

Today's Roundup

WE'RE home today from a drive over Central Oregon's snowy landscape to Burns and back, and because a reasonable number of readers have indicated an interest in the informal travelogues that appear occasionally in this column, we're going to cover this trip with a few brief observations.



EPLEY

The uninitiated, driving over the sagebrush stretches of the high desert country, might well wonder what features of special interest one could find along those rocky roadsides. Ride in the car with us for a while out of Lakeview, and we'll give you an idea of what so many people miss.

In the car ahead of us Saturday morning were Harry Utley and Gene Favell, ten-acre-or-a-township real estate men of Lakeview, John King and Elmo Angele. Out beyond Valley Falls, where the road skirts big Abert lake under mighty Abert rim, there was a wave from the car ahead and it came to a stop.

"We've got something to show you," said Harry Utley, who homesteaded near Valley Falls in 1908 and knows every mahogany thicket and rimrock of that area.

The Rock Circle

SO WE followed the Lakeview delegation on a short walk through the snow in the direction of the rim. It was at the base of Poison creek draw, a tiny groove in the mighty face of Abert, that we discovered a fort-like circle of rocks. This was obviously a piece of ancient Indian construction, and the proof lay in a perfectly round and smooth incantation in a flat rock at the edge of the circle. In this mortar the Indian women had ground meal for food for the warriors, or the families, or whoever occupied the rock circle. There were evidences that someone, using a pick or other sharp instrument, had tried to pry the mortar loose, no doubt for a private souvenir. It was an extremely interesting spot, but there was no marking by the side of the highway and comparatively few have seen it.

We trudged back to the cars, and drove a few miles farther before stopping to read the geological marker set up at the roadside by the state highway commission. This board explains that Abert rim is one of the highest exposed faults in the United States. Note those words, "one of." We had always understood it was the highest, but some careful guy, possibly a one-time editorial writer, had prepared the text for that plaque.

A few miles on toward Burns, and the cars stopped again.

"We want you to hear the echo," said Harry. The motors were stopped and complete silence gripped the snowy countryside. Then Gene Favell blew his auto horn. The sound reverberated up a shallow canyon in the face of the great rim, and then seemed to roll from canyon to canyon and from cliff to cliff, coming back to us distinctly again and again. Our shouts echoed and re-echoed in similar fashion.

There is nothing to mark that spot on the roadside, and only the informed would know of the interesting experience available there.

Scene Of Desert Feud

NORTH of Lake Abert the highway (U. S. 395) climbs out of the lake basin and on past lesser rims into less rugged high desert country. Here one is likely as not to see a herd of antelope. (One Klamath party on the Burns trip reported seeing 700 on the return jaunt Sunday morning.)

It runs through the Alkali lake country, where Cliff Dunn built a highway-side airplane landing strip as a wartime project when bombing planes were using that uninhabited area for practice. It makes a turn at Wagontire, a tiny settlement which has been the scene of one of Oregon's legendary range wars over a precious waterhole. To those who know, here is another spot of intense interest.

To get the best out of trips through that country, one needs to ride with an old-timer like Harry Utley or any other of numerous veteran residents of Lakeview. Then, a jagged peak, a tongue of forest stretching out over the desert floor, a mahogany thicket under a rim, the ruins of an ancient cabin, provide inspiration for a good story. The late Bill Hanley, the grand old man of the Burns country, was incomparable as a companion on high desert trips (though we remember well how he helped Frank Jenkins and this writer get lost once on the dim trails of the Hart mountain country).

Rangeland Yarn

WE encountered zero weather at Burns. Justin MacDonald, Herald and News advertising man who accompanied the writer on this trip, isn't long back from navy service in the tropical isles of the South Pacific, and not even Klamath's early winter had given him quite the re-indoctrination in east-of-the-mountains weather he got at Burns.

But we were put up snugly in the Arrowhead hotel, a pleasant hostelry, and we discovered at Burns the unaffected good fellowship, the hearty handshake and the natural hospital-

ity which is typical of eastern and central Oregon.

We sat for a while in the office of the Burns Times-Herald, where Doug Mullarky and Julian Byrd dispense news, advertising, and journalistic good will to a far-flung subscriber family.

And Doug, of course, had a good story for us. It was about the rancher who was riding the branch railroad from Ontario to Burns and observed a man sitting at the end of the car counting rapidly on his fingers as he looked out of the window.

After this had continued for an hour or so, the rancher approached and asked the fellow what he was doing. The man explained he was a cattle counter, and when he rode through the country, he simply counted the cattle on the range. The rancher doubted his claims of deadly accuracy, and inasmuch as the railroad ran through the rancher's property, he challenged the expert to count the cattle there.

When they had passed through, the fellow reported. He had missed just two in a herd of 576.

"How in heck do you do it?" the rancher demanded.

"Well, I've got it simplified now," was the answer. "I used to pick out every animal and count it separately. Now I just count their feet and divide by four."

News Behind The News

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17.—Well, we decided Grandfather Pomerene should have the money, or rather he decided it, and got it. He worried us very much. He said he had his honor to think of, and while he did not have a dime or a prospect of repaying us, he wanted to call whatever he could get out of us "a non-interest bearing loan."

He has peculiar notions of honor. To default on his debt is not dishonorable, but to confess he is destitute, is. He already owes us more than he could repay if he were rich.

For us to wipe out that old debt does not impinge upon his honor. He wants us to do it—and lend him more. But unless we pretend the money he wants us to give him now is a "loan"—that will affect his honor.

Frankly I can see the honor of our family is whatever Grandpa happens to want at the moment. Established convictions of honor—those established nearly 2000 years and more back—and confirmed by majority adherence since then—no longer prevail for our family, although I will say, most of us have tried to live up to them, including my brother in the army and the one in the navy.

I think what got us to give him the money, however, was not his idea of making whatever he wanted to do seem honorable, but the fact that he really did worry us. Unless we gave in, he said he would go to our Cousin Nagon (his name really should be hyphenated), you know, the roving one, whose life is obsessed by politics to the exclusion of all the other fine points of good living.

Never Wanted Home

COUSIN NAGON, for instance, never wanted to own a home of his own, which would be his citadel against the world, his and his only. Consequently he never had an interest in planting, in cutting the lawn to make it look the best in the neighborhood as a proud exhibit of his own initiative. He never wanted, consequently, to improve the place he lived in, to beautify it with flowers and plants. He never wanted a nice quiet neighborhood.

Vegetables, he would plant, he said, because those make food. People could eat those, he said. They could not eat a clean-cut lawn or beauty in any form.

Consequently the most delectable phases of human existence escaped him entirely. And as for his own eating, I noticed he always gulped down his food and never enjoyed it.

He thought our mother was a fool for toiling in the kitchen to make those strawberry preserves which tasted like the nectar from Elysian fields, or the home-made yeast bread she set overnight to rise, or the unsalted butter she churned—all the good edible things of life she produced to her own delight and ours by her own energy.

When father earned enough to hire a maid to do those things, Nagon said she was a fool to do it also. He always thought there was something unworthy about the really good things of life.

Everyone Would Eat Caviar

WHEN he got control, he said, it would all be different—everyone would eat caviar (gosh, how I hate the stuff), drink champagne (it is always bitter or sour and gives me acidity), and smoked sturgeon (which I have never tasted, but I think I might like it, if it is anything like herring or white fish).

But as I say Grandpa Pomerene threatened to get Nagon started against us, and Nagon is a nuisance. He threatened to make himself a nuisance, and practically indicated he would commit suicide, economically at any rate.

He became so unpleasant I went away for a while, and apparently, I have just found out, he went to a candy merchant down the street in my absence. This merchant is a good friend of mine, and he came to me when I returned and said we ought to give Grandpa the money.

That was just enough to make me give in. I said all right, the whole mess would be less trouble to the family if we gave him the money than if we did not. So I did.

But do you know what I found out later? Grandpa had promised my friend the merchant to buy ten dollars worth of candy, not necessarily from him, but from other candy manufacturers, if he got the money. My friend thought it would be a great stimulation to the candy business.

Well, I do not know. Sometimes I wonder if our family is all there.

SIDE GLANCES



"Jake was my top sergeant in France and Germany—I brought him along because he wants to play Santa Claus for some kids this year!"

The World Today

By DeWitt MacKENZIE AP Foreign Affairs Analyst

DUBLIN, Dec. 17

The comparatively new republic of Eire has come through the vicissitudes of birth well and not only is enjoying greater prosperity than southern Ireland has before, but the signs seem propitious for even better times.

The way things look now the Emerald Isle, with its silver lakes and mild climate—a paradise for golfers and fishermen—may become a favorite holiday resort for countries of both hemispheres.

This possibility lies in the fact that it is a major strategic step on the northern air route between America and Europe. Eire now is energetically developing her own airline to the big English airport at Croydon, from which other lines radiate to the continent, making Ireland an easy place to reach.

Sure, I realize the reader may be remarking that Eire owes part of her better times to the fact that she was neutral in the war, despite American and British pleas for naval bases. It's true that Eire did profit economically from the neutrality, and I shall deal with that in another article.

Now in speaking of greater prosperity for Eire I don't want to give a wrong impression. She is vastly better off than she was, but it's only a dozen years ago that the poverty in many areas was appalling. Thousands lived on potatoes and salt, and were happy if they had a bit of bread as well. Starvation swept wide areas when the potato crop failed.

Double Lunches I fished in Ireland many summers and generally employed the same gillie (guide). He had several young children and about the only meat or white bread they ever saw was that he brought home in the form of sandwiches left over from my lunch, or from the lunches of other fishermen whom he guided. I used to carry double lunches so he would have food for the family. And he was better off than many little tenant farmers who battled with boggy soil for existence.

The privations of the peasants were multiplied in the cities. The slums of Dublin were held to be among the world's worst.

Well, now in the few years that the government under the leadership of Eamon de Valera has been in power, there has been a reorganization of the country's economy. Southern Ireland used to depend mainly on cattle raising for its income. Meantime it imported two-thirds of its foodstuffs and much of its fodder.

I visited Dublin in 1932, when De Valera was starting his re-

form, and studied his program. The country then grew only 31,000 acres of wheat. Now it produces 660,000 acres—the entire requirement of the country—and grows all its fodder besides. Manufacturers also have been started, though the war has interfered.

The cleaning up of slums has gone forward, and when the war made rebuilding impossible, the government continued to remodel slum buildings with the existing materials. Nowadays, too, the under-privileged, the unemployed, widows with children, and aged people get help from the government. I was told in an official quarter that there no longer is destitution in the country. This doesn't mean that there isn't privation, but that everybody has food. The government assistance isn't maintenance, but is limited to the removal of destitution.

ELMER FRANKLIN STROUD, a resident of Klamath Falls, Ore., for the last seven years passed away at his late residence, 423 1/2 Kilmax on Friday, December 14, 1945 at 10:45 a. m. following a brief illness. He was aged 77 years and at the time of his death was aged 20 months and 20 days. Surviving are two sons, Lloyd and Loren Stroud of this city; one daughter, Mrs. Eliza Downer, Klamath Falls, Ore.; one sister, Mrs. Laura Horn of Astoria, Ore.; two brothers, Richard and Robert Dier of Marysville, Calif.; grandsons, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henderson of Central Valley, Calif.; and Mrs. Angeline Meyer of Lebanon, Ore.

Funeral services for the late Elmer Franklin Stroud will be held at 2 p. m. in the chapel of the Sacred Heart Catholic church, concluding with a Requiem Mass. Friends are respectfully invited to attend.

Funeral services for the late Mrs. Elmer Stroud will be held at 2 p. m. in the chapel of the Sacred Heart Catholic church, concluding with a Requiem Mass. Friends are respectfully invited to attend.

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Klamath's Yesterdays

From the files—40 years ago and 10 years ago.

From The Klamath Republican December 21, 1905

The new owners of the Klamath Falls railroad intend to continue carrying passengers and mail. New engines, passenger coaches and other equipment have been ordered. Possibly the road will be extended to Keno in the spring, connecting with river boat service to Klamath Falls from Keno. The road was recently taken over by the Weyerhaeuser interests.

From The Evening Herald December 17, 1935

Klamath Christmas tree cutters were urged by the American Legion today to refrain from cutting trees near the highways.

Klamath Winter Sports association is seeking a new name. Mrs. Dona Buckes is chairman of the committee in charge of selecting one.

John McCarthy, a resident of Klamath Falls for the past 20 years, passed away in this city on Friday, December 14, 1945 at 10:45 a. m. He was a native of New York state and was aged 77 years 7 months and 13 days at the time of his passing. The remains rest in the Klamath Falls funeral home, 925 High. Funeral arrangements will be announced later.

Karen Darlene Meyer, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Virgil I. Meyer, Malin, Ore., passed away in this city on Saturday, December 15, 1945 at 8:45 a. m. She was a native of Klamath Falls, Ore., and was aged 2 months and 20 days at the time of her passing. Besides her parents, little Karen is survived by two brothers, Richard and Robert Dier of Marysville, Calif.; grandsons, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Henderson of Central Valley, Calif.; and Mrs. Angeline Meyer of Lebanon, Ore.

Funeral services for the late Karen Darlene Meyer will be held at 2 p. m. in the chapel of the Sacred Heart Catholic church, concluding with a Requiem Mass. Friends are respectfully invited to attend.

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2-Car Crash Takes 2 Lives

BEND, Ore., Dec. 17 (AP)—R. S. Linton, Bend logging engineer for the Shevlin-Hixon company, was killed and a missionary to China was fatally hurt in a two-car crash on icy Fremont highway south of Lapine late Saturday.

Police reported Andrew T. Young, who recently completed training and planned to return to China, died in the hospital here early yesterday and his companion, the Rev. Duncan McRoberts, a missionary in the Orient for many years, was in the hospital with serious injuries.

Linton was alone in his car driving toward Bend, police reported, and Young was a passenger in the second car driven by McRoberts toward Lakeview. The cars collided six miles southeast of Lapine.

The Rev. Mr. McRoberts had survived in the oriental countries occupied by Japanese troops and had just recently returned to the United States.

Plane Crashes; Crewmen Safe

WASHINGTON, Dec. 17 (AP) Just eight days after it set a new Long Beach-to-Washington air record, the army's "Mix-Master" experimental bomber crashed to destruction at nearby Oxon Hill, Md., yesterday. The three crew members parachuted to safety.

Nicknamed for its unique propeller-in-tail design, the XB-42 was on a routine flight from Boiling field army air base.

The highly streamlined craft averaged 432 miles an hour in the five-hour, 17-minute flight from Long Beach December 8. Officials of the Douglas Aircraft company which built the Mix-Master said at Santa Monica that a second model has been made for the army.

Our Home Town

TOYS FOR THE KIDS

By EARL WHITLOCK Just a couple of thoughts on the toys you select for the Holiday—suggested by a child-guidance expert and having more than the common quota of common sense, it seems to me.

1—Don't get raucous noise-makers. If there is to be sound in toys, let it be a musical sound—not just a racket.

2—Flimsy toys are out because they are so easily destroyed that they encourage destructive habits—which are what you're trying to eradicate.

3—Don't get toys that perform when you wind them up. They are moron-builders.

4—Don't give a toy that appeals to the imagination of a 2-year-old but that requires the muscular skill of a 5-year-old.

5—Don't give toys that don't work well. Such a hollow promise destroys a child's faith in the eternal rightness of things—and in you.

6—Don't buy a toy just because it's "cute"—unless it's for yourself. If it's for a child, ask yourself what it will do for him.

We grown-ups like to have a little thought put into the things folks give us. Why not give the youngsters on the list the same break?



Next Monday Mr. Whitlock of the Earl Whitlock Funeral Home will comment on "Christmas."

the Mrs. has been a good soldier, too

Yes, the "little woman" has been a good soldier during the war, too. Her lot hasn't been an easy one and a little change, a respite from rationing points and war-worries would do her good. So, next time you come to Seattle bring her along. And let her enjoy herself, too, at The Olympic.

Step in the floral shop in the lobby and buy her a corsage. Let her browse about the shops, enjoy a show. Take her to dinner in the Georgian Room.

Then, in the evening, take her dancing in the swank Olympic Bowl. She'll get a thrill in an evening spent in this "bit of New York in Seattle" with its sparkling atmosphere and famous-name band. And so will you! It's informal, so no fancy clothes are necessary.

The few dollars it will cost you will be the best investment you ever made. For it is not expensive to "go first class" at The Olympic. Single, or double, it costs little more at The Olympic than the average hotel.

Just let us know reasonably in advance and we'll have accommodations you want awaiting you. And we'll do everything in our power to make the visit pleasant both for the "little woman" and yourself.

TOM GILBERTSON General Manager



The Olympic SEATTLE'S Notable HOTEL

SPokane

The Northwest