Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS, Editor — BILL JENKINS, Managing Editor

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

The Old West had a brief flash of glory again last Thursday, and the queen candidates and their escorts had a wonderful time.

The occasion was the annual queen's outing, held this year at the Liskey Ranch up the Valley. And if you think there wasn't plenty of fun and excitement you should have been along.

Everything in the way of fun and games, from the start right on through to the windup.

Mabel Liskey did it up brown, as only the Liskey's can, and bulldozed out a road from the feed lot well up on the high, rocky ridges back of the ranch, where a tent and tables were set up on a promontory affording a view of two valleys, the distant ranches and the rolling hills of Poe Valley and the foothills.

The queens and their horses took off from the fairgrounds with Keith Rice, one of the rodeo directors, furnishing a truck to haul 'em and Dale "Two Gun" Mattoon out to lend a hand, along with a few other directors who stood around and gave good advice.

Having gotten them off, Charley Read took off in his pickup to fetch the Sheriff's Posse's chuck wagon, the fancy one with built in stoves and all the trimmings.

Anyhoo, we all wound up at the ranch and from there the trip really got off. The queens and their Saddle Club escort rode off into the hills escorted by a pair of the younger Liskeys while the rest of us checked the ranchhouse and picked up little items like water, milk, pop, chili beans, etc.

Then off into the hills and up to the picnic spot. All well and going smoothly. Left the picnic spot to head back for town and found the chuck wagon kitty-cornered across the road halfway up with one wheel leaning over at a discouraging angle and a well broken axle.

At least we had a few advantages that the old pioneers didn't have when they crossed the plains. We sat down and waited while a ranch truck came up with a welding outfit on it and an expert to run it. After great deal of grunting, jacking, hammering and use of a cutting torch a weld was finally achieved in a temporary fashion.

How temporary we didn't know. With cheers amid cloud of dust we took off again, only to collapse in a few yards with the axle dangling again.

From here on out it was the pioneer spirit, and Jack Liskey came through like a pioneer. He dashed back to the ranch, rummaged about until he found a couple of hardwood beams, a few assorted chains and a tool kit and came back up. Then a rig was fixed that differed not a whit from the skids that our forefathers used when a wheel broke on one of their Conestoga wagons. The beams were jammed under the ruptured wheel, the end was boosted over the bumper of a pickup, a hole bored through them and jack handle inserted to keep 'em clinging to the bumper and in no time at all the make shift rig was whisked up to the picnic site.

From there on out it was a matter of eating, drinking hot coffee made on the chuck wagon and having fun.

A large sized vote of thanks should certainly go to Mabel and her hospitality to the girls and the rest of the party.

And to all the people who had a hand in it, it's one of the big things for the girls who form the royal court of cowboydom. On top of being a lot of fun.

We might mention the fact there that there were a few of us up there with problems. Like Charley not being able to get the chuck wagon back to town. Then there was me, who had pledged to be back at the office not later than ten in the morning. With the road blocked and work to be supervised I couldn't very well make it, now could I? And then there was S.C. "Stew" Bowie, the manager of the telephone company. While he's out there the phone at the ranch goes on the fritz and we can only get calls coming in. No outgoing calls. What a predicament for a phone official. Not to mention us. Or Greer Drew, another director, who was wearing what he calls "track boots," those crepe soled cowboy boots with ventilated tops. He was wondering if they were fancy enough and if the tops would let in dirt. They didn't. And Newt Nelson and Ray Durfee, who got in last minute licks as musicians with a guitar and a fiddle to lend that old Western atmosphere. All that after helping out with the busted wagon.

And last, but not least, in the problem parade, Roy Murphy and Hank Ring, both of whom were plagued with cars that heated on the climb.

Oh well, it was fun. And well worth it.

CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DEB ADDISON

THIS IS A MEMORABLE time. It will be remembered as the Coronation Month, when "Lillibet" became Queen Elizabeth II of England. It will be remembered as the month of the armistice of the Korean War and-or the third anniversary of same. Yesterday, June 12, was remembered as the 100th anniversary of the discovery of Crater Lake. Tomorrow, June 14, will be remembered as the 50th anniversary of the day Bob Sproat, an emigrant from Scotland, sailed past the Statue of Liberty en route to Boise, Idaho. It further will be remembered as the 25th anniversary of the time that Bob Sproat, Idaho sheep man, arrived in Klamath Falls to enter the furniture business. It still further will be remembered as that nasty, wet spring when people said that the atomic explosions raised hob with the weather.

IN SPITE OF THE millions of her loyal subjects who crowded London to see the coronation, there probably were more people in other parts of the world who saw Elizabeth get her crown—through electronics and celluloid. TV sent it all over the world; now you can get a front row seat and see it in color in a movie theater.

Friends who saw the coronation on TV in San Francisco and Portland said that here, for once, was something good on video. They said that the commentary by Sir Lawrence Olivier, the knighted actor, was something that cannot be tied.

And that brings up an Americanism which is one of the typical things that makes a typical Britisher look down his august nose at us. The British provided a perfect telecast, which gave a better view of the ceremony than any of the lords and ladies had, and turned it loose to the world for the good of the empire. The American TV networks than sold the "show" to advertising sponsors.

The British didn't think it quite cricket to show Her Royal Highness kneeling at the Stone of Scone —and then flash on a deodorant commercial on the horrors of BO.

LET'S SWITCH from memorable events to very prosaic, but very important, events: school board elections. On Monday, the 15th, voters in the city elementary district and in the county district will elect a new school board member each.

The polls for the city elementary voting will be at Fremont school, open from 2:00 until 8:00. Voters will choose between Mrs. L. A. (Letha) Murphy and Hal Geiger. Mrs. Murphy is a housewife and community worker, the wife of "Jack" Murphy, the barber. Geiger is the business agent of the IWA-CIO.

Polls for the county district election will be at each county elementary school, open from 2:00 until 8:00. While Clark Abbott and Bill Burnett both were persuaded to run for the county board, only Burnett's name will appear on the ballot. The petition to make Abbott a candidate officially didn't get through the works in time.

Burnett is an East Langell Valley farmer. Abbott is the Copco manager at Bly. To vote for Burnett, put an X before his name; to vote for Abbott you'll have to write his name in and also mark and X in front of it.

Each county sub-district also will vote on its local school committee, which is a local advisory board.

The KUHS board election is not until a week later, Monday the 22nd. Then voters will go to the high school to choose between Jack Linman, running for a second term: and Bob Thompson, ex-mayor of the City of Klamath Falls.

Those elected to each of the three boards will serve 5-year terms.

Don't ever, ever bellyache about taxes (most local tax money goes to the schools) or about the way our schools are run unless you get out and vote for the candidate of your choice.

Bulgaria Joins Rioting Czechs

VIENNA (AP) — Unconfirmed reports reaching Vienna Friday said riots, demonstrations and strikes are still sweeping Communist Czechoslovakia and that similar disturbances have broken out in Bulgaria.

The reports, lacking authoritative confirmation, claim that Czech workers at Moravska Ostrava—capital of the nation's "Ruhr Valley"—and in Bratislava, capital of Sovakia, have rioted and clashed with police since troops suppressed a near-revolution in Pilsen, June 1 to 5.

Overworked, under - nourished miners, angered by the loss of their savings and reduction of their buying power through a drastic currency reform on May 30, were reported to have torn down pictures of Stalin and Lenin in the mines. They allegedly pasted up photographs of Thomas G. Masaryk and Eduard Benes, Czech Republican heroes now discredited by the Communist regime.

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They'll Do It Every Time — By Jimmy Hatlo

Along Nature's Trail By Ken McLeod

One hundred years have passed since the young prospector, John Westly Hillman, on June 12, 1853, became the first white man of record to look down upon Oregon's choicest jewell — the lake now called "Crater." To Hillman goes the honor of discovery, but in searching the record one wonders to what extent the honor is truly accorded among the many discoverers of Oregon's famous lake. The first man reaps the harvest, however, it may not be beyond the realm of possibility that some long and forgotten trapper may have been there before him.

The story of the many "discoveries" of the Jewell of the Cascades has been told before but I will chance the risk of becoming a bore and review the steps of discovery. It was late May or early June in 1853, the people of Jacksonville heard a rumor that a party of Yreka miners had discovered the famous "Lost Cabin" mine — a fabulously rich "lost" prospect supposed to be located somewhere in the headwaters of the Rogue or Umpqua Rivers.

The Yreka miners were at that very moment on their way to "locate" the Oregon gold. Rumor fired the rivalry of the boys of Jacksonville and so a party was hastily organized to set out in pursuit of the Californians. O. C. Stearns, who was well acquainted with many of the members of the Jacksonville trailing group, has called the party the "Loudon-Hillman-McManus" party and states that while John Hillman was a member of the party he was not the leader, to which post later writers have elected him.

Both the Yreka and the pursuing Jacksonville group returned home unsuccessful in the quest of the "fabulous" treasure they sought and even Hillman's discovery passed unnoticed as being the priceless gem of the mountains but merely a geological curiosity of little value to men who sought but only gold. Actual publicity regarding this treasure of the Cascades fell to the lot of other "discoverers." Stearns states that, "The persons who claimed to have first seen Crater Lake allowed 31 years to elapse before their claims were presented to the public and then only through another party."

The Jacksonville party reported their find to the people at home and called it the "Deep Blue Lake." Apparently they practically forgot the incident for no further publicity appears to come from that source. The lack of public interest is attributed by Stearns to the fact that, "no paper was then published in Oregon south of Oregon City." Stearns then accuses the "discoverers" of lack of imagination and appreciation of this wonder of Nature by stating, "As a matter of historical truth, few people heard of the lake from any of these reported discoverers, and they did not really know where it was located as they were lost at the time of stumbling onto it, and for several days thereafter."

The second discovery of the lake fell to Sessions Nye and party, another group of gold miners returning to Jacksonville from the newly discovered John Day mines. The date was October 21, 1862, and according to Stearns, "Mr. Nye states that he and his party was told of the finding of a 'mysterious and deep lake' somewhere in the Cascade range, several years previously by James and John Hillman." The Hillman's apparently had joined the Sessions party at the Klamath Marsh during their eastward trip to the John Day country but did not return home with them. The miners discovered the lake by taking short-cut from the Klamath Marsh to Jacksonville rather than going south through Indian country to the Southern Emigrant Road, the "Applegate Trail."

John Sessions later wrote a brief account of having seen the lake and stated, "The waters were of a deep blue color, causing us to name it 'Blue Lake' while others in the party called the lake 'Hole in the Ground.'"

The third discovery fell to the lot of J. M. Corbett and Francis M. Smith, members of Company I, 1st., Oregon Infantry under Captain F. B. Sprague, while the company was building the wagon road from Fort Klamath to Union Creek. Corbett and Smith discovered the lake on Aug. 1, 1865, while hunting to supply their camp with meat. Stearns tells us that "Later in the same month the lake was visited by Capt. Sprague, Sergeant Stearns and civilians Bybee, Ford, Coats and Cluggage."

The Oregon Sentinel printed a letter by Capt. Sprague giving the details of this discovery and the account of the first descent of the rim by O. A. Stearns and Peyton Ford. This party christened the lake "Lake Majesty" and Stearns states it was so known and visited by hundreds of people the next four years. Stearns states, "Capt. Sprague blazed a trail to the lake from the wagon road he built, and over this road and trail traveled the first visitors who went with the expectation of seeing this wonder."

Stearns had a small opinion of the "discoverers" of the lake. He comments, "Not one of the so-called discoverers ever re-visited the lake or seemed to realize its value to the state until Capt. Sprague gave it a name and established its exact location."

THE DOCTOR SAYS

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M. D.

A correspondent writes that she has been afflicted with poison ivy at least once a year ever since she has been in the United States for the past 15 years. I might say that being afflicted with poison ivy is not restricted to those who have come from elsewhere; many native-born, who frequently should know better, get into the same trouble.

Poison ivy grows only in North American from Canada to Mexico. It is entirely absent from other parts of the world. There is no poison ivy season, as the stalk is dangerous in winter even when the leaves are not growing. In summer, however, more people are out of doors and hence more likely to be exposed to this poisonous skin irritant.

Thousands of people develop a blistery irritation of the skin every year, either through pure carelessness or because they do not know enough to recognize poison ivy when they see it. It has been estimated that 350,000 people get into trouble with poison ivy each year and that the total time lost is in the neighborhood of 600,000 days.

Everyone should learn to recognize the three-pointed leaves of poison ivy, since much of the trouble comes from failure to know them. Some people are more sensitive to this poisoning of the skin than others, but anyone may fall a victim.

I have heard people boast that they never get poison ivy. Sooner or later if they continue to expose themselves they usually regret this boast. It is well known that people who have seemed safe for a great many years may come down when they least expect it.

On the other hand, a few people are extremely sensitive to poison ivy and can develop symptoms even if they stand in the smoke from a fire in which poison ivy is being burned. This is because the smoke particles carry tiny droplets of the oil from poison ivy.

There is no sure, quick cure for ivy poisoning. Several preparations which can be put on the skin are helpful. The best policy to follow is to avoid the ivy plants.

If a person should come in contact with a plant and know it, thorough washing with soap and water two or three times should be carried out, followed by rinsing carefully after each wash. Many cases are serious enough to require a doctor's care.

SAM DAWSON

NEW YORK (AP) — The day of the fully automatic factory is drawing closer because of these developing factors:

Automatic machine tools, still being perfected.

New "brain machines" to solve production problems quickly.

Wider use of control instruments.

And devices for quick and accurate measurements and analysis, such as spectrochemistry, radioactive tracers, and X-ray.

Oilmen estimate there are some 50,000 control instruments that now guide U.S. oil refineries, reducing to an all but automatic pattern the highly complicated processes of deriving many products from crude oil.

The fully automatic machine tool is now possible and certain to be perfected, in the opinion of Walter Baird, president of Baird Associates of Cambridge, Mass., maker of direct reading spectrometers.

Spectrochemistry analyzes alloys and organic compounds by measuring the wave length of light emitted or absorbed by atoms or molecules present.

Spectrometers, for example, are used by steel companies to analyze in five minutes the metal and mineral content of molten steel before pouring time. The older method was to burn the mix and photograph the colors of the various elements.

Spectrometers can also analyze fertilizers, insecticides, fungicides, milk concentrates, butter, cheese, many beverages, oils and fats. It quickly measures the various elements present in grains, colorants, preservatives, meat, eggs, yeast, and vegetables.

Radioactive tracers, a recent development provided by atomic piles, are being increasingly used in industry to let an operator "see" quickly what is going on inside machines, growing plants, or pipe lines.

College Boy Sued For $315,000

YAKIMA (AP) — More than $315,000 was asked for in three personal injury suits filed in Yakima County Superior Court Friday against Roy Rhode of Pendleton, Ore., a Washington State College student.

Rhode was the driver of a car which struck three motorcycles 21 miles northeast of Dayton May 3, killing two persons. The suits were filed by three Hermiston, Ore., residents for medical expenses and injuries suffered in the smashup.

Mrs. Omega Shaw and Mrs. Priscilla Kathleen Knudeson, whose husbands were killed in the accident, each asked damages of $104,000. They were riding tandem with their husbands at the time of the accident.

Leslie Davis Anderson, 32, seeks total damages of $105,000 for medical expenses, loss of wages and personal injuries.

Rhode and a woman companion were injured.

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It Happened This Way in New Pine Creek

By IRVIN FARIS

Jupiter Pluvius. The elements plus the geological processes of erosion continue to harass the ranchers and residents of the valley, for—it rained again! No drizzlin' foolin' and—in cloud-burst proportions especially last Saturday night. Until 9:30 p.m. I was out in it treadin' water and building water-trails; retrieving wood that was floatin' away or rentin' two cabins; and all the while trying to get ready for grange—thus working against time.

T'was just a big trying! Puzzling me most was trayin' to figure out why a perfectly good gas stove vent pipe should leak down water when it projected at least 18 inches above the roof. But it rained and bounced and—I mopped—at a most embarrassing moment — clothes soaked and face red!

Localites who were checking the precipitation said it rained one inch Saturday. I would have believed them if they'd said it rained a foot for I was standing "two feet in" it as it splattered and ran by in rivulets with a drenching steadiness.

Several local farmers have reported some damage over the week end—especially at the canyon mouths where our local streams (Pine Creek, Kelly Creek, Cottonwood and Myrtle Creeks) empty their bellies full of rocks, silt and debris, a the first bend of the channel in the valley floor. The damage has been mostly in the form of washing out gullies down through grain fields. Kelly Creek overflowed it's banks and ran across the highway at the Leehmann ranch and part of a hillside slid into Jim Vincent's irrigation ditch and scattered the water out across his field. At Cottonwood, Carmen Fleming's concrete division headgate washed out and the main channel filled up with boulders. The creek cut a new channel out around and on down through his feed-lot just below the Bill Allen ranch. It did some damage to his alfalfa field and went on down to over-flow across the old highway (now a county road) and made gullies in a corner of Charlie Vincent's grain land, lying between the old and the new highway.

Raging Pine Creek washed out the old highway bridge down by the Ernest Robnett place which, to save his premises from being flooded should it drop down on the upstream side, had to be suspended with longer stringers. If this had not been done his yard had a good chance of being washed away and doing considerable damage. The bridge is considered unsafe for traffic. Everyone is crying for more sunshine and less moisture in this area as the continued wetness stands a good chance of rotting some of the seed. Some of the fields in the lower lands have not all been planted yet nor will they be if dryer weather does not come soon. But the Weather Man, being of antiquity and unchangeable, is without the modern press-button facilities, so the rain continues out of control.

Brother Don and Louis Garvin of Los Vegas, Nevada and Santa Rosa, California respectively, Mrs. Leone Miles of Susanville, California and a nephew, Ed Murray and wife, of Daly City, California, spent last weekend visiting with Mrs. Frankie Williams and also with her and their mother, Mrs. Sallie Garvin at the Alturas Hospital.

Rex has one of those tri-motored Fords with a corrugated aluminum body which he bought for $4,500. He has been offered as high as $14,000 by a Mexican mining outfit who wanted something huge but nimble for short, heavy hauls into mountainous country. Rex uses it to Charter hunters and fishermen to difficult mountain recluses.

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Cloud returned last Wednesday from Portland where they disposed of their beef for 23c per lb.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Nidever, former residents of New Pine Creek, dropped in last Saturday to say hello while here on a visit with Joe Ayoutt and family. Earl is now piling lumber at a sawmill in Klamath Falls.

Leona Robnett was a weekend visitor with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Robnett.

Now we have heard everything Dept: Mr. and Mrs. Dan Fox decided to go to Lakeview last Saturday evening to have dinner and get a little relaxation away from their business—the Shamrock Tavern. At the Leehmann bridge, about a mile and a half or so north of town, they wrecked their green Packard.

Cause? Angle worms. Yes sir—it's a fact. The earth worms were so thick on the highway that when Dan just barely touched his power breaks to slow down a bit, his brand new Packard suddenly got kittenish, like as if the highway had been greased. Before he could say, "Look out!" his machine had swapped ends and side-swiped the west bridge railing, taking out a post. His car was now headed back toward New Pine Creek so they decided, since that was the way the car seemed to want to go—fled back home.

I believed the story for this reason—I'd been doing quite a bit of spading on my corner lot lately and I discovered that because the ground was so wet, the angle worms had, in numerous instances crawled out of the ground and four or five in a bunch had entwined themselves in the clumps of grass just off the ground—I guess—so they could breath better and dry their skins a bit. So apparently the worms, having held a meeting amongst them, decided to move en masse, out upon the highway where the water had drained off some—in quest of dryer higher ground.

Anyway—when the Foxes first told their story—it fell on the ears of a few skeptics whose curiosity urged them to hop into their cars and proceed to the Kelly Creek bridge for first hand information. Yep! Sure enough! there were scillions of worms and the Doubting Thomases, following Mrs. Fox's advice, had brought along shovels and a tub and they brought back nearly half a tub full of big juicy worms which they planted in the worm patch back of the Shamrock —so kept for the convenience of fellows who want worms in a hurry—to go fishin.'

GREAT THOROUGHBRED

OCEANPORT, N.J. (AP) — Monmouth Park's "Salvator Mile," one of 18 stakes events on the 1953 racing schedule, honors one of Monmouth's mightiest thoroughbreds. During three years of campaignitg, Salvator was defeated only three times. He proved his mettle in 1890 when he raced a mile against time over the Monmouth straightaway to establish a speed mark for the distance of 1:35½.

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Bruce Biossat

President Eisenhower will never speak with the golden tones for which Franklin D. Roosevelt was famous. And yet he may prove himself a more effective performer in his direct appeals to the nation.

In his first major radio address to the people not long back, the President spoke with impressive simplicity, earnestness, and forcefulness. The speech rang with no oratorical flourishes and bore few marks of the elocutionist's art.

But it had the impact of conviction. The President made most people feel he desired fervently to serve them well, to be a wise and careful guardian of their hopes.

Now Mr. Eisenhower has supplemented this with his first nationwide television talk to America. And, once again the effect upon the listening public must have been powerful.

The President found an informal note for his TV appearance. He sat with four of his cabinet members, and in the course of the half hour gave each a chance to say a few things about the operation of his department. He himself made some opening general remarks and then acted thereafter as a sort of moderator, putting in an occasional question, making the bridge to the next speaker.

In this role, this time at least, he was not wholly at his ease. He fidgeted a bit, and there was a little stiffness to the give and take with the cabinet members. Now and then one could see the clear stamp of the professional TV stagers, who probably thought they were putting on just another panel show.

Nevertheless, the performance represented a friendly reaching into the homes of Americans, to tell them plainly what the government is doing about some of their problems. It humanized the federal establishment, reducing it for a brief span from a ponderous, impersonal, gray monster to the faces of a few individuals.

This is perhaps the "fireside chat" with camera. And since TV's role in last year's campaign was admittedly strong, few would doubt that the fireside chat thus modernized may turn out to be the President's most potent weapon in marshaling public support.

Coronation Film Starts Sunday

"A Queen Is Crowned," the actual picture story of the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, will be shown in Klamath Falls starting Sunday at the Esquire theater, it was announced by Bert Hanson.

The picture is a full length feature in technicolor. It follows the actual steps of the coronation, condensing the highlights of the four-hour ceremony into a one hour show.

Klamath Falls, along with Portland, is one of the few cities getting the coronation films on this first release date, Henson said.

ELECT
Letha Murphy
to the
City Elementary School Board
VOTE AT
FREMONT SCHOOL, MONDAY, 2-8 P. M.

A woman and mother is needed to work with teachers and students

I have worked on church projects, Red Cross, Community Chest, Fraternal orders, Girl Scouts, Library Club, Parent-Teachers, Parents and Patrons . . . the schools are most important of all. I feel that a woman is needed to visit classrooms and look into the libraries and cafeterias. If I am elected, you will have a board of three men and two women. I am willing to serve, and I ask your vote.

Mrs. L. A. (Letha) Murphy
Pd. Adv.