

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor
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BILLBOARD

BY BILL JENKINS
Back on the old stamping ground again after a brief sojourn over the Western neighbors over along the coast.

About the biggest thing to come out of the trip, which was for the purpose of attending a convention (where your writer maintained a perfect record as far as meetings were concerned) of Oregon's publishers, was the chance to meet chaps from other parts of the state and region and find that they, too, had been remiss in the spring picture.

There wasn't any anywhere. Almost worth while going to a convention to find out.

Never saw so much fresh gravel on the roads. Half the trip or better was made in the accompaniment of banging and pinging rocks ricocheting off fenders, bumpers and windshields. State crews around every corner—and corners are numerous on the coast and valley roads—with the old tar pot going full blast.

Seems that no matter when you go unless you select the dead of winter, you'll find the highway crews out and doing a rushing business.

Drove back by way of Roseburg, Grants Pass, Medford and the Green Springs. Roseburg booming as usual. Log trucks, logging camps, a mill on every hilltop, place, and a mill on every hilltop. Grants Pass and Medford both made noticeable by the number of "for sale" signs on property. Seems that an awful lot of people are trying to get out of that area and go somewhere else.

All over the coast and as far south as Roseburg kept hearing dire predictions that if we came by way of the Green Springs we'd never make it.

That highway seems to have a certain, terrifying quality for a lot

of people. They look on it as a sort of devil's runway that you drive only on a bet and for high stakes at that. We put the throttle right down on the floorboards and boomed over without a hitch or a squeal from a tire. Not even a hot spot. Remember the old days when the "Boiling Point" was more than just a name for a spring and a cold drink emporium? Seems that in those days we never got over the hump without heating up.

One of the first things to take our eye on our return was the layout in the last Weyerhaeuser Magazine called "On The Syca Trail" which is a picture-studded yarn about the spring drive of the XX from the home ranch up into the pines of the Syca March for their summering. Whoever did the job put it over pretty well. And gave our great country up here another boost.

That we like to see.

One final remark and then I'll shut up. Happened to be in Grants Pass when the Klamath Falls American Legion drum and bugle corps scored their victory at the Seaside meet. The two towns being only a mere four miles apart. Seems that for once the old fox outfoxed his opponents, too. Seems that a few of the brighter boys around the convention got word of Klamath's win before I did and carefully concealed it so that various members of the delegation could call me up at four o'clock in the morning and tell me of the event. News and all that, you know.

Sorry fellas! At that grisly hour I was out in the vast Pacific having an early morning dip which lasted until well after daylight. Better luck next time.

And congratulations on stepping back into the winner's circle.

CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DEB ADDISON

WITH NO UNDUE modesty, we thought that the annual Roundup edition of this paper last Tuesday projected a pretty good modern Western atmosphere for Fourth of July Festivities. At hand though is a paper that tells the story of a fight for authentic pioneer western history. It's a copy of the "Black Hills Pioneer" which was noted home to us by Neighbor Orth Sismore.

The Sismores have been on a motor trip to Omaha and way points. It's natural enough that Orth, a Fort Klamath boy, should be impressed with the beef cattle seen between here and Omaha, and in the great Omaha stockyards.

Everything is green, and everywhere are cattle. That's about the way he summed it up, adding that from here through the Rockies it's all range land, and from there east it's all feeder land.

Another thing that impressed was that Omaha, which is a great city of fine homes, has a climate this time of year that keeps the thermometer around 100 and the humidity figure near that—but those fine homes have no air conditioning.

They were unimpressed by the Mount Rushmore Memorial, in which the heads of Washington, Jefferson, Teddy Roosevelt and Lincoln are carved from solid granite on a cliff in the Black Hills of South Dakota. They thought that the rubble left from the "carvings" (by Gutzon Borglum) was distasteful and that the busts were grotesque as well

as gigantic (60 feet from chin to forehead).

The highlight of the trip, we gathered, was in the Adventures of Jim and Bill Sismore With The Yellowstone Bears.

"THE BLACK HILLS PIONEER" was the first daily paper in the Black Hills Territory. The news items in the copy brought back from Deadwood City were reproduced without change from the paper's files of years gone by.

First glance at the Pioneer immediately recalled our news columns of a couple of years ago because a top headline said, "Hickok's Assassin Acquitted; Will Bird is Buried."

You may recall our Hickok stories. On Dec. 18, 1950 a Mr. William Holma died in Vancouver, B. C., supposedly holding a "Dead Man's Hand" in a poker game.

"Dead Man's Hand" is made up of two black aces, two black eights and the nine of diamonds. Those were the cards held by Hickok when he was killed. It turned out that Holma had a full house instead, but it touched off quite a controversy, in which Frank McCreedy of the Snake River country defended Hickok's character.

It's a cinch that this copy of the Pioneer will wind up in McCreedy's hands. A "good morning" salute from him downtown yesterday morning showed that he's still straight of back and quick of eye as always, but Frank McCreedy rode for cattle in those pioneer days in the Black Hills as a young man.

their heels last year as cotton surged to the front again, admit that in the textile business it's back to pre-war patterns of fierce competition. Shipments of broadwoven rayon and acetate fabrics in the first four months of 1953 topped the same period last year by 60 million linear yards.

Never before were so varied sources of fiber and fabric available. But all hands are issuing optimistic forecasts today.

"A bright outlook for the future of wool" is trumpeted by the directors of the Wool Bureau, Inc. They come from Australia, New Zealand and South Africa to join U.S. growers in the fight to protect wool from the onslaughts of the new man-made fibers.

"Cotton mills' backlog of orders sold ahead for the next 2 1/2 months, and inventories averaging less than three weeks of production," cheers the American Cotton Manufacturers Institute. They predict in the first quarter of this year topped a year ago by 10 per cent.

"Rayon and acetate shipments running well ahead of last year," says the Rayon Information Center. Last year, however, was a bad one, with shipments slumping.

As for more recent man-made fibers—dacron, Orlon, Dynel, Viciara, acrilan, saran and the like—their makers are crowing that demand generally exceeds supplies.

The Wool Bureau thinks the sheep's fiber will stay on top of the heap but sees plenty of room for the new synthetics as world population continues to grow. It adds: "The production of man-made fibers will serve merely to fill the gap between production of wool and man's needs."

The rayon boys, set back on

They'll Do It Every Time



James Marlow

WASHINGTON (U) — President Eisenhower's request to Congress to continue the excess profits tax another six months is now hip-deep in a question of Democratic processes and congressional practice.

Some congressional tempers are red hot in the struggle between the President and Rep. Daniel A. Reed, New York Republican and oldest Republican in continuous service in the House.

Eisenhower may set his way on the excess profits tax or he may not. But this is the story as of now.

The tax automatically expires next Tuesday unless Congress votes to continue it, although it can do so retroactively.

History seems to indicate some difference in years. However, it is noticed that he paid Linkville taxes in 1875. He purchased a tract of land across the Klamath River from the village of Morgan.

This would be on the east side of the Klamath River across from the Kesestown Sawmill is now located.

Arant was a one man National Park force who spent eleven years struggling for funds so as to be able to provide adequate facilities to the public for its enjoyment of the natural beauties of the park.

His first great task was the improvement of the road to the lake. Captain Sprague had built a road from Port Klamath to Union Creek and had blazed a trail to the lake from Annie Spring camp site on the Union Creek road.

Road building in those early days was something that is far from the present concept of road construction to us moderns who are used to seeing trucks, power shovels, dozers, carriages and all the other marvelous mechanical equipment of the present day contractor.

The early road builder usually followed the path of least resistance through the timber country going around the larger trees and windfalls. He was not particularly concerned by grade. If the way was clear, anything a team could pull a wagon over was good enough for him.

As a matter of fact, the first road builder was merely a sort of pioneer and those who followed him all contributed to the construction of the road as every traveler was a road builder to some extent.

This was the state of affairs facing Arant when he assumed the task of managing the newly formed National Park. Arant had submitted a plan to the Secretary of the Interior for the improvement of the roads in the park sometime before he received his appointment as superintendent. Early records I have examined do not disclose exactly when he started to work on the park project, however, I

ly unusual for the rules committee a committee to which it has been properly assigned.

But the rules committee has the job of deciding what legislation the House can vote on. And that's why Halleck went to it for help.

After a stormy session in which Reed hinted he might quit Congress if he and his ways and means committee were bypassed by the rules committee, the latter voted to do just that and let the House vote on the issue.

In all these committees Republicans have a majority. So what was happening, although a number of Democrats on Reed's committee sided with him, was an intra-party fight. Needless to say, Democrats in general enjoyed seeing the scuffle.

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

By KEN McLEOD

Among the people who worked for the success of the Crater Lake National Park in its early days of development we cannot pass by the name of W. F. Arant, the park's first hired hand and superintendent, William Franklin Arant was another pioneer of the area coming to the Klamath country sometime in the late 60's or early 70's.

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By Jimmy Hatlo



HAL BOYLE

By BELMAN MORIN
(For HAL BOYLE)
NEW YORK (U) — If the facts and figures could ever be compiled, I believe it would be found that most traffic accidents are not the result of speed, lack of judgment, drinking, or driving with one arm around a doll.

Each of these undoubtedly contributes to the grand total. But, in my book, the top cause for tragedy on the highway is plain lack of courtesy.

Something queer seems to happen to many people when they get behind the wheel of an automobile. The same man who will politely hold the door for a lady or struggle to get his hat off in a crowded elevator, takes a strictly the-hell-with-you-Jack attitude once he starts down the road in a jalopy. Anybody know why?

For one thing, I suppose, there is a sense of power. To be able to direct a couple hundred horses and two tons of metal engender a sense of release.

There are many people today who feel frustrated, insecure, and inadequate for this harsh world. For them, perhaps, an automobile is the great equalizer.

The little man who takes a beating in his office, and will be nagged and pushed around by the bride when he gets home, is on even terms with princes and potentates once he starts down the road.

All the inferiorities, suppressed emotions, and plain spite seem to surface then. This, I think, is the explanation for the common forms of highway nuisances, to wit:

The Road-Runner—this is the guy who can't stand having anybody in front of him. If you start to pass him, he will speed up. Or, he will pass you, then drop to his normal cruising speed, which is usually somewhat slower than yours. Better let him stay in front. He will only race you to the next curve otherwise.

The Eyes-Front-Only Bird—He has a rear view mirror above the windshield, one in each door and two more on the fenders. But they are only for decoration. He never uses them. Thus, on a crowded highway, rolling at 50-plus, he will start out of his lane without a second thought. Sometimes he never lives to have another, either—but neither does the driver beside him.

The Corner-Cutter — Center lines on the highway mean nothing to him.

Red Cross Officials Listed

Pres. Dwight D. Eisenhower has announced the reappointment of E. Roland Harriman as president of the American Red Cross for a three-year term, beginning June 12, 1953.

Eight members of the Board of Governors of the American Red Cross are appointed by the president. This group served as volunteers to direct the policy of the organization on the national level.

The following appointments have been made: Martin P. Durkin, secretary of labor; Roger M. Kyes, Deputy secretary of defense; Marlon B. Polson, under secretary of the treasury; General Walter Bedell Smith, under secretary of state; Mrs. Cecilia Culp Hobby, secretary of health, education and welfare; Dr. John A. Hannah, assistant secretary of defense, and Dr. Melvin A. Casberg, assistant to the secretary of defense for health and medical and former dean and associate professor of surgery at St. Louis University.

Dr. Casberg formerly was chairman of the Armed Forces Medical Policy Council.

Laborer Believed Jumped to Siberia

NOME, Alaska (U) — Cecil Stoner, 48-year-old laborer who is missing from Little Diomed Island and is believed to have gone to Russian territory three miles away, had talked of wanting to get to Siberia, The Nome Nugget reported Wednesday.

The newspaper said it had learned that Stoner, who has been described in Seattle police records as a leftist and who is on parole from Washington State Penitentiary, had a rubber lifeboat in which to make the trip to Russian-owned Big Diomed.

Stoner went to Little Diomed with an excursion party to take pictures of the Arctic ice and walrus. He dropped from sight and speculation immediately rose that he had gone to the Russian territory 150 miles northwest of Nome.

Joe The Parakeet Finally Settles His Ownership

OCEANA, W. VA. (U) — A parakeet involved in a court hearing finally turned stool pigeon yesterday. Both Mrs. James Feltey and Mrs. Carl Maxey, who had lost their parakeets, claimed one found by a small boy last week.

Mrs. Feltey told Magistrate John Lambert the bird would say: "Jimmy is a pretty boy." Mrs. Maxey said she had taught it to say: "Joe is a pretty boy."

But the bird said nothing at the hearing before Lambert Wednesday. So he took it home to wait developments.

Yesterday the bird broke the silence. "Joe pretty boy pretty boy Joe!" he squawked. Lambert said he would return him to Mrs. Maxey today.

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