central feature of Lava Caves State Park. It is a rocky conduit more than a mile in length.

Seasonally this lava cavern is believed by thousands of persons. Few grasp the story of its creation.

Yet that story is graphically revealed on walls of the old tunnel, on the slaggy bottom and in the ceiling break that exposed the lava conduit.

Most people who visit the tunnel believe that it was formed by a subterranean river. Geologists have another theory — one that is now universally accepted.

Spills Over Area

Scientists say that a great flow of lava from a vent on the slope of old Mt. Newberry, ages ago spilled over the area, filling canyons and changing the topography of the region.

In gently sloping canyons on an old land surface, this lava cooled on the surface, on the sides and on the bottom. But the core of this flow remained molten.

At some point downslope, the chilled mass of the flow cracked.

Booby Trap Injures Girl Seriously

MUNCIE, Ind. (UP) — Police today sought the unknown party who mailed a booby trap to a Ball State College co-ed, seriously injuring one young woman and causing shock to two others.

The mechanism was addressed to Miss Ruth Petry, 18. She and Miss Linda Helvering, 18, suffered shock while Mrs. Anita Reynolds, 21, had the ends of two fingers of her right hand blown off, her wrist broken and her arm and face peppered by shotgun pellets. All are from Anderson, Ind.

They opened the two-foot long wooden box Friday in the home economics department of the college, and the breech mechanism from a shotgun exploded a shotgun shell in the box.

Mrs. Reynolds was in "fair" condition today at Ball State Memorial Hospital.

State police picked up and questioned, but later released, John Fite Jr. of Chesterfield, Ind., whose name appeared as the return address on the box. Police said he did not know Miss Petry, and she confirmed this.

The box was found a week ago in a locker belonging to another co-ed. She brought the box to the home economics department for Miss Petry. The blast occurred when the three gathered to open it Friday.

Miss Petry had no clues to offer police.

KOG Commends Portland Man

A Portland resident who extinguished three anglers' fires recently at Wickup reservoir has been commended by the Keep Oregon Green Association for his work.

He is Kenneth Johnson, representative of a Portland radio specialty manufacturing company. Johnson came across the unattended fires while on a fishing trip into the upper Deschutes country.

"On behalf of the Keep Oregon Green Association, I wish to extend my sincere thanks to you for doing this, and your fine support of the Red Hat Days and Keep Oregon Green programs," Albert Wiesensand, KOG executive secretary, wrote to Johnson.

Sagebrushings

by Ha S. Grant

This is the last Saturday of the summer, whether you like it or not. Sunday, Sept. 22, is the first day of autumn. I say this on the authority of the calendar on the office wall. The calendar people are very accurate about such things, and I have no reason to doubt their word.

Actually, I am fairly sure that the first day of fall corresponds with the autumnal equinox. This occurs "on or about" Sept. 21, according to a book that contains a good deal of information about such things. This is all very confusing. Oh, well, what's the difference. Twenty-one, twenty-three. It evens out in the long run. Leap year has something to do with it.

The autumnal equinox occurs when the circle which the sun appears to describe in the heavens crosses the terrestrial equator. On that day, sunrise and sunset are exactly twelve hours apart, or almost exactly, so day and night are the same length. Then the days

gradually shorten until the winter solstice, Dec. 21, increasing again until the vernal equinox March 21, when day and night are again equal.

The days have been getting shorter, of course, since the longest day of the year, which happens on the first day of summer. It was a long time ago. Already, it feels like fall. Not a leaf on the poplars has turned to gold, but it's fall, just the same. The cats preen and yawn on the window sill, storing up the sunshine for winter. Their coats are getting thick and glossy.

Yesterday I watched the wild canaries in the cottonwood. This is their fifth year with us. The parent birds were fitting around nervously, and one of the young birds was close by. They're apparently the same size, so it's hard to tell the young ones from the old. Of the three I watched yesterday, one was a slightly brighter yellow. Plumage of man and bird, alas, grows dim with age.

Similarity Between People, Codfish Noted by Science

By DELOS SMITH,
United Press Science Editor

NEW YORK (UP) — Science has found a similarity between people and codfish which is no coincidence. Rather, it is a further indication that somewhere way, way back people and codfish have a common ancestor.

The similarity is in how codfish react when they get out of water and how people react when they dive into water. They act almost identically to preserve their very lives in a life-threatening situation. The facts as to codfish are newly discovered, by three Norwegian scientists.

Blood Closes Off

When the codfish is taken from the water he is threatened with oxygen starvation, just as people are when they submerge themselves under water. The codfish reacts by instantly reducing his need for oxygen. His blood no longer flows through his muscles — they're closed off from the circulation.

Down goes his heart rate, to half or less of what it is in the water. Since when he is out of water he is thrashing around and exercising his muscles like mad, it seems hardly possible. But it is possible because muscles are capable of acting for short periods without the free oxygen they obtain from the circulating blood.

Muscles Need "Fuel"

The Norwegians found that the "fuel" for muscular activity accumulated in the muscles the instant the codfish left the water. Its presence was indicated by an increase of lactic acid in the muscles and a decrease of it in the blood. When the fish were put back into water to recover, the blood was flooded with lactic acid, indicating that the muscles were no longer being by-passed.

H. Lelivstad, H. Andersen, and P. F. Scholander, of the University of Oslo, in reporting their results to the American Association for the Advancement of Science, pointed out that when people dive into water, their heart rates diminish greatly and that is true even while they are "swimming vigorously." So a cut-off of muscles from blood circulation is indicated.

Heart Rate Decreases

It has been proved in other diving mammals, for instance, the seal; and in diving birds. The scientists could only conclude their codfish "very probably" have "the same sort of protective mechanisms." They thought the de-

creased heart rate resulted from the restriction of surface blood flow. In at least some diving mammals the arterial blood pressure doesn't fall with decreased heart rate which suggests that normal blood flow is maintained in the organs not capable of functioning without free oxygen.

There was one curious sidelight. As in seals, a decreased heart rate could be brought about in codfish "simply by frightening the animals" — without taking them from the water. This the scientists called "a diving reflex" which, they commented, "might seem to be an excellent idea for a flying fish but how it could ever benefit a codfish is an evolutionary puzzle."

Young Plowman

From Holland

Wins Title

PEEBLES, Ohio (UP) — A smiling, happy young farmer from The Netherlands today was the champion plowman of the world.

Willem De Lin, 27, of Zevenbergsche Hock, won the 1957 world plowing championship here Friday at the close of world conservation and plowing matches.

John Mason, Derbyshire, England, was runner-up and named reserve champion. Arvo Jokinen of Renko, Finland, was third and William G. Wright of Magharafelt, Londonderry, Northern Ireland took fourth. Fifth was R. J. Miller of Somerset, England.

The Hollander outplowed champions from 12 other foreign countries and the United States to win the coveted Golden Plow Trophy.

"It was worth the trip across the ocean," De Lin said when he was presented the award by Mrs. C. William O'Neill, wife of Ohio's governor, at the Master Plowman's Banquet Friday night.

De Lin left his bride of five months to come here to compete in the fifth annual contest held in conjunction with the World Conservation Exposition.

NEW INDIAN

DEADWOOD, S. D. (UP) — Secretary of Interior Fred Seaton has been adopted into the Oglala Sioux Indian tribe and named Wanble Wakatuya, which means "High Eagle."

Public Enemy No. 1.



Washington Merry-Go-Round

By DREW PEARSON

Salonica, Greece, Sept. 13, 1957

Dear Drew:
You wrote me that you would like to learn more about this part of the world. I am now in a city which I visited many years ago at the end of World War I when I started out as a young man to try, as I thought, to carry out some of President Woodrow Wilson's ideals about a war to end war.

This city, called Salonika, was then a great war base. It was the seaport at which the allies mobilized a great army which finally advanced north into Serbia and broke the back of the Kaiser's army.

And all about you in this city when I arrived you saw the effect of war. There were British troops and French troops; Indian Sikhs with high turbans and long beards; Indo-Chinese troops wearing straw hats; Italian troops with high green hats; and White Russian troops stranded in Salonika by the Bolshevik revolution.

Outside the city I used to ride for one hour through the allied war dumps looking for supplies which might help rebuild Serbia. For miles along the seacoast were spread out the weapons, the tools of war — railroad ties, railroad tracks, drums of gasoline, mountains of drums, steel cable, locomotives rusting in the sun, railroad cars, artillery carriages — the weapons of war that had taken months to accumulate and cost millions of dollars. Now they were wasting, rotting — the usual aftermath of war.

There were even two threshing machines which I persuaded the British to give me and I took north to thresh the first Serbian harvest after the armistice.

That was what this part of Greece was like 38 years ago. You cannot realize what war does to a countryside until you see a city like Salonika. And I hope you never will.

The Change From War

This week I came back. I found a new city. The houses had been rebuilt. The streetcar tracks had been pulled up — replaced by buses. The Turkish cobblestones had been smoothed out. The two American destroyers that were tied up to the docks as late as six years ago generating electricity for the town, were gone — replaced by a modern electric light plant.

And out along the bay where the allied supply dumps once stretched mile after mile, I rode along miles and miles of little farms, patches of corn, cotton and tobacco.

Up the Vardar River just outside Salonika I visited a dam being built by the Greek government with American aid, under the direction of an American Engineer, Forrest Varney of Sacramento. For hundreds of years the Vardar has rushed down to the sea and no one ever bothered to harness its strength or use its water for irrigation.

I have seen bombed bridges and decrepit locomotives lying in the Vardar, blasted there by the Germans and the Bulgars. Nobody ever bothered to remove them as the water rushed over them. And one night when it was cold and the wind was howling down the mountain pass and our locomotive hauling a Yugoslav train ran short of steam, I carried water in petrol tins from the Vardar to fill the boiler of the "Amerakanka" — which means "American Lady" — the name given by the Serbs because the locomotive was made in Philadelphia.

Well, the unruly Vardar will be harnessed now, and its waters will spill out peacefully over the plains of Macedonia to help feed the Greek people.

Modern Fair in Macedonia

In Salonika I watched the American ambassador and the prime minister open the trade fair. It was like the Gaiety Fair I take you to in Maryland, and I was sorry we missed it this year. Only this fair doesn't have the side-shows and rodeo, and the horses which compete with each other to see which can pull the heaviest loads. This fair featured farm machinery from America and many other countries, together with modern, up-to-date exhibits unheard-of in the war-torn old Turkish city I used to know.

They even sold Greek hot dogs and hamburgers — little different from ours, but still pretty good.

One American exhibit, supplied by the American farm school, showed how to hatch chickens, showed the chicks coming out of the shell while you stood there, showed different sized chickens growing, and a machine to pluck their feathers after they were grown, and finally a barbecue spit to cook them.

The Greeks were fascinated. Actually wars began when Philip of Macedonia went down to dominate Athens and his son, Alexander the Great, marched east to conquer the Persians; and later when the Turks marched up the Vardar to the gates of Vienna in the 14th century.

We have been lucky in America, because for almost a hundred years we have not been desolated by war. I hope we can remain that way. I hope our influence with Europe will keep it that way. I confess that I have sometimes been discouraged since those days when I went off to try to help promote the ideals of Woodrow Wilson. However, I hope you will never get discouraged, and that, when you grow up, you will always keep working to prevent war.

Love from
Your Grandfather.