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4—Salem, Oregon, Wednesday, November 16, 1949

Lamphreys Doom Great Lake Fishing

The lamphrey is a familiar sight along the Willamette and other Oregon rivers in the spring when the annual migration occurs from the sea to the spawning beds, as it climbs by the thousands by aid of its suckorial mouth over rocks, dams and other obstructions to its spawning beds in upper streams.

The lamphrey looks like, and is commonly called, an eel, but it is no relation, for it is anadromous, that is, spawns in fresh water but slips downstream to mature in the ocean, as the salmon does. The eel is spawned in midocean and through several metamorphoses makes its way to fresh water to mature when it returns to the sea to spawn.

The lamphreys feed principally on fish to which they attach themselves by their suckorial mouths and then scrape away the flesh with their rasp-like teeth. They inhabit both salt water and fresh water, but those of the sea ascend rivers and brooks to deposit their spawn on pebbly shallows and die after spawning.

The marine lamphrey has come into the limelight lately because of its appearance in the Great Lakes and its menace to their great fish industry. It was unable to pass Niagara and was unknown to the lakes until 1921, when it gained access through the Welland canal and hitch-hiked there gradually into all of the lakes, working devastation and rapid decimation of lake trout, white fish, suckers, pickerel and carp.

Authorities in both Canada and the United States declare that unless the lamphrey menace is brought under control the \$12,000,000 fishing industry of the Great Lakes is doomed, and the many communities dependent upon it are becoming ghost towns. It is doubtful if they can be eliminated, unless natural parasitic checks can be discovered, as with insect pests.

The most effective way for their extermination to date is the construction of artificial barriers and weirs in the streams to trap and slaughter them, but there are so many hundred spawning streams, that it is an almost impossible task, and other efforts have come to a dead end. This ugly repulsive primitive fish, with an average spawn of 62,000 eggs, is most prolific in propagation and they congregate only in spawning time. The eggs hatch in one to three weeks and the cycle starts all over again.

The life cycle of the lamphrey ranges from 5 1/2 to 6 1/2 years. The first four or five years are spent in a larval stage in the stream where it is hatched. Then it is ready for a metamorphosis that transforms it into the adult blood hungry form.

A large percentage of the fish taken during the past few years in the lakes bear scars of the lamphrey and the catch has diminished annually. In Lake Huron for 30 years prior to 1940, the take of trout averaged 4 million pounds annually. The catch is now down to 400,000 pounds, less than a tenth of what it was because of the advent of the lamphrey. And it is the same story with the other lakes. The lamphrey is dealing a final blow to the fishing industry.

Congress authorized a survey of the lamphrey and a program for its eradication by the Fish and Wild Life Service in 1946, and many of the facts about it have been ascertained. An appropriation of \$350,000 for continuing the work has been asked. Canada and the states affected are cooperating but with the best success it will be many years before fishing is restored to its former basis, if ever.

Fog Acts As Reminder

Two more developments can be jotted down on the credit side in Salem's book of arguments to keep United Airlines service here.

When fog Monday night closed in the Portland airport, McNary field here became the emergency landing spot for two of the big DC-6 planes. One of the 50-passenger type of planes was from the east and one from San Francisco. Both normally land at Portland.

Outside of Portland, the Salem field is the only one in the vicinity with runways capable of handling the DC-6s. That was one of the main reasons why, during the Memorial day floods along the banks of the Columbia river last year, that McNary field was selected to act as the substitute field for Portland.

Under the circumstances, therefore, how can United Airlines afford not to have an operations office here if for no other reason than in case of emergency? This is leaving aside the large air freight shipments out of here, along with the passenger and airmail load—all repeatedly brought out by the Capital Journal.

On the positive side, the city has decided to go ahead with the development of the first wing of the administration building at the airport. Salem puts up \$20,000 and the federal government \$25,000 in the building program that will start soon.

This indicates the city's willingness to proceed with proper development of the airport, and thus strengthens Salem's contention that it is determined to do everything possible to develop the airport to meet the needs of Oregon's capital and second city.

Furrows for Taft's Brow

Urbana, O., Nov. 16 (AP)—Politically, Champaign county in west-central Ohio is usually almost solidly republican.

It also will be the scene of the national plowing contest in the election year, 1950, when Senator Robert A. Taft (R., Ohio), may face his toughest fight for re-election.

The county committee planning the plowing contest, a group of 90 farmers, met Monday night to decide who should be invited here as the principal speaker at that Sept. 13, 1950 event.

Members present voted their choices in this manner: For President Truman—30 votes. Sen. Anderson (D., N.M.), former secretary of agriculture, nine.

Milton Eisenhower, president of Kansas State college and brother of General Ike—six. Senator Taft—one.

A letter of invitation soon will be in the mail to Missouri democrat, Harry S. Truman.

BY BECK
Recollections



Friendly Warning

By DON UPJOHN

Story going the rounds we reprint for a friendly personal reason. It's about a man who bought his high school student son a motorcycle. The boy promptly asked the father to take a ride with him and loaned his father his mackinaw hoping to keep him warm. But after tearing along the highway a mile or two, the mackinaw blowing in the wind the old boy asked his son to stop, he said he was cold.



Don Upjohn

The son suggested he put the mackinaw on backwards, with his arms through the sleeves, which was done. This, said the boy would protect his chest from the wind. Off they started again and in a mile or so the motorcycle hit a bump and the old gentleman was popped off the motorcycle onto the highway. The boy stopped as soon as he could and hurried back. A crowd had gathered. "How is he?" the boys asked one of the bystanders. "He was all right when we first reached him," was the reply. "He was standing up and talked to us. But since we put his neck back in place he hasn't said a word."

The real object of our recounting the foregoing story, as we said in the first place, is as a friendly personal warning. We merely want to suggest to our old friend Dominic George Swift that he doesn't accept any invitation to go motorcycling.

'Simple Formula' for Long Life

Scappoose, Ore., Nov. 16 (AP)—One day after his 100th birthday party, George Washington Smith, retired farmer and confederate army veteran, said the formula was simple. "I've been working hard and chewing tobacco since I was eight years old," he said.

MacKENZIE'S COLUMN

Bonnie Prince Charlie Hits Long Road to Kinship

By DeWITT MacKENZIE

Britain's Bonnie Prince Charlie Monday celebrated his first birthday, thereby passing the initial milestone of a life journey which even as he saw the first light of day was dedicated to the interests of the public.

The tiny prince as son of Princess Elizabeth, heiress presumptive to the imperial throne, is next in line to his mother. In normal course, he one day will be king.

So he never will be "his own man."

He may mount a golden throne and wear a wondrous crown studded with priceless gems. But even in youth he won't be able to slip away to the old swimmin' hole when he wants to. He can't play hockey from his job of being heir to the world's greatest throne.

You likely see a recognition of his position in the fact that while the public likes to refer to him as "Bonnie Prince Charlie," he always is called "Charles" in his royal home. He has no nickname, like most little fellows.

By the way, one of my scouts tells me that when the irrepressible Princess Margaret Rose was informed of his birth she asked what he would be called. When told that his name would be Charles she wise-cracked: "Then I suppose I shall be known as 'Charlie's Aunt.'"

There are few more exacting jobs in the world than that of being king or queen of England. And next is that of being heir to the throne. Younger brothers and sisters have more freedom, but the heir must start training for his great task almost as soon as he can talk.

Prince Charles soon will be in the hands of an ultra-competent governess who will instruct him in the ways of kingship.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND

Girlies Got Krug, His Wife, Congress and Finally Truman

By DREW PEARSON

Los Angeles—Two morals can be drawn from the quiet exit of lusty likable, 250-pound Julius A. Krug from the Truman cabinet.

No. 1—It doesn't pay for a man in public life to be publicized with Hollywood girlies. No. 2—The press can't criticize one of Harry Truman's cabinet members if they want him to resign. Criticism merely freezes a man in the cabinet.



Drew Pearson

In the case of Secretary of the Interior "Cap" Krug, some of the newspapers played up the Johnny Meyers parties and the Hollywood beauties who entertained Krug when he was chairman of the war production board. And at the time this had a tendency to solidify "Cap's" position in the cabinet—for the president invariably rallies to his cabinet's defense when they are under attack.

That, however, was three years ago. For the past year, Krug and Truman have not been getting along at all. The sparks have flown on several occasions. One scathing letter written to the secretary of the interior by the president was the kind no president writes to a cabinet member unless he wants him to resign.

Krug also had more of his interior department bills vetoed than any other cabinet member in recent history. And when the head of the cabinet, the president, turns thumbs down on the legislative proposals of a member of his own official family, you can expect a resignation. On top of all this, Krug got himself involved in litigation over a \$750,000 loan he had floated to finance the purchase of a textile mill near Knoxville, Tenn.

This time, however, several of the newsmen who knew what was happening kept mum. They were afraid that criticism once again would arouse Truman's ire, once again would freeze Krug in the cabinet.

In a way, this is a reflection on one of the chief functions of the press—namely to keep an eye on and report the operations of public officials. Nevertheless, under Harry Truman's reverse way of doing things, newspapers sometimes have to work in reverse, too.

The tragic fact about Julius A. Krug is that most of his life he was an A-1 public servant. He started with a great career. He did a bang-up job with the Tennessee valley authority, then came into the cabinet at the age of 36, the youngest secretary of the interior in history.

What really put the political skids under him, however, was the girlie episode in Hollywood. When the Brewster committee got hold of Johnny Meyers' expense accounts, with payments listed to certain ladies for the entertainment of "Cap" Krug, well naturally Mrs. Krug didn't like it.

She had been living on the modest salary of a public official while her friends wore mink coats and rode in swank convertibles. And she had been willing to make the sacrifice as long as she thought her husband was doing it for the good of the country. But after the girlie episode in Hollywood, it was only natural that she should wonder whether the sacrifice was worth while.

So "Cap" found himself in hot water all the way around.

Pre-War Rate for Stealing

Cushing, Okla., Nov. 16 (AP)—A California woman, who said she stole a tree from the Cushing city park and decorated it for Christmas 13 years ago, paid for it today at pre-war rates. She mailed \$2 from Sun Valley, Calif., and asked City Manager Elmer Edge to forgive her. Edge said he'd keep the money but hoped the woman would realize that she got the tree at a cut-rate price.

Adventurer Takes Off on Trek By Dog Sled Over Continent

Fairbanks, Alaska, Nov. 16 (AP)—An adventurous New England engineer Tuesday was off on a 5,000-mile dog sled trek across the northern wastelands of North America. Several hundred white residents and Eskimos gave Cecil Moore a gala sendoff in 14 degree temperature as he "mushed out" toward Lewiston, Me.

The steel runners of his 120-pound hickory sled slipped over four inches of fresh snow as his nine huskies and malamutes strained in their harnesses.

Moore planned to pitch his first camp 10 miles away besides the Richardson highway. He estimated his trek to Lewiston would take 120 days. He plans to follow the Alaska highway through Dawson City, Yukon territory, to Edmonton, Alberta, and then go on to Winnipeg, North Dakota, Chicago and Maine.

His dog sled was loaded with 500 pounds of food and gear. Half the weight was a high-calorie scientific dog food. His cargo also included 12,500 cachet envelopes postmarked at Fairbanks. They will be sold in Lewiston. The proceeds are earmarked for a Lions' club day.

BY GUILD
Wizard of Odds



MARION COUNTY RECOLLECTIONS—

Sequel to Gervais Story: Two 'Down for the Count'

By OSWALD WEST

In my story of a Fourth of July at Gervais, I overlooked reporting an amusing incident—which might have proved serious. Walt Lowe, a beloved resident of Salem—quite prominent in the city's business and civic affairs—attended the above mentioned celebration. He had gathered together a few of his Salem friends and herded them into Jake Bingham's emporium for a glass of beer.

It happened that there was within the establishment a half-breed bully—with enough fire-water aboard to stimulate his orneryness—who insisted upon making himself obnoxious to Lowe and his friends. Walt tried to get rid of him in a nice way but without results. So, he hit the half-breed a nice crack on the point of the chin, and "he went down for the count."

When he came to, it was with injured pride—his standing in saloondom had been destroyed. So, he turned to a back room and a ladder which carried one to the story above. It was his intention there to sleep off his jag. But he discovered a trap-door directly over the bar. Raising it slightly, he could see Walt Lowe standing below. Cruising the attic for a weapon, he discovered a keg half filled with nails. Rolling the keg to the trap door which he quietly raised, he waited patiently until Walt was directly under the opening, he then dropped the keg of nails and it hit his Salem enemy squarely on the top of the head. Then Walt, too, went down for the count. In time, he was duly revived, and was able to return with nothing more harmful than a badly bruised cranium.

Seventh Grade Memories Are Deep

Columbus, O., Nov. 16 (AP)—A curly-haired little boy walked home from seventh grade one day 42 years ago.

Some yards down the road, a robin sat. The boy picked up a potato and threw it. It struck and killed the robin. The boy was filled with remorse as he watched the Robin kick his life away. He was horror-stricken.

That is why, Gov. Frank J. Lausche—who was that little boy—answered reporters asking if he planned to go pheasant hunting with these words today: "I sincerely hope that the marksmanship of pheasant hunters in Ohio will be inaccurate." The season opens today.

POOR MAN'S PHILOSOPHER

Pegasus, the Horse That Went to a Psychiatrist

By HAL BOYLE

New York (AP)—Down the street came a horse trotting sideways.

In the saddle rode Gilbert Warb, looking very uncomfortable. For he was trailed by a crowd of hooting small boys attracted by the strange sight of a horse that hobbled sideways.

"Gidda up," said Gilbert to his doleful steed.

"Why'n't you get a motor car, mister?" jeered the children.

"Go away, little boys," pleaded Gilbert. "Can't you see you're making my horse nervous?"

But they followed him until Pegasus side-stepped up and halted at a building that bore the sign: "Dr. Ambrose Withers, animal psychologist."

Warb dismounted and rang the bell. The door opened. "What can I do for you?" said Dr. Withers. He was a big, rawboned man with a long face, hair like a mane and huge buck teeth.

"Well, I feel a little silly about this," said Gilbert. He fished out a newspaper clipping and showed it to the doctor. The clipping said: "London veterinarian says neurotic animals need psychological treatment just like humans."

Dr. Withers nodded his head professionally. "Very true," he said. "Just what are your horse's neurotic symptoms?"

"Well," said Gilbert. "I bought him for \$200 at an auction as a saddle horse for my wife. But the darned fool won't run like any other horses—he will only run sideways."

"H-mm, refusal to face life," murmured the doctor. "Come in to my office."

They led Pegasus inside. After cajoling it with two carrots, a lump of sugar and an apple, Withers finally got the horse to lie down on a couch. He began to neigh in his ear, and the horse—looking around at Gilbert with a frown—whinnied back.

"I'm sorry," said Dr. Withers. "And I want to know what you're going to do about it."



Hal Boyle