



'Stick 'em up!'

THE BEND BULLETIN

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C. J. Leverett developed camping site that later gave way to beautiful park

Bend was hardly prepared for the infant tourist industry when it started here some 40 years ago. Few recall this fact more graphically than C. J. Leverett, who is leaving after living in this area for 47 years.

Campers, local residents called those first tourists who groped their way over dusty, rutted Central Oregon roads. Generally, they camped beside a road, or along the river north of town. They traveled in hard-wheeled cars laden with luggage, including bedding and cooking equipment.

It was in 1919 that the City of Bend became aware of the possible importance to the community of the occasional "campers" who bedded down in the dust, made their fires, prepared their meal, then slept under the stars.

Bend's camping facilities in 1919 consisted of a dusty cove near the north end of the city limits of those days. The campsite was being made available on a seasonal basis by The Bend Company.

In the winter of 1921-22, following a season when as many as a dozen "campers" stopped here on a single night, the City of Bend took serious notice of the importance of visitors who stopped here overnight.

Finally the Bend Commercial Club decided that there should be a municipally owned and operated tourist camp.

Immediately, there developed a considerable controversy as to the location of such a camp. Some suggested use of part of the city park (Drake). Others proposed the conversion of Shevlin Park, west of town, into a campers' area.

Eventually, the city purchased the

site then in use, north of the business district. To C. J. Leverett, who headed the city council's public properties committee, was assigned the task of "getting the tourists out of the dust."

The site turned over to Councilman Leverett to develop is the location of Pioneer Park of the present. But it was far from the beauty spot it is now. It was a miniature dust bowl. Campers moved in there in the evening, set up quarters in the dust, made their fires in the open and went to bed.

Leverett decided there should be more elaborate accommodations. Some fireplaces were constructed. An effort was made to settle the dust through sprinkling. Running water was provided.

A caretaker, Harry Michaels, was placed in charge, to assist the visitors in making camp, in assigning spots and in collecting the nominal fee.

By 1923, Bend was proud of its "tourist camp."

With the improvement of highways, visitors rapidly increased in numbers. Uptown, several groups of tourist cabins were constructed. Soon accommodations of the motel type were developed.

There was objection to the city of Bend competing with private industry by maintaining a camp. Soon the city stepped out of the camping business.

But the land acquired for camping purposes was not wasted. Out of that dusty camping spot grew beautiful Pioneer Park of the present.

In getting early-day tourists out of the dust, C. J. Leverett cleared the way for the development of a beauty spot on the Deschutes.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Strauss decides to put on intensive pressure

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON — A significant secret meeting with Adm. Lewis Strauss and Chairman John McCone of the Atomic Energy Commission took place recently to discuss whether Strauss could be confirmed as Secretary of Commerce. Members of the White House staff were also present.

Strauss confessed that his hopes of confirmation looked dim. Since he wasn't going to tolerate the humiliation of defeat, he considered the possibility of having his name withdrawn.

This brought vigorous opposition from other conferees. They pointed out that the President had stuck out his neck by saying he would not withdraw Strauss's name.

"How are we going to break this news to the President?" one of them asked.

Final decision was that a superhuman effort would be made to swing wavering senators into line and apply lobbying pressure on others to change their minds.

This meeting was what preceded one of the most intensive personal lobbying campaigns ever seen on Capitol Hill. It has been so intense that Sen. Howard Cannon of Nevada suggested a Senate probe.

"I have heard of the most severe and coarse pressures being applied on individual senators," he said.

Backstage Pressure

Here is part of the lobbying pressure to which Senator Cannon referred.

Pressure No. 1 — Out of the clear blue, much-revered Baron Robert Silvercray, ambassador of Belgium, got a phone call from Admiral Strauss. Silvercray has nothing to do with American politics, but happens to be married to the lovely widow of the late Sen. Brien McMahon of Connecticut who played a key role in developing the hydrogen bomb.

McMahon had written a 3,000-word letter to President Truman urging development of the bomb, but when Baroness Silvercray asked permission to publish the letter, Strauss refused. He has claimed credit for the H-bomb himself, and some critics have pointed out that publication of the McMahon letter would have refuted this.

Naturally Baroness Silvercray has not hesitated about giving senators her views on Strauss when asked.

"Rosemary has been very aloof toward me lately," Admiral Strauss told the Belgian ambassador in his surprise phone call. "But I understand you are retiring soon, and I just wanted to know if you'd like to be president of Studebaker Motors. They need a man like you and I wondered whether you might be interested."

It was true that Ambassador Silvercray is retiring after a long and distinguished career, but he did not feel like trading his wife's feelings toward Strauss off for a job.

Lobbyist John L. Lewis

Pressure No. 2 occurred at John L. Lewis's United Mine Workers headquarters. Admiral Strauss called in person on the bushy-eyebrowed miner boss, urged him to swing the two West Virginia senators into line. Strauss argued that he was the man who put an embargo on residual oil imports into the USA which were hurting West Virginia coal.

Lewis promptly got busy, sent word to Sen. Boyd Byrd and Jennings Randolph, two good West Virginia Democrats, to change their votes. They had been against Strauss. Now Randolph is for him and Byrd is wavering.

The other day Byrd came up to Sen. Gale McGee, Wyoming Democrat, after he finished a powerful summary of the case against Strauss.

"Doggone it," he complained good-naturedly. "You're making it awfully tough for me. I was all prepared to vote for this man, and now you're making me search my conscience."

Pressure No. 3 — Already reported in this column was Strauss's support for a textile committee in order to win the vote of Senator Pastore, Rhode Island Democrat. He wants stiff-

er tariffs on textiles.

But Strauss's secret byplay with John L. Lewis has now backfired. In claiming credit for curtailing residual oil, to get votes from coal-producing West Virginia, Strauss put himself on record against New England which badly wants residual oil.

Senator Pastore, who voted for Strauss in order to get textile tariffs, also signed a strong letter demanding continued imports of residual oil. Signing this letter with him on March 3, 1959, were Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, who's reported favoring Strauss, and Sen. Ed Muskie of Maine, also veering toward Strauss.

Thus the Admiral has lobbied for votes with New England senators on the basis of helping New England, and lobbied for votes with West Virginia senators on the basis of having hurt New England.

L.A. Ticket Snafu

The big hassle over the 5,000 tickets claimed by big Ed Pauley, the oilman, for the next Democratic Convention has now been settled. The settlement was quietly arranged, not by the party chiefs as some of them claimed, but by savings and loan executive Bart Lytton of Los Angeles.

Because Pauley put up a sizable chunk of dough for the Los Angeles convention, he wanted to grab off 5,000 tickets. This would have given him a chance to pack the hall, stampede the delegates for his man — Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri. Other candidates were fit to be tied. Finally Lytton untied the Gordian knot, persuaded Pauley to take 1,500 tickets, the California State Democratic Committee 1,000, with the rest going to various Democratic organizations.

12 Mid-Oregon names on list

The Department of Motor Vehicles has released from Salem names of 228 drivers whose licenses were ordered suspended in the period beginning June 1 and ending June 5. There are 12 Central Oregon names on the list. They follow:

Crook county: Clayton C. Baxter, 35, Prineville, driving while under influence of intoxicants, license suspended 90 days, Charles McFarland, Jr., 33, Prineville, driving while under influence, suspended 60 days, Robert H. Ebbert, 18, Prineville, driving record, suspended 60 days.

Deschutes: Cecil K. Kupp, driving while license suspended, suspended one year, James E. Raines, 26, Terrebonne, driving while under influence, suspended one year, Richard P. Wilson, 32, Bend, driving while under influence, suspended 90 days, Denise June Conway, 18, Redmond, failure to pass examination, license suspended.

Jefferson: Mike Toeman, 37, Warm Springs, no operator's license, suspended one year (driver's license had been suspended); Lloyd Clements, Warm Springs, and Roland Kalamas, Warm Springs, failure to provide proof of financial responsibility, license suspended.

The department said some of the licenses may have been reinstated after the suspension was ordered.

SAGEBRUSHINGS

Ila looks for column to re-run—"by request"

By Ila S. Grant
Bulletin Staff Writer

A famous cartoonist of the last decade often used to fill his space with a drawing that had appeared there before. And he captioned these re-runs, "Re-drawn by request."

I always wondered where those requests came from. And finally, I found out. They weren't from his grateful and admiring boss. Not even from the cheerful helpmate who shared his bed and board.

The re-runs were requested by — of all people — the artist, himself. I guess he had his bad days.

Jury indicts union members

HENDERSON, N.C. (UPI) — Eight union members, indicted on charges of conspiring to dynamite a power company substation and cripple a textile plant, appear in court today for arraignment.

The true bills were returned Monday by a 15 member grand jury against Boy Payton, Carolina's director of the striking Textile Workers' Union of America (AFL-CIO), and seven other union members. Bond was set at \$15,000 each.

Indications are a special term of court will be called to hear the cases after arraignment, but it appeared unlikely the court would convene this week. If convicted the men each could get up to 45 years in prison, or 15 years for each of the three charges against them.

The State Bureau of Investigation signed warrants against Payton, Lawrence Gore, Charles Auslander, Calvin Ray Pegram, Robert Edward Abbott, Warren Walker and Malcolm Jarrell. The warrants were served on all but Gore and Auslander, who were scheduled to appear in court today.

The indictments specifically charge the men with conspiring to dynamite the Carolina Power and Light Co. substation transformer, to destroy the main mill office building and blast a boiler room at one of the mills.

Summer school draws 35 from Crook county

Special to The Bulletin
PRINEVILLE—Mrs. Lois Christian, home economics agent, announced today that 35 young 4-H club members will leave Prineville Saturday, June 13, by bus for Corvallis to attend 4-H summer school.

Each of the boys and girls has been chosen for outstanding 4-H work, and has received a scholarship to the school.

Accompanying the young people will be Mrs. Christian and Gus Woods, county extension agent. Woods will return to his office in Prineville, but Mrs. Christian will remain at the summer school to teach a class there.

The extension office also announces that 4-H summer camp will be held for any Crook county 4-H members who wish to attend, at Suttle Lake for the week following the Fourth of July. The office urges that those 4-H Clubbers who plan to attend register at the extension office, county courthouse, at the earliest opportunity.

too. Times when he just couldn't put pen to paper, and came up with a fresh idea.

As one who is charged with the responsibility of filling a given space — with something, ah yes, anything — 156 times a year, I have more than sympathy for the artist, rest his soul. Yes, friend, more than sympathy — understanding, and compassion. You might even say, with him I share the milk of human kindness.

On just such a day as one when the artist ran a re-run — and a columnist looks through his scrapbook and can find not so much as one idea he can steal from himself — he is grateful, indeed, to find an interesting hand-out in the mail. Like the one about birds, from the National Geographic News Bulletin.

It says here, many birds have come to regard cities as wonderful clusters of caves, cliffs, and convenient aids to living. Take the woodpecker, for instance.

This bird with the built-in pneumatic drill has discovered the tel-

evision antenna. As an instrument for the woodpecker's early-morning concerts, the metal antenna can hardly be surpassed by the most resounding tree.

(The woodpecker, by the way, is not hunting for grubs. He seeks a lady-love. As naturalist John Burroughs explained, "Among all the woodpeckers the drum plays an important part in the match-making. The male takes up his stand on a dry, resonant limb or the ridgeboard of a building, and beats the loudest call he is capable of.")

There's lots more about bird antics.

Gulls have learned to break open clam shells by dropping them on the boardwalks of seaside resorts. . . A London wren nested beneath the running board of a bus that made daily trips to Swanley, Swainey, Kent. . . In South Africa, a mountain chat constructed its home and raised a family beneath a railroad coach that ricketeered back and forth daily on a 62-mile run. . . A pigeon in New York fashioned an ultramodern nest entirely of paperclips.

By and large, birds find people tolerant of their eccentric nesting. When a sparrow built a home in the boom of a mobile crane in Trenton, Ontario, the operator tapped the nest securely and went right on with his job of moving heavy equipment.

And at Calico Farm, the canaries are back in the poplar tree. God's in his heaven, all's right with the world!

The answer really is rather simple

Bud Forrester, editor of the East Oregonian in Pendleton, is trying to figure something out. In a recent column he put it this way:

We read last week that the bid of the Teamsters Union to represent workers in a wood products manufacturing plant has been rejected. And we wondered what pos-

sible connection the Teamsters could have with wood products manufacturing. Can somebody enlighten us?

Well, shucks, that really isn't much of a problem.

Teamsters used to drive wagons. And the wagons were all made of wood.

Any number can play

We are duly grateful to those alert and public-spirited citizens of the American south who have pointed out the dangers inherent in some books and stories.

If they hadn't mentioned it, we'd have gone to our grave thinking that "The Three Little Pigs" is nothing but a charming fable, and that "The Rabbits' Wedding" was only a children's story.

Now that we're alerted to the fact that they are, in fact, insidious propaganda for the mongrelization of the race, we can keep our eye out sharply for such dangerous items.

The field of song-writing immediately suggests itself.

In this new mood of ours, we find that "The Red Red Robin Goes Bob Bob Bobbin' Along" is a thinly-disguised Communist tract, designed to indoctrinate the younger generation as to the invincibility of the Marxist dogmas.

"Little Red Riding Hood" is equally obvious — the innocent Red satellite saved from the big, bad capitalistic wolf in the nick of time by the heroic peoples wood-cutter, who is, of course, the rep-

resentation of the Soviets.

Now that our suspicions have been aroused, by Golly, it becomes evident we have been blind too long, and that in actuality the list of subtle propagandistic songs and stories is long indeed.

What about the "White Cliffs of Dover"? Isn't that a pro-segregationist song, masquerading as a wartime tribute to Anglo-Saxon Great Britain?

"Red Sails in the Sunset" — what is that but a veiled warning from the Chinese Communists?

And in another song we vaguely remember, the words go, "The leaves of brown came tumbling down. . ." Aha! There's a warning for the colored races, all right. Disguised, of course, but still blatant when one once finds the key.

At our earliest opportunity we shall report these and a list of others to the FBI. Now that you know the game, help yourself. Why not start with "Black Beauty," "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas," "The Red Badge of Courage," "Boston Blackie," and "The Scarlet Letter," and go on from there? Any number can play. (E. A. in Medford Mail Tribune)