Herald and News

FRANK JENKINS, Editor — BILL JENKINS, Managing Editor

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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS

Talking to Earl Whitlock the other day and find that he's been spending a big part of his time this summer at his cabin at Lake Odell. From the sound of things he really enjoys it up there. Earl is one of these guys who makes his "summer" home do the year 'round. He goes up a lot in the winter. And it must be winter, too. He tells us that it takes him about three hours to shovel the snow off the roof, the parking lot, the path and the porches. But it's worth it, he says.

He was telling us about a trip they made up there a good many years ago along with several other local men, the only one of whom I can recall at the moment was Major Underwood. Anyway, they went up in a buggy and took a big wagon along for supplies for a month's trip. Were on the road a week, three and a half days each way. Now you whistle up there in less than two hours with no trouble at all.

We'll be up and see you one of these days, Earl.

Another visit we have to make is to the Harry Obenchain ranch out Bly way. Promised to go some time ago but never made it. We'll do it this time, though, Harry. You can look for us in a week or so. If you can finish haying by then. Harry's got his own haying all done, but now he's helping out his Dad. His dad, Frank, still going strong, not only pitches in with the hay crew but spends some time inspecting fence lines, making sure the creek dusn't plug up the culverts and looking over the cattle. It's a great life.

A.B. Collins came across with a good story the other day. Says he was eating in one of the local beaneries when a bum came in and put the arm on the waitress for a small handout. She, being a large hearted woman, put him on the cuff for a stack of hotcakes and a cup of coffee. And forgot about it.

Not long after breakfast as A.B. was still sitting there reading the paper the same bum wandered in again, asked the waitress how much the hotcakes were and, when he was told thirty cents, tossed the change on the counter and walked out.

Too bad Diogenes wasn't there at the time.

Our thanks go to Hugh Killmeyer for his timely tip on the big fire the other night. He roused us from our sound if dream filled sleep at an unearthly hour and informed us that Klamath Falls was going up in smoke. We rushed down to the scene in plenty of time.

Hugh, who is an ex-Herald and News man where he worked in the photographic department, being of a helpful nature grabbed one of our press cameras and was standing by waiting for the walls to collapse. He did a small amount of shooting, here and there, but we can't publish the pictures. When he took off the sun shade he inadvertently unscrewed the lens at the same time. Which does not lead to the best pictures. Better luck next time, Hugh, and thanks again for the phone call.

I hope the DA doesn't hear about this, but I ran into Frank Hurd, the factum factotem at Kerns, the other day and had a Coke with him in a small restaurant. We played a guessing game to see who would pay and I came up not only with a free bottle of pop, but a dime to the good. Now there's a fine chap, that Hurd. His son, Red, is our sports editor and got back on the job this morning after a week's vacation down in Sunny California.

Another card from Fred Heilbronner this morning mailed in Juneau. Says he's on the way home now, after riding everything but a pack mule and a dog sled. Planes, trains, including narrow guage lines, cars, ships and what have you. We'll be glad to see the old boy again.

HAL BOYLE

By RELMAN MORIN
(For Hal Boyle)

NEW YORK (AP) — A friend of mine, a newspaperman, closed his typewriter for the last time the other day.

The news hit hard and hurt, at first, as it always does. The vision of his red hair arose, and the freckles, like flecks of cinnamon, all over his Irish mug. His nose was large and defiant, and shaped pretty much like the prow of a frigate. He had a wide mouth and a boulder for a chin. The whole effect was of a fierce and formidable man.

And sometimes, around the office, he tried to put on a mask of irascibility, but it wouldn't have fooled a 4-year-old because he could never get the grin out of his warm brown eyes. So vivid a man he was.

But there is no room for sorrow in the manner of his passing, and that is the reason for this story.

Bill had cancer.

He weakened one morning in a hotel room a long way from his home. The pain had him so bad, he said, that it almost unhinged his knees.

Still, he got in his car, and barely crawling because of the weakness, started home. On the way, as he told me, a thought came to him suddenly. It sounds strange in the telling, but not if you look at it as he did.

He was glad it had come to him in this way, while he was alone, away from home, and the only one to know. That was his thought, and with it came a plan.

You can picture him on the highway, holding hard to the wheel, fighting down the pain and fear, and thinking, working out in his mind what he would do.

For nearly a week—and this is the gallantry and the wonder of the human soul—he said nothing and tried to let no sign appear in his face.

Meanwhile, he was conducting his own diagnosis. Bill had a strong bent for medicine and the study of it. He might have been a good doctor. Anyway, he said, he determined for himself what had happened, and the zone where the trouble must lie. He did it by turning to some medical books and matching his symptoms with what was written there.

His diagnosis turned out to be correct.

Then he went to a doctor for the examination. "The point is," he told me, "I was already 99 per cent certain. So the very worst news he could give me would be no more than I expected. And if I was wrong, well, that would be just that much better."

He made them give it to him straight, including the percentages in an operation.

Only then did he go home and tell his family. That was the hardest part, he said. He tried to think of some way to break it gently. He even considered lieing about it. The only time he ever flinched was in the moment when he must face Helen and the boy.

Incidentially, Bill had been a hard-shelled woman-hater until he met Helen. Now she and the boy mattered more to him than his own anguish. He used to say of his son, with mock despair "... what he's good at is eating.... he'll eat anything that won't bite him first."

When he told them, he added, with that chin stuck out a mile, "This business may kill me, but by golly, it's not going to scare me to death. So cheer up."

Well, that was nearly two years ago. As soon as he could, he came back to his desk. If he had an occasional set-back, he tried not to show it. He never spared himself on the job. And he would kid around about how much better off he was than other people. He even claimed, "Why, they cut eight strokes off my golf game with that operation."

I don't suppose he ever tried to fool himself, though. He knew he would be a long time getting out of the woods. Bill never quite made it.

So vivid a man, and so brave. Surely, there can be no better proof of the indestructibility of the human soul than that it harbors such gallantry.

Expensive Bulls Die in Flames

FAYETTEVILLE Tenn. (AP) — Flames swept through a livestock barn near here killing 15 registered Hereford bulls valued at $100,000 by their owner.

P. T. Holloway, a widely known livestock breeder, said he discovered the blaze when he returned home late yesterday. He said he led one $30,000 bull to safety.

The animals were being groomed for showing at the Lincoln County fair next month.

They'll Do It Every Time

By Jimmy Hatlo

ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL
By KEN McLEOD

One of the modern innovations of civilization that is causing people interested in wildlife conservation a considerable degree of worry at the present time is the rapid rise of Herbicides and insecticides and their indiscriminate use by irresponsible people.

Outdoor writers have been quite candid in their criticism of this phase of the expansion of the chemical industry and as a consequence, Eugene E. Perrin of the Dow Chemical Company was asked to speak to the annual meeting of the Outdoor Writers Association upon the subject "Herbicides, Industry and Wildlife."

Mr. Perrin is a member of a committee which serves in an advisory capacity to the National Agricultural Chemicals Association, an industrial association which now has more than 100 members that includes not only the big chemical companies but many smaller organizations.

"When our committee reports any public relations problem that may result from the misuse of agricultural chemicals," stated Perrin, "this association listens intently to our report and does something about it."

Perrin discussed the subject by giving two basic reports upon the industry. One was to report the facts about chemicals and how they are currently being used, the other was to report upon the industry's management-level attitude toward the weed-and-brush control market. The latter subject was the one of greatest interest to the assembled writers as it indicated that industry is aware of the dangers and is making a decided effort to cope with a very difficult problem.

Perrin pointed out this fact to the writers in the following words.

"I think what you really want to hear and believe is that America's chemical industry is aware of the problems of natural beauty and game habitat that may be encountered in the use of herbicides and that this industry is willing to join you in insisting that herbicides are applied judiciously to afford maximum protection to all interests concerned . . . this is industry's attitude.

"I can assure you that there will be a minimum of abuse in the application of herbicides by industry because of the basic fact that big companies with other products simply cannot afford the prolonged bad public relations, publicity and lawsuits that result from flagrant misuse of products.

"While it is true that we are in the chemical business to make money for ourselves and our stockholders, the big companies are interested only in the long haul. We find it hazardous and usually unprofitable in the long run to try and make a 'fast buck.'

"We learned at Dow in the beginning that carefully developed markets backed by exploratory sale and long-range testing meant the kind of growth that pays off in terms of lasting markets and public good-will. We want to grow that way in the future. We are confident that herbicides can produce us profits and that they can be judiciously applied with a little teamwork by all parties concerned. But we have not sold and will not sell toxic materials without vigilance in the field where they are used.

"You might be interested to know that there are dozens of materials which reach limited sale in test areas that never reach the market because they do present real hazards and there are hundreds more which never emerge from the laboratory stage for the same reason. We are true entrepreneurers in modern industry for we often deal with 100-to-1 odds with a new material and must often invest several million dollars in plant construction before a new product is made.

of research men, toxicologists and technical service and development men, all of whom have taken a good long at field trials for several years before management makes a decision to put the product in production."

This was about the frankest statement one could expect from any representative of industry. A couple of decades ago you would not have heard any industry representative speak in such frank terms before a national organization which would carry his statement to every nook and corner of our land. There is something new being developed in the attitude of modern industry that was not present in the policies of the entrepreneurers of the past. As modern industry has grown great and large, management likewise has grown in perception of industry's relations to the people to whom it supplies the necessities for modern living.

At one time it was an accepted belief that business could only be controlled by laws to protect the people against predaceous acts of exploitation for individual gain and out of this belief developed the ideology that government alone could do all things for the good and betterment of the people. Out of which has come all sorts of descriptive terms from "creeping socialism" right down to just plain "brazen bureaucratic dictatorship." The struggle of business against governmental control has gradually brought a new concept of the relationship between industry and the people, a concept that if allowed to grow and blossom without undue restriction can only bring wealth and contentment to the maturity of this thing we call "the American Way of Life."

Sink Hand-Washer Shoots Stepfather

BALTIMORE (AP)—Gilbert F. Duvall, 37, died at Maryland General Hospital tonight after he was shot in the chest by his 15-year-old stepson.

Mrs. Mildred Duvall, the boy's mother, told police her husband had criticized her son for washing his hands in the kitchen sink.

The boy said his stepfather threatened to beat him and when he got a loaded rifle from his bedroom, Duvall chased him from the house. The youth said he pulled the trigger because he was scared.

Rooster Rides Along On Garbage Trip

COLUMBIA, S. C. (AP)—Farmer C. L. Young makes an 18-mile round trip from his home to a Columbia restaurant to pick up garbage for his pigs. And every night for the past month a rooster has hopped up to a perch beside the truck's gas tank for the free ride.

ANOTHER CHRISTINE

TAIPEH, Formosa (AP) — A Nationalist Chinese army sergeant with 20 years service is undergoing operations to convert him into a woman, press reports said Friday. The sergeant, 36-year-old Hsieh Chien-Shun, had a preliminary operation Thursday at Tainan in southern Formosa and another, final operation is planned for September, the reports said.

Bruce Biossat

The fellow we're thinking about has a gas station just down the street a few blocks. He's worth taking a close look at, so let's move in.

You don't have to watch this fellow very long before you realize there's something special about him. Soon enough it hits you: he's a throwback to an earlier day, an earlier America.

Why? Because he has old-fashioned pride in doing a good job, in giving his customers superb service, in putting out a full day's work and more. He belongs to the era when skill in a craft was important, when most men found joy in personal mastery of their tasks.

Though it's harsh to bear, it's true—nowaday too many of us play little games called Getting Through the Day or Just Getting By. The old pride of achievement is hard to find. A common slogan seems to be More Money for Less Work.

But there's more to this gas station fellow than we've told. He doesn't do any of these things in a showy way. His place isn't plastered with boastful placards dwelling on the high-quality service. The man himself simply trots about, quiet but friendly and smiling, doing a dozen extra little chores for you without comment.

Sometimes you don't discover till you're back in your garage that he's tightened this or that, or removed that old stain from your fender.

By talking around with others, you may learn that this busy boy got a Silver Star from the Army in World War II for jumping onto a flaming truck and tossing off some precious material. But you'll never get the story from him.

After a while you sense that all these traits are woven into a tight fabric of character. You realize that here, above all, is a man to be trusted, to count upon.

He doesn't cheat you, he doesn't overcharge you, he doesn't try to sell you something you don't need, he doesn't press for that dollar. He won't let you pay until a job's all finished. And when he tells you that you do need something done on your car, you can believe him.

He's got a family, his wife expects another baby, he's got a car, and they're just about to move into a new house. In his political thinking, he seems to shade toward the conservative side. Pretty average in all these respects.

But there's nothing average about him as a total human being. We get a lot of high-flown talk from public figures who have appointed themselves supreme judges of what makes a real American. Mostly they're looking in the mirror.

Forget them. Get in the car and drive down the street looking for this gas station fellow. He's short, stocky, balding, wears glasses. But it's easier to recognize him from the way he treat you. When you find him, you'll be right up against a good American for sure.

Telling The Editor

LIVING WELL

KLAMATH FALLS — Not much has been said recently concerning fluoridation. Could it be that we Klamathites are so very conservative that we actually deter progress? Could it be that we unconsciously talk of modern methods, yet when it comes to application we are like the man who is still using a horse for transportation because he doesn't like motor cars?

Surely we Klamath Falls people have the courage and vision to undertake a step forward which will benefit the coming generation. If we have not the knowledge, let's dig it out and not be skeptical thinking we now more than the researchers. It is good not to rashly jump into a project without thought, but isn't it democratic (in the good old U. S. meaning of the word) to take action when once a point is proven?

Let's take time to read the following from the July 1953 Nursing outlook. It seems to me that it can stand the closest scrutiny.

"The safety and effectiveness of fluoridation of public water supplies has been established beyond any reasonable doubt. . .

The program is now in operation in 730 cities and towns throughout the United States. One part of fluorine per million parts of water is the amount found to be most beneficial for dental health.

The American Dental Association Council of Dental Research has emphasized three points: (1) that "millions of people have consumed drinking water incidentally containing one part per million or more of flourine for generations without known deleterious effect"; (2) that investigations leading to development of the program are scientifically sound, and (3) that "continuous study by qualified investigators has emphasized the safety" of the procedure.

One study, made by three research scientists at the University of Rochester, was concerned with the fluorides and bone structure and showed that drinking water containing one part per million fluorine could not have a harmful effect on bone tissue, even if all the fluorides in water consumed throughout a lifetime were stored in the bones.

In the second study, a Yale University School of Medicine scientist studied the relation of cancer to fluorides and reported that tumors tranplanted into mice developed more slowly if the mice received fluorides.

"The scientific evidence mounts monthly in favor of fluoridation," the Journal of the American Dental Association has said," leaving to opponents of the process only vapid arguments based either on emotionalism or misformation."

I'm sure that Oregon's cities and towns, and especially Klamath Falls, aren't going to be so hesitant that we will withhold a child's right to a good set of teeth. Let's use our heads and not let other communities get ahead of us!

Muriel Palmer
213 Cedar

Telling The Editor

BONANZA—I have received my last allowance letter from the Klamath County Public Welfare Commission, dated as of June 15, 1953. This letter states that the Old Age Assistance amounts for August are "Food, $32, Clothing, $5, Personal incidentals, $4.00, Household $2.50, Replacements, $1.00, Fuel, $7.75, Lights, $1.50 and Medicine and Doctor bills for a total of $8.00. This makes a total of $62.25 from which is deducted $33.90 for Social Security, leaving only $28.35 for Old Age Assistance funds paid out.

I do not consider this sufficient to live on. Living in Bonanza I have to drive to town to get fuel, and this amount allowed is not sufficient. If this could be taken care of in a lump sum it would help. Nor is the medical allowance enough for the average man. I feel that with prices on their present high level we are entitled to more assistance.

I am now past 73 years of age and have a severe case of arthritis in my right arm and left leg. I have been a resident of Oregon since 1923, and until the last few years have owned property and paid taxes.

Guy Cramer

Northwest History Highlights

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

No. 43

Today's Question: When did the first organized parties of settlers come to the Oregon Country?

Aside from the missionaries the first group of American settlers to come to the Oregon country was the so-called Peoria Party. When Jason Lee, the Methodist missionary, went east in 1838 he stopped at Peoria, Ill., and delivered a lecture about Oregon. The following year a small party was organized and started west under the leadership of Thomas J. Farnham. Various accounts indicate that the party contained from 14 to 19 persons. Only four persons, excluding Farnham, reached the Willamette Valley in 1839, and four more in 1840. These men remained in Oregon and some of them became prominent in various activities.

The second immigrant group was the Bidwell - Bartelson party which came in 1841. In 1840 John Bidwell called a meeting near Weston, Mo., and a Western Emigration Association was formed. About 500 people pledged themselves to meet near Independence in May, 1841. Nearly all of them backed out, but finally a party of 69 was organized and John Bartleson was chosen as captain. There was almost no money in the group, and there was complete ignorance about the western country. It was known that a Dr. John Marsh had a ranch in California and it was proposed to find him. The party graveled west in company with Father P. J. de Smet and several other priests, and was guided by Thomas Fitzpatrick, a famous mountain man. At Soda Springs the party divided. Thirty-two came to Oregon and the remainder went on to California.

In 1842 about 107 persons migrated to the Oregon country under the leadership of Dr. Elijah White, although Lansford W. Hastings was elected captain, and Thomas J. Fitzpatrick guided the party from Fort Laramie to Fort Hall. At one point on the journey there was bickering over the large number of dogs with the party. One account states that it was voted to kill the dogs and that this was done. Another story is that after a few dogs had been killed several owners declared that they would shoot any persons attempting to kill their dogs, and that this threat halted the killing. Later there was a serious Indian scare, but fortunately an attack was averted. The settlers reached the Whitman mission in September and then made their way to the Willamette Valley. It was at this time that Dr. White delivered to Marcus Whitman the order of the missionary board which precipitated his ride east. Dr. Elijah White had previously been a member of the Methodist mission, but had disagreed with Jason Lee and had gone east. He now returned with an appointment from President Tyler as sub-agent for the Indians of Oregon.

Next Question: What were the so called "wolf Meetings"?

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

SHIPS WARNED

HONG KONG (AP) —Shipping along the Red China coast was warned Friday of approaching high winds and heavy rain as a typhoon blasted on toward the mainland after rocking Formosa with winds of 90 miles an hour.

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