

Herald and News

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Editor
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BILLBOARD

By BILL JENKINS
Talking with Bob Cooper yesterday we find that the snow up at Lake of the Woods averages about four feet on the east side, snow course, and that this same measurement shows 29 inches of water content.
The roofs on the north section are supporting about five feet of snow, but to date there have been no serious collapses. Early in the season a tree blew down and put some added ventilation in a privately owned comfort station, but that is the only damage done to date.
Looks like the lake will be the scene of wild activity this coming weekend. First Cooper, who happens to be the boss ranger around these parts, tells me that he is planning to walk in from end-of-road. An eight mile trip, but by starting early in the morning Cooper and his party figure they can rely on the frozen crust to hold them up.
Then a little later I run into Jack Dutcher, the gentleman who operates the lodge up that way, and he tells me that he will be going in. A party from the Medford side is slated to boom up in a Sno-Cat and Jack thinks the trip will come down this way and pick his party up, too. Me, I'll stay home and simmer in front of a warm fire. Walking is for the birds.

CAUGHT IN THE ROUNDS

By DEB ADDISON
THERE ARE TWO "IFS" connected with the location of a jet interceptor unit at the Klamath Falls airport by the Western Defense Command.
One is if the city will do the things required by the air force for joint operation of the airport. The other is if the Congress will appropriate the funds asked for defense in the budget now being considered.
It appears very likely that both of these "ifs" will be passed and that Klamath Falls will be the site of the only jet interceptor base between Portland and San Francisco. When this will come to pass is a question that probably no one can answer right now. The guess is that nothing will be started before the middle of the year.
When the possibility for this base first came up three years ago, a chamber of commerce and city officials asked themselves two questions: Would it be permanent? Do we want it?
As nearly as could be determined, the jet interceptor base would be as permanent as any defense installation could be in this changing atomic age.
On the premise that it would be of that permanent nature, it was decided that the advantages offered by the disadvantages and that every effort be made to aid the Western Defense Command in arriving at Klamath Falls as its location.
It was pointed out Wednesday by both George Davis, the chamber president, and Larry Slater, who as chairman of the airport committee was in on the part of this, that the three years of work

THE DOCTOR SAYS

By EDWIN P. JORDAN, M.D.
A generation ago if a physician heard a heart murmur in a youngster, he was likely to put that child to bed, perhaps for months, or at the very least, to instruct the parents and the youngster that he or she must refrain from all sports or anything else requiring more than the slightest exertion.
We now know that in many cases this was not only unnecessary, but a grave error since many of those with slight heart murmurs were perfectly capable of taking part in ordinary sports or other activities. This concentrated fear of heart disease made them practically mental invalids.
I do mean to imply that this kind of treatment was always wrong, but certainly today there has been a change for the better in judging the seriousness of heart murmurs and deciding what, if anything, should be done for them.
In some children, for example, the growth of the heart and the valves inside the heart do not keep pace with each other, so that the valves allow a small amount of

SURPRISE
PORT HURON, Mich. (AP)—Firemen relaxed after an hour's tough fight to put out a blaze that swept a restaurant and apartment building last night. Then they were amazed. From the building ran two dogs, soaking wet but barking and wagging their tails like all get out. They'd spent the time inside, unharmed.

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ALONG NATURE'S TRAIL

by KEN McLEOD

Everyone who has driven Highway 99 up the canyon of the Sacramento River have been impressed by the rugged group of crags towering high above the highway a little northwest of the small community of Castella, five miles south of Dunsmuir, California. It was among these rugged crags that the battle made famous by Joaquin Miller was fought. On the north side, and at the very base of the crags, is the location of the small but beautiful Castle Lake which is reached by a good forest road from the city of Mount Shasta. It was from this lake that Gibson and Mountain Joe made their assault upon the Indians in that famous Indian battle of 1855.

The crags which are of great interest historically and possess all the qualifications of being an outstanding recreational area, have never been reserved as a park. A unit of land at the base of the crags has been acquired by the State of California and is designated as Castle Crags State Park but without the crags themselves being added to this area, the title is strictly a misnomer. The crags proper are owned jointly by the United States, the Southern Pacific and the Hearst estate. There have been several movements launched to have the crags added to the State Park but so far there does not appear to be much interest in getting this area actually preserved for posterity.

Scenically the rugged crags match the High Sierras in their wilderness aspect of granite domes rising thousands of feet above the deep canyon of the Sacramento River. It is said that these peaks were raised some 130 millions of years ago when a great block of Mother Earth was tilted up to form the present Scott Mountain Range. Since that time the area has been carved by erosion into jagged ridges crisscrossed by deep canyons.

On the highlands and ridges grow great sugar, yellow, and Jeffrey pines along with a sprinkling of the rare weeping spruce, (Picea breweriana). This rare spruce was discovered on the base of Mount Shasta in 1883 by Prof. William H. Brewer, in honor of whom the tree was afterwards named. Brewer preserved specimens of the leaves and a branchlet.

The area is rich in bird and mammal life. Over 70 species of birds have been recorded from the area of the crags and I have been intrigued by one statement that there is a possibility that the California Condor, which is nearing extinction, and is only authentically known to be a resident of the Condor refuge in Southern California, may be a resident. Such a report even though it may be a matter of mistaken identity deserves to be investigated. The wild life of the area include deer, bear, coon, foxes, coyotes, chipmunks and squirrels.

Wild flowers in the spring furnish a riot of color to the canyons and rugged talus slopes. Many rare species of plants are found in the high rugged parts of the area. The park also has its treasure trove legend because somewhere near it is thought to be the location of the fabulously rich Lost Cabin mine. The discoverers of which were said to have been run off by Indians in the gold rush days. This column will run the story of the Lost Cabin which I discover to be very likely a figment of the imagination of Joaquin Miller.

The State of California has constructed two excellent trails from the center of the present park area to the boundary of the crags. More trails and park development is needed to make the area available to the public, yet there are spots that should be preserved here for their primitive wilderness quality. From every ridge and peak of the Castle crags area magnificent views of Mount Shasta on the north can be seen, and Mount Lassen to the southeast. In places the ridges break upon precipitous cliffs revealing the rolling slopes of forest below extending on into the distance.

It is to be hoped that the State of California will develop sufficient interest in getting the whole area

QUICKIES

By Ken Reynolds



Ike Commends Old Soldier

DULUTH, Minn. (AP)—A letter of congratulations from President Eisenhower was tucked in among the hundreds of cards and messages that arrived today at the home of chipper, old Albert Woolson, last survivor of the Union Army of the Civil War.

The veteran was celebrating his 107th birthday today. The message from the President read: "My warm congratulations go to you on your 107th birthday. As America's veteran of the Grand Army of the Republic you have special cause for pride and for national recognition on this significant anniversary. I send you my best wishes for your continued health and happiness."

Sitting with a large pile of cards and letters in his lap, Woolson chuckled. "I'm almost smothered in kind wishes."

Most of the states were represented among the stack of birthday messages that began arriving Wednesday. Many cards were in the childish scrawl of school youngsters. Many were from veterans' and civic organizations.

Last year there were more than 8,000 such messages.

Woolson, who enjoys good health, served about a year in an artillery regiment before being mustered out in the Civil War.

His son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John Kobus, live here with him.

"I'm just beginning to feel like I'm not a boy any more," said the drummer boy who considers neighbors of 70 or 80 are "old."

In a deep, booming voice Woolson told newsmen, "I have led a good moral life—the only habit I've had that some people might consider bad is smoking cigars."

As soon as darkness falls tonight on this Lake Superior port city, hundreds of school children and residents will gather in front of Woolson's home to serenade him. The high school band will play and there will be a Paul Bunyan-sized cake from which Woolson will get the first piece.

The songs and band music will not be audible to the old veteran, who has lost his hearing. But Woolson, who "enjoys people so much" will get the meaning of the serenade.

"God bless you," he told early birthday callers. "It was so nice of you to come."

Hal Boyle

NEW YORK (AP)—The last time I saw my six-year-old goddaughter, Nina, she was in pajamas and bathrobe on her way to bed, her blonde hair brushed long around her face, her blue eyes languid with postponed sleep.

She came running to give me a special good night kiss. Then she asked impulsively, "Hal, can I tell you a secret?"

Climbing up in my lap, she put her arms around my neck, and whispered in my ear very softly "I'm in love."

She told me this strictly in confidence, but you know how women are. I always figure when they tell you a secret they are 50 per cent hoping you'll spread the word for them, and 75 per cent trying it out for effect—to see whether or not it is really a worthwhile secret.

Nina caught me off guard. I won't say I was jealous. But I had that half-empty feeling any proud godfather gets when a girl who holds a special place in his heart suddenly says she is in love—and means someone else.

"His name is Charles, and he is wonderful," she said. "He is the best reader in the first grade."

That can be pretty important to a lady at six, a lady who enjoys nothing more herself than to curl up with a good solid book of nursery rhymes. When I asked Nina if Charles liked her, she went completely feminine.

"Well, he says he doesn't," she said, and both of us came into view. "But I think he really does."

After Nina had gone to bed, I began cautiously asking about Charles—and her father and mother immediately laughed aloud. Nina had whispered separately into their ears, too, how she felt about Charles. Six or 60 (I thought), women haven't learned the secret of keeping any secret, particularly on the subject of love.

Nina's mother approved of the romance, saying it was just right for the first grade, based on her own first-grade memories. She had never met Charles, but understood he was a young man of high character and principle, although subject to head colds in winter.

Nina's father said the only time he'd known Nina to falter in this very serious business of "being in love" was right after Christmas. Sighing deeply, she had told him confidentially, "You know, daddy, I was excited about Santa Claus that I almost forgot about Charles." It troubled her that this was so.

Next morning when Nina awoke I asked her a little more about Charles. She likes to talk about him. But was he the only boy in her class that she liked?

She thought that over carefully before she said, "Well, no. Sometimes I'm in love with Glenn. But mostly I'm in love with Charles."

"Which one are you going to marry?" I asked her. I didn't feel the question was unfair. Nina has always been determined that the only career she wants is to be a mother like her mother.

"Oh, neither of them," she said, as if shocked I knew so little about her heart. "I'm going to marry Jody."

"Who is Jody?" I felt I was getting more lost every moment.

"When we lived in Rome, I knew him. He lives in California now. But I've always been going to marry Jody—ever since I was three years old!"

That ended that. Now I'm a little confused myself, but then women in love always did confuse me.

Somewhere I felt sure that neither Charles nor Glenn knew about Jody, or were likely to anytime soon. I guess, even at six, a smart girl has learned always to hold one secret in reserve—or how else would women have managed to puzzle mankind since time began?

Schoolboy Pranks

Lead To Arrest

OKLAHOMA CITY (AP)—Four junior high school youngsters booked for excusing to get out of school for a fishing excursion yesterday.

The fish weren't biting so they went to town. Wandering aimlessly, they ended up the third floor of the municipal auditorium.

For some excitement they dropped water-filled balloons on several pedestrians in the street below.

It was a bad mistake. The window from which they were operating was in full view of police headquarters. Juvenile officers C. W. Pierce and C. B. Mead interrupted the prank, took the boys to headquarters and notified their parents.

REUNION

BUFFALO, N. Y. (AP)—Six former nurses at Children's Hospital were having a reunion today. All were patients in the maternity ward with new sons.

JAMES MARLOW

WASHINGTON (AP)—The Western foreign ministers have been waiting in circles with the Russian bear. It has been a dull dance. Suddenly Russia tries to quicken the music to a fox-trot, with the bear playing the fox.

But this fox is as clumsy as the bear.

For almost three weeks Russia's Foreign Minister Molotov has been meeting in Berlin with the three Western ministers: the United States' Dulles, Britain's Eden, France's Bidault.

There was no progress, nothing new. The four ministers acted like men reciting lines they had long since memorized, as they had. Both sides took their positions years ago. They restated them at Berlin.

Then suddenly, in a change of pace, Molotov unveiled a new plan, Russian-style, which was the old plan really, but in fresh dressing: a plan for European peace.

Actor's Wife Renounces U. S. Rights

LONDON (AP)—Britain counted American-born Oona O'Neill Chaplin among its newest citizens today. She renounced her allegiance to the United States, which won't readmit her again, her comedian husband until he satisfactorily answers accusations of Communist sympathies and "grave moral charges."

"Isn't it lovely? Isn't it just cute?" the 29-year-old Oona asked, as she waved her new dark blue and gold British passport at reporters last night when she and her 64-year-old husband, Charles, flew into London from Switzerland.

Later the British-born Chaplin, who despite 40 years in Hollywood never surrendered his original citizenship, told a news conference at their hotel.

"I'm very proud to announce my wife is now a British citizen," he said. "I'm very glad to be taking my husband's nationality," chimed in Oona, whose teenage marriage estranged her from her late father, a famous playwright Eugene O'Neill.

"This is one of my proudest moments," echoed Chaplin. He announced last April he would never return to America, where, he charged, he had been the "object of lies and vicious reactionary groups."

Oona told the news conference "no particular incident" had prompted her to become a Briton. Chaplin said their five children would be British too "because children always take the nationality of their parents." Their youngest, named Eugene after Oona's father, was born in Switzerland last August.

Chaplin said his wife's new passport "does not necessarily" mean they will settle down in England. They now live on an estate near Lausanne. The film actor said they were here on a business trip.

The Chaplins were married in June, 1949. Oona is his fourth wife. They left America with their children Sept. 19, 1952, the day the U. S. Justice Department announced its bar to his return. After enthusiastic public receptions in London, Paris and Rome they settled down in Switzerland.

Oona made a brief flying trip to Hollywood that November amid rumors—never confirmed—she went to rather up some cash. One story put the amount as high as five million dollars.

When her father died in Boston last November, Mrs. Chaplin did not return for the funeral. His will, published later, made no provision for her.

Grunewald Before Grand Jury Again

WASHINGTON (AP)—The Washington Post said today Henry W. (The Dutchman) Grunewald, onetime Washington wirepuller, has been questioned before a federal grand jury here "on his contacts with high Truman administration officials."

The Post said in a copyrighted article that Grunewald, who last year served a jail term for contempt of Congress, has been before the grand jury several times in an investigation the newspaper said the Justice Department has been conducting for "the last several months."

EXCUSE

DETROIT (AP)—Mrs. Dorothy Roe got a divorce yesterday after testifying that her husband Gene complained her potato peelings were too thick and constantly inspected the garbage to see if she threw away anything edible.

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