

Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS
Editor

BILL JENKINS
Managing Editor

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS
Got a new slant on things yesterday while talking to "Mac" (Francis E.) McIntosh. Mac is an instructor at OTI during the school year and for the past few years has been keeping busy over the summers by working as a ranger at Crater Lake National Park. That's the place that celebrated its centennial on June 12th of this year, by the way.

Anyway, Mac was telling us about some of the problems of handling the traveling public. Not the least of which is in the trailer house division. According to him they haul up to the entrance of the park, tell the ranger on duty that they only plan a two hour tour of the rim area and then are coming right back out the same way. But they won't leave their bulky trailer houses behind them in the trailer parking lot provided. They pay an extra buck to drag 'em up behind 'em. Then they bolt out at the rim, are promptly stricken with vapor lock and cause a lot of worry and confusion before the rangers can get them safely on their way again.

Oh well, such is life, Mac. There'll always be a problem lurking around the corner.

Once again, through the agency of reprint, we take up the battle of the Skid Road. It has been brought to our attention again by a recent article in the bulletin of the ASNE written by Ed Stone of the Seattle P-I. Ed is talking about word usage (and abuse) in his yarn and cites the awful example of those physical and moral wrecks who have taken the fine old name of Skid Road to the new-popular but still incorrect Skidrow. I quote Mr. Stone, briefly: "But there's one word usage that's a hanging offense in Seattle

and every cub reporter knows it. Never, never, has the Post-Intelligencer used the horrid aberration "Skidrow" for "Skidroad," meaning a slum area.

The Skidroad originated in Seattle. When this was a little sawmill village, old Henry Yessler, who built our first sawmill nearly a century ago, used to slide his logs down to Puget Sound over a "skidroad." As the town grew, the abandoned sawmill site became the red light or slum district but retained its old name of the Skidroad.

How this has been corrupted to "Skidrow," as it has been through the country, is one of those depressing mysteries. Such eminent historians of the West as Stewart Holbrook have battled manfully but in vain for the fair name of our Skidroad.

I am fascinated by a horribly appropriate ending to this piece. It would be a news item something like this:

"The county coroner today announced an autopsy indicated a man identified as Ed Stone had died of acute alcoholism. The body had been found in a shabby hotel room in the Skidrow."

O. Henry himself couldn't do better."

We are in hearty agreement. The above mentioned Stewart Holbrook and myself have written countless letters in protest, he has spoken to large audiences appealing to their better nature, not to mention better sense, in stamping out this creeping threat to the lore of the Northwest. But there are still those crass personalities that follow the Caen theory—anything just so it's different.

Let us stress again this cardinal rule. Any reporter on this paper who uses the term Skidrow is just now out of a job.

CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DEB ADDISON
WE READ in last Sunday's San Francisco Chronicle a feature story about two gals making a cross-country motor trip from New York to San Francisco. "In an effort to prove even women can now make the overland haul and arrive with stockings straight, lipstick unsmudged—and without having stretched or broken any traffic laws."

By way of contrast, the story went back to 1916 when three drivers made a cross-country dash, from the front of the Chronicle building to New York.

They drove a Hudson Super-Six with wire wheels, an extra pair of snubbers and an added gasoline tank, and made the jaunt in five days, three hours and 31 minutes. This broke the record set previously in a Marmon, by 14 hours and 59 minutes. The average speed was 28.14 miles per hour.

What made us sit up and take notice, though, was the personnel. The three-man team consisted of A. H. Patterson, Ralph K. Mulford and Charles H. Vincent. This could only be A. H. Patterson of the Midland district. "Pat" Patterson was quite a racing driver man in that day and can tell you stories about it until it sticks out your ears.

What we want to know now is more details on one of the mishaps of the trip. The Chronicle said that "one of the trio was laid for a brief period after the strap lashing him to the rear seat broke and he went rocketing through the windshield. He was dropped off at the

Telling The Editor

COMPLACENT OREGONIANS
ASHLAND—I enjoy your column in the Day's News very much. In regard to the water of the Klamath river, I'd like to tell some of these complacent Oregonians to take a trip around the Owens Lake district and take a look at what is there to see.

I don't suppose there is enough left of that area now to enable people to realize what happened. Anyway, Owens Lake is dried up. A few years ago, towns there were forsaken. The people had to move out, for there was a water level, even for homes. It was all taken out by aqueduct. People were not defending their homes.

It would be interesting for you or anyone interested in keeping the water of the Klamath river, to talk to some old timer from that district. Possibly you might find one around Bishop.

R.M.H.

Fire Smokes Out Man's First Marriage

BUFFALO, N. Y.—A fire in Mrs. Victoria D. Johnson's home smoked out the fact that her husband had been previously married, she says.

She testified in State Supreme Court, where she's seeking an annulment, that after the fire firemen brought her a charred box containing letters and other papers. Inside was an annulment decree held by her husband, Bertell, from a previous marriage, she said.

Mrs. Johnson says her husband told her he never had been married before.

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo



Northwest History Highlights

By DAN E. CLARK
Professor Emeritus of History,
University of Oregon

Today's Question: Who was Rev. Herbert Beaver and why did John McLoughlin dislike him?

In 1836 the London authorities of the Hudson's Bay Company decided to send a Chaplain and Missionary to Fort Vancouver, and the Reverend Herbert Beaver was selected for the position. He and Mrs. Beaver arrived at the fort in September 1836, and it soon appeared that the reverend gentleman was unsuited except in name to the life of a fur trading post. He and his wife complained about their quarters and food and the small ration of wine which they were served. Dissension also arose between Beaver and McLoughlin over forms of religious instruction and doctrine. Reverend Beaver insisted on using those of the Church of England and McLoughlin knew that the French-Canadian employees, who were Catholics, would be offended.

These differences might have been settled amicably, but the attitude of the Rev. Beaver and his wife toward the so-called fur-trade marriages of the officers of the fort with Indian and half-breed women brought relations with McLoughlin to a violent climax. McLoughlin had married, fur trade fashion, the widow of Alexander McKay, who had lost his life on Tonquin. In March, 1838, Mc-

Loughlin learned that, in a report to the London authorities of the Hudson's Bay Company, Beaver referred to Mrs. McLoughlin as a "female of notoriously loose character" and as "the kept mistress of the highest personage in your service at this station."

McLoughlin was naturally angered by these false statements. When he encountered Beaver in the courtyard of the fort he gave rein to his rage and assaulted the clergyman. According to Beaver, McLoughlin kicked him, struck him with his fists, beat him with a heavy stock, and threatened to kill him. Fortunately such a dire outcome was averted, for McLoughlin left shortly afterward for London on furlough, and by the time he returned Reverend Beaver and his wife had sailed for home. Incidentally, it should be noted that a Canadian court decision legalized the fur-trade marriages. The Beaver episode adds a touch of comedy to the story of Fort Vancouver, but doubtless it was anything but comic to the participants.

Next Question: Who were the First Missionaries in the Old Oregon Country?

Clip and paste in your history scrapbook. (If you have a question you would like answered, write it to Dan E. Clark, care of this newspaper.)

BRUCE BIOSSAT

Robert A. Taft deeply wished to be President. Though he sought that office three times, he never won it. Yet he served his country with far greater devotion and distinction than some of those who did reach the White House.

The senator from Ohio was one of the most brilliant men ever to cross the American political stage. The son of President William Howard Taft, he felt he was born to public service, and he filled the role to the hilt.

From the first moment he stepped into the United States Senate in 1939, Taft was a commanding figure.

He understood the legislative processes thoroughly. He made himself an authority on all major bills. The Senate has never seen a harder worker. A bulging brief case, borne home almost every night, was a symbol of his tireless insistence upon being informed. His colleagues looked to Taft automatically for guidance and leadership. He rose swiftly in party councils and esteem. A year after he entered the Senate he made his first campaign for the presidency.

The senator was a genuine conservative in outlook, but all the evidence suggests he was not an extremist, that indeed he had far more flexibility of mind than his critics credited to him. In truth, he was often unpredictable. He gave his agile mind free rein, and he followed where it took him. The results confounded both friend and foe.

Many thought of him as cold, aloof autocrat. The senator did often show impatience with what he deemed stupidity or ignorance. But his friends maintained he was shy rather than aloof; they found him warm, friendly.

Still, the legend grew and persisted that Taft had a chilly, colorless personality. From this it was a short step to the argument that he was politically "unsalable" for presidential purposes. It was a handicap he could never overcome as he encountered successively such competing personalities as Wendell Wilkie, Thomas E. Dewey and Dwight D. Eisenhower.

There was bitter irony in this for Taft. Looking the scholar, he actually was a master of political mechanics down to the precinct level. When he gained re-election in Ohio in 1950, he generated a campaign organization probably never matched in America. Yet something—or someone—always thwarted him when he tried to translate his great grasp of affairs into a successful White House bid.

Part of the story was the legend of unsalability, so firmly fixed in the minds of many politicians who otherwise admired Taft intensely. The rest is largely guesswork. Some observers blamed his foreign views which seemed to tend toward isolationism; he denied it.

The defeat in the strident battle of 1952 was his most crushing, because he came so close. Many a man thereafter would have given himself up to bitterness. But once again, most triumphantly, Taft bewildered the detractors who saw him in too-simple, black-and-white terms. He swallowed his defeat

with magnificent grace.

He accepted the Senate majority leadership, thereby enrolling as President Eisenhower's chief lieutenant on Capitol Hill. In this post, he fought ably and hard for goals his former opponent desired. He submerged himself and linked his fortunes with his rival's.

When illness suddenly felled him and he had to withdraw from the Senate scene, distinguished men of both parties attested to Taft's high talents as a leader and his impressive fairness in accommodation at all points of view. It was clear as the President's main advocate he could have had a bright record in the Senate.

His passing cannot be compensated.



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SAM DAWSON

NEW YORK (U.P.)—Many companies are taking out slump insurance these days in the form of diversification—spreading out into other fields.

That puts a company's eggs into many baskets. If a business slump comes, one of the baskets may well prove safer for profits than the others.

The diversification idea is spreading. Steel companies go into plastics. Oil companies buy up cosmetic firms. Food companies and coal companies make a big thing of chemicals. Radio and TV set makers also go into the electric stove business.

The Elgin National Watch Co. announced this week it's looking for smaller companies through which to branch out into two new, high growth-rate fields: Miniature electronic components and precision production instruments.

President J.G. Shennan stresses that watches will still be his company's first love. But it wants the other two strings to its bow and is choosing fields in which workmanship similar to watchmaking precision skill should pay off.

An avowed disciple of diversification is Vick Chemical. Its main business is making products for treatment of colds and other respiratory ailments. But just suppose that some day a scientist hits on a fool-proof prevention and cure method.

So Vick has bought into chemicals, cosmetics, owns a top-flight perfume company, and a maker of toiletries for men. Vick recently diversified further and bought ex-

truded Plastics Inc. of Norwalk, Conn.

Sometimes companies find diversification thrust upon them. Northern Pacific owns a lot of land in Williston Basin. After oil was found there many stock exchange traders came to think of Northern Pacific more as an oil stock than as a railroad.

Jalopy Racer Hits Own Pleasure Car

ALBANY, N. Y. (U.P.)—Race driver Bill Irish rues the day he entered the stock car jalopy feature at a track in suburban Menands.

Irish drove his late-model automobile to the track last night and parked it at the pit entrance.

A short time later in the race, he swerved his jalopy to avoid an accident and smashed into his parked auto.

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back to school gets EVERYONE stirred up. . . from Tiny Tots who scrubs the pup to ready HIM for classes to MOM and MILLER'S who KNOW the need for SAVING every penny on SCHOOL CLOTHES for the family. . . And SAVE you WILL if you'll look for the "thrifty-thrillers" in the big yardage department on the main floor.

THOSE perfectly GORGEOUS new-as-next-year, COATINGS in that heavenly combination of ORLON and WOOL. "Tweed" mixtures, in these smart new COLORS, so DIFFERENT from last year. . . look at MILLER'S for soft as a gull's wing FLEECES, the COATING material that makes up so EASILY and those bolts of nubby POODLE weaves in red, gray, gold, black. . . THIS year, with styles so REASONABLE, you'll whisk up a COAT while Poppa shaves. . .

Send your charming daughter scampering to algebra in a SHADOW plaid SKIRT and JACKET of that AMAZING washable BOTANY flannel, full 60 inches wide, a little goes a long way, lots of SCOTCHY plaids, perfect for pleating, \$4.95.

Discover the versatility of the new ACRILON rayon SUITINGS, those completely "dunkable" new-crease-while-sitting wonders, loomed in small plaids, checks and bright plain colors. . . wonderful for making MIX 'n' MATCH outfits for gals of ALL ages, \$2.95. . . at MILLER'S. Shop for those famous BURMIL SUITINGS, 45 inches wide, \$14.95. . . for that versatile DENIM, that, believe it or not, IS gone into winter in the thick of things. NOW called ONYX SUITINGS as smart as "all get out," yarn-dyed in stunning dark and light stripes and plain, the VERY same patterns that VOGUE is showing at only 79c, you simply must flip an eye at this, the brown and gold is RAVISHING.

Lots of those perky, pretty wrinkle shed GINGHAMS for the long, warm days of fall. \$1 a yard and plenty of those excellent buys in the ready-to-stitch-up-the-sides permanently pleated ORLON SKIRT lengths. . . \$7.95 and \$8.95 at the store where you get the BEST of ATTENTION, 512 Main.

MILLER'S

The FALL look! Cotton tweed that looks like a fine wool worsted. . . touches of velvet. . . dolman sleeves. . . suits with matching stoles. . . dropped waistlines. . . fur muffs (big ones) for wear with suits. . . black fabric for office wear in stunning frocks. . . knits and more knits. . . the diagonal closing. . . nailhead trim. . . the heirloom look in costume jewels.

Fall's A'Comin'

mighty near. . . follows summer in the year. . . cotton's swell, SAGONY'S better, when they learn to read and letter. . . SCHOOL DAYS are NIGH. . . there's no denying so Mamma SHOULD be putting away the tennis racket, storing the nubile and thinking about SCHOOL frocks at TOTS to TEENS where a perfectly HUGE shipment of those grown-up, deliciously EXCITING, supreme THRILLERS, washable SAGONY'S is IN. . .

Fall frocks. . . FOUR styles, those adorable DOUBLES. . . SKIRTS that are plain, some with ORLON to hold the pleating. . . straight SKIRTS. . . "Hoot-Mon" plaids and flared SKIRTS. . . and soft, plain colors, red, navy, gray. . . ELASTICIZED waistbands to stretch over fast growing waistlines or made to snug the "littler" ones.

TEAMING little wool jersey shirts with grown-upish touches, two color (red and white) scalloped trim on a pretty NAVY duo, rib-knit turtle-neck collars and pockets, Impish, yet WOMANISH if she wants to double for MOTHER at TOTS to TEENS where. . .

SAGONY is the by-word. . . give your small-fry, the daughter you ADORE, the thrill of skipping to school in the most VERSATILE, the most WEARABLE school clothes. . . Sizes 3 to 6x and 7-14 at 512 Main.

TOTS to TEENS

Check This... Don't Take

OUR word for it. . . we wouldn't lead you astray nor make a mountain out of a molehill but HERE is news that will open your EYES. . . we'll never hedge because we BELIEVE

what we saw, that the NEW DEPARTMENT. . . Downstairs in DREW'S MANSTORE, opening with fanfare on SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, will bring you America's finest GARMENTS, the really BIG names in CLOTHING for your rough 'n' ready SONS from a gambling slax to a dating 20. . . HE-MAN

duds to "kiver" his epidermis from top to toe. . . KAYNEE shirts. . . MUNSINGWEAR underwear. . . WHITE STAG sportswear. . . COLUMBIA KNIT sweaters. . . JACKIE JUMPERS. . . CARNegie sweaters. . . LEVIS and LEE jeans. . . DAY cords. . . HAGGAR slacks. . . HICKOCK belts. . . simply EVERYTHING for the growing man-child. . . at the BOYS and YOUNG MEN'S DEPARTMENT at DREW'S MANSTORE.

Saturday will be the day they GIVE PUPPIES AWAY. . . with half a pound of tea but just to folks who visit this fine new addition to a fine store. . . FOUR PUPS to FOUR visitors. . . ORCHIDS to the ladies, sez LLOYD DREW who will manage the department, helped by Jack Bronson, U of O student, home for the summer.

SO. . . there's the story. . . mark the calendar for SATURDAY, August 8, and make a RESOLUTION to join the throng to 733 Main, DREW'S MANSTORE.

One beauty gain that can be yours after a beach vacation is prettier feet if you've enjoyed tripping up the sandy beach in your bare toesies. Do your trotting energetically and see how the damp sand and cold salt water will tone-up your "steppers." If you CAN'T get the pumice action of damp sand, do the job effectively at home, rid your tired feet of corns and callouses with a good, warm soapy footbath, at least 30 minutes followed by a gentle pumice rub. . . does wonder for the lines in your pretty face. . .

DREW'S MANSTORE

to present CURRIN'S, and there's no need to do mental gymnastics to discover WHY for it's ALWAYS at the Beauty Bar that hearts do a tap-dance. . . a gal's spirits just CAN'T droop when COTY PERFUMES, the famous FOCUS L'Origan, L'Aimant, Emeraude and "Paris," a whopping \$7 VALUE go for just HALF or \$3.50 plus tax. . . to judge a FRAGRANCE you must wear it, LIVE with it, get to KNOW it and that is WHY COTY'S and CURRIN'S gives YOU this opportunity to help you take the GUESS WORK out of selecting the SCENT that will fit your VERY own sweet personality. . .

And still pursuing FRAGRANCE found at CURRIN'S, those FIVE most feminine PERFUMES by de HERIOT. . . WHITE LACE to weave a spell of Romance. . . PINK VIOLET, the truest violet scent in all the world. . . CELEBRE. . . an amazing blend, tangy with bay and citrus. . . FRENCH LILAC, so delightful it will bring nostalgic memories of Paris in the Spring and that perfume of life and promise, LAPREMIERE, spirited blending of spicy carnation, subtle rose and shy violet. . . overflowing with charm, magnetic. . . \$2.50 value for \$1.25. . . find your love with scented sweetness from the Beauty Bar at Ninth and Main.

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