

Bud Boyd's Stay In Wilds Is Similar to Yreka Group's

By BESSIE BOYD FRASER
Mail Tribune Correspondent

Yreka - Thirty years ago members of another Boyd family went into the wilds of Siskiyou county for their vacation. Hal and his wife, Flora, his sister, Marguerite, and her husband, Paul, checked in at the Callahan store for a minimum of supplies because they were packing everything on their own backs.

Hal was an experienced woodsman and carried gun and fishing rod besides his regular pack. Each had his own blankets and one change of clothing, the army canteen and folding mess kit. A camera and one volume of Shakespeare had been slipped in by the girls, who intended to improve their husbands' minds during idle moments.

The Boyds had camped and hunted in the Siskiyou above Callahan for years. Boyd lake was named for their father, Thomas Parker Boyd, and a beautiful little lake was named Virginia lake for a sister. Decide To Explore

They had heard of some wonderful wild country above and beyond their usual haunts and decided to explore, therefore they were not burdened with pack animals or guide,

but they did tell the store keeper the general direction they were taking.

It took them several days to hike through a and over granite ledges and they finally saw a gem-like lake far below them and decided that was the spot to camp. Their food was getting low and there had been nothing to kill since they started except one rattlesnake their first day and they were not hungry enough then to cook and eat it.

It was tough going down to the sapphire lake but they reached it before dark and while the others made camp, Hal lost no time throwing in his fishing line. He fished until dark but not one bite did he get. After a meager supper they all fell into their beds made of fir boughs and counted the stars above until sleep overtook them.

Lake Found Barren
Hal was the first one up next morning and down fishing for their breakfast, but no fish were jumping or biting and he realized that this lovely lake had not been stocked for a long time. He would have to shoot some kind of game regardless of the hunting season, but although he hunted all day, en-

during the terrific heat, he saw nothing to shoot at.

They went to bed really hungry that night, but they had saved the last of their coffee and bread for morning. When they awoke it was snowing and their fire was out and available wood and leaves were wet and difficult to light. They managed to get some coffee made and each ate his slice of bread. After a consultation it was decided they had better retrace their steps.

It was snowing harder and though it was late July their trail was fast becoming obliterated. It was a real struggle to reach the top of the ridge. The girls were weak from insufficient food and began eliminating articles from their packs as they climbed up above 7,000 feet. Shakespeare was left for the birds halfway down the mountain.

"I'm not the girl my grandmother was," complained Marguerite. "While she was crossing the plains with the Applegate party she carried an umbrella over her jersey cow and gave it her daily ration of water, only taking a sip herself - she reached Ashland alive and so did the cow! I'm just going to sit here in the snow I'm so tired. The rest of you can go on without me."

Snow Covers Landmarks
"Don't wear yourself out talking nonsense!" Hal advised, because he feared they had taken the wrong direction in the heavy snow which had by now covered all landmarks. They tried to stay on top of the ridges so their strength wouldn't be wasted climbing up and down. After three days of snow the sun came out and it was hot again, but they were so tired and hungry they weren't much interested in the weather. The girls could hardly drag one foot after the other. Hal thought he had better try and get out and find help and left the miserable little group huddled together on top of the mountain.

Rangers Meet Them
Some forest rangers met him before he had gone out from the Callahan store continued and a dozen searching parties were out looking for them, bringing food and stimulants in case they were still alive. They finally all staggered into Callahan exactly opposite the spot from where they had started. Each one had lost

Out on a Limb

By BOB WALTERS

Unbiased

In any business, the man most often at the butt of the jokes is the beginner. That certainly holds true in the newspaper business, possibly more so than in any other.

On the receiving end of much of the humor upstairs at the Mail Tribune are our two cub reporters. Downstairs, it's the apprentice printer who has to grin and bear it. This one's name is Oakes.

"Remember now, Oakes," one of the senior printers tells him several times a week, "there once was a time when you were nothing but a Nut." Oakes, however, manages to take most of it in stride. He just gnashes his teeth, breaks a lead rule in half and prays for the day when his apprenticeship will be over.

He's become so accustomed to the role, in fact, that he makes an ideal straight man. Take Monday, for instance.

Two printers were making up the front page when Oakes, carrying a piece of copy and wearing a puzzled expression, came trotting up.

"What does 'unbiased' mean?" he asked.

The printers exchanged here-we-go-again glances before one of them, a southern fried gent, chose to reply.

"Well, Oakes, my boy," he said, "I'll tell you—but let me give you an example of 'biased' first."

"Down in Texas one year," said his senior, "they were counting votes after an election. They just kept putting the Democratic votes in one stack . . . 50,001 . . . 50,002 . . . 50,003 . . . and then they found a Republican vote."

"They passed that vote all around," he went on, "and all the vote counters looked it over real close. Finally they put it on the edge of the table all by itself and went back to counting."

"The Democratic votes just kept pillin' up and pillin' up . . . from 10 to 15 pounds in weight and everybody believed their story, although it didn't make the front pages of the San Francisco papers. It is also doubted that they would have been threatened with arrest for killing a deer out of season in order to sustain their lives."

100,001 . . . 100,002 . . . 100,003 . . . and then they found another Republican vote. That's when the head man blew his top.

"He slammed the second vote down on top of the first one and yelled 'Throw 'em both out! That 'A!' voted twice!"

"Unbiased" is a word that seems to be hounding me this week. Tonight I'm faced with what may well be the toughest assignment of my journalistic career.

The Festival of the Bills (Shakespeare and Patton) has started, you see, and it's play-reviewing time at the Mail Tribune. The first performances of each play are being covered by four different reporters and tonight it's my turn.

Ordinarily, there wouldn't be any problem at all. But my French teacher happens to be involved.

Teacher is one of the Dancers on the Green. (She's an amateur, of course. Professionals are Dancers FOR the Green.) Anyway, the dancers take part in tonight's play, "The Tempest." As I understand it, they come swirling in and serve dinner-cafeteria style. I believe—to a bunch of people wandering around in the woods.

As if that's not enough, she also has a speaking part. Well, it's not really a speaking part, but she does get to make some noise.

She plays a dog. Now maybe you understand the problem. I have to watch Teacher go yipping across the stage, growl, bark and snap at someone's heels and then come back to the office and write an unbiased review.

It will be a challenge, to say the least. But I promise to do my best. I also promise to be thrifty, trustworthy, clean, reverent and brave.

And I'm having a can of Red Heart for dinner. Grrrr.

Yreka-Arnold W. Kuttrell, a 45-year-old Grenada man, was arrested by the sheriff's office for furnishing alcohol to minors in violation of the Alcohol Beverage Control act. He was released on bail and will appear before Yreka Justice court, Aug. 2.



RECREATION—Many families are finding that the recreational facilities of the upper Rogue river are a good way to dodge the city's heat. Shown here are Elaine Miller (second from right) and Mrs. Frank Hopewell picnicking with three children, (L. to R.)

Charles Hopewell, Tony Spears and Billy Foster, all of Eagle Point. The picture, itself, is an experimental plate made from the Mail Tribune's new Polaroid photography equipment.

Regional News

Work Completed On Historic Post Office

By KATHERINE CHAPMAN
Mail Tribune Correspondent

Hornbrook - The U.S. government last week completed the work on the up-dating of the Hornbrook post office.

Paul Blakeley, a postal technician from Pasadena, Calif., supervised the work and was assisted by local men, George Souza and Mait Johnson.

Emory Parshall did the painting on the walls and ceilings.

The reinforced concrete post office building was built in 1924 by the late D. C. Earhart, who was postmaster until that time with the post office located in his hardware store adjoining the present building.

Harry Chapman succeeded Earhart as postmaster in 1924. This is the first work done on the post office since that time. When Chapman retired in 1957, he was succeeded by Wayne Cummins.

Cummins had the old wooden boxes removed and replaced with new steel lock boxes and also replaced the old hand-hewn and handmade desk with a steel one.

Last week's work completes the remodeling project. The work area has been enlarged and the lobby extended across the front where the service windows are now located.

All partitions surrounding the work area are covered with formica with a limed oak finish.

A new customer desk in the lobby is of the same material. The government also completely re-furnished the post office, adding such improvements as a new safe, all steel office furniture, new electric clock, typewriter, adding machine, steel parcel post rack, steel files, steel screening surrounding the work area from the top of the walls to the ceiling and many other minor items all of which expedite the handling of the mail.

Post Office Serves 650
The Hornbrook post office served approximately 650 customers.

The area served extends up the river to Copco No. 1, south as far as the BurBel resort and north on Highway 99 to the George Silva ranch on Bailey hill.

Window hours at the post office will be from 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., instead of the old closing hour of 5 p.m.

Another change will be on the Copco route. The mail stage will leave the local post office for Copco at 11 a.m. and return at 1 p.m., California daylight saving time.

The history of the Hornbrook post office goes back to the old Oregon Trail and gold rush days. It was established somewhere along the late 1870s or early 1880s and was originally in the Henley district.

That was about the time the Southern Pacific railroad completed laying their new section of road between Dunsuir and Ashland.

A subdivision point was needed for this newly-laid section and the S.P. made a deal with David Horn for some of his ranch land.

Buildings Set Up
Temporary buildings were set up for the railroad employees, and for maintenance of the trains. Thus was born

this little town which, appropriately was given the name of Hornbrook.

Although the railroad station was called Hornbrook, the post office was called Henley, because postal regulations would not permit two offices within a mile of each other.

Henley Office Abandoned
Some three or four years later the old station of Henley abandoned its post office and the name Hornbrook was permitted. According to Wilmer Hill, one of the pioneers of this area, the first postmaster was a Mrs. Fultz.

She kept the postoffice until the late Thomas Jones built his store in Henley and was then appointed postmaster.

Succeeding him were Miss Dora Horn, sister of the late Marshall Horn, then her cousin, Mrs. Jim (Anna) Coyle, wife of one of the founders of the Hornbrook Water Company, then followed Davis Earhart and Harry Chapman.

The present postmaster is Wayne Cummins, and his wife, Helen Cummins, is the clerk. Mrs. Cummins served as clerk for eight years under Harry Chapman and was interim postmaster for 18 months before her husband received his permanent appointment.

The postoffice building itself, is owned by Mrs. Grace Quigley and leased to the government.

IV Pee Wee Teams Hold League Opener

Illinois Valley—After a few weeks practice the pee wee baseball games got under way at the high school diamond, Tuesday evening, with a large crowd of spectators attending.

The opening game was won by the Dodgers with the score nine to the Yankee's four. In the second game the White Sox won 13 to 4 for the Giants.

Pee wee baseball games are held every Tuesday night at the high school diamond.

Six-Year-Old EP Boy Chops Foot While 'Whacking The Field'

By DOTTIE HARBISON
Mail Tribune Correspondent

Eagle Point—Michael Arnold, six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. George Arnold, Brophy rd., Eagle Point, nearly cut off his big toe Tuesday afternoon with his brother's axe.

According to his mother, Michael was watching his big brother, Donny, fix his chain saw when he picked up the axe and slipped out to the field.

He was "just whacking the field" when the axe slipped and cut between his big and adjoining toes into the arch past the large toe joint, without cutting the bone.

Michael will be confined to the davenport for a while, but has high hopes of starting to school with his first grade class after Labor Day. Michael was so interested in the needles that the doctor offered to let him have the pretty curved ones, but was discouraged by his mother.

She feared the results if he repeated the procedure on his little sister, especially after talking him out of the idea that she should be the one to do the sewing instead of the doctor.

Regional Calendar

Jacksonville—Standard Red Cross first aid classes will start Thursday at 7:30 p.m. in the Jacksonville Community hall. Leroy Williams of the Medford fire department will be the instructor.

The classes will be held every Thursday evening for six weeks.

Jacksonville—A second pancake breakfast, sponsored by the Jacksonville PTA and American Legion Post 100, will be held Sunday from 7:30 a.m. to 1 p.m. at the IOOF hall. Proceeds from the breakfast will help finance the Jacksonville little league baseball team.

Applegate Valley—The Applegate Valley 4-H pre-fair will be held at the Applegate school grounds Friday, starting at 9:30 a.m. There will be a judging of both animals and home economics exhibits. Lunch will be served on the grounds.

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