

Nine Explorer Scouts Take Week's Camping Trip to Three Sisters



LUNCH AT THE TOP—Six of the exploring group rest and enjoy a sack lunch after pushing up Batchelor butte. It took two and a half hours for them to scale the peak, and here they sit 9,100 feet above sea level. From left are New Curtis, Richard Andre, Bob Frazier, Bob Young, Mike Bauer, and Bill Dahlstrom.

Mountain Climbs, Outdoor Meals Are Described in Log

(Editor's Note: The following is a seven day log of eight members and an advisor of Scout Explorer Troop 8 of Medford. They took a trip to the Three Sisters recreation area near Bend last month and camped. New Curtis, advisor, wrote the log which appears in its original form, edited slightly by the Mail Tribune.)

Sunday, June 23—Sunday morning's quiet on the corner of South Oakdale and Fifth st. was shattered about 6:45 a.m. with the arrival of two car loads of Explorer Scouts preparing to leave for a week's camp trip. After relocating gear and personnel, the hardy explorers left Medford for Bend.

Nine were on the trip: Mike Bauer, Bob Frazier, Bob Young, Pat Connolly, Bill Dahlstrom, Dennis Hammond, Mike Phillips, Dick Andre, and New Curtis. Arrive in Bend

Arrived in Bend about 11:30 a.m. After a short stop for a last milk shake before our week of dehydrated foods, we proceeded on up into the Three Sisters recreation area. As we climbed the Century Drive, the mountains loomed larger and more impressive until we were surrounded. Snow caps above and all sizes of lakes below.

The afternoon was spent largely in pitching camp on Saturday creek and commencing the battle of the mosquitoes. An early supper and bed for Monday portended to be a long and tough day.

Monday, June 24—Up early. Bob Frazier and New now know how the rim of a wheel feels when the tire goes flat. New's was a slow settling to the ground, but Bob's was more in the nature of a sharp puncture as his air mattress popped.

Leg Locomotion
Breakfast. Cars and packs loaded, we drove to Elk Lake. From this point on, the locomotion would come from our legs.

We headed toward Horse Lake. Two hours, four and one half miles and 16 blisters later, we arrived in a cloud of man eating mosquitoes. Circling the lake we found a jettty of stone, and this became our campsite for the next three days.

After a lunch of chili beans, apple sauce and an ice-creamless milk shake, chores were done and the explorers relaxed. Supper consisted of stew and the inevitable burnt drop cakes.

Tuesday, June 25—Up to another sunny day. The lake mirroring the Three Sisters to the north and Batchelor's butte to the east. Fish jumping, birds chirping, quiet and peace.

Light Breakfast
After a light breakfast of eggs and apple sauce, the majority headed north toward the Sisters along the Skyline Trail. We climbed about 1,500 feet to the Sisters' Mirror lakes. The trail wandered up through magnificent stands of timber, over rushing brooks and under several feet of firm snow. The lakes themselves are clear and lovely, each having its own personality. The group arrived back in camp about 1:30 having covered a good nine miles that morning.

Interest in fishing was kindled and during the evening, a nice mess was caught. Dennis was champion in terms of numbers, but Dick caught the largest. During dinner we watched a fat, saucy beaver swim across the lake and feed on the edge. He swam around and eyed us as we were eyeing him. A big campfire was enjoyed later as the fishermen came in with their tales of fish not caught, lures lost, and cold feet.

Trip's Low Point
Wednesday, June 26—This was perhaps the low point of the trip. Dull, overcast day. Mike Bauer, Bob Frazier, and Pat climbed up to Horse Look-out. The rest of us fished, swam and loafed.

The diet of stew was getting monotonous, for though each had a different name, they all tasted much the same. We were also tired of apple sauce, primarily because we had not taken any spices and it was pretty bland.

Thursday, June 27—Up early. Glorious peace, the sun gradually bringing all into focus as the mists slowly faded away. Low clouds rose and the peaks came into view.

That noon, Bob Young and Pat concocted tamale pies, which were an experience. Filling, anyway.

Snow on Ground
We headed back to Elk Lake. Arriving there, we enjoyed fresh milk and fruit, then went up to Todd lake and pitched camp. This lake is quite high, and snow was still on the ground.

Friday, June 28—We loaded into the cars and drove to the foot of Batchelor butte. This is a deceptive mountain. From the road it appears to be rounded at the top and an easy climb. However, as we got higher on the snow fields, the slopes became steeper and we all slowed down.

Pushing up, we saw the valleys fall away and the mountains become more clearly delineated. Lakes on all sides, the Sisters rising to the north, the smell of pines in our nostrils, and the crunch of crisp snow underfoot.

Veterans Impressed
About two and a half hours after starting, we were on top the 9,100 foot peak. Even the old veterans were impressed. We could see from Mt. McLoughlin in the south to Mt. Hood in the north.

All signed the log, and ate a light lunch. Then down. Glissading was a new experience for some and it was with a bit of trepidation that we faced the gleaming slopes. However, once started it was easy. It was amusing to see some clean spots on seats of otherwise somewhat soiled levis when we got back. We dropped down to a small pocket about 1,500 feet below, the top of which was filled with blue ice water.

It took only about 45 minutes to come down. After checking into camp, we all went down to Elk lake for a swim in the ice water.

Supper dishes done, we gathered round a blazing campfire and our voices echoed around the hills as we sang all the old camping songs.

Saturday, June 29—We headed north to climb to the Bowl of Broken-Top. It was about three miles to the base of the mountain from Todd lake. We crossed the rim surrounding



MIRRORED MOUNTAIN—From their Todd lake camp, the explorers looked out across the lake to Broken-Top mountain. The group of nine spent seven days on their outing, and on the fifth day hiked to this high lake to

pitch camp. Snow was still on the ground. From there they made two more climbs, then headed home after a trip that was "a great success."

VIEW OF BUTTE—On the last day the group climbed to the bowl of Broken-Top. On their way down the slope they caught this view of Batchelor butte, a mountain they had conquered the day before. On top of Batchelor they could see from Mt. McLoughlin in the south to Mt. Hood in the north.

Todd and found ourselves in truly virgin timber, deep gorges, gushing streams of clear snow water and the ground covered with patches of snow. Flowers peeked at us under new green leaves and the ground squirrels scolded occasionally.

Up and down... we rose above the valley. Finally we passed the snow fields and the rest was up through rocks. Higher than Batchelor, Broken-Top was a more exacting climb. The view sweeping over much the same country gave us a new perspective, especially on the Sisters. The trip back was slow with the exception of some wonderful glissades.

Food was quickly served on our return, camp broken, and the gang headed back to Medford and summer activities. The trip was a great success. We had seen new country... seen many wonderful animals and much plant life as undisturbed in its natural setting as is possible today.

Disease Research Possible in Malheur
Ontario—Malheur County Sanitarian Taylor Sandvigen said Saturday the county may be the center for a special research project into the so-called "St. Louis" type of sleeping sickness.

Sandvigen said U.S. Public Health Service officials recently found traces of the disease while testing horses and chickens in the area.

The sleeping sickness, said Sandvigen, was more dangerous to humans than equine encephalomyelitis because it strikes humans without advance warning.

With the equine brain fever, he explained, people are warned of its presence in an area because it first strikes horses and birds.

The sanitarian said he expected to have definite word later this month on whether the research project would be conducted here.

Maxwell Named State Trade Fair Manager
Portland—Managing director of the 1959 Oregon Centennial Exposition and International Trade Fair at Portland will be Floyd Maxwell, former Pacific Northwest theater executive.

The centennial commission announced also that work will proceed at once on renovation of the Pacific International Livestock Exposition pavilion in North Portland to house the exposition.

The commission said much of the preliminary planning and organization for the state's birthday celebration has already been completed.

George Simmons New Commander Of DAY Chapter

George Simmons was recently installed commander of the Jackson county Disabled American Veterans chapter at a special installation meeting in the Moose hall, 11 South Newtown st., Medford.

Robert T. Finton, department senior vice commander of Klamath Falls, was installation officer. Others present from the Klamath Falls chapter were Mrs. Finton, department auxiliary senior vice commander and Dan Johnson, commander of district 5, with Mrs. Johnson.

Other Visitors
From Grants Pass were Lee Turner, commander, and Mrs. Turner, who holds an office in the auxiliary. Department Commander William H. Manley and Mrs. Manley were present from Eugene. Mrs. Manley is commander of the women's post, American Legion, Eugene.

Installed with Simmons were James Cech, senior vice commander; James G. Manning, junior vice commander; Karl J. Knutson, treasurer; Jonas Snyder, chaplain; and Linn Elliott, sergeant-at-arms. Lester L. Moser, James R. Lillie and George O. Martin are executive committee members.

Entertainment Furnished
Entertainment was furnished by members of Caesar Muzzilli's Accordion band. Included in the entertaining group were Nicky Gier, Medford, accordion soloist, and Bonnie, Vonnice and Connie Goehring, Eagle Point, vocalists and instrumentalists.

The chapter now maintains a full-time service office, Pat Graham, at 1515 North Riverside ave. Maintenance of office, utilities and rentals are among problems being studied by the executive committee.

Smoke Jumpers Sent Into Boise Fires

Boise—Smoke jumpers Friday were sent to the scene of eight forest fires concentrated in mountains about 70 miles northeast of Lowman, officials of the Boise National forest said Saturday.

Meanwhile, bureau of land management crews had their hands full with two range fires which consumed 1,500 acres of grassland Friday before they were extinguished.

K. D. Flock, Boise National forest supervisor, said 14 smoke jumpers were sent into the area and were at the scene of five of the fires by late Friday night. Flock said all eight fires were lightning-caused.

BLM crews Friday night put out two fires, one 500-acre blaze on the Saylor creek gunnery range near Glans Ferry and another 1,000-acre fire near Emmett. The bureau said it believed both were man-caused.

18-Year-Old Chosen Miss Roseburg of '57
Roseburg—Eighteen-year old Judith Gaye Hensley was chosen Miss Roseburg of 1957 Friday night.

She is 5-1, weighs 100 pounds and is 34-21-34. Last March she won second place in a national movie magazine contest, titled, "your legs can be your future." She will compete for the title of Miss Oregon later this year.

Writer Watches Nation's Largest Atomic Explosion

(Editor's Note: The following article describes the July 6 explosion of the largest atomic bomb ever detonated in this country. The test was held at Yucca Flats, Nev., where the author, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Chez, 812 Palm st., Medford, was vacationing with his bride, the former Jonita Stith. Chez wrote this article for the Mail Tribune and also took photographs, one of which was published in this newspaper on Monday, July 8.)

By FRED E. CHEZ
Mail Tribune Special Writer
"THIS IS DRAGNET." A voice booms out of the darkness from unseen loudspeakers.

It is as you have imagined from hearing of previous detonations of atomic devices by the Atomic Energy commission; only this time it is different. Instead of listening to a radio, or seeing the event in a movie news reel or on TV, we are on the side of News Nob, a small rugged mass of rock and dust and scraggly bushes which rests on the edge of Yucca Flat, the proving grounds for the Atomic Energy commission in the United States.

Human Being
The voice continues: "In one minute it will be H minus Two Hours." And we realize that a voice which before had seemed the metallic emissions of a mechanical giant was now the personal tones of a human being, that even in the immensity of what was about to come that man could not lose his identity.

"In thirty seconds it will be H minus Two Hours," after a pause the familiar counting from ten seconds down to one, and then "HACK." And at that we were surprised to see a small flash of light out in the distant darkness, which turned out to be one of the charges of conventional explosives set off at Two and at One hours before the atomic blast for the testing of shock waves and for an aid in coordinating weather predictions. After informing us that "Next time HACK at H minus one and one-half hours," and the time of succeeding broadcasts, Dragnet is silent.

10 Miles Away
An old timer who has been expecting the small blast of dynamite informs us, after checking his watch to note the difference in time of the sound and light waves of the explosion, that it was about ten miles away. But in a different direction, almost due north from where we stand, Hood tests of the Plumb-bob series, at almost 13 miles away. We have been told that this atomic bomb will be "above nominal," which in cryptic announcements of the AEC means only that it will be more powerful, more devastating than the horror that leveled Hiroshima and Nagasaki near the end of World War II. But there is more than that. This bomb promises to be the most powerful ever set off in the United States; the AEC cannot hide the significance of the safety precautions that it issues. All highways within a 60 mile radius will have road blocks to stop motorists who would be blinded by the flash; all airlines have been warned; and the people of Las Vegas, who are used to atomic explosions almost

on their doorsteps, have to keep their windows and doors open so they won't be splintered when the shock waves arrive minutes after the blast.

Larger Blast

The Japanese bombs were in the 20 Kiloton range. That is, they represented the power of 20,000 tons of high explosives set off in one blast. The largest previous blast at Yucca Flat was in the 60 Kiloton range. This one, by all evidence, will be larger. It will not exceed the 100 KT level, as that is the maximum size which can be tested in the continental United States. All larger devices including H-bombs are taken to the Pacific test areas for detonation.

Powerful as it will be, the A-bomb does not deter the courage of 2,500 Marines who are huddled in trenches less than three miles from ground zero. Previous A tests have proven that as long as they wear their gas masks and keep under cover that no harm will come to them. Immediately after the blast, as soon as it is safe, they will follow the monitors who check for radioactivity. Their mission, involving a swarm of assault helicopters in an air attack to seize, occupy, and defend an objective in exploitation of an atomic explosion.

Now, with an hour to go, there is time for reflection. We have our camera set in position, but for final adjustment we must wait for ten minutes before the atomic device is carried aloft to an altitude of 1,500 feet on an anchored balloon for detonation. In its continued quest for safety, the AEC will set this device off at a level where there will be little or no fallout. Even the Marines, at only three miles, will get less radioactivity than if they had a tooth x-rayed.

Security Stressed

The AEC has not only impressed us on safety, but also security. As civilians, there were badges prepared for all of us when we reported at the security building in Mercury, the super secret AEC community that sprang up five miles from U.S. Highway 95 when the test first began in 1950. From there all newsmen and observers traveled in a supervised convoy, across the blast-blackened levels of Frenchman Flat where the A-bombs were tested several years ago, to the larger, better area at Yucca Flat.

Now we see a faint, flashing blue light, barely distinguishable in the pale nuances of the earliest dawn, begin to rise slowly from the desert floor. From the written information given us we know that the balloon is 75 feet in diameter. No hint of the size of the bomb is given. We only know that the balloon can lift 2½ tons with ease.

The last 15 minutes fly by. Equipment is checked and rechecked. We try to act calm, but even the old timers betray excitement in their voices. But only in the sense of extreme excitement, never in fear, as a confidence in scientific predictions seems to be the consensus of opinion.

Last Warnings

Dragnet resumes his count down, one for each minute. In between, the loudspeakers voice their last warnings. Don't expose your film during the first

instant of detonation. The concentrated light has been known to burn a hole in the film. For the same reason, look only at the blast if you are wearing the thick black goggles issued by the AEC—this blast which is 20 times brighter than the sun can melt your eyes. And in 48 seconds we are to expect the blast and sound wave, which is promised to be 26 times stronger than the previous one which buckled the steel doors of the main control center, one-half mile away.

We are trying to remember all the things we have to do when Dragnet breaks in: "H minus one minute. Put on your goggles!" There is urgency in the last command. "Do not remove goggles or face the burst until the fireball dissipates."

"Thirty Seconds to Zero Time!"

"Twenty-five Seconds to Zero Time!"

"Twenty Seconds to Zero Time!"

"Fifteen Seconds to Zero Time!"

"Ten, Nine, Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four, Three, Two, One—"

Fireball Appears

And there before us, in all its awesome splendor, the fireball, at first a fiery sphere which then flings and swirls in gold and crimson fury to form the familiar mushroom. A blast of tremendous heat hits us, yet it is neither felt nor remembered in the light of the spectacle we see. All is power, all is force, and only the tumbling clouds of ground dust bespeak defeat for the unwanted and reluctant opposition of the earth. The fireball rises quickly, dissipating into a huge formless cloud of the most beautiful purple and lavender, gilded on the edges by the awakening dawn.

The deadening, eerie silence is broken by a terrific cracking boom, accompanied by a blowing force which shakes News Nob. We reel and recover, and we hardly have time to straighten up before we see a swarm of Marine helicopters, rising with their troops from behind protective hills. They speed by us in formation, silhouetted against the huge golden cloud, on their way to the bubbling, black masses of dust at ground zero. The copters disgorging their troops, and return to pick up the observers. We are treated to an interesting and impressive view of Marine maneuvers. Amid the ever present smell of newly scorched earth, we see the Marines charging across the blackened desert, pouring from helicopters or armored vehicles to "capture" their objectives.

Always in the background, looming like the spectre of death, is the huge cloud. The challenge to man lies in the atom, but in the final analysis man himself has the grim responsibility for its use.

Mark Hatfield Observes 35th Birthday Friday

Salem—Secretary of State Mark Hatfield observed a quiet 35th birthday here Friday and for one of the few evenings since taking office had no speaking engagement scheduled.

Division heads of his department and the immediate office staff held a luncheon in his office.



COOKDOOR KITCHEN—Pat Connolly and Mike Phillips discover there are some things not even a trip into the wilderness can escape. At the Horse Lake campsite they take their turn washing dishes after a meal.